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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XX. San Francisco, July 6, 1912 No. 1037



CLARA BLANDICK AS CHO-CHO-SAN AND YNEZ SEABURY AS TROUBLE
In David Belasco's production of Madame Butterfly at the Orpheum.

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TOWN TALK

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The Expected

It was in the power of the Baltimore convention to conserve and promote the interests of President Taft, and the President is now under profound obligations to that late, unlamented body. What the followers of Jefferson and Jackson and Bryan did at Baltimore was what might have been expected. They have a happy talent for doing the wrong thing at the psychological moment. It was in the exercise of this talent that they nominated the flexible pedant who pleads in vindication of his self-stultification that he taught "bosh" for twenty years at Princeton. With Professor Wilson as the Democratic standard-bearer and President Taft as the leader of the Republican hosts the issues are as clear and distinct as in each of the campaigns when Bryan was trying to break into the White House. In the circumstances it is naturally to be hoped by all good and loyal Republicans that the third-party movement will not peter out and that the Colonel will personally conduct the forlorn hope. With the Colonel and the Professor as competitors in the three-cornered race, there is bound to be something of bewilderment among Progressives and a clear apprehension of the "lay of the land" on the part of conservatives. Of course it may be that the country has gone crazy, but even the insane have lucid intervals.

The Kindness of Nature

Notwithstanding our politicians, in despite their most strenuous efforts to derange business and dislocate our whole commercial system, the signs of prosperity are multiplying. Thus far the resources of the country are beyond the blighting influence of the men who are said to be able to circumvent the devil. The farmer everywhere sees good times ahead. Our captains of industry view with elation the growing demand for copper and iron. There is comfort for all in the building figures for May, which are seventeen millions above last year; and material men are cheerful over the prospect of the spending shortly of a few hundred millions in subways. There is much reason for us to felicitate ourselves. Nature is exceedingly kind to us. It is doing its best to make us happy, and, as a matter of fact, the gloom of the politicians is wholly subjective. Indeed, the unrest that is everywhere is nothing more than a psychological phenomenon. Business is brisk, the industries are abnormally active; but, alas! the politician also. Our only calamity is the politician, whose roar is portentous. Of him we should be apprehensive. It would be well for public opinion to apply the curb where it would do the most good.

The Baltimore Convention

It would need the singer of the battle of the frogs and mice to do justice to the tragi-comedy that had its beginning in the beautiful city of Baltimore last week. A spirited performance throughout was the spectacular show pulled off by the Democracy. The elements of tragedy and comedy were nicely mingled. How tragic the futile efforts of the delegates to promote the feeling of brotherly love and make harmonious their big pow-wow! How comic the slapstick antics of Big Bill, the thunder-mouth from Nebraska who played the part of the death's-head at the feast! It was at once tragic and comic, the conflict between the spoiled darling of his patient party and his timid but somewhat recalcitrant disciples. No longer disposed to follow the perennial candidate to inevitable defeat, yet from motives of expediency eager to placate him without sacrificing every vestige of their self-respect, their situation was at once pitiful and laughable. As to the underlying motif of the piece it was truly dramatic. There was the old reliable Doctor of Democracy, bland and plausible, with but one object in view, and that unattainable. There were the delegates, eager to conciliate, but opposed to the only means of conciliation. And so the conflict raged. Baffled of his cherished purpose the old Doctor, who so long has filled the nation with the odor of his sanctity while countless thousands basked in his beams and fed on his wisdom, bestrode the convention like some giant spectre of the Brocken—awful, mysterious, desolating. The great heart of fire that for sixteen years has burned with sympathy for the dear people, on this occasion reeked with impotent envy and malice. No harmony for him. Nothing so inspiring to him as the jangling note of discord as ostentatiously he washed his hands of imperfections before the glass of his vanity, impugning the while the motives of the whole assemblage and challenging them to give token of their honesty by canting professions that only an accomplished and ingenious mountebank could conceive. If the old Doctor did not get what he wanted at Baltimore, it was nevertheless most gratifying to his spleen to see the delegates eating out of his hands. This of course they did with considerable reluctance, and they are not much to blame for their servility. They merely bowed to the genius of democracy which demands for its heroes, however contemptible, worship, adulation, obedience. Bryan at Baltimore was the Robespierre of his party. If he was more moderate in his decrees than the bloody leader of the Jacobins it was only because of a difference in the temperature of their respective times.

Our Politicians

After all, the people are enraptured by it,—the kind of spectacle the job-chasing politicians furnished in Chicago and again in Baltimore. The people are proud of their politicians; believe in them; look up to them; yield their emotions to them. The heavy moral artillery and detonating invective of the political convention are music to the soul of the ravished multitude. Perhaps we ought to find consolation in the reflection that the attitude of the people toward their politicians bespeaks the optimism of democracy. But unfortunately the people are more than optimistic; they are enthusiastic. If they were only complaisant the aspect of affairs would not be so discouraging. It is bad enough to tolerate the spirit and manners and methods of our politicians. It is worse to approve and applaud. The politicians are our parasites and we treat them as though they were our gods. When they get together to intrigue, to invent schemes of imposture in the sight of men, we view them as mere mortals might view the performances of the deities on Olympus, as though it were not for us to be shocked by the doings of beings so far above the levels of puny mankind. It ought to be irritating and disquieting to men of intelligence to ponder their eminent politicians in convention assembled. What a brazen and brutal lot these politicians are! What a commentary on the mentality of the people that such scum should ever have come to the surface! Take them by and large—what are they? It is fair to judge them by one of the loftiest standards among them—the standard incarnated in the person of the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, who for nearly two decades has dominated the party of the plain people. Bryan is the Peerless One of Democracy—peerless among patriots. Active in public life for nearly a quarter of a century, there is not to his credit a single achievement on which to base a claim to the gratitude of his countrymen. The apostle of free silver, the apologist of Debs during the great railway strike, the compounder of quack remedies for every ill the body politic is heir to, this perennial idol of the masses has not a single quality of mind or heart to vindicate his pretensions or warrant his aspirations. We saw Mr. Bryan in action in Baltimore, and what a figure did he cut! It was Partisanship on its legs in bitter mood, making insulting imputations. How characteristic of the eminent politician of the day! A vested interest in calumny is the only vested interest that our distinguished demagogues will acknowledge. Their's is always a beatific bias. They prove their own honesty by impugning the honesty of their opponents. The soundness of their principles is demonstrated not by logic but by wholesale vilification of dissenters. Now a high order of character cannot coexist with an habitual inclination to calumny. The man who never scruples at traducing his opponents must necessarily pass many false judgments and be guilty of many brutalities and cruelties, and his rage is not to be justified by persuasion of superiority of motive. The politician who goes about blasting reputations has not convinced him-

self that he is the civil arm of a spiritual power. He is just a ruthless job-chaser with his own sordid, selfish purposes in view, and nobody knows it better than himself. In Chicago, and again in Baltimore, how conspicuous and noisy were the politicians of the Bryan type. They were the whole show in both cities, and though not always triumphant, their opponents they filled with apprehension, and the paramount problem was how to placate and conciliate them. It inclines one to the mood pessimistic to consider the doings of our politicians —their huckstering and trimming, their intriguing and scheming—and reflect that they have presumed to take to themselves the task of improving the morals of the man who is not in politics and directing the destinies of the nation.

A Propaganda Against Ragtime

Considering the volume of lofty moral enthusiasm in this country how strange that the devil should anywhere have a foothold! This is an age of rampant and riotous reform. With uplift movements of daily inception, wickedness abolished every month in the magazines, prophets of public righteousness qualifying for salvation in all sections of the country, the Money Devil on the run, all the frontiers of morality occupied by vigilance committees ready to apply lynch law wherever there is a manifestation of the disposition that entered into our composition with the primeval Adam; with so much holy zeal in action, with so many earnest, single-hearted souls rushing up and down the land intent on regenerating the species, vice must be fast vanishing from this venerable world, Satan must realize that he is losing his grip. Were it not for ragtime we should be convinced that the Sons of Belial had been dispersed and driven from the land. And of ragtime we should not have been mindful had it not been for the organization in New York the other day of a propaganda against what has been pronounced the "rythmically attractive degenerator." Ragtime is "vulgarizing the young and undermining our respect for sacred things." So say the propagandists, and to prove it they quote:

> "Who are you with tonight, tonight,
> Who are you with tonight?
> Will you tell your wife in the morning
> Who you were with tonight?"

Abominable trash! And there is much worse. For example, a song entitled "I Want One Like Pa Had Yesterday"; another entitled "Can't a Man Love More Than One?"; another with this refrain:

> "I can see that you are married,
> And you know I'm married too,
> And nobody knows that you know me,
> And nobody knows that I know you.
> If you care to we'll have luncheon every
> day here just the same,
> But, sweetheart, if you talk in your sleep
> please don't mention my name."

The sentiments of these songs are bad enough from the moral standpoint, but how they must jar the soul of the purist! It is not to be gainsaid that the writing and singing of them should be discouraged. There is this to be said however: that our song writers are not makers of public sentiment and public feeling. Songs have had a great influence in the world; and though there was shrewdness in the philosophy of the man who said he didn't care who made the laws of the country so long as he wrote the songs, he was certainly not thinking of vulgar ragtime. As songs inspire the people so also do the people inspire songsters. In the songs of a people are reflected the manners and thoughts and morals of the day. Our songs grow out of the condition of modern modishness. Consequently it is hard to believe that all ragtime is vulgar. Indeed it must be that very little of it is vulgar, since the popular song is sensitive to the ambient hour. It stands to reason that the great bulk of our popular songs reflect the sublime purity of our politics, the exalted ideals of our society, the delicacy and discrimination of our daily press, the universal respect for learning, the general indifference to the mere material. As our song writers cannot be insensate to social influences, it follows that our stubborn probity and our reverence for the marriage tie must find esthetic expression in the popular lyrics of the day. The propagandists against ragtime are simple-minded folk. They are making war on windmills. Mistaking effect for cause they are impugning the fundamentals of our high-toned civilization.

A Mere Convention

All the worlds are but stages in evolution, and this world of man, the civilized part thereof we swear by, but a woman's convention. What a week of women and song we've had—enough to drive a man to the third of the great trio! It began by such a weeping of the All-mother as the skies of California have not seen in many a long June day. Why these unprecedented tears, whether for our (men's) sins, or over what we've come to politically, or to remind us that it never rains reform but it bores, we know not. Not possibly could California, the personification of lovely smiling womankind have wept so on account of womancruel, that kills with one stone heart nesting white sister of the stork and nestlings, and flaunts the resulting aigrette—a feather in her cap? True, when woman dresses up to kill—or down—she aims but to be stunning. None knows that better than poor purse-proud man. If she succeed in being but killingly funny, whose fault is it? The fault of the more deadly manufacturing male that for his own personal and pecuniary ends subsidizes Dame Fashion? That we are coming to the pannier skirt we men have ourselves to thank. We had almost said wee men, so insignificant we felt by the time the lady from Illinois had reduced us to her dress standard. Woman, self-apotheosized, was become a brobdingnagian thing in panniers, with pockets, and a lilliput husband in either pocket, like the monstrous suffragette beastie of which science tells us. Heaven forfend the vision be prophetic! To such a pretty pass are we come, now face to face with Woman. One word was indeed said ripping woman up the back in behalf of him who buttons her up, and says things behind her, a word calling for and forth more laughter than applause. The consensus of opinion was one with Sancho Panza's that soft words butter no parsnips. Few women seem left us who know well enough on which side their bread is buttered to speak the butterer softly, gently, and lowly, a most excellent thing. The women had lots to say for themselves, little for us. They spoke of woman, for woman, to woman, at man. We men had left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we had done those things which we ought not to have done; and there was no health in us. We were convicted by our peerless jury of committed sins and omitted many and grievous, and they had the courage of their convictions, the women had, God bless 'em! To buy rights at the more than likely high price of privileges is a noble thing to do, and a courageous, and no mistake. 'Tis possible that, fooling with the working machinery of things, starting something they cannot stop, women will get more than they bargained for. Their own word for it, they intend to stop at nothing this side equality. Right they are. Logic is on their side, as it is on the side of determinism. But, though logic and facts, also, are against us, we feel free-willed, even we married men. Suppose that, together with the right to vote, we should grant woman the right to make her own living, pay her own carfare, us alimony, plaster our broken hearts with bills of biggest denomination, to sit with her back to the engine, to present us with carbon harder, more brilliant, and many-sided, than the graphite of our editorial pencil, to bead her low brow to encircle it with the lustre wherewith the mute oyster covers his irritation, the right to be served last and to the drumstick, to stay with the ship and go down gurgling to posterity, and many another the like right now equally unequal, all rights reserved by man for his own selfish use and benefit. The world do move, needs must, though the times be out of joint. But after all is said in convention and done to us, is the gynecocentricity of the more deadly species of female crank mere eccentricity? Are these women, who would a voice in our government, a most unexcellent thing, a voice hard, harsh and loud, "sports" to make sport of or normalities to beweep? Great Goethe's ghost! What are the sorrows of Werther compared with ours who must needs have with us always instead of the eternal womanly the infernal feminine? There is a tide in the affairs of men so dead set against mere man as not to be stemmed by any swishing of Partington pen. The house-cleaning was thorough, not a grease-spot of subsuperman left on the wiped up floor of the skating pavilion. Will posterity bless the raucous voice raised in its behalf? That is for posterity, if such there be, to say. That it will get along very well without us, its fathers, goes without saying.

Correspondence

The Old Story

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I see that Spring Valley and the Supervisors have come to a disagreement again. Also, I see that Spring Valley stock took a drop the other day. All of which is astonishing, and mystifying. This water problem seems like the Tennysonian brook, but it will have to be solved some day. Everybody knows that if we are to have a water system we shall have to have the Spring Valley plant. Every sensible man knows that the sooner we get it the better. It would have been profitable if we had bought it years ago. Every time it has been offered there has been complaint about the price, and the price goes steadily up. The company is denounced for raising the price, but why shouldn't the company raise the price. As the city grows the property increases in value, and if you stop to think that it took fifty years to gather together all the component parts of the system and that it required a mighty high order of brains to perfect the system, you will have to acknowledge that the price put upon it is far from exorbitant. Then why don't our leading citizens get together with our public officials and fix this matter up? They've got to do it some day. In a very few years our water supply will be inadequate, and if something isn't done the city will suffer. By the way, I wonder what's the matter with Billy Bourne. When he took hold we were told he was a great financier, a wizard and that he was going to do things. He himself promised to take the public into his confidence and force the issue. Billy isn't getting results. It's easy to sit back and draw big dividends out of a mine, but dealing with the dear people and their representatives is another matter. I think Billy has lots to learn. I fear that financiering has made him a little too self-confident and cocksure and self-satisfied.

Yours truly,

—A Reader.

The Complaint of a Mere Man

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Wasn't it awful the way the newspapers spread themselves over the convention of clubwomen or whatever it was that brought all those "fair visitors" here? "Fair visitors!" Those are the words that glared at me every time I took up a newspaper, and always somewhere on the same page was a group of faces—and oh! such faces! Why do the newspapers do such things? I read the morning paper at breakfast, and it makes me mad to have my appetite taken away. I don't object to a woman merely because she isn't beautiful. I know and respect many women who are not good to look upon. I know some who are good to look upon whom I do not respect. The good women who are unbeautiful are all right as friends and acquaintances, especially when you don't have to meet them all at once and together, but the newspapers are heartless—they just thrust faces upon you without the slightest regard to your feelings. And then to make matters worse they label them "fair visitors." Now between ourselves, Mr. Editor, did you meet a "fair visitor" at any time during that convention? You don't have to answer if you don't want to, but whatever you do don't lie.

Respectfully,

—Richard L. Bronte.

His Old Belief

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Some time ago you quoted from Mr. Roosevelt's life of Gouverneur Morris and you excited my curiosity. I don't think much of Roosevelt as a historian or as a writer, but I've been wading through his life of Morris, and I'm grateful to you for having started me on it. I find that as you say Mr. Roosevelt's sentiments have undergone a great change. When he wrote that book he had great faith in our republican system as it stands. Perhaps it might interest your readers to look over a paragraph. He says:

"(Morris) denounced, with a fierce scorn that they richly merit, the despicable demagogues and witless fools who teach that in all cases the voice of the majority must be implicitly obeyed, and that public men have only to carry out its will, and thus 'acknowledge themselves the willing instruments of folly and vice. They declare that, in order to please the people, they will, regardless alike of what conscience may dictate or reason approve, make the profligate sacrifice of public right on the altar of private interest. What more can be asked by the sternest tyrant of the most despicable slave? Creatures of this sort are the tools which usurpers employ in building despotism.' Sounder and truer maxims never were uttered."

Mr. Roosevelt would be shocked today if it were suggested to him that to carry out the will of the majority is to be the instrument of folly and vice.

Yours truly,

—Thos. L. Oxnard.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Poisoner of India

Arsenic is commonly employed by the professional poisoner in India, who will poison a whole family to make sure of one victim. The reports of the Bombay Government analysis throw some light on the methods. The poison is usually given in sweetmeats, and generally by a "strange woman" who has been met in the street, and who mysteriously disappears. This "strange woman" is found in every analysis' report for the last twenty years, and in circumstances so identical that it would almost seem to be the same person. Will this elusive person ever be captured by the Indian police?

Denationalization of France

Unusual attention has been given in France to the recent figures of vital statistics showing an excess of deaths over births. As Paul Leroy-Beaulieu remarks in the Economiste Francais, the story is an old one, and at each recurring demonstration of the falling birthrate, people sigh and exclaim, but nothing is done. There are even those who say that the steady decline of the purely French population does not greatly matter. France remains a fine and attractive country to live in, and if there are not enough of the native stock to populate it fully, why, Belgians and Italians and Spaniards and Poles will flow in to make up the deficiency. But then, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu insists, if it is not depopulation, it is denationalization. Those are the alternatives with which France is seemingly confronted.

Faust's Wine Shop

A world famous wine shop is about to disappear at Leipsic. This is Auerbach's cellar, or drinking place, which owes its special celebrity to the fact that Goethe located in it the scene in "Faust" in which Mephistopheles, standing upon a wine cask, takes his flight into space, to the stupefaction of the drinkers. The old building in which the cellar is found was built by Dr. Stromer D'Auerbach between 1530 and 1538, and the worthy doctor began by putting there the wine which he intended for his own use. Later, as the wine was good, he conceived the idea of selling it, and in this way was established the tavern to which his name has since been attached. From the earliest years of the seventeenth century legend placed in this cellar the famous adventure of Faust and Mephistopheles. Goethe, studying at Leipsic from 1765 to 1768, frequented the cellar, and there talked with his friend of art, literature and politics, and later turned the legend to account.

Richard Baxter's Tomb

Christ Church, Newgate street, stands partly upon the site of the ancient church of the Grey Friars, or Franciscans. It was formerly famous for magnificent monuments, most of which were destroyed at the Reformation. Here, amid the dust of "Popish" Queens and murderers from the neighboring prison, lies the great Nonconformist minister, Richard Baxter, whose tomb bears the brief but expressive epitaph: "The Saint's Rest." A very different cleric from Baxter, buried near the pulpit in 1814, was James Boyer, the flogging headmaster of Christ's Hospital during the school days of Coleridge and Charles Lamb. About him Coleridge remarked: "It was lucky the cherubim who took him to heaven were nothing but faces and wings, or he would infallibly have flogged them by the way."

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Varied Types

LXXXI—MARTIN KELLY

By Theodore Bonnet

In this generation, abounding as it does in politicians incredibly virtuous, amazingly righteous, angelically unselfish, it is like a breeze from the breakers on a muggy day to meet a frank, candid enemy of reform, an unashamed veteran of the machine, that alien body which formerly interposed between the people and their government. "Such a man," as they say on the floor of the convention, is Martin Kelly. Martin Kelly comes down to us from the bad glad days when the boss aspired not to political office, when "slates" were made in back rooms. In those evil days Governors were beholden to bosses, and were allowed to go only so far. Nowadays the boss and the Governor are one, and go as far as they like. Such is Martin Kelly's description of the difference effected in the interest of the dear pee-pul.

Martin Kelly has quit the firing line, withdrawn from the fray. He views from the seclusion of private life the contests for civic redemption conducted by the rectitudinous reformers hotfooting for jobs. Now approaching the three-score-and-ten-year period, pleased with himself as the father of five sons and four daughters, he is responsible to no one but himself, and this responsibiltiy rests lightly on care-free shoulders. Martin Kelly has grown old somewhat gracefully. In his day he wielded great influence in the politics of this city and State, and he is still a man whom a vivid and forceful personality makes interesting. In conversation he has not the garrulity that might be expected of a man of his years whose career has been full of drama. His thoughts and views are elicited rather than volunteered, and are crisply and happily phrased. As, for example, when he made answer on being asked what he thought of the Life of Abraham Ruef now running serially in the Bulletin. "It is interesting," he said, "only because Ruef remains a rogue." He added: "Ruef has talent for interesting misrepresentation."

As I talked with Martin Kelly about the literature that is now flowing from a prison cell I realized how true it is that one anecdote of a man may be more valuable than a whole volume of his life even from so authoritative a source as himself. What is most human, most genuine, the auto-biographer is strongly tempted to omit. Ruef has told us of the county convention of 1886 when he thought he broke the slate, only to learn later that it was the boss that broke it. He tells us nothing of the contest for assessor between John Daly and John Siebe. Yet it was his conduct in that contest that made him a marked man for years. Martin Kelly tells the story. "Ruef," he said, "though counted on for Daly voted himself and his two delegates from the Beach for Siebe, but Daly was nominated. Ruef saw that he had blundered. So he rushed off to Daly, and he said, 'Say, John, I knew you'd win. I got three hundred dollars a piece for those three votes. I knew they wouldn't matter, and I thought I'd take the money and spend it in your fight to elect you.' Daly was no fool. He told Ruef he wanted nothing more to do with him, to keep his money."

Martin Kelly the politician is also a literary critic, and as such he sees in Ruef's autobiography an entertaining compilation greatly in need of annotation and correction. Accordingly he takes up the text and interlards it with scraps of his own, with notes and commentaries. You might call him a collaborator as well as a critic.

"Ruef," he says, "makes it appear that he was a fine young man when he came out of college, and that he was corrupted by the bosses after he had fought them for years. Ruef as a matter of fact was strictly business from the ground up—but his business was never straight. His early environment and associates were bad, and by the time he got into politics there was nothing left of him to be tainted. The truth is the bosses kept him fairly straight. If he'd been left to himself he'd have landed in San Quentin long ago. He says he was affiliated with Kelly and Crimmins for ten years. He represents me as trying to tempt him. I never asked him to do a thing in his life."



MARTIN KELLY

Let not Martin Kelly be understood as denying any soft or even hard impeachments. He doesn't give himself any certificates of character. He isn't supersensitive, but it's apparent enough that it wounds him to be represented as one of Ruef's seducers.

"Ruef says he fought me," Kelly observed with a cynical smile. "That was in 1890, I believe. I remember well meeting him in that year. That was when I first got onto his game. He was then young in politics, but he knew where the stuff was. His ambition was to name the Public Administrator and handle the fees of that office. He was brought to me the night before the convention in a saloon on Third street. Dr. Meyers and Myer Jacobs had told me what he wanted, and they brought him to me to fix the matter up. I remember I called for a bottle of wine. Ruef didn't drink. He had no vices, but I never could see that he had any virtues either. I said, 'Ruef, the trouble with you is that a man can't bet his money on you over night.' He said, 'Is that your opinion of me, Mr. Kelly.' Said I, 'That's the opinion your conduct compels me to have. After some further talk with Ruef and Dr. Meyers I turned them over to Phil Crimmins. Now at that time Lou Wadham was programed for Public Administrator, and he had an attorney who agreed to split the fees with Ruef. Wadham was nominated, and he was beaten by Captain Freese. The next election Ruef bobbed up again—still after the Public Administrator's job. Finally, I think it was in 1896, he got Drinkhouse, and you remember what happened—Jack Chretien went to jail and we all know how Ruef kept out. Next time Ruef wanted Drinkhouse renominated. Tom Riordan objected. Tom wanted to be attorney for the Administrator for awhile. Ruef whined. said he made no money; was getting poor in politics. I went out to the City Hall, got the Public Administrator's reports and got a line on Ruef's fees. I found he had made thousands of dollars. When I showed him the figures he said, 'Oh, those figures are phoney. I swelled them to make Tom Riordan jealous.' Now what can you do with a fellow like that?"

Kelly went over with me each chapter of the Ruef auto-biography. He has them all in a scrapbook. He confesses that they make him angry because of the malice that is in them. And it is because of the malice that he has no hesitation in picturing the former boss in his true colors. "The whole thing is a boost for himself and a knock for the other fellow," is the way Kelly characterizes the performance. "A pretty mean sort of thing," he added. "See what he said about Pillsbury. I don't know what Pillsbury ever did to him. I'm not very friendly with Pillsbury now, but I know he never split any two-hundred-and-fifty dollar fee with Ruef. He's not that sort of man."

The veteran boss next directed my attention to the story of the Schmitz election. "You'd think Ruef did it all," he said. "Now I was running the Republican Alliance in that campaign. We had 12,000 names on the roll. I did business with Schmitz direct, not with Ruef. Schmitz promised me to make Fred Esola chief of police. He promised to put Al. Berthier on the Board of Public Works. He promised me one police commissioner and two fire commissioners. I got in behind him. After election I had an engagement with him. He didn't show up, but in came a clerk from Ruef's office, telling me that Schmitz would see me there. I went and Ruef met me. As soon as he saw me he said, 'Say, Kelly, if you get all those jobs there'll be nothing left for us.'

(Continued on Page 22.)

Going Abroad?

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The lady who brought her knitting to the Convention of women's clubs has a fine sense of irony.

"Battle Bob" says that Roosevelt's success in the primary campaign was of no benefit to the Progressive cause, being only the kind of success that intoxicates and deceives the people. How astonishing to hear a Progressive talk of the intoxication and deception of the people!

James J. Hill who went on a fishing trip the other day is the one man in the world able to prove by facts and figures that there are not as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

Great is Bryan! Did he not thrice poll several millions of enlightened American votes? What further proof want ye, O fat-witted fellow citizens, of the prodigious greatness that passeth understanding? It is the premier paradox of Democracy that popularity is prima facie evidence of genius and is almost the exclusive possession of Mediocrity.

Now that two bleeding and quivering hearts have been exposed to view how interesting it would be to learn the exact number of American sovereigns who remain steadfast in their faith and proud of their powers of discernment!

The prosaic man may be satisfied with a marriage that gives him nothing but a wife; the modish woman, with a marriage that gives her everything but a husband.

A sane Fourth is much to be desired, but not any more so than a sane attitude toward the other good things for which we are indebted to the Founders.

Once more we are told the Apostle Paul was mistaken about woman. Well, if we may judge from the scandal news in the daily press there are many modern preachers who could give the Apostle pointers about the sex. Yet Saul of Tarsus was no anchorite before he saw the light.

If there is anything in the old superstition that you can get your dearest wish by thinking of it while gently stroking the hind quarters of a jackass, the Hon. Francis J. Heney might find it profitable to charge a small fee for the privilege on the Chautauqua circuit.

The Rev. A. A. Hull of Sacramento has been found guilty of immoral conduct. From which circumstance it is to be inferred that he was very zealous for the regeneration of all devotees of the sins he wasn't inclined to.

The Gypsy

By Abraham Reisin (From the Yiddish)

Lisa was an ordinary girl. She had, indeed, black eyes and black hair; but are there so few girls likewise blessed? She is a trifle above the average in height, but many of her chums are as tall. Lisa graduated from the Gymnasium with high honors, but did not her friends read the newest of books, Chekhov, Gorky and Andriev? All her friends and acquaintances are at home with these authors.

Withal she is but an ordinary girl; that is, when she is present at a gathering, at a ball or wedding, she does not possess that something which might tend to single her out from her sisters. She is lost in the crowd of other girls.

Lisa knows this well, and the knowledge of it brings her pangs of sorrow. In this respect she is not ordinary. Lisa wishes to be marked out by some extraordinary trait. In an assemblage of people she does not like to be identified with the crowd, but wishes to be known apart from it. This feeling was developed in her to the extent of a disease, and if people were better able to peep within her soul, Lisa would be regarded as out of the ordinary. This would perhaps bring her comfort and rid her of a constant sense of unworthiness. Lisa did possess good qualities, but these virtues were not the superficial ones which folks could point out, but inner ones. For instance, if she found herself at a ball, or a similar public gathering, where all the company would talk, laugh and jest, she would retire to a corner in studied thoughtfulness, making herself romantically sad and pretending that she saw no one but her inward self. At such moments she was indeed extraordinary. But the crowd did not even notice her, and Lisa would become lonesome in her retreat and in her anger she would keep herself aloof from the circle.

And the pain would be more intense whenever it happened that among those about her there was one who caught the eyes and the attention of all. At these moments Lisa would keenly feel her unattractiveness, and feelings of hatred for the unconscious object of her jealousy would mingle with her pain. But she usually remained with the crowd dancing around the star, who was indeed proud, but gracious and friendly to Lisa.

In the circle in which Lisa found herself it was decided to have a ball. A certain happy, jolly girl, an intimate friend of Lisa, advised that it should be a costumed affair.

"A masquerade ball?" the other asked.

"No; not a masquerade ball," she explained, "without masks, but in costumes."

The suggestion met with approval, and Lisa, having black hair, selected the costume of a gypsy, upon the advice of her many friends.

Her long, black tresses she let fall loosely in seeming disorder upon her shoulders; in the center of her coiffure she placed a clasp of brilliant jewels and draped her shoulders with a deep red shawl.

Thus she appeared at the ball. At the cloakroom she could not help seeing the attendant gaze upon her and her costume with a look of interest and smiling satisfaction. Lisa was frightened and at the same time overjoyed, and with this feeling she entered the ball-room.

She was met with an acclaim of bravos by a whole retinue of young people.

For the moment she was embarrassed, but a friend at once approached her and reassured her.

"Oh, how beautiful you are, how interesting!"

"Really?" Lisa naively asked, and her heart commenced to flutter.

"Wonderful! See how all are staring at you."

Lisa raised her eyes and met the gaze of a hundred others. She lowered her own, but soon accustomed herself to the attention she was attracting.

A moment later a young man walked up to her, one of the prominent ones who had heretofore never noticed her.

"I seek the good fortune, fraulein, of the first dance with you."

Before she had time to reply, another approached her and with an admiring look, not speaking, but almost singing:

"Beautiful gypsy—let me be fortunate for once in a short, foolish life—do not deny me—to dance the first dance with—"

"Already taken," the other announced in a tone of decision and pleasure.

She danced with both. Both pleased her. Both pressed her tenderly, gazed upon her lovingly.

She could not dance much with these two. Others were there to claim her. They snatched her from the chair when she would sit to try to steal a minute's rest.

"Oh, how beautiful is the gypsy, how interesting!" Words like these greeted her on all sides.

She wished for a moment of rest in which she could fully realize the good fortune which had so suddenly and unexpectedly come upon her.

But this was denied her.

"I beg of you, beautiful gypsy, a quadrille?"

Like a fairy she glided about the large dance hall. The red shawl upon her shoulders was like wings which would lift her on high; the loose flowing hair, raven black, flowed out in gypsy wildness and entangled itself in the red drapery, and all of this rendered Lisa the more remarkable and picturesque.

They "devoured her with their eyes." One, of whom Lisa had never dared before this even to think, made love to her during the dance. She felt that he kissed her black hair and she caught her breath for joy.

Finally the crowd in the hall thinned out, the clock struck four, and many voices were heard in favor of ending the dance. Lisa felt as if there was coming a close to a great holiday, which perhaps would never come again.

She was lost in thought.

"Adieu," spoke the one who had announced his love to her. "Thanks for the pleasure you have given me with your beautiful costume."

"Adieu," Lisa forced herself to smile, but she did not succeed. There was a cloud upon her face, and it seemed that even the red shawl paled.

Returning home, Lisa stood before the glass and once more looked at her costume.

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

("Jimmy" Linen, as he was affectionately called, wrote a rather long poem called "The Golden Gate" which was published here many years ago and is now quite scarce. The following lines are from the opening pages of this poem.)

XLVII—THE GOLDEN GATE

By James Linen

O ye men of thought and with hearts elate,
Come, muse with me by the Golden Gate;
Your seat be a rock where the sea-weeds grow,
And the restless tides ever ebb and flow—
Where the rushing waves on their shoreward track,
Swirl their seething surf round the bowlders black:
Let the brow of Care by the breeze be fanned,
And with rapture gaze on the rugged strand
Of the Golden Gate of the golden land.
Where the winds are cold and the skies are bleak,
And the tempests rage and the sea-birds shriek;
Where the surf-crowned waves, as they seaward go,
Seem like long white wreaths of the drifted snow;
Where rocks upon rocks are fearfully piled,
And winds whistle tunes that are weird and wild;
Where thunders are heard and the lightnings play,
O'er the beetling crags that are dashed by spray,
And where billows rave with a restless roar,
Tower Bonita's peaks by a jagged shore;
And where Lobos frowns with its shaggy steep
And defiance bids to the surging deep;
Where the hungry wolves of the dreary past,
Howled over the cliffs to the howling blast;
Where, near to Seal Rock the sea-lions' wail
Is heard in the sound of the sweeping gale,
And the screaming gulls finding crewless decks,
Rest their weary wings on the drifting wrecks;
And a stormy sea and a stormy sky
Speak in thunder tones of the dangers nigh—
Of the dreaded Bar with its awful waves
That in fury roll over dead men's graves.
So dreadfully wild, so terribly grand,
Is the Golden Gate of the golden land.

The Spectator

Joy in the Phelan Clan

The nomination of Woodrow Wilson brought gloom to the delegates from California, but it gladdened the hearts of some of our noblest patriots. Hardly had the news of the Princeton professor's success been flashed over the wire when the call to arms was sounded for the Phelan clan, and at once the leading orators were busy burnishing their rhetoric for the fray. Jimmy himself emerged from umbrage with a face wreathed with smiles and whiskers. Of late Jimmy has been sulking sadly in the background. With a consuming passion for the limelight, the studied and systematic neglect of him has been anguish to his soul, and when it looked as though Clark would be nominated he was the most miserable man in all the land. If Clark had been nominated Hearst would have been the director-general of the campaign in California, and our young millionaire whose ambition to be United States Senator remains the moving principle of him would not have been vouchsafed a look-in. Hence the tumultuous elation of him when the man from New Jersey carried off the prize. Jimmy was for holding a ratification meeting right away. His mind soused in the cant of progressive politics, the familiar language of Presidential campaigns was foaming on his eager lips. He was in fine fettle for eulogiums, his vocabulary of ringing words was at his tongue's end, and he was wild with desire to utter bugle notes to civic patriotism. So hurry calls were issued at the Public Administrator's office and at every public club where a Democratic friend of the people is proving his devotion to them in the strenuous role of taxeater. Tommy Hickey and Alex Voelsang came on the run. Dr. Taylor toddled up to report for duty. Senator Caminetti was Johnny-on-the-spot. Frank Gould telephoned from the Union League Club the news of his loyalty to Jeffersonian principles. It was soon apparent that there would be speakers enough for half a dozen ratification meetings. And Jimmy felt strong enough to talk at all of them, and he was for celebrating that very night ostensibly the nomination of Wilson but in reality the golden opportunities that had come to himself.

Behold Honest Tom

Scant notice have the dailies given us of Governor Thomas Riley Marshall of Indiana, running mate of Woodrow Wilson. Perhaps they are not well acquainted with this odorous blossom of Democracy. Thomas is a characteristic product of progressive politics, a self-righteous reformer, almost too good even for the sanctimonious companionship of the author of the History of the American People. Thomas is a lawyer, but the law as a profession is too demoralizing for him. He is too highminded and pure to be associated with the law. This I learned two months ago when Thomas addressed an audience at a Y. M. C. A. mass meeting in Washington, D. C. What the Governor of Indiana said on that occasion was printed in the newspapers of the country and commented on by many of them. I pigeon-holed it for future reference. He asked: "Do you know why I forsook the practice of the law in Indiana to enter politics?" And he explained: "Well, it was to preserve my self-respect. I wanted to get into a profession where my conscience could be given breathing room, where I would not have to wink one eye at the truth." Thus, you see, Thomas is a genuine Progressive son of righteousness, a worthy representative of the sterling band of patriots which now finds favor with the virtue-loving and incredibly unsophisticated American people.

The Slowness of His Disillusionment

It is of no consequence in this era of invincible gullibility that it took Governor Marshall a long time to get wise to the debasing influence of the law on his sensitive conscience. Nevertheless when he lifted up his eyes in Washington to thank Heaven for his moral resurrection the inquisitive of the press proceeded to scrutinize the record of his career. They found that Thomas was admitted to the bar in 1875. He practiced steadily and lucratively until the summer of 1908 when the Democratic party of Indiana nominated him for Governor. It was politics that saved the soul of the sinner. For thirty-three years Tom Marshall's conscience was panting for breathing room as the hart for the water-brooks. And it might have been panting yet had not a nice, fat job been handed to him by the Democratic party. Yet Tom did not enter the demoralizing profession with his eyes closed. He was no self-made lawyer. A college graduate, he never had to struggle for bread. The disillusioning of him, despite his education, was a slow process. His change of heart did not come till he reached his fifty-fifth year, but it might have came earlier had Tom known of the purifying effect of politics. Here is a profession that affords illimitable space for respiration. It is almost as good for the soul as theology and just as good for the opportunities it holds for the uplifting of mankind. I will assume that the Bar Associations of the whole country will organize Marshall clubs in this campaign.

Their Abortive Scheme

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perceptible change in the personnel of the stockholders. Yet but a few weeks ago it was rumored that the Spreckels brothers—Gus and Rudolph—were going to get a controlling interest in that institution. First it was rumored that they wanted to sell about one thousand shares of stock which came to them through their father's estate. It is said they would have sold had they been able to obtain a price far above the market value. When they found they couldn't get it they sent a letter to each of the stockholders offering a dollar a share for an option on the stock at a price that might have been considered tempting. All who might be disposed to make a little easy money were asked to step up and deposit their shares. Financiers sat up and took notice. Which was quite natural, seeing that the two Spreckels brothers have the "goods" behind them and are somewhat unconventional in their financiering. It was supposed that the men who control the Mercantile Trust would get scared to death. But, so far as I can learn, they didn't bat an eye. Indeed, rumor has it that they went about their business as if nothing could happen. And as a matter of fact nothing did happen. Not one stockholder of the company accepted the Spreckels' proposition. Now the question is, What will the Spreckels brothers do next? You never can tell.

Peter's Pence

Our young confrere and townsman, Peter B. Kyne, continues to fill the honor places—and his purse—in the best buying magazines at such a rate as to incur the envy, if not enmity, of burners of midnight oil that cannot so make their light shine before men, nor the good work they are doing to appear in any publication, glory be to the Father which is in heaven! The green-eyed talk as if Peter, through his namesake, the doorkeeper, had a pull with Providence. But insiders well know that all the pull Peter has is push, plus the gift of story-telling. They discredit the author of "A Little Matter," etc., with being stronger on fictitious than genuine literary values. To be stronger on fiction than on fine writing is to have the greater strength, such as is acquired in no gymnasium known. Certain it is, the honor accorded Peter of the editors is not without profit. Save in his own country he could, if he had a mind to, the need. Peter Kyne's nose for a saleable story smelling of the sea, is prodigious. Prodigious, too, is his good horse-power and horse sense. While the envious are wringing hands or folding, or holding up in horror, posing for art her sake, Peter is nosing round the water front, fishing for real live men, the makings for a savory mess for, say. The Saturday Evening Post, the Sunset, or The Popular, seeking adventures to be featured of Adventure. Arrived home, he uncorks a corker, sits down to his typewriter, and rattles off a rattling good one as if he had all letters at his fingers' ends. The proof of the plum-pudding is in the pot-boiling. If a man does good work, he eats. Peter B. Kyne eats his own words, five cents a piece, but, brave lad, seldom takes them back. This is no fish story. If you don't believe me, run and read his "Open Season," the fishmen in oils, appetizing as sardines, put up by N. C. Wyeth, for Street & Smith, caterers, and the first June number of The Popular. Mr. Kyne keeps his typewriter hot and humming, likewise, the type of Walter Pater, pure food law, writer. If the knocker, to whom it has not been opened, knock him, failure fail to see what on earth the editor sees in him, his is success with a vengeance.

The Amazing Wingfield

George Wingfield of Nevada has become an object of universal interest. All over these United States men are talking of the Nevada miner who took under advisement his appointment to a seat in the Senate of the nation, and finally decided that he preferred private life. There is hardly a newspaper in the country that hasn't expressed its wonder at his incredible incertitude. It is hard for some of them to conceive of a man being at all disinclined to accept the high honor which some men would give millions to attain. Men have struggled through many years for a seat in the Senate. It has cost men fortunes to get what came unsolicited to Wingfield only to find him indifferent and in doubt as to the advisability of accepting it. There are men in the Senate so eager to remain there that they have sacrificed their self-respect on the altar of popularity. There are men who have made the Senate the goal of their ambition, who would spend a million to get there, who have worn a mask through the years in the hope of getting there, and to whom nothing shall ever come but disappointment. So, what manner of man is this Nevada miner who is so slow to be enticed by the glitter of the Capital from the dust and alkali of the sagebrush State? This is the question the big dailies of the East have been answering. Space writers have been making money off what information they possess regarding George Wingfield. Whole pages of the New York dailies have been devoted to the romantic career of this somewhat odd young man.

From Poverty to Affluence

At twenty-six years of age George Wingfield was penniless. He had been a cowboy in Oregon, had dealt faro in the Klondike and roughed it in Nevada. One day he was grubstaked by Senator Nixon. In four years he was worth about $30,000,000. The first bit of money he made was in a poker game. He got up from the table $1,800 winner. The next day with his winnings as a bank roll he founded the Tonopah Club, destined to become the most famous gambling house the West has ever known. All the time he conducted that club he scrupulously regarded the unwritten law of the grubstake. One half of the winnings were banked to the credit of Senator Nixon. One day Wingfield quit the faro bank and opened the other kind of bank, and he has been a business man ever since, with a reputation for honesty and integrity in every nook and corner of Nevada.

The Gameness of Him

Wingfield also has a reputation for courage. How well he deserves it everybody knows who was in Goldfield in 1906 when the young millionaire was managing the Goldfield Consolidated properties. There had been a good deal of stealing in the mine. To put a stop to it Wingfield established "change rooms" where the miners were required to change from ordinary apparel to underground gear when going on shift and back to ordinary apparel, leaving mining clothes for inspection, when coming off shift. The men struck as soon as they were told of the new rule. Also they boycotted the Goldfield News, a paper that championed the cause of the mine owners. One day the word went through the streets of Goldfield that before the day was done George Wingfield, known to have framed the order against enforcement of which the miners struck, would defy the union and publicly purchase a copy of the boycotted newspaper. Came the luncheon hour, and Wingfield strolled nonchalantly across Main street from the Cook Bank, of which he was vice-president, to the Palm restaurant. Almost at the same moment a newsboy took stand at the entrance of the restaurant, a bundle of the boycotted newspapers under his arm. The moment had arrived when the staying

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qualities of the striking miners were to be tested. Fourteen hundred exasperated, rough and ready, husky men, some of whom were suspected of being unpunished dynamiters and murderers, packed the street between restaurant and bank, each man eager to enforce the penalty clause in the boycott order. In the restaurant George Wingfield finished his luncheon, seemingly heedless of the gathering or of the tense murmur that came through the near plate glass windows of Goldfield's leading food emporium. Paying his reckoning at the end of the meal he made his way to the front door and stepped outside. At the doorway he stood a moment before his eyes seemed to light on the trembling newsboy by his side. Then, in quite a casual way, he reached into his pocket, drew forth a dime and exchanged it with the newsboy for a copy of the Goldfield News. The newsboy made hot haste to parts where "gats" were fewer and bullets less likely to fly. His part in the carefully staged drama had been played. Oblivious of situation, crowd and surroundings Wingfield leaned against the door jamb, and began scanning the paper. There was a mob murmur as the strikers shifted feet and took a step forward. They did not kill instantly as many threatened. If executioners they waited at least for the offender to notice their existence before putting him to death. Wingfield read on. Nor did he stop until he had scanned the eight pages of the paper. Then, folding it and stuffing it in his pocket, he seemed to notice the crowd for the first time. In apparent wonderment he glanced over the densely packed "rednecks" and then: "Gangway, there!" As the command flashed forth Wingfield's arms went straight out in front of him and he walked straight toward the mob. In each clenched fist was an 11 shot automatic revolver. The mob had no time to think. Sure death was there for a score or more of its members. Silently and sullenly it parted, and George Wingfield walked through the human alleyway to personal safety behind the doors of his bank. The mob had been cowed and beaten, and its bluff called publicly. In a week the strike ended, the miners acceding to the mine owners' requirement. One man had done in Goldfield what was only accomplished in the Coeur d'Alene by United States regulars, and in Colorado by a six-years warfare, in which the entire State militia aided the mine owners. And the man who turned the trick in Goldfield was only 31 years old, raw in the game of mining, rawer still in finance, but estimated at the prevailing price of mining stocks to be worth a million dollars for every year he had lived.

What's Going To Be Done

Former Speaker Stanton came to town the other day to find out what was to be done for President Taft in this section of the country. He is wondering whether the campaign is to be permitted to languish for lack of funds after the manner of the primary campaign. Without money there can be no political enthusiasm. And there was very little money in sight during the primary campaign. While the Johnson machine had oodles of money and spent it lavishly, the men who were conducting the Taft boom were obliged to practice the most rigorous economy. Chairman Newhall of the financial committee made desperate efforts to swell the campaign fund, but met with discouragement everywhere. Mr. Stanton says his experience was the same in Los Angeles. "But," he adds, "I think we shall find money a little easier now. The men who have been having the benefit of the protective tariff for years in Southern California are bound to wake up and loosen up. This is naturally the most hidebound protection State in the Union, and the protected interests must perceive the urgency of getting together and supporting the straight Republican ticket. President Taft's friends are wondering whether the directors of the Panama-Pacific Exposition will continue to pay deference to the selfish interests of Governor Johnson. There has been a good deal of criticism of the men who, though willing enough to acknowledge their obligations to the President, have done nothing to further his political interests. The only one of them who took an active interest in the primary campaign was James McNab, and he certainly was an industrious worker. In some quarters it is believed that the National Committee will pay a little attention to California in this campaign and succeed in stirring up the men who are indebted to the party.

Hadley a Comer

The most level-headed of all of Roosevelt's followers in Chicago was Governor Hadley of Missouri, and his refusal to continue to further the ambition of the Third Termer was the severest blow that gentleman suffered. Hadley is a man to be kept in view. He is only forty years of age. In temperament, he is warranted by Missourians as being absolutely safe and non-explosive. This should not be construed to read that he lacks stamina, moral or physical. Quite the contrary; Hadley's success in his own State has been due to unobtrusive persistency in the pursuit of a fixed purpose. He started out to "clean up" Missouri, and his party believes that he did it. He is not a political handshaker; he is a worker in the vineyard who brings home the grapes. Hadley first attracted attention as Circuit Attorney of Jackson County, Mo., when he prosecuted successfully a number of City Hall "grafters" and Kansas City gamblers. For a while his work in that respect was overshadowed by the greater achievements of Joseph Folk, the militant reformer who looks like pictures of Napoleon. Folk was Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, and had just sent nineteen "boodling" Aldermen to the State penitentiary when Hadley was heard of by people living outside his own county. Both men were laboring in the same field, with the same kind of tools, and both were, in the opinion of Missourians, worthy of their hire. But because of his greater opportunities in the largest city in the State, the Democrat got away from the tape first in the race for popular favor. Folk was nominated by Democrats and elected Governor in the same year that Hadley was nominated by Republicans and elected Attorney-General by both Democrats and Republicans. Yet Hadley received the greater honor in that he was the first Republican Attorney-General since the days of what in Missouri is always called "the infamous Drake Constitution." The bushes were full of Democratic ex-Governors. For a while the rivalry between the two young attorneys, Folk and Hadley, attracted attention. Members of both parties sang their praises. Then there appeared a rift in the Democratic pitch-pipe, and it became plain that some powerful voices in the Democratic chorus were straying from the key. The Republicans, however, stayed with Hadley. They were heartened by the Joshua who had led them to their first victory in forty years. There could be but one conclusion to such a race—Hadley was sure to win. He did.

Fire of Big Guns

All the way from Vienna comes the Baronness von Suttner, bearing in her mouth, so to speak, the olive branch grown in the blood-rich soil of Germany, land of Krupp and Kaiser, to us passively resistent Californians, with a host of prodigious maxims preaching down the hearts



A GOOD JUDGE
of fine whiskey
pronounces

HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

A Perfect Product of the Still, Because Whiskey Cannot Be More Carefully Made, Aged and Perfected

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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of the sons of Mars, and with an ardor more glorious than that of war itself. The local dove is all aflutter and a-preening of her feathers. Against the sword's might she pits the tongue, and her woman's weapon is fine-edged as a pruninghook of unturnable Damascus. Ruthlessly, doing herself and her cause poetic justice, she runs her well-turned ploughshare through the best laid military plans of men, telling them in time of war to prepare for peace. Daughter and wife of the regiment, praying God and keeping her powder dry, the baroness wages war on war and death and incidentally earns living wages. Rising erstwhile in her righteous indignation, Bertha von Suttner took in hand her subject and her mightier-than-the-sword, to the end that we might lay down our arms or ever the cannon ball shot off our legs, and just to prove that peace has her victories no less than war, won the Nobel prize and the pretty penny of $40,000. That the baroness was justly entitled to the honor and the honorarium, no one that has read her "Ground Arms" and knows the history of the noble endowment, doubts for a hostile moment. The book is an eloquent appeal to man's better nature to seek and ensue her whose paths are pleasantness, lined with tree of fairest fruit in lieu of ambushes. 'Tis extremely captivating, a cultured antitoxin for the bacillus belli. The enemy is utterly routed, his stock-in-trade arguments are shot all to pieces, the dust is bit of the biter, peace to his ashes. While she gives us freely her moving picture of peace, the nickel "odium" gives us its costly picture of war, rumors whereof still reach our ears. If we remember aright, sometime about the beginning of this Era, a great man dying in the Place of the Skull, left us a Pax Vobiscum of irresistible persuasion. Yet is the red star in the ascendent. The fatherland at the mercy of France the immemorial foe, Vienna invaded, would the author of "Ground Arms," we wonder, be up in them, play Tolstoi of Lightest Russia or Joan of Arc?



Gingerbread

Well-made Gingerbread, never soggy, but fluffy and light, delights the children and is pleasing to grown-ups. To make it creamy, fluffy and light, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Beat one half pound butter and six ounces of sugar to a cream, add six well-beaten eggs and beat thoroughly. Dissolve one teaspoonful soda in a little hot water, add it to two cups molasses; mix and stir into the first mixture; then add six tablespoonfuls Eagle Brand Condensed Milk diluted with one and three-fourths cups water, and one quart and a pint of flour. Beat smooth, add two heaping tablespoonfuls of ginger, mix, pour into well-greased shallow pans and bake in a moderate oven about forty minutes.



Write for Borden's Recipe Book

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York

Alexander the Great

We have with us in the flesh, as we once had Henry Holmes, a great teacher. Great teachers are rare as the name Agassiz. So to have Herr Heinemann with us, held thrall by the charms of our city is no small blessing. Herr Heinemann does not teach violin, he teaches voice, so well, in such wise, that the taught with one accord lift up their voices and call him blessed. He makes no secret of how he does it. But "Go thou and do likewise!" is easier said than done. His method is not German as opposed to Italian, or any odorous nonsense of the sort, but the method of gifted intelligence, of him that knows what he's talking about, as opposed to gab-gifted pretention. Method is one thing, result, another; as is to sing a lieder and to make you sing it. Many a teacher has to all seeming and sounding, a like method, but none, I'm told, a like result. Again, I do not have to ask you to take my word for it. 'Tis Rivalry that speaks. I but report. Do you see many ads in the newspapers for love lost between singing-teachers? Noticeably few and far between as angels' visit. 'Tis a year now since Herr Heinemann, the good angel Heinemann, visited us, till he come again will be another. The great singing master does not claim to be a Svengali, though he thinks he looks like one. Heinemann thinks a good deal, but not much of the brains of Apollos, and, incidentally, himself the ugliest of men. With no world of music to conquer, the great Alexander is all smiles. Born to make a noise in the world, the least disagreeable, he has fulfilled his destiny and the delighted ears of the critics. Pearls of pianissimo fall from his lips. He whispers his own voice into your ear for music and draws yours, if you have one of your own, out of your mouth. If voice you haven't, he is like as not to tell you to go home, cook, and keep your good money for grand opera tickets, your role being obviously that of the listener. He may even offer you your money back, and some of his to boot, for time pre-empted. We do not make it so hot for him here as to cause him to "schwindle," that is to say, faint, as he needs must where it is too warm. Herr Heinemann has English words for our equitable climate. For our voices he must needs fall back on the German. Incomparably glorious he finds them. We don't know how well off we are in this matter of natively beautiful voices. But some of us do know when we're well off. I know of some seven wise virgins and matrons who are willing to go hatless till Easter next, in order to sit at his feet and gather the pearls aforesaid or sung. From morn to night he works like a hound, without eating, mixing much humor with the pathos inseparable from voice-building, regaling himself from time to time with black coffee and coffee-colored cigar.

Getting Ready for the New Era

The consolidation of the pioneer houses of the H. S. Crocker Company and Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch is a matter of some significance. It was doubtless effected by way of anticipation. The trade of the near future will be handled in San Francisco as it is now handled in New York—by firms able to take care of a vast volume of business. The members of the two pioneer book, stationery and printing houses looked into the future, and decided to be ready to do business on the scale that will soon be demanded. The probability is they will expand their manufacturing departments, and certainly they will cut a big figure in the trade of the whole coast, as they will have branch houses in Los Angeles, Sacramento, Portland and Seattle. I hear that John Gilmartin will be general manager of the new concern. Gilmartin has been secretary of the Crocker Company for many years. He is a shrewd business man of rare executive ability, affable and popular, in every sense qualified for his new and important position.

EVERY LUNCH BASKET

should contain a couple of split bottles of Italian-Swiss Colony TIPO (red or white). They will make cold lunch digestible.

Milo

The
Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your Club or Dealer's or
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York

Delegates Visit Oakland

Many of the delegates to the biennial convention of Women's Clubs went sight-seeing in Oakland and confessed themselves charmed by the many beautiful homes and home-sites on the other side of the bay. They were especially enthusiastic on the trip over the forest slopes of Rockridge Terrace with its many viewpoints whence may be seen so many and varied stretches of landscape and marinescape. In Rockridge is to be seen a very fine example of the "group building" movement which has become the hobby of the landscape artist, and that is one reason why the tract is now exciting a great deal of interest.

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STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

(A CORPORATION)

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

DATED JUNE 30, 1912

ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States ($8,585,000.00), of the State of California and Municipalities thereof ($4,091,137.50), of the State of New York ($650,000.00), the actual value of which is $14,566,400.65

2—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks $1,785,621.29

3—Miscellaneous Bonds ($6,185,000.00), the actual value of which is $6,200,644.06

$22,552,666.00

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" ($306,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($250,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($120,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($54,000.00), "Market Street Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds ($758,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated 5 per cent Bonds" ($753,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" ($400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($20,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($6000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($5000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" ($1,450,000.00), "San Francisco Gas & Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" ($553,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" ($50,000.00).

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is $32,260,268.29

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation and are payable to it at its office which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is it principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is $297,879.00

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($1,035,150.97), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($13,891.54), Alameda ($2997.80) and of Los Angeles ($5,396.62), in this State, the actual value of which is $1,057,436.93

(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is $976,089.93

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation and part of it is productive.

7—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds $276,496.47

TOTAL ASSETS $57,420,836.62

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation Owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is $54,099,874.46
(Number of Depositors, 83,378; Average Amount Deposits, $648.45.)

2—Contingent Fund—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds $276,496.47

3—Reserve Fund, Actual value $3,044,465.69 $3,320,962.16

TOTAL LIABILITIES $57,420,836.62

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1912.

CHARLES T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

It's a Love Match

Her friends down the peninsula are saying that Dan Cupid has made a new woman out of Jenny Crocker; that is, the love-smitten maiden, they say, who was once whimsical, capricious and frivolous is now as sedate and prim as a Pilgrim daughter. According to reports from every reliable, authentic source Jennie Crocker has been touched by the divine spark. It used to be said that she was destined to bachelorhood because she was fearful of being married for her money. It is her good fortune to be loved by a man who has as much money as herself, and so their's is the genuine love-match that isn't made every day. And ever since it was made the Californian heiress has been bubbling over with sentiment.

Her Fiance Arrives

Malcolm Whitman arrived from the East in time to spend the Fourth with his fiancee at San Mateo, and the young couple are being entertained right and left. At the last moment Miss Crocker had decided not to go to Chicago for her brother-in-law-to-be's marriage to Miss Chatfield Taylor last week, but she welcomed her betrothed at the Oakland mole on his arrival and accompanied him to Uplands where he is the guest of the Templeton Crockers who gave a large dinner in his honor on the fifth. The Crockers came all the way from Honolulu for sister Jennie's wedding and will return after Templeton has given the bride into the groom's keeping on the sixteenth. Mrs. Walter Martin has invited a house-party to Stag's Leap to meet the New Yorker who is carrying off the little California heiress.

Our Beautiful Women

The beauty of women! A fine phrase that, and pregnant with inspiration. Especially beautiful, says sweet Baroness von Suttner, are the women of California. Isn't she the dear? She attributes the heroic size, the brilliant minds and exquisite polish of our women to our wonderful climate. Which somewhat leads me to think that she took as typical one of the ladies she met at Mrs. Eleanor Martin's tea—the fairest, most brilliant and most polished of all of them. No, her name I keep to myself, for she adds to her other qualities the noblest of all of them—modesty. To be sure we have not a few woman of the kind described by the Baroness, and I quite agree with her that our women have the lusciousness of our fruits and the spirit of our clear, blue warm skies. But their beauty is something more than climatic. As our population is a fusion of many climes, so is the beauty of the women. Here are to be seen the lissom Greek figure of the Sicilian, the flashing black eyes of Spain, the winsomeness of the daintiest Parisienne, the wild-rose bloom and hill-wind freshness of the English downs and the hair touched with gold and eyes haunted by a living memory of the Killarney sky.

Our Comely Buds

Now that the fashionable schools are closed for the summer the beauty of our young girls is much in evidence. How many there are of these buds



Photo, Genthe

MISS BLANCHE MURRAY
Daughter of the Duncan Stanley Murrays, one of San Francisco's beautiful buds.

to whom the gift of loveliness has been vouchsafed. I have before me a photograph of one, which is reproduced on the printed page—Miss Blanche Murray, daughter of the Duncan Stanley Murrays, just out of the West school and now to pursue her studies under the guidance of special teachers, after which she will go to England where her father has very high social connections. Besides being a beauty Miss Murray has the benefit of a rearing in sweetest, old-time simplicity, which makes for an indescribable air of loveliness, so often found wanting in the bud of the period in whom very often priggish precocity is a painful characteristic.

The Baroness and the Man

I met a gentleman who met Baroness von Suttner at the Martin tea, where by the way, the hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Garret McEnerney and Mrs. Henry T. Ferguson. Though the gentleman doesn't take the peace propaganda seriously, the Baroness he does. He pronounces her one of the sweetest women he ever met. "She talked to me," he said, "of the horrors of war, and she put up a mighty stiff argument in favor of universal peace, and I was sorely tempted to emulate Disraeli. You know Disraeli listened one day to a beautiful woman who held forth on the rights of women. She grew more beautiful as her eyes flashed in the course of her impassioned argument. Disraeli listened spellbound. The lady thought she was making a convert of the eminent man. When she finished he exclaimed, 'You darling!' It's related that she was very much displeased, being prouder of her intellect than of her beauty."

Miss Buckley's Mystery

There was some mystery about the engagement of Miss Buckley, the pretty navy belle who arrived from Honolulu last week and declined at first to divulge the name of her betrothed. Before she departed for the East the young lady acknowledged that her heart and hand were promised to Bayard Hyde Smith who is well known in local society. She will return to Honolulu where the young man is engaged in business, to be married at the home of her step-father, Commander Gill, U. S. N. Bayard Hyde Smith comes of one of the best known families in the State. His grand-father for whom Hyde street was named was the first alcalde of San Francisco and his grandmother was a famous Spanish beauty, related, I believe, to the Castro family. His sisters are Mrs. Baldwin Wood of this city and Mrs. Harold Dillingham of Honolulu who is at present visiting Mrs. Templeton Crocker. Mrs. Alexander Garceau is the young man's aunt and Mrs. Will Horne of San Rafael is his cousin. He has been in Honolu for the past year engaged in business with his brother-in-law. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham came up on the same steamer with Miss Buckley and will remain for the Crocker-Whitman nuptials on the sixteenth. They will sail for the islands the latter part of the month when the Templeton Crockers will return to complete their summer visit.

Cupid's Quick Action

Fred Knight sailed for Honolulu last week to be present at the marriage of his step-daughter Miss Thelma Parker and Henry Gaillard Smart

"Djer-Kiss"
PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS"

Si concentrée est l'odeur de ce parfum, que moins d'une goutte suffit. —Kerkoff, Paris

TRANSLATION: "So concentrated is the fragrance of this perfume, that less than a drop suffices."

Extract, Sachet, Face and Talcum Powder
At all dealers. Send 4c. for Sample of Extract.

MANZANITA HALL
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA
Makes a specialty of preparing boys and young men for entrance to the universities. The location adjacent to Stanford University and to Palo Alto, a town of remarkable culture, makes possible a school life of unusual advantages and privileges.
Twentieth year opens August 27, 1912. For catalogue and specific information, address
W. A. SHEDD, Head Master

Puckett's College of Dancing
Assembly Hall
1268 SUTTER STREET
between Van Ness and Polk
A More Beautiful Ballroom Could Hardly Be Conceived
Classes---Mondays. Assemblies---Fridays
Advance Class and Social---Wednesdays.
Private Lessons
Hall for Rent Phone Franklin 118

which will be celebrated at Waimea, the famous Parker plantation which yields the young heiress an enormous revenue. Harry Smart is the son of a poor Methodist clergyman in Virginia who went to Honolulu to engage in business, sailing from San Francisco on the same steamer that carried Miss Parker and her mother to the islands several months ago. The courtship was brief and has been followed by a brief engagement to culminate in the marriage on July 26. The young couple will spend their honeymoon in the islands returning to spend the winter in this city.

The O'Brien-Pier Marriage

The many friends of Mr. James H. O'Brien received a surprise this week when they received from him announcement of the marriage of his beautiful daughter Genevieve and Mr. Carl Harriman Pier. This is the third member of the O'Brien family to go to the altar within the last two years. Mrs. Pier is the sister of Mrs. Hartley Peart. She is a very charming girl who has had the benefit of travel, having spent several months in Europe with her father and her aunt Miss Kate Handley of Santa Cruz. Mr. Pier is a Stanford man, a young lawyer who has already won distinction in his profession. He is now an assistant to the United States District Attorney. The Piers were averse to a formal wedding. They were married Wednesday at Santa Clara by Father Morrissey, the President of Santa Clara College, an old friend of the O'Brien family. The young folk are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte.

Illness of Laura Baldwin

I am told that the health of Miss Laura Baldwin which has given her family deep concern in the past two years is greatly improved. Now it is hoped she will be able to be an attendant at her sister's wedding to James Lowe Hall in November. Laura and Mildred Baldwin are the beautiful daughters of A. S. Baldwin who has amassed a fortune in San Francisco real estate and owns a mansion in Presidio Terrace. Mildred, the younger, has been devoted to her sister during the latter's invalidism following an attack of typhoid which left her partially crippled by an affection of the nerves of the feet. A few weeks ago on her return from Europe she underwent an operation at Adler's and the results are said to have been highly satisfactory with every hope that this pretty and charming young girl will soon be completely restored to health. After her marriage Miss Mildred Baldwin's home will be in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where Hall has extensive lumber interests but she has declared her intention of making frequent visits to California.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER



Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every bemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the last harmful of all the skin preparations.

For Sale by all Druggists and Fancy Good Dealers
GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.
GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE
Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1.00, by Mail
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City

Winslow-Wallace Wedding

One of the weddings of the month will be that of Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow and Colonel Hamilton Wallace, U. S. A. It will be very quiet with only relatives and a few intimate friends present. Mrs. Winslow who is a daughter of the late J. B. Stetson, chief owner of the California street cable system, was divorced from her first husband, Chauncey Rose Winslow, the father of Miss Rose Winslow, one of the popular debutantes of last year. Winslow after married a Portland belle and his death occurred two years ago in the northern city. Mrs. Robert Oxnard who was Nellie Stetson is the sister of Mrs. Winslow and she also was a widow, Mrs. Ricardo Pinto, when she married Oxnard.



Photo, Genthe
MRS. CARL HARRIMAN PIER
She was Miss Genevieve O'Brien until Wednesday of this week when she became a bride in Santa Clara.

Nellie Grant Sartoris

Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris who was married Thursday to Frank H. Jones, Assistant Postmaster General in Cleveland's Administration and now Secretary of a Chicago bank, was the only daughter of President Ulysses S. Grant. She was married in the White House during her father's Administration as President on May 21, 1874 She was then 17 years of age and had been her father's favorite. She met Algernon Sartoris, a member of the British Diplomatic Corps, before she was even a debutante. The meeting took place on board the steamship Russia, and gave rise to a romantic attachment. Their marriage was a brilliant social affair. Mr. Sartoris was the son of Edward Sartoris. His mother had been Adelaide Kemble, sister of Fannie Kemble the actress. Mr. Sartoris took his bride to England. He established her in a handsome country place at Cadogan, England, but their married life proved unhappy. Mr. Sartoris died after she had borne him three children. The eldest was Algernon Sartoris, who served as a Captain in the American Army, and later as Consul to Guatemala, a post he was forced to resign because of being credited with supplying information to a magazine which offended the Guatemalan Government. The author of the offending magazine article denied that young Sartoris had furnished

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Customer—I wish you'd quit dunning me for that suit of clothes. Do you object to giving me time?

Tailor—Oh, no; but it looks as if you expected me to give you the suit.

him the information. Both of Mrs. Sartoris's daughters are married. They are Mrs. George H. Woolston, formerly Miss Rosemary Sartoris, and Mrs. Frederick Roosevelt Scovel, formerly Miss Vivian Sartoris.

A Prophetess Not Without Honor

Our Kathleen continues to be heard from. A cellist brother of Miss Parlow tells me that he heard her in Boston, as soloist of the Symphony, with unqualified delight; that of women violinists she plays second fiddle to none, not even Maud Powell; that her interpretation is mastery itself, her bowing virility, her whole playing virtuosity, plus personality; that she is the same sweet child she was, only more mature. Fritz Kreisler may have as much technique, but not even he can boast of more. The great fiddle Alexandra gave her speaks to you as man to man, and asks nothing of gallantry. His praise was damned by no faintest breath of Great for a woman! Now, though the cello and the violin have the viola between them to keep peace in the family, and though competition is ever keenest betwixt the most closely allied species, I have heard cello and violin quarrel like Kilkenny cats till there was nothing left for the horse-tail to wail over. It was not generosity disinterested spoke, but intensely interested enthusiasm. Henry Holmes had taught both, but the best of education cannot draw out of you what is not in you. Kathleen had it in her, has in double measure. Such was the sum and substance of a common friend's encomium, to which I lend ready ear. It warns the cockles of one's heart to hear artists speak well of the living. A recent paper in The Strand Magazine on great women musicians, puts Miss Parlow second only to Maud Powell, and accompanies the praise with a speaking likeness—speaking volumes of greatness.

Our Famous Cafe

When the question of "Where shall I dine" arises, one's thoughts naturally turn to Tait's. Dining at this famous establishment is "quite the thing" nowadays. At no other cafe in town is enjoyment more thorough than it is here. On entering this establishment you immediately "sense" the charm of the place, and you are filled with the Bohemian spirit that pervades the atmosphere. Here even the blase, languid idler is roused to enthusiasm. And there's always a representative gathering of the smart folk at this cafe. One comes to Tait's to see and to be seen. The management is featuring a special luncheon every day and it's well worth the half dollar asked for it.

In the Social Spotlight

Dr. and Mrs. Adolph Rosenthal and a party of friends are enjoying the beautiful scenery of the Feather River. The friends of the talented specialist are expecting great quantities of fish, as the doctor is a wonder with the rod and reel.

The John J. Barretts have decided to spend a week in the Yosemite.

General L. W. Cooke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cooke are at the Victoria. General E. S. McClernard and Mrs. McClernard are also settled at the Victoria for an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. Homer Wood returned during the week from their honeymoon, and are spending a few days at the Victoria before leaving for their home at Salinas. Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Decker of Denver and Mrs. E. B. Critchlow of Salt Lake are guests at the Hotel Victoria. Mrs. Josephine Stokes Adams, Miss Lida Stokes Adams, Miss Emma Klater and Dr. Eleanor C. Jones of Philadelphia are registered at the Victoria.

There's nothing like a few days in the open air for rejuvenation and relief from the "tired-of-the-city-noise-feeling." That is why Mr. W. P. Scott and Dr. James Eaves are spending two weeks enjoyably, mostly on the Del Monte golf course. Mrs. Leon L. Roos has joined Mrs. M. Meyerfeld and Mrs. F. Schloss who are spending the summer at Del Monte, and is in the midst of all the festivities. Mrs. E. J. Bowen and maid are enjoying the July climate of Del Monte. Mrs. Robert Hays-Smith, with her child and nurse, is comfortably quartered at Del Monte for the summer. Mrs. Stafford Parker and her brother Mr. H. H. Young are in love with Del Monte and its beautiful environment, and their visit will extend into August. Dr. William Watt Kerr and his wife are enjoying motoring and other outdoor recreations with their friends at Del Monte while waiting for a new set of golf sticks, having had the misfortune to lose his from the machine on their trip down from the city. Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Waller, Mr. Cuyler Lee, Jr., Roy B. Dempster, and Richard Lee are enjoying a week or two at Del Monte.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.



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ROCKRIDGE

Where An Artistic Building Scheme is in Process of Development by Which Homes are to be in Harmony with Environment

The effort in America to evoke sympathy with schemes of building in accord with landscape opportunities, and with intelligent perception of the possibilities of grouping has failed in almost every instance. It has been practically impossible to make the individual builder feel that it is worth while to attempt to co-operate with his prospective neighbor, in whom he almost invariably foresees an animal destitute of the first principles of good taste and an invader animated with the desire to humiliate the original intruder upon the horizon.

The result, as a rule, is a sort of competitive building that swells eventually into a discordant clamor affrighting the timid pilgrim in quest of a restful refuge and makes him seek a sanctuary in the tall timbers. And yet the immediate and enthusiastic response to a suggestion to develop the "city beautiful" shows that the aspiration of "the people" to beauty is undying. It is as strong as it was in the days of the ancients, but it is inarticulate. It lacks the power of expression, and perishes in a futile struggle to assert itself.

The reason for the failure of American communities, in the past—i. e. the most recent and strenuous past—to grow harmoniously was well indicated by Joe Redding in an address before the Down Town Association of San Francisco. Mr. Redding was discussing public improvements, notably proposed monuments for the center of the business district, and endeavored to impress upon his hearers the necessity of a general scheme of development instead of sporadic and unrelated efforts to achieve the esthetic ideal of San Francisco. He delved to the roots of the flower of esthetic growth in public art when he cited Pericles of Athens and the lost Napoleon of France as illustrating the fact that no great logical plan of a city has ever been accomplished except where one man has dominated the tremendous work of giving form to the complex assemblage of units that composes a metropolis. This truth has, of course, been illustrated through all history.

With these facts in mind the development of the region across the Bay of San Francisco not only compels our profound admiration, but excites our civic pride; for while the transbay cities have as yet been reluctant to unite with us literally as one huge world center they are the home-places of thousands of the wealthy men who are striving to give the San Francisco of the immediate future its "place in the sun." The planning of great tracts across the Bay and their realization in groups of what are practically beautiful rural estates within a city afford not only the most notable achievement of its kind in America, but an accomplishment unsurpassed in the world. This is a fact conceded by discriminating travellers and one whose significance is obvious to any visitor who rides or drives through the miles of gardened and forested hill country that form the natural amphitheatre of Alameda County. Here not one but a group of men owning vast estates have developed in perfect harmony with each other the most extensive and impressive scheme of landscape gardening in the United States. Through their inspiring conceptions of community growth they have stimulated some of the best individual expressions of architecture and landscape treatment that have ever originated. Not only is each home and estate in harmony with its environment, but all tracts of various owners are improved in absolute sympathy with the general ideal of realizing the full opportunity of an incomparable inspiration of Nature.

The best example of the informing impulse that is revealed through the hill region back of Oakland is found in Rockridge Terrace, where the scheme of Naples, giving to each villa its own place in the landscape, is developed upon far more beautiful lines than the original which inspired it. Among the great decorative features here which distinguish Rockridge are the seven parks that were given to the City of Oakland by the Laymance Real Estate Company. In order to realize the landscape treatment one must understand that in this beautiful residential section there are no small cities. Each home is in itself a park and a viewpoint. The roads, of course, follow the natural lines of the slopes, leaving as in Naples a commanding marine view and a landscape opportunity for each dweller. To this advantage the parks and sunken gardens with their masses of foliage and color lend a splendid approach. Classic stairways lead up the slopes of the park and from decorative landing to landing continue over the ridge of the hill disappearing into the forest. Italian balustrades follow the winding line of the roads on each crest, gleaming in white through the floral mass. The entire district is a wonderful illustration of the compelling influence of a big landscape plan upon the independent esthetic development of its units, and makes Rockridge the fullest and most satisfying expression of the group idea in American community building.

Just as the amalgamation of large business interests on both sides of the Bay hints at the ultimate union of the group of cities facing the Golden Gate, so the recent establishment in Rockridge of a group of San Francisco's millionaires in stately homes and estates foreshadows the closer communion of the sister cities as they approach their common destiny.



A SECTION OF ROCKRIDGE

A Conglomerate Drama

By Theodore Bonnet

Even at the risk of seeming obtrusively dogmatic I must assert with all possible emphasis that the playwrights whose brain-child is capering listlessly at the Alcazar this week have no reason to be proud of their offspring. Yet the thing is not irredeemable. Even a very bad play may be made presentable. Almost any clever playwright can do the trick. And even so mediocre a critic as myself can give Joseph Medill Patterson and Hugh Ford some pointers that might enable them to do some effective patchwork. Perhaps it may be well to do so in a little essay on the essentials and non-essentials of dramaturgy. By way of introduction I will say that there is no penal statute in the Republic of Letters which prohibits a playwright from raping the plot of a story-writer. There is therefore no reason for the apparent diffidence of playwrights who dramatize stories. In the old days the playwright seized a story wherever he found one that looked good to him. He made no bones about it. He did what he liked with it. It is to this picarooning practice of the playwright that we are indebted for some of our best dramas; for, indeed, the most popular play ever written, which is what I take Hamlet to be. Nowadays when a playwright lifts a plot he tells the world about it, and then on some mysterious ethical principle he tries to vindicate his fidelity to the original story by putting as much as possible of it on the stage. This endeavor is fatal to good drama. The business of the dramatist is to eliminate exerything that isn't absolutely essential to perfect depiction. Moreover it is the privilege of the dramatist to make the borrowed story his own, to make it conform to the exigencies of the stage. Now this is precisely what Joseph Medill Patterson and Hugh Ford did not do with the plots they took from O. Henry's "Cabbages and Kings." Behind the phenomena of the Henry stories is an inexorable cynicism. This is not easily transferred to the stage. But enough of the touches of it remain to make the drama ring unpleasantly false. The playwrights did not depend sufficiently on their own imagination. They gave their mechanical ability the upperhand just as the epicure gives the reins to his palate. It required a deal of imagination to tell those Henry stories successfully in the new form, to fuse the discordant elements of farce and comedy-drama and compass a new-fangled blend of sentiment and silliness. The difficulty is in the very atmosphere of the piece. The atmosphere of the average South American republic is the atmosphere of farce comedy. Henry made it even more farcical than it is. While the playwrights have not toned down the farce they have brightened the sentiment. One might as well try to compound a play out of Pickwick and Madame Marneffe. Fancy being called upon to accept as a tender, romantic heroine a lady who tried to poison her husband! Yet an Alcazar audience has been chided for not knowing when to weep and when to laugh. In the theatre sense plays havoc with nonsense. No wonder that "Cabbages and Kings" gets more of our snickers and sneers than of our sympathies. But to come back momentarily to my essay. In writing a play it's a good thing to employ a foot-rule and a tape-line, for building a drama is much like building a house. There must be a nice distribution of parts and there must be equilibrium. The ascent to the catastrophe must be gradual, and also the descent to the final curtain. In "Cabbages and Kings" the descent is like going over a precipice. All ends are brought together in a jiffy. The last act is of the rapid-fire variety, and you don't know whether to accept it as farce or genuine sentiment. Indeed it is in this respect that the play puzzles from beginning to end, ringing true nowhere. Nevertheless, as I have said, it is not hopeless despite the difficulty of steering safely through the Scylla and Charybdis that stretch along the progress of the story. If the playwrights would not attempt to transform their tigress into a nightingale, and if they would soft-pedal their farce and be just a little less forty-second-and-broadwayish in their dialogue they might succeed in fashioning a pretty fair comedy-drama. That the Alcazar players manage to hold an audience with it in its present state is evidence of the ability of our stock organization.

Gossip of the Theatre

A Mighty Hunter in Motion Pictures

The Paul J. Rainey African Hunt Pictures come to the Cort for a two weeks' engagement beginning tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon. It is said that they are the most marvelous motion pictures ever taken. They have been exhibited at the Smithsonian Institute and have attracted the attention of the world's greatest scientists. Mr. Rainey is a millionaire sportsman of Cleveland, Ohio, and has the reputation of being the most noted and fearless hunter of wild game in the world. The films to be shown at the Cort were made on Mr. Rainey's last expedition to Africa. They show the hunter and his associates hunting lions, tigers, leopards and other wild animals in the jungles of Africa. Many hair-breadth escapes from death are depicted on the screen. Among other views, a picture of a herd of zebra led by a member of the gnu family is shown. When driven out of his own tribe this beast always seeks out a herd of zebra, appointing himself its leader. Mr. Rainey is shown capturing a wild dog, a feat that stands unparalleled in the annals of natural history. It is said that Hagenback, the famous animal dealer of Hamburg, after having spent much time and something like $10,000 in an endeavor to secure a specimen alive, gave up in despair and declared that no one would be able to take one of these animals. Another picture shows a herd of several hundred Thompson gazelles. They are declared by scientists to be the most timid creatures in the world. The photographs were taken but seventy-five yards distant from the animals. A baby rhinoceros that was captured is also seen. This baby rhino is now in the London Zoological Gardens. It is proven by these pictures that the lion, which has always been regarded as the King of Beasts, is a coward. One was brought to bay by a pack of Mississippi bearhounds.



ALICK LAUDER
Harry Lauder's brother, who will make his first American appearance at the Pantages Theatre.

At the Columbia

"Louisiana Lou," the Columbia Theater musical comedy, is a most entertaining combination of bright lines, gay music and pretty women. Its principal fun-makers are Barney Bernard and Sophie Tucker, a very clever pair of mimes. With them are Bessie De Voie and Eleanor Henry, pulchritudinous damsels; Harry Hanlon and Helena Salinger admirable in character roles. The chorus is of triple Class A construction.

Vaudeville at the Pantages

Excellent entertainment is provided at the Pantages Theatre this week and the vaudeville house is crowded these afternoons and evenings with audiences that are most enthusiastic in praise of "The Five Columbians," as the Caro Miller family is called, in their spectacular singing and dancing act; Tallman, the wizard of the cue, in his pool performances; the Gordon Highlanders, in their novel musical act; Lew Pistel and O. H. Cushing, "the stranded minstrels," and the many other good features of the bill. For the week commencing Sunday afternoon no less a personage than Alick Lauder, brother of Harry Lauder, has been engaged to head the program. Lauder comes direct from Australia, where he has been making a great hit and this, his first American appearance, is looked forward to with great interest. In England he is a tremendous favorite and his original songs and characterizations are said to be wonderful studies. Sig. G. Frizzo, the famous quick change artist of Rome, will also be new here, presenting his transformation sketch, "Eldorado," in which he impersonates nine entirely different characters and gives a complete theatrical entertainment. Lordy's dog actors and acrobats, direct from London via Australia, will appear here for the first time, offering their novel skit, "The Burglar's Fate." The Marmeen Four, clever singers and instrumentalists,

including a couple of pretty girls, will offer a melange of musical oddities and the Lessos, whose juggling feats have won them fame all over the world, will present their entirely original act. Those musically inclined will experience a treat in the violin playing of Henri Kubelik, nephew of the famous Jan Kubelik, who is now making his first American vaudeville tour.

Bennett's Farewell Week

Richard Bennett's farewell week at the Alcazar commences next Monday evening with a revival of Charles Klein's great play of love and finance, "The Lion and the Mouse," in which the clever actor scored one of his earlier successes. Indeed, his impersonation of Jefferson Ryder, the autocrat-millionaire's rebellious son, was the means of elevating him to stardom, for he originated the part and made so much of it that the New York critics gave him first honors in a roster embracing several prominent histrions. In the cast with him will be Mabel Morrison as Shirly Rossmore (her au revoir role), in which she made a pronounced hit last season at the Alcazar, and the full strength of the stock company appropriately bestowed.

Belasco at the Orpheum

David Belasco's magnificent production of his own play "Madame Butterfly" will be the Orpheum headline attraction next week. The impression that it is a condensed version has become current and is erroneous. "Madame Butterfly" has always been a one-act play and Mr. Belasco's present presentation is exactly the same as when the piece was used originally in New York as a curtain raiser for "Naughty Anthony." In a fashion typical of Martin Beck the production as designed by Belasco will be of the finest. Mr. Belasco has given this presentation the first he has ever made for vaudeville the best of his mastery of stage craft. Clara Blandick, a clever and popular young actress, has been selected for the part of Cho-Cho-San and Earl Ryder will enact the role of Sharpless the American Consul. It would be difficult to classify Brown and Blyer who come next week, except in their own terms "Just Entertainers." In their act there is some patter, a little song, a bit of music and a dance step or two. A trio of pretty, vivacious and symmetrical girls bearing the name of the O'Meers Sisters and Company will furnish a most attractive novelty in wire performances. Their stunts are new and thrilling. They open with a pretty little song, then flit about on the wire and conclude with a Russian folk song, for which they wear a picturesque and correct costume. Honors and Le Prince, a team of French acrobats and recent arrivals from Paris will make their first appearance in this city. Like most Frenchmen they are superior pantomimists and they enliven their acrobatic feats with genuine comedy. Ray L. Royce, a splendid actor with a gift of mimicry, will introduce his artistic sketches of eccentric characters. Next week will conclude the engagements of Graham Moffat's Company of Scottish players in Mr. Moffat's own sketch "The Concealed Bed"; The Five Piriscoffis and also of George "Honey Boy" Evans, the peerless monologist who is convulsing the audiences with laughter at every performance and making the biggest kind of a hit.



PAUL J. RAINEY'S AFRICAN HUNT

Scene from the wonderful sportsman's African expedition, to be shown in motion pictures at the Cort Theatre Sunday.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783
Nightly Including Sunday
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
FOR TWO MORE WEEKS
The Great La Salle Theater, Chicago Success
"LOUISIANA LOU"
The Musical Comedy with Real Fun and Jingly Music.
BARNEY BERNARD, SOPHIE TUCKER and others.
Bargain Matinee, Wednesday, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.
Evenings and Saturday Matinee, 25c to $1.50.
Coming—JAMES K. HACKETT in "The Grain of Dust."

Pantage's Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week of Sunday, July 7th
INTERNATIONAL ATTRACTIONS!
Alick Lauder, Brother of **Harry Lauder**, in Character Songs and Studies; **Frizzo**, World's Greatest Quick Change Artist; **Marmeen Four**, in a Melange of Musical Oddities; **Lord's Dog Actors** and **Acrobats**; **Henri Kubelik**, Distinguished Hungarian Violinist; **The Lessos**, Famous Jugglers; **Jones** and **Mayo**, Comedy Conversationalists and Sunlight Pictures.
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.
Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

Orpheum

O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
MARVELOUS VAUDEVILLE
DAVID BELASCO Presents **MADAME BUTTERFLY,**
a one act play by David Belasco, Based on John Luther Long's Japanese Story; BROWN and BLYER, "Just Entertainers"; O'MEERS SISTERS & CO., 3 Girls on the Wire; HONORS & LE PRINCE, French Pantomimic Gymnasts; RAY L. ROYCE, in Eccentric Character Sketches; GRAHAM MOFFAT'S SCOTTISH PLAYERS; FIVE PIROSCOFFIS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES; Last Week—Great Laughing Hit, GEORGE EVANS, "The Honey Boy."
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

CORT Leading Theatre

Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460
This Afternoon and Tonight, Last Times of the
Durbar in Kinemacolor
Beginning Tomorrow (Sunday) Matinee
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights at 8:30.
PAUL J. RAINEY'S
AFRICAN HUNT
The Most Marvelous Motion Pictures Ever Taken
Prices—25c and 50c

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Monday Evening, July 8th, and Throughout the Week
Farewell Appearances of
RICHARD BENNETT
And Mabel Morrison, in
Charles Klein's Great Play
THE LION AND THE MOUSE
Prices: Night, 25c to $1.00; Matinee, 25c to 50c.
Matinee: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.
To Follow: BESSIE BARRISCALE in "The Rose of the Rancho."

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery St. For the half year ending June 30, 1912, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1912. FRED W. RAY, Secretary. 1

SANTA CRUZ WATER CARNIVAL

A fairy lake, viewed from the decks of a huge phantom ship, erected on a grass-grown island in San Lorenzo River,—this is to be the scene of the great water pageant and carnival at Santa Cruz, starting on July 20th and lasting an entire week. Hundreds of workmen, under the direct personal management of Mr. Fred Swanton, are gradually transforming the sandy flats just south of Hotel Casa del Rey into a veritable fairyland, soon to be peopled with strange and wonderful gnomes, genii and pixies and guarded by a fleet of mystic water craft, each vessel of which will remind you of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Nights Dream." It is a bold idea of Manager Swanton's and one that will not soon be forgotten by those who are fortunate enough to witness the festival. It contemplates the damming of the San Lorenzo River, a stones-throw from where it joins the mighty Pacific, in order to create a charming lake; the decoration of the southern banks of that river until it shall resemble Arcady; the construction on an island of a huge amphitheatre in the shape of a Spanish Galleon, capable of seating four thousand persons; and then a nightly parade of gorgeous floats and boats, filled with singing and dancing girls, robust steersmen and soldiers and happy children. Rome, in its days of splendor, never conceived anything more entrancing. And then, to be sure, there will be the hundred daylight diversions for the visitor,—the yacht, motor-boat, shell, swimming and hydroplane races; the airships encircling the lofty blue; the bathing, fishing, dancing, riding and skylarking on the mile-long board walk. More than fifty great white birds, belonging to the Corinthians and other yachtsmen, will be in the harbor; an equal number of motor-boats; a pair of Uncle Sam's cruisers and two of his submarines; an even dozen of the world's famous swimmers, under the direction of Sidney Cavill; and to crown it all, thousands of dollars' worth of fireworks, which will illuminate the sky at the close of each evening's entertainment. In the preparation of his program, Manager Swanton has been aided materially by Commodore Conney, of the Corinthians, and ex-Commodore Hogg, each of whom has taken a keen interest in the carnival. The railroad company is offering exceptionally low fares for the week and the hotels and cottage cities of Santa Cruz have pledged themselves to make no advance over their regular rates. Altogether, "water week" at Santa Cruz should be the biggest thing ever attempted on the Pacific Coast and Manager Swanton is to be congratulated upon designing such a meritorious entertainment.

In the Limelight

"Pinafore" has been selected as the opening bill for the great Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera festival which is scheduled to begin at the Cort on Sunday night, July 21. "Patience," "The Mikado" and "The Pirates of Penzance" are the other operas that will be given during the four weeks' engagement. The Messrs. Shubert and William A. Brady, producers, will send the original New York cast from the Casino direct to the Cort Theatre for the season. Following is the correct cast that will interpret the operatic masterpieces; De Wolf Hopper, Blanche Duffield, Eugene Cowles, George J. MacFarlane, Kate Condon, Arthur Aldridge, Viola Gillette, Arthur Cunningham, Alice Brady and Louis Barthel.

Following "Louisiana Lou" at the Columbia Theater will appear the noted actor, James K. Hackett, who since his famous success in "The Prisoner of Zenda" has not triumphed to such extent as he has in his new play, "The Grain of Dust." Mr. Hackett's engagement will cover a number of weeks and during his stay here will produce a new Booth Tarkington play called "The Man on Horseback."

Legal Advice

"It's this way," explained the client. "The fence runs between Brown's place and mine. He claims that I encroach on his land, and I insist that he is trespassing on mine. Now, what would you do, if you were in my place?"

"If I were in your place," replied the lawyer, "I'd go over and give Brown a cigar, take a drink with him, and settle the controversy in ten minutes. But, as things stand, I advise you to sue him by all means. Let no arrogant, domineering, insolent pirate like Brown trample on your sacred rights. Assert your manhood and courage. I need the money."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The banking community and the holders of the bulk of securities have refused throughout the week to allow political contests to shake their confidence in ultimate prosperity as foreshadowed by improving crop conditions. Further progress has therefore been made in the direction of higher prices for securities and the outlook for still higher levels has brightened. The distraction of attention from the market by politics has reduced the daily total of transactions in both stocks and bonds, but it has not caused unloading or pressure. On the contrary, the trend of the speculative securities market has been upward. Upheavals from radical acts and policies of a new President are no longer considered within the bounds of possibility by the banking and industrial communities, who share the conviction that politics and business will hereafter move along separate lines, and that further improvement in the securities market may therefore be looked for as soon as the convention is ended. Back of this seeming indifference on the part of the banking and business world as to the outcome of the convention is to be found, however, the knowledge that the iron, steel and copper metal trades are doing their utmost to counteract even the restraining influences hitherto exercised by political disturbances. Favorable weather in all portions of the cereal and cotton growing belts has necessitated repeated raising of the estimates on the yields of wheat, corn, oats, cotton and hay, and there is every reason for adding to, rather than lowering, the recent estimate on the value of farm product for this year of about $9,000,000,000. With the growing confidence of satisfactory yield of agricultural products, there has also come the desire to provide for the harvesting of the crops with agricultural implements and machinery and to prepare for expansion in many other industries with more liberal purchases of supplies. Evidence of the improvement has been furnished by one of the commercial agencies which has described it as uniformly satisfactory in all the leading trade centers in various portions of the country, and by the unceasingly large volume of bank clearings and railroad earnings. Even before all the looked for improvement materializes in the business world, however, the securities market will likely anticipate it with rising prices.

Cotton—The cotton market the past week has been a very quiet affair with fluctuations in a very narrow range, but failed to decline in keeping with the weakness at Liverpool and the reports of more favorable weather in all sections. Except for a few light scattered showers at several points in the central and south Atlantic States which were not needed, the weather could be considered ideal for the rapid growth and development of the crop. There were quite a few notices sent out on July contract but these were promptly stopped by one of the large spot houses and had little or no effect on the market. There are some reports creeping in daily of insects appearing over important areas in the Memphis district where the outlook is said to be less encouraging than it was ten days ago, and a prominent local operator and mill man returning to his home gave a somewhat gloomy account of the crop all along the route from Virginia to Alabama. Very few are willing to risk going short, as nine times out of ten the most serious injury to the crop occurs after July 1st. It is obvious that a wide area of decidedly high temperatures would send the market up and July is the month of high temperatures. Furthermore the strength in the spot situation is a factor not to be ignored.

Wheat—The wheat trade the last week has been conducted along conservative lines, and part of the time the trade has labored under a feeling of discouragement and depression. The price being higher than a year ago has caused some nervousness on the part of holders, and has fostered a belief that present values could not be maintained. This has caused a pretty general liquidation of long wheat and considerable short selling as well. The milling and jobbing trade have continued their persistent attitude of withholding their buying orders until the new crop movement is under way. But there are now indications that these procrastinating tactics will soon end, because the very necessities of the consumptive demand will compel it. It is a threadbare saying that there is always enough wheat to go around, but the trade all over the world has seemed to have fallen in with that idea, and to have been conducting its business in the most unconcerned way, regardless of crop losses, or exhaustion of supplies, or anything else. France is the country to be ruthlessly awakened to the fallacy of the belief that there is always plenty of everything, especially of wheat, and for many months, and until recently, that country paid but a careless regard to the serious loss of its own crops, or to the greater loss of that of Russia. The French trade has continued to sell wheat for future delivery at a large discount under the market for cash supplies, only to buy it back at an immense loss when the month rolled around in which the contract matured. What is true of France is also true of Germany and other foreign countries. The present values of wheat all over continental Europe emphasize the belief that there is ample foundation for serious apprehension regarding the future supply of food.

Corn—The corn market has had a decline of 11 cents a bushel and recovered 5 cents of it, and while the price is still high the conditions are

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tained, if, indeed they do not work considerably higher. There has been a liberal run of receipts [illegible] less continue light or only moderate until the new crop is assured. We believe the demand will be more than sufficient to absorb all the offerings at the present price making a situation that is inviting to the investor on all reactions.

FINANCIAL NOTES

Sam Parker on his way to Honolulu from Washington, D. C., talked while in town of the enterprise of the Kou and Hilo Ditch Co. which has an application before Congress for a water franchise which will involve the expenditure of between three and four million dollars and under which 78,000 acres of rich land will be irrigated. The Kou and Hilo Ditch Co. is a holding company owned by Mr. Parker and an associate. It has completed a ditch with laterals for the Hamakua Irrigation Co., which irrigates 20,000 acres and it has another system in operation over 10,000 acres for the Koholo Irrigation Co. These companies receive from $2,500 to $6,000 per million gallons a year.

Charles F. Wood, vice-president of The Breakwater Co. of New York, is en route to Honolulu. His company has the contract for the government breakwater to cost $2,000,000. It will take five years to complete the work and give steady employment to 250 men.

The sugar market is depressed owing to the tariff question and the position Cuba occupies as a producer of sugar. English and French capital are very active in the islands. The English house of Davies & Co. has taken over the "Kukaiau," one of the largest sugar plantations in Hawaii.

The National Conduit and Cable Company, one of the largest consumers of the metal, continues bullish, as indicated by its current monthly circular, which says that "the world's demand is now able to prevent any accumulation at any of the leading centres." The significance of this statement becomes all the more pronounced as it follows an earlier statement to the effect that this year's production of copper will be at an unprecedented rate. It hardly seemed possible that the selling price of copper could be lifted from 12¾ [illegible] this is exactly what has occurred. And coincident with the rising tide of values an enormous buying movement developed on both sides of the ocean, revealing a revival of confidence absolutely impossible a year ago. Domestic prices are now the highest in over four years, and predictions of further substantial advances are made by enthusiastic believers in aerial market flights. It must strike every sensible student of the copper situation, however, that it is essential to the best interests of every one that market values are kept at a reasonable level. A repetition of the blunder of 1907 should not be permitted.

The Gypsy

(Continued from Page 8.)

She looked and she looked, and she tried to find out the secret of her recent success. She is really beautiful, really interesting in the gypsy costume. But she cannot put it on the following day; therefore tomorrow she would become again the ordinary Lisa, so like unto thousands of others. She removed the clasp from her hair, and it appeared to her as if she were casting away a fortune with her own hands.

She pinned the clasp again to her hair.

Fortune had come.

But how can she retain it?

She cannot go around every day in gypsy costume. If she would put it on tomorrow and go out upon the street, would they not ridicule her?

What is this thing, Lisa thinks, in fear and dread.

She has already grasped fortune. She possesses it, yet she cannot retain it.

By accident she bounded into luck, but it lasted for a night only.

How many nights, long and dreary, will she be forced to wait till fortune comes again? And will it ever come? No! The luck would never return.

How extraordinary, how strange! Her fate lies in a gypsy costume—in a clasp—in a red shawl, and loose flowing hair.

She pressed her lips together in a bitter smile.

"Wild and foolish are your hopes," the gypsy answered her from the glass, and angrily Lisa pulled the clasp from her hair, the red shawl from her shoulders.

"Gone, fortune! Ha, ha, ha!" and she broke out in hysterical laughter.

Again she was but an ordinary girl

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

I saw right away what I was up against. We talked it over and I made an engagement to meet Ruef at the Pup restaurant the night before the day Schmitz took office. To show me how things stood, he handed me a letter that he had just written. It was a letter addressed to himself, which, he said, he was waiting to have Schmitz sign. It was the letter published the next day, the letter serving notice on everybody who had business with the city to 'see' Ruef. You remember it, don't you?"

I remembered it very well.

"Pretty raw, wasn't it?" Kelly asked.

Yes, it was pretty raw.

"Well you can see," Kelly observed with a broad smile, "that the bright young lawyer corrupted by the bosses was in need of a guardian to keep him out of jail. Ruef always thought that because he was a lawyer he could go much further than any ordinary boss. He used to tell us that his relations in politics were the relations of attorney and client. He thought he had a cinch, and when he had full swing with nobody to hold him he put his neck in the halter. Bah! he didn't even have a sense of the honor that's among thieves. His business went to smash because he didn't deal squarely with the supervisors. He gave one man more than another, made them suspicious of one another, till they began doing business on their own hook."

You can see that Martin Kelly, the boss of the old school that recognized certain inviolable ethics has given much thought to the downfall of Ruef, and that he has accounted for it on a very plausible theory. What he likes to emphasize and drive home is that Ruef is in jail not because of the firm of Kelly and Crimmins but because he did not have the benefit of the restraints which it was the custom of that firm to impose. "It was all I could do," said Kelly, "to keep him straight at the Santa Cruz convention. I went down there with him, and I pointed out that as he had the balance of power he might by using it judiciously become a State boss. Pardee was willing to make any kind of deal with him. He'd promise him anything for his delegates, but I told him that the doctor wasn't straight, that he couldn't be depended on. Ruef wanted to name Mr. Hayes of San Jose, but Hayes didn't have a chance. Ruef finally stood in with the program, but he acted in such a way that he didn't do himself much good. The trouble with Ruef was he was too avaricious."

Martin Kelly concluded that he had said enough about Ruef. But before going he had a few words to say about the present state of politics. "Things are in quite a mess now," he observed, "and I feel somewhat responsible for conditions in this State."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well you see," he said, "I became a reformer some years ago. You know I drew the first primary law ever drawn in this State. It was declared unconstitutional, but the meat of it was handed down. Yes, I think I started this reform wave, and I'm afraid God will punish men for my sins. I know the people will never forgive me—when they wake up."

And Martin looked the part of the penitent sinner.

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

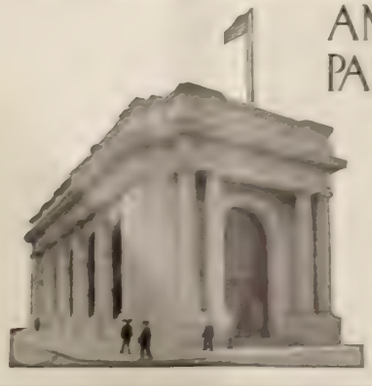
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G R BURDICK ASSISTANT CASHIER
[illegible] SECRETARY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

[illegible] Five per cent per annum [illegible] Monday, July 1, 1912. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1912. H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,177; Department No. 10.

CLARA JESSURUN, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER S. JESSURUN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Walter S. Jessurun, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of May, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY ACH, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Rooms 316-320 Balboa Building, Southeast Corner of Market and Second Sts., San Francisco, Cal. 5-18-10

CERTIFICATE OF NAME OF BUSINESS

I, the undersigned, Victor R. Ulman, do hereby state that I am engaged in business and am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of Victor R. Ulman & Co.

That I am the only one interested in the said business and that I am the sole owner thereof.

That my name and residence is as follows: Victor R. Ulman, 314 Locust Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

That my place of business is No. 149 New Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., this 11th day of June, 1912.
VICTOR R. ULMAN.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 11th day of June, 1912, before me, Julius Calmann, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Victor R. Ulman, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. at Law,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ELIA DUTEIL (also called ELIA OZANNE), Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Elia Duteil (also called Elia Ozanne), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at his law office No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Elia Duteil (also called Elia Ozanne), deceased.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Elia Duteil (also called Elia Ozanne), Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 8, A. D. 1912.

A. COMTE, JR., in Pro. Per. 6-8-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,438; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MAJOR CONWAY, Deceased.

Annie Conway, the Administratrix of the estate of Major Conway, deceased, having filed in this Court her petition for an order to sell the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth, and it appearing from said petition that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of said real estate, and good cause appearing therefor,

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, adjudged and decreed that all persons interested in the said estate of said Major Conway, deceased, be and appear before the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Wednesday, the 31st day of July, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, Room No. 519, in the temporary City Hall on Market Street near Eighth Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased.

It is further ordered that a copy of said order be published for at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 21st day of June, 1912.
(Signed) THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

HUGH K. McKEVITT, Atty. for Administratrix,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-5

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (Savings Department), 108 Sutter Street. For the half year ending June 30, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1912. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1912.

A. LEGALLET, President. 2

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,026; Department No. 10.

LUCILE V. LARM, Plaintiff, vs. G. LARM, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: G. Larm, Defendant.

You are hereby Required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Wilful Desertion and Habitual Intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of April, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

McGOWAN and WESTLAKE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-1-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 43,036; Department No. 10.

LOU ETTA WILMOTH, Plaintiff, vs. HOWARD WELLINGTON WILMOTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Howard Wellington Wilmoth, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-10

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), 526 California St. Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St. near 22d. Richmond District Branch, 601 Clement St. corner 7th Ave. Haight St. Branch, 1456 Haight St. bet. Masonic and Ashbury. For the half year ending June 30, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1912. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1912. GEORGE TOURNY, Manager. 2

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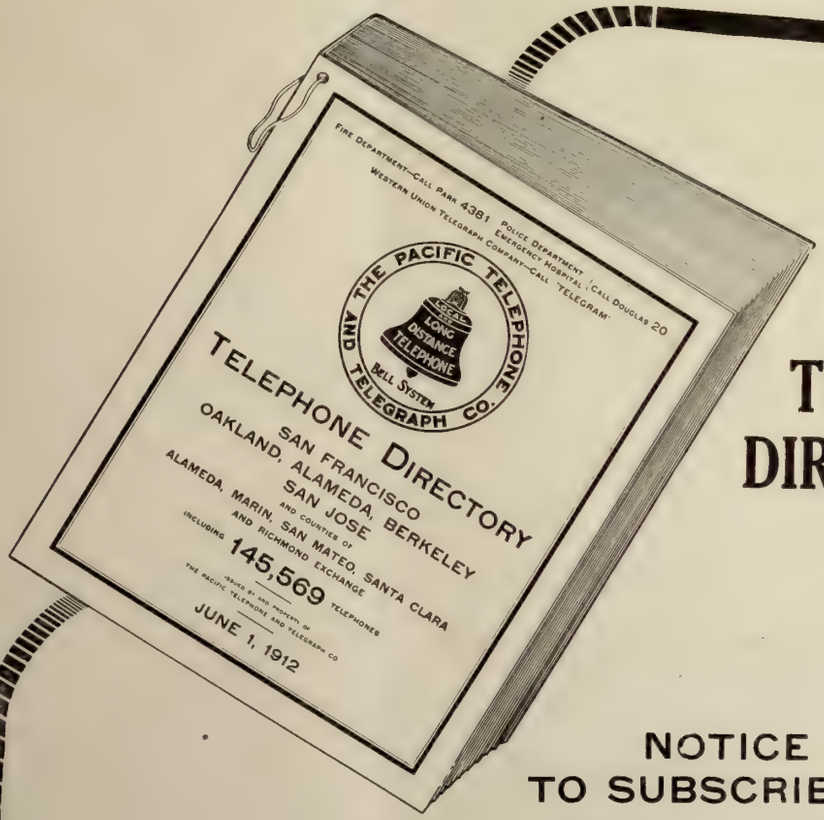
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TOWN TALK
THE PACIFIC WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XX. No. 1038 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 13, 1912 PRICE, 10 CENTS



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TOWN TALK

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The Friend of the People

It has been said that whatever is popular deserves attention. Unfortunately whatever is popular escapes analysis. The mob is emotional, nothing else; it loves with no more reason than it hates. Hence the success in all ages, among all people, of the man who deliberately plays the demagogue. More than a century ago there lived in the Rue des Cordeliers in Paris, a Progressive politician, an ardent reformer. His name was Marat. He was the editor of L'Ami du Peuple. All Paris knew him as the "People's Friend." The people loved him, and when, in the convention, he called for "heads" they were always forthcoming. With the assistance of Robespierre and Danton he was slowly floating France in blood. One day, a good woman, Charlotte Corday plunged a dagger into his breast, and he never breathed again. Paris was in consternation and in mourning. In the streets men repeated like a tragic chorus "Il est mort, l' Ami du People! l' Ami du Peuple est mort!" The Jacobins dressed his bust in crepe. The Convention voted him to the Pantheon. An immense concourse conducted the body to the grave. Twenty orators spoke at his tomb. Sculptors carved his features with the glory of the Agonist, twisting his headband into something of semblance to a crown of thorns. In the course of time a journalist scrutinizing some manuscripts of the deceased discovered a passage advocating monarchy. The fact was made public. "What! Marat, the People's Friend, a royalist? "Le miserable!" The rabble rose in its rage, burnt him in effigy, scraped up the ashes, put them in an urn, and carrying it along with ribaldry and execration, flung it down a sewer of the Rue Montmartre. In all the years that elapsed since that memorable "second funeral" of Marat no change has been wrought in human nature. The self-proclaimed People's Friend must die to be properly appraised. In life there is no infamy he cannot live down. Marat was infamous even before he was taken to the bosom of the people. They cared naught for his infamies. By affirming himself to be a friend of the people an American citizen acquires a franchise for anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. By merely keeping out of jail and demanding more power for the people some men have established a title to all the virtues. We have two men running for President the samples of whose matchless mendacity might stand as models for all future generations. If it were not for their professed friendship for the people their conduct in their relations with their own personal friends might cause it to be taken for granted that they aspired not to political power but to eternal infamy; yet when they go about with the stars mirrored in their eyes, and the swish of their coat-tails is heard, the multitude pricks its long ears and thinks it hears the rustling of angels' wings.

Party Spirit

"There has never been a clearer justification than there is now for a new party," says the Evening Mail of New York. What the justification is the Mail does not make clear, but doubtless the Mail is sincere. Likewise the Pittsburg Leader, a Roosevelt paper, which says "The Nation's crisis has arrived"; also that "the billions of the great interests, piled up like mountains are matched against the lives of the people, men, women and children." The editors that say these queer things are aflame with what is known as "party spirit," and "party spirit" is the most ravishing of all intoxicants, affecting as it does the heart as well as the mind. Stern warnings against it have come down to us through the ages, but in vain. We are told that it reverses all the principles which a benevolent nature dictates, that it "enlists a man's virtues in the cause of his vices," and that no sophism is too gross to delude minds disordered by it. It is the penalty that God imposes on his creatures when they disdain the rule of a tyrant. All political philosophers have written about it, but none of them ever hoped to see it extinguished. George Washington spoke of it in his Farewell Address. He said that it produced "the most horrid enormities," and that "it gradually inclines the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual" who eventually avails himself of party spirit "to the purposes of his own elevation on the ruins of Public Liberty." Perhaps it ought to be a consolation and a moral strengthening to all of us that the greatest man since Washington, according to the conception of many people, is not at all averse to the rousing of public spirit; is indeed strongly in favor of it. He says: "This has now become a contest which cannot be settled merely along the old party lines. The principles that are at stake are as broad and as deep as the foundations of our Democracy itself." This great man is party spirit incarnate. He is the very vortex of party dissension. All interests and considerations are subservient to the principle of attachment to his person. The only original sin is that of declining to regard him as a demi-Atlas engaged in propping a declining world. This is no time to stand on trifles and moot-points. The grand object to be achieved is the elevation of this great man to high office, and this must be achieved though sun and moon be in the flat sea sunk. Now this is no new experience in the history of politics. Nor are the sentiments of our great man original. History is full of mischief-makers who expressed precisely the same sentiments. Not one of them but insisted that attachment to himself meant attachment to a great principle. And all of them were leaders of party loved and adored by simple-minded patriots blind to the fact that what they regarded as zeal for the public good was nothing but chaotic vanity employing a shibboleth as the stalking horse to ambition.

The Paramount Principle

What is the "nation's great crisis," which has arrived, according to the followers of Roosevelt? What is it that the former President purposes doing in the event of his election? What are the principles for which nobody else stands? These are questions for which it has not been easy to find answers in the mass of verbiage accumulating in the public prints. We have been getting chiefly glittering generalities. A good deal is said about the Colonel's hostility to the predatory rich, but it is no secret that the sinews of war are supplied by George W. Perkins, Dan Hanna and Frank Munsey of the steel trust. Nor is to be gainsaid that the Colonel has the friendship and President Taft the emnity of the harvester combine and the National Cash Register Company. And it was only the other day in the course of the Money Trust investigation we learned that it was Mr. Roosevelt, when he was President, who went to the rescue of the panic-stricken gamblers of the stock-market in October, 1907, allowing Mr. Morgan to draw $25,000,000 from the Treasury for the accommodation of the necessitous. Mr. Morgan is surely not opposed to the Colonel. The trust magnate is not ungrateful. He owes much to Mr. Roosevelt. Ever since the panic he has been celebrated as "the uncrowned king of fin-

ance" for what he did in that memorable month of October. In other words he has been glorified under a misapprehension. His most intimate friends were unaware that it was the Colonel who put up the money. In the circumstances one is justified in being cynical when told that "the billions of the great interests, piled up like mountains are matched against the lives of the people," which lives are represented by the standard bearer of the Bull Moose ticket. Even the Colonel himself has ceased to pretend that he is the mighty hunter of the Money Devil. He is shrewed enough to perceive that the pretension is too raw. And so he has attached other strings to his harp. Indeed he is getting new strings every day. Just before leaving Chicago for Oyster Bay he said it was time for all men "who believe in the elementary maxims of public and private morality to join in one movement." This is a good plank but not sufficiently specific. A man may be for free silver, for high protection, for 9-foot bed sheets—for almost anything—and at the same time for the "elementary maxims of public and private morality." After reading the Chicago and Baltimore platforms the Colonel was blessed with an accession of new ideas, and he struck a new popular chord—reduction of the high cost of living and more money for the toilers. There's a plank worth standing on, and the Colonel is there with both feet. Frankly he confesses he doesn't know why the cost of living is high. This was the first time in his whole life he made a confession of ignorance, and by this sign we know he is really progressive. The Colonel is disdaining flubdub and getting down to brass tacks. At length he has made it clear why there is necessity for a third party. What the plain people really want is more money and cheaper grub, and neither of the old parties has promised to gratify them. Their neglect is the Colonel's opportunity, and thus it is that the nation has at once a crisis on its hands and the one man to meet it whom Providence in its infinite mercy always provides in a great emergency. So the issue is clean-cut and distinct, but will Medill McCormick and Munsey and Pinchot be satisfied with the new shibboleth—More Money, Cheaper Grub!

"Stover of Yale"

The country is so crowded with college students and college graduates it is no wonder that "Stover of Yale" is a best-seller and has caused much heat and provoked much discussion. "Stover of Yale" is an indictment of our universities in the form of that abominable thing called a novel with a purpose. The purpose of Owen Johnson, the author of "Stover of Yale," is to prove that our universities are hotbeds of ignoramuses and social climbers, and that they rouse no intellectual interests, and send men into the world without opinions on any subject. This Johnson indictment is not wholly new. It has been frequently said that the most striking thing about an American college student is his illiteracy. But all college students are not illiterate. Perhaps the bulk of them are, but this is probably because of the American idea that higher education is not only within the reach but within the capacity also of every human being. The proverb that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear is not taken seriously enough in this country. Every mother's son is believed to be capable of being inspired with aspirations above the herd and of being fitted for leadership of his countrymen in virtue and intelligence. We see the effect of this pride of parenthood on the daughters of the land. All are believed to be musicians by temperament and instinct, and all are given piano lessons, with what terrible and pathetic consequences who that has heard the pounding of innumerable prodigies does not well know! Of course ignoramuses abound in our universities, and the really educated alumnus is so extremely rare as to seem miraculous. If it were otherwise, considering the bulk of the material put into the hoppers, it would not be unreasonable to regard our college system as divine. But how about the charge that young men emerge from our colleges without opinions on any subject? We have received the impression that the spirit of dogmatism is rampant in our universities. Arrogance and intellectual pride being characteristics of the half-baked philosophers of our university faculties it is natural to infer that the spirit of dogmatism has been communicated to their disciples. The principal and most dogmatic expounders of the isms of the era are college professors distinguished for their opinionativeness and for their intolerance of views that do not coincide with their own.

A Pretty Kettle of Fish

The public long suffering of high prices, have dyspepsia and food experts for their sins. Sitting on the high stool at our get-it-quick-and-rich counter, we are like to come a cropper between experimenting Yale and experimenting Stanford. We, the people, fear to open our mouth lest dietetically we put our foot in it. Not minded to die yet, we diet, ever with an eye to our tum-tum. Says Stanford in effect, having tried it out on the rodent: "Man does not live by bread alone; 'tis meat that he should eat." "'Tis vegetables," says Yale. Confronted with the cardinal facts, the records of the meat-eaters, does the eastern university feel blue? Not a bit. "Rats!" she screams, and points the finger of pride to the feats of her vegetarians, who also ran and went some. "Lo the endurance of the rice-fed Jap!" "The Jap fed meat, beri-beri went by the board!" And so it goes. Earning her living by the sweat of her high brow, another institution of learning will take her dying oath that the family of Eve is frugivorous, and roots for fruits, while yet another lauds the peanut, pure and perfect food. The question, all-absorbing, is not: "Do we eat today? but May we? What must the great body of mankind do to be saved? To save our soul, we cannot say. Doctors swallowed whole disagree with us and we, the patient, the poor as Job's turkey, die. We are strongly minded to tell the professors to go to grass, as if they were crazy Nebuchadnezzars all. Stomach them we cannot. Let this alma mater say which and that, t'other, we are driven by hunger to believe that the benign mother knows her business. We intend to intrust our life to our tongue, to eat when we are hungry, drink when we are thirsty, sleep when we are made tired, cuss when we are mad. We are subtracting, if not cubits from our statures, then from our span of life, by taking entirely too much thought for the morrow, what we shall eat, what we shall drink, and wherewithall shall we be clothed. Fast as Hygiene comes in at the door health goes out at the window. Let's be merry and not too body-conscious; else tomorrow we die.

The System

King George and the Tories are reported to be very indignant at Sir Sidney Lee for his biography of King Edward VII which recently made its appearance in the second supplement to volume I of the "Dictionary of National Biography." The King is said to have pronounced the biography insulting and disrespectful to the monarchy. The author, it appears, has given us too much intimate detail. But from the historical standpoint this is not to be considered a defect, however painful it may be to the feelings of His Majesty to have removed the veil behind which may be seen the manners of his immediate ancestors. From what we have read of the biography we conceive it will serve one good purpose—that of warning parents against a too rigorous systematic rearing of children. This warning was voiced by George Meredith in one of his best novels. Meredith's hero Richard Feverel was raised according to system, and singularly enough it appears that the system was a duplicate of the one employed in the case of Albert Edward, and that the results in both cases were almost the same. It was the aim of the little Prince's parents to make him a model of morality, of piety, of deportment, and of intellectual accomplishment. During his childhood he received from the Queen long written exhortations on the minutest matters of conduct. His tutors strove to stuff him with knowledge. They excluded him from the society of children. And then they complained that he was wanting in enthusiasm and imagination and subject to fits of ill temper. Lord Granville, asked for advice, bluntly remarked that the boy ought to be let out of his cage. But the advice was not taken. He was sent abroad, but the cage went also. Vigilance was never relaxed. Even when he went to Oxford he was not permitted to mix with other students. Naturally the boy did not come up to expectations. Perhaps it is to be wondered at that he was not as badly dwarfed of soul as of body, for, the system notwithstanding, Albert Edward became a pretty decent sort of man. If he had not been a King he might have been a success as a merchant in a country town.

Varied Types

LXXXII—JOHN HOYLE

By Theodore Bonnet

Failing to find Charles Edward Russell, sociologist, though I looked for him in many places, I took as a substitute John Hoyle, penologist, and we talked of sociology, penology and kindred topics. I had just been reading Charles Edward Russell's letter to Fremont Older wherein the somewhat maudlin sociologist inveighs against the failure of civilization as evidenced by its imperfections and complains that society punishes criminals instead of devising some means of punishing itself. According to Mr. Russell, prisons are "frightful places" filled with "indescribable horrors" and with men who are compelled to undergo torments "because of the common fault of all of us, because we have provided conditions under which it is impossible for them to do anything else but break our laws, because they have been brought up in our slums and educated in our streets and trained to evil in our schools of crime, and sent forth with minds darkened and embittered with that poverty that we insist upon maintaining." Warden Hoyle had read this letter of Russell's, and when I spoke to him about it he smiled. Warden Hoyle is a most amiable man, bubbling over with good nature. It is as natural for Warden Hoyle to smile as it is for Charles Edward Russell to darken his gloomy visage with frowns. All reformers are given to frowns, they are all so solemn, so sour and so sad. If they were otherwise they would not be reformers. Getting into the presence of one of them is like plunging into a well of woe and extinguishing utterly the lamp of hope. So, after all, when I met Warden Hoyle I was glad I had missed Charles Edward Russell. Hoyle is so different. A light-hearted man is the warden, with the average human share of imagination and sympathy. Something of a philosopher, too, is Hoyle, not at all averse to ideals, but holding that they are to be striven toward not mourned over. When I mentioned the dolorous Russell epistle and asked the warden what he thought of it, he said it seemed hardly worth while to make reply to such lugubrious observations. "It is too bad," he remarked, "that such nonsense is taken seriously. As absurd as it is it does some harm. It makes for unrest among prisoners for whom we are trying to do some good."

I found that Warden Hoyle would rather talk about what is being done toward improving our prison system than about the maunderings of doleful sociologists. He told me that the new cell-house at San Quentin would soon be finished, and that there would then be eight hundred more individual cells in each of which would be running water and other luxuries. When this building is finished there will be more yard space, and it will then be possible to segregate prisoners and grade them, and give the good ones more breathing space, more recreation, more sunshine. It is the purpose of the warden to establish three grades of prisoners in the first of which men will have many privileges which it is now impossible to give them. By this method there will be great inducement to good behaviour.

"How about the strait-jacket?" I asked. "Mr. Russell mentions that among the 'horrors' of prison life. Is that one of the essential inducements to good behaviour?"

The warden smiled. "Have you ever seen a man in a strait-jacket?" he asked.

Yes, I had seen many. Long years ago when I was a police reporter I made the acquaintance of the strait-jacket. There were two or three strait-jackets in the city emergency hospital. They were used not as instruments of torture, but for the protection of delirious patients against themselves.

"Well," said the warden, "a strait-jacket may be made very uncomfortable. It all depends on how tight it is strapped on. To strap it on in a way to inflict physical pain would be a mighty cruel thing to do. But I am quite sure there is nothing like barbarism in San Quentin. A strait-jacket isn't conclusive of torture. As a matter of fact its principal purpose is to inspire fear, and when you have nineteen hundred men to take care of, the most of whom are far from gentle, many of whom are inclined to be disagreeable, you will generally find a few who have to be ruled by fear."

I asked the warden if it was hard to maintain discipline at San Quentin. He said it was not, that the great majority of prisoners were disposed to obey the rules. He characterized as nonsense the idea industriously disseminated by reformers that the average man leaves hope behind when he enters the prison walls. The prospect of parole, he told me, gladdened the heart of the average convict. He is very enthusiastic for the parole system, though, as he says, it causes unrest inasmuch as many of the petitions for parole are denied owing in some cases to the failure of the petitioners to get the required signatures. He believes, however, that conditions will go on improving, and that we are rapidly approaching a solution of one of the most perplexing of all the problems that civilization has to deal with. John Hoyle is an optimist of the first order and also a man of tender sensibilities who while scoffing at the utopian absurdities of the sentimental sociologists looks forward to a very satisfactory adjustment of the compromise between the ideal and the practicable.

"As a matter of fact," said Hoyle, "the whole aim of our prison authorities is to make genuine reformatories out of our penitentiaries, and that is what they will eventually be. The State has purchased land near Napa where there is to be built a reformatory for prisoners between sixteen and thirty years of age. When we get that great strides will be made toward the ideals of the reformers. We shall then use San Quentin for prisoners of the second class and Folsom for incorrigibles. But even now our prison system is not so bad as sentimental critics would have the people believe. I see that Mr. Russell says that men become criminals because we have provided conditions which make it impossible for men to do anything else but break the laws. If this were so our parole system would be futile. If all that he says were true it would be a very fine tribute to our prisons. Unconsciously he has praised the prisons. He says that criminals are men who have been brought up in the slums and sent forth with minds darkened and embittered. If that be so then the penitentiary system must tend to enlighten their minds and soften their feelings, for when we let them out on parole very few come back. The parole system is a great success. Not more than fifteen per cent violate their parole, and the violation is usually by leaving the State. Only two per cent of paroled criminals are again arrested for felonies. This being so how can it be said that conditions make it impossible for men to do anything else but break the laws? If ex-convicts can get along without breaking the laws, I should think that other men could get along too."

And Warden Hoyle smiled as he made his points.

I asked him if many reformers visited San Quentin. He said that women came there occasionally who took an interest in prisoners, and that they were quite sincere and desirous of doing good. While on this subject the warden told me a story by way of answer to a question regarding the personality of a feminine reformer of the sloppy sentimental variety and Charles Edward Russell school of sociology.

"You want to know what she is like?" he asked.

I did.

"Well one day she was in a room adjoining my office talking to another woman. She remarked that it would be dangerous for a woman to go unprotected through the prison. A convict working in the office heard her, and he muttered audibly, 'She could go through in her night-shirt without the slightest danger.'"

From which it is to be inferred that even among the "crushed, tormented and tortured souls" behind prison walls is occasionally to be found a man with a very lively wit.

The outbreak that occurred in San Quentin about two months ago, I learned from Warden Hoyle, is still the subject of investigation, and some important information has been obtained regarding the inspiration of it, which, in the course of time will become public property. But on this subject the warden is somewhat reticent. All that he will say is that it is now known positively that there were twenty-five conspirators who started the revolt. All of them are pretty tough characters. Thirteen of them are serving time for robbery, three for grand larceny, eight for burglary and one for murder and all were in the jute mill; not one—and this the warden regards as significant—was employed in any of the factories which supply the institutions of the State with shoes, clothes and furniture. Immediately after the outbreak an effort was made to stir up sympathy for the prisoners. It was said they had many grievances, one of which was that their food was unfit to eat. It is now known that no such grievance existed. The purpose of the outbreak was to occasion criticism of the prison authorities. "In time," said Hoyle, "we shall get to the bottom of it."

I came away from my interview with Warden Hoyle with the very pleasant impression that he is a public official with enthusiasm for his duties who realizes that though perfection is unattainable we ought to keep an eye on the compass which tells us where it lies.

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Correspondence

Watterson on Wilson

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I see that the old war horse of Democracy, Marse Watterson, would rather cling to the "devil" (Wilson) than support either President Taft or Roosevelt. What the Colonel means is that he cannot afford to make his paper disloyal to his party no matter how evil the hands into which it is fallen. The Colonel's courage is not of the moral variety. I have before me a clipping from the Courier-Journal of a week before the opening of the Baltimore convention. This is what he says of the man he is now constrained to support:

"Drawn into his support by the casual incident of a week end at a country house, he was captivated by the outer aspects of the then head of Princeton; a man of leading and learning. To find in such a place and such a person a Democratic nominee for President looked like finding a fortune in the lining of an easy chair. Of a sudden there came a revelation of personality, as by flashlight, making it plain that when the fairy godmother bent over the cradle of the little Woodrow Wilson to give him so many blessings, she withheld the virtue of fidelity, without which the rest, however shining, are tainted. May we not, in passing, remark that the occasion of difference given out by the Wilson Press Agency, silently acquiesced in by Governor Wilson and since exploited by the Wilson promoters from one end of the land to the other—Thomas F. Ryan's money—had no existence whatever, and was not remotely a cause, or in issue. No honorable man can learn the facts and inspect the proof which the editor of the Courier-Journal holds and has repeatedly offered to produce under proper restriction as to personal rights and party interest, and remain of the opinion that the Governor of New Jersey is either a trustworthy or a safe man to be invested with Democratic leadership and the Presidential office. Unfortunately, good breeding and integrity are not convertible terms, while austerity and virtue are often wide apart."

Marse Henry, it is evident, will make a gallant fight for the professor, his heart being in it.

Yours truly,

—R. L. B.

Women and the Election

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: One of the unknown factors in the next Presidential election is the women's vote. A good many things may happen between now and November, but I doubt if the acquisition of common sense by the suffragettes is apt to be one of them. Some of these newly enfranchised voters actually believe that their beloved "Teddy" is going to sit up in his Presidential high chair and dictate to the corner grocery man and the butcher across the street the daily price of beefsteak and potatoes. They have got the word "Trust" wedged crosswise into their heads and there is no dislodging it. They don't know what a trust is, don't want to know. It is some vague thing which has made high prices and Roosevelt will force them to let go if he has to call the managers up before his footstool and rap their knuckles with his big stick. You would have a good time trying to make a woman understand that ten hours' pay for eight hours' work alone has added one-fourth to the time cost of every manufactured article and that the salaries of all the commissioners and inspectors eventually come out of their pockets. Every fool woman is in favor of every fool bonding project for parks, play grounds and "free" improvements. "The Government" will pay, and the Government is as vague an idea as the trusts. Those who own property will weep and wail over the high taxes and be ready to embrace any reform that promises a reduction, but the last idea to enter their heads will be that they themselves have raised first the tax to establish these affairs and next the perpetual tax for maintenance and supervision.

Respectfully yours,

—S. C.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Signifi cant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Memorial to Chinese Revolutionists

Some time ago it was proposed to build a memorial in the form of a temple in Canton to those who lost their lives in connection with the revolution in China. Now a large meeting of influential people has been called and it has been decided to build near the five storied pagoda in a garden a temple to be called "Chung Lit Chi" to commemorate those who were killed, both in the unsuccessful revolt last April and in the successful rising in November.

Tabloid Drama

The influence of vaudeville is now being felt in the theatre devoted to the drama, as evidenced from the fact that Charles Frohman is to make an evening's entertainment consist of three short plays by Shaw, Barrie and Pinero. The three authors held a meeting last week and agreed upon the length of their separate works, then adjourned to meet again at the first rehearsal. The first performance of the plays will be given at the Duke of York's Theatre near the end of September. There will be a separate cast for each play selected by the author. This theatrical stunt will be repeated in New York about the time of the production here with three other separate casts.

Morgan and the Kaiser

J. Pierpont Morgan was never so feted by the Kaiser as during the week of the yacht races at Kiel. Mr. Morgan was the almost constant companion of the Kaiser, who seemed to take the greatest pleasure in conversing with him. He was the Kaiser's guest at numerous luncheons and dinners and usually sat next to or close to the Emperor. He was aboard the Kaiser's yacht Meteor when she won the first race. None of the military or naval officers or the titled English or German personages were accorded so much attention by the Kaiser as was Mr. Morgan.

The Menace of Cocaine in Paris

Cocaine is destroying Paris society, according to an article by Alfred Edwards, founder of the Matin newspaper. The drug, he says, is now in full vogue, especially among the gilded youth of the capital, on whom it is working frightful havoc, mentally, morally and physically. The writer says he is induced to give the cry of alarm in consequence of statements of a number of medical friends, who see day by day a procession of victims more or less irremediably injured. Cocaine, he points out, from being of the greatest benefit to humanity in minor surgical operations, has now become one of its most frightful scourges, in Paris at all events. The facility with which it can be taken has caused it altogether to displace morphine as a means of obtaining "Asiatic dreams." Young people of both sexes, says Mr. Edwards, hoping to install a minor paradise of Mahomet at home, take cocaine in larger and larger quantities, without any knowledge of its effects on the system. The result is that fatal accidents are of daily occurrence, while if those who become its slaves are not killed at once, they in many cases become utterly demoralized or brutalized.

Art Is Soaring

There have been remarkable happenings in the art world in the last year. The rise in values as shown by the Doucet and Corcano sales in Paris has been tremendous. What concerns people in the United States more closely than the high prices is the fact that Americans have been among the chief purchasers at both the public auctions and the private sales. More and more of the art treasures of the Old World are coming to the New. The drain is so great as to awaken alarm in England. They complain there that the art accumulations of centuries in great houses are being shipped to America. Statesmen like Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour have discussed the danger and the remedy. The custom house figures tell the tale. Not England alone but all Europe is supplying masterpieces to American collectors. Within the last year the valuation of works of art received in the port of New York free of duty is estimated at $32,000,000.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Perspective Impressions

The husband who allows his suffragette wife to register for him at a hotel, designating him merely as "and husband," has just the sort of wife he deserves.

A lot of Progressive ardor is going to cool between now and the fifth of August when the "bull moose" convention is scheduled to begin in Chicago.

Mr. Hearst will support the nominee of the Baltimore convention—on a pruning hook.

Women in Paris are now wearing suspenders just like men only that they are attached to the skirt. The other garment is worn as of old.

One of the visiting clubwomen went slumming and studied the "sensuous abandon" of the Barbary Coast. If there is any "sensuous abandon" on the Coast hardened San Franciscans have failed to discover it.

"Soldiers Rescue Steers Imprisoned for Years; Large Herd Grows From Few Animals."—Examiner headline. This remarkable freak of nature is respectfully referred to Professor Loeb for the light that it may throw on the secret of life.

On his own initiative Bill Kent has recalled his determination not to run again. Perhaps the result of the popular referendum in November will make him sorry he changed his mind.

Would it be impertinent to ask Bill Kent how much he intends to pay for votes on the hoof in the next campaign?

Chester Rowell has been harking back to the iniquity of the Santa Cruz Convention. No small part of it was Chester.

"Now what are the American people going to do about it?"—Fresno Republican. Why not ask the Colonel. He keeps his ear at the public mouth.

So strong is the demand among the virtuous Progressive newspapers for calumnies against the President that it requires great courage for a Cabinet officer to discharge a janitor.

Boum-Boum

By Jules Claretie

The child, deadly pale, was lying stretched out in his little white bed, and his eyes, grown big from the fever, gazed fixedly in front of him, with that strange look of dying people, who seem already to see things invisible to others.

At the head of the bed the mother, biting her fingers to keep from crying, anxiously followed the progress of the disease upon the thin face of the poor little creature. The father, a good workman, forced back into his red eyes the tears which burnt his eyelids.

The sun rose, clear and sweet, on a beautiful June morning, and the early light filled the room on the Rue des Abbesses, where little Francois, the child of Jacques and Marie Legrand, lay dying. He was seven years old, and only three weeks ago he had been fair and rosy, gay as a sparrow. But a fever had attacked him. One evening he came home from school with an aching head and hands as hot as fire. And while he was there in bed he sometimes said in his delirium, as he looked at his carefully polished shoes, which his mother had placed in a corner:

"You can throw away little Francois's shoes, for he will never wear them again. Little Francois will never go back to school—never, never!"

Then the father said, "Be quiet!" and the mother buried her blond head in the pillow so that little Francois should not know that she was crying.

That night the child had not been delirious, but for two days past he had made the doctor very anxious by a sort of strange prostration, which seemed like a giving-up of everything, as if, at seven years old, the sick child had already grown weary of life. He was tired, silent, sorrowful, turning his head upon the pillow, not wanting to take anything, without a smile upon his poor shrivelled lips, and his haggard eyes still searching, seeing one knew not what, very far off. When they wanted him to take his medicine or some soup he utterly refused.

"Do you want something, Francois?"

"No, I want nothing!"

The doctor said: "He must be roused out of this state. His torpor alarms me. You are his father and mother, and you know your own child perfectly. You must find something to bring back the life to this little body, and to recall to earth this spirit which is hovering in the clouds.' And he left them.

They must find something! Yes, surely the good people knew all about their little Francois. They knew how he enjoyed plundering the hedges on Sunday, and coming back to Paris loaded with hawthorn blossoms, and seated upon his father's shoulders. They knew how he loved to go to the Champs Elysee to see Punch and Judy.

Jacques Legrand had bought paper toys for the little one, gilded soldiers, queer Chinese figures. Now he cut them out, put them on the child's bed, made them dance before his eyes, and tried to make him laugh, though his own heart was full of grief.

"See, Francois! That is a broken bridge, and there is a general! Don't you remember? You saw a general one day in the Bois de Boulogne. If you take your medicine I'll buy you a bigger one, with a cloth uniform and gold epaulets. Tell me, do you want the general?"

"No!" the child answered, in his dull, feverish voice.

"Do you want a pistol, some marbles, a cross-bow?"

"No," repeated the little voice, clear and almost cruel. And to all that they said to him, to all their offers of balloons and jumping-jacks, there came the same monotonous answer, "No, no, no!" while the unhappy parents looked at each other despairingly.

"But what do you really want, my little Francois?" his mother asked. "Let us see, there surely must be something which you would like to have. Tell me, tell your own mamma!"

She laid her cheek upon the sick boy's pillow, and whispered this into his ear as though it were a secret.

Then the child, in a strange tone, sitting up in bed, and stretching out his eager hand toward something invisible, answered all at once in a voice which was earnest, beseeching, imperative:

"I want Boum-boum!"

"Boum-boum!"

Poor Marie turned her frightened face toward her husband. What was the little boy saying? Was this another attack of delirium?

Boum-boum!

She did not know what he meant, and she was frightened by these strange words which the child kept repeating, as if, not having dared until then to give any expression to his dream, he clung to it with an obstinacy nothing could change.

"Yes, Boum-boum! Boum-boum! I want Boum-boum!"

The mother seized her husband's hand, and said, "Oh, Jacques, what does he mean? He has lost his mind!"

But the father's rough face had an expression which was almost happy, although bewildered; the smile of a condemned man who has caught a glimpse of the possibility of freedom.

Boum-boum! How well he remembered the Easter Monday when he had taken Francois to the matinee at the circus. He still seemed to hear the boy's shouts of delight, his bursts of laughter when the clown, all covered with gold spangles, and wearing a glittering butterfly on the back of his costume, frisked across the ring, tripped up a rider, stood upon his head in the sand, or threw the felt hats high up in the air, skillfully catching them on his head, where they formed a pyramid. And at every trick, at every joke, his broad mouth uttered the same cry, like a merry refrain, repeated the same word:

"Boum-boum!"

And whenever he appeared the whole audience cried Bravo! and the little boy laughed joyfully. It was this Boum-boum, the great clown, whom Francois wanted to see, and whom he could not see, because he lay there, without any strength, on his white bed.

That evening Jacques Legrand brought the child a jointed clown, covered with spangles,

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

(Bret Harte loved Lone Mountain, perhaps a bit more than he loved the other distinctive elements that went to make up the San Francisco he knew. For Bret Harte was given to the moralizing vein, and the hill which sheltered the city's dead made a strong pull upon his somewhat melancholy imagination. The cemeteries of Lone Mountain he celebrated in a poem which has already been given in this series. In "The Two Ships" he is found standing upon the hill straining his eyes to pierce the mystery of the "ultimate sea." As usual in such moments Harte's thoughts turn to religion, and he interprets the scene which he surveys in terms of religious hope.)

XLVIII—THE TWO SHIPS

By Brete Harte

As I stand by the cross on the lone mountain's crest,
Looking over the ultimate sea,
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lee:
One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,
With pennant and sheet flowing free;
One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback,—
The ship that is waiting for me!

But lo, in the distance the clouds break away!
The Gate's glowing portals I see;
And I hear from the outgoing ship in the bay
The song of the sailors in glee:
So I think of the luminous footprints that bore
The comfort o'er dark Galilee,
And wait for the signal to go to the shore,
To the ship that is waiting for me.

The Spectator

Divided Progressives

It is asking too much of Progressives to stick together in this campaign with two such charmers as the Colonel and the professor ravishing the susceptibles with their blandishments at one and the same time. See what has already happened in California. Curtis Lindley, a representative of the Johnson machine, was Johnny-on-the-spot with a telegram of felicitation to Wilson as soon as the nomination was made. Now Lindley by all the circumstances of the case ought to be for Roosevelt. I cannot speak authoritatively as to Lindley's politics, but assuredly his recent activities have compelled the inference that his leanings were toward the Republican party. It was not so long ago that the Johnson machine was thought to be grooming Lindley for United States Senator. But here he is for Wilson, riding on the band-wagon cheek by jowl with Rudolph Spreckels than whom there is not a more bitter enemy of the current Sacramento dispensation in all the State. And where, Oh, where in this great crisis is Senator Works, the sweetest flower that ever grew in the Progressive garden? Is Senator Works in sympathy with Governor Johnson's pet scheme? Not by a jugful. Works is off the reservation, tripping the light fantastic ghost dance, and making horrible faces at everybody. He will probably be for Debs.

Getting Back to Camp

Notwithstanding the dithyrambic protestations of the Colonel the real danger at this time is the danger of his not running. California is not the only State where defections are occurring. Some of the hoarsest of the Chicago shouters have taken the back trail. The dailies have reported only the capital losses and not all of them. There's Ormsby McHarg, for instance. I haven't seen anything about his change of heart in the despatches. Ormsby is back with the G. O. P. Boss Flinn is still true to Poll but the Flinn machine like Johnson's is disintegrating. Flinn's county chairman, Mayor Magee, Flinn's partner, David B. Johns, S. C. Jamison, the coroner, William H. Coleman, the county clerk and Congressmen Barchfield and Porter—all have swung into line for the Republican nominee. To make matters worse the "Thou Shalt not Steal" slogan is losing its force. President William Murray Butler of Columbia University, a gentleman in whom even "Faithful Friend" Ben Wheeler has confidence, has been spreading the light in the Eastern press, and he says there was no stealing in Chicago. Nay, he goes so far as to say that the contest instituted by Editor Hogue of the Post was the cleanest-cut of all, and that there was nothing more clear than that the Johnson delegates of the Fourth district were not entitled to seats in the convention. This assertion of course entitles William Murray Butler to membership in the Ananias Club.

Hearing from Home

"They have heard a great deal from home in this convention," said William J. Bryan in Baltimore. "They have been hearing a great deal from home in that convention," said Woodrow Wilson at Sea Girt. The peerless one of the sweating chin and the New Jersey pedagogue spoke with an exultation that could not be concealed. Not that they wanted to conceal it; for they are wont to lift up their voices in loud-mouthed exultation whenever they speak of the dear pee-pul. But with a bit more of finesse they might have concealed the wheels of their political machinery. There was an overplus of team work in the remark. Of course the Bourbons at Baltimore heard from their unterrified brethren at home! It's as plain as the nose on Bill Bryan's classic face that the delegates heard from home because Bryan and Wilson inspired the stayers-at-home to bombard the delegates with messages All the delegations which stood stubbornly for Clark ballot after ballot were inundated with billows of yellow paper. Wire after wire was fired at them and every wire was to the same effect. The folks at home expected them to do their duty by breaking to Wilson. There can be no doubt that these multitudinous messages had their share in bringing about the final result. The men who received them were in a highly nervous state, not prepared to withstand the urgings of their party leaders at home. But if they had known that these messages were not spontaneous expressions of widespread sentiment, but paper bullets molded by Bryan and Wilson for the stayers-at-home to fire, would they have been so almightily impressed with them? I am inclined to answer "no."

Bombardier Phelan

Not all these messages from home were equally successful. Take those which came from California for instance. They were signed with the name of James D. Phelan. A most energetic bombardier was Phelan who recked not of telegraph tolls when it became a question of suggestionizing the California delegation in favor of his dear friend Woodrow. Across the continent from San Francisco to Baltimore flashed message after message wherein he pleaded, exhorted, argued and demanded on behalf of the Californian Democracy that the men who had been instructed for Clark forget their instructions and give their twenty-six votes to Wilson. But the pleadings, the exhortations, the arguments and the demands of Bombardier Phelan fell on stony ground. The men who received them were a bit amazed, mayhap to some extent indignant. Why should Bombardier Phelan train his mortar on them? Had not the Wilson ticket headed by Phelan been beaten five to one in the primary election? Did he mean to tell them that the Democrats of California had suffered an overwhelming change of mind and heart? They were sceptical. They doubted the genuineness of these instructions voiced for the dear pee-pul by the enthusiastic bombardier. They read the messages, laughed at them and kept on voting for Clark.

When Raker Subsided

Out of Washington comes a story about our Congressman Raker which has caused a good deal

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of merriment in the cloakroom of the lower chamber. Representative Curley of Massachusetts was addressing the House on a measure of considerable importance. He clinched his argument by declaring: "Not one distinguished member of my party opposes this bill." Then up rose Raker of Modoc and said: "The gentleman from Massachusetts forgets that I oppose this bill." Congressman Curley looked at Raker and smiled a bland Massachusetts smile. "The gentleman from California is hasty," he explained; "I spoke of the distinguished members of my party." Whereupon Raker subsided and was heard no more.

A Wizard at Figures

Which reminds me that when Raker was making his final effort to commend his Asiatic Exclusion measure to a House which would have none of it, he submitted figures compiled by Aleck Yoell of the Asiatic Exclusion League showing the number of Asiatics who had been admitted to the United States during the year ending June 30. The figures were arresting figures, but it happened that they were presented in April. And so when one of the members of Congress remarked, "A wizard like the gentleman from California who can forecast the emigration figures for May and June must forgive us if we attach less than face value to the figures which he obtained without clairvoyance," the House guffawed and tossed Raker's bill into the discard.

Huntington a Collector

Friends of Henry E. Huntington tell me he is bringing to Los Angeles one of the finest collections of works of art in the country. It is not generally known that Huntington has become a competitor of J. Pierpont Morgan at the big art sales in Europe. Not long ago he paid a fabulous price for a bible. Last month he got hold of three Gainsboroughs, and the total price paid was $600,000. They were all pictures with a history. One of them was a portrait of Penelope, wife of General Edward Ligonier (Earl Ligonier.) They were exhibited in the Royal Academy the very year the lady eloped with the poet Count Alfieri. Mr. Huntington also has a portrait of the Duchess of Cumberland by Gainsborough. It is said he paid $200,000 for it. The Duchess was a favorite subject with Gainsborough. He painted no less than seven portraits of her. A good deal of "Uncle Colis" Huntington's money is going into art. Mrs. C. P. Huntington is one of the notable collectors of old masterpieces. She has in her collection a number of Rembrandts. Some time ago she presented to the Hispanic Society of America a Velasquez which cost $400,000.

Mrs. Atherton and Her Play

Not long ago I wrote a paragraph about what I called Mrs. Atherton's "belated discovery." From an interview in the New York Sun I judged that it was not until after her play "Julia France" was written that she received her first lessons in technique from Harrison Grey Fiske. On the fact that she had not learned her technique before tackling playwriting I laid the blame for the play's failure. Perhaps the interviewer misunderstood Mrs. Atherton; or perhaps I misunderstood the interviewer. At any rate Mrs. Atherton writes to tell me that the play was not a failure. She informs me that it was merely given a tryout on the last night of Mrs. Fiske's engagement at Toronto. Mrs. Fiske had discovered after beginning rehearsals that the big part was the part of a young girl, and she wanted Mrs. Atherton to see a performance before building up the part which she was to play. But Mrs. Atherton likes the young girl's part best, so she has decided not to strengthen the part of the older woman. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fiske have expressed the opinion that Mrs. Atherton has more theatre sense and more instinctive knowledge of the drama than many old hands at playwriting. Mrs. Atherton writes me that it was not the technique which bothered her but the dramatic method of writing which is so different from the novelistic method to which she is accustomed. One statement in Mrs. Atherton's letter will commend itself strongly to all who know anything about the drama. "One knows nothing about playwriting," she says, "until the experience of rehearsals."

Archer's Strange Advice

In this connection I cannot resist quoting an extraordinary passage from William Archer's recently published "Playmaking." Here it is:

"On the other hand, the advice one is apt to give to beginners—'Go to the theatre, study its conditions and mechanism for yourself,—is, in fact, of very doubtful value. It might, in many cases, be well to warn the aspirant to keep himself unspotted from the playhouse. To send him there is to imperil, on the one hand, his originality of vision; on the other, his individuality of method. He may fall under the influence of some great master, and see life only through his eyes; or he may become so habituated to the current tricks of the theatrical trade as to lose all sense of their conventionality and falsity, and find himself, in the end, better fitted to write what I have called a quack handbook than a living play. It would be ridiculous, of course, to urge an aspirant positively to avoid the theatre; but the common advice to steep himself in it is beset with dangers."

This strikes me as the most arrant nonsense. The man who expects to write a play while keeping himself "unspotted from the playhouse" will never produce anything but closet drama. A carpenter might just as reasonably try to preserve his originality in house-building by keeping aloof from houses. Must the novelist refrain from reading fiction? or the painter shut his eyes to the old masters? William Archer, it may be noted, is not a playwright but only a translator of plays.

"Jim" Hill—Empire Builder

A grand old man is James J. Hill, the last of the great empire builders of the Far West, whose position in the railway world has been unique since the death of Colis P. Huntington, of whom he is reminiscent in the matter of force of character, breadth of vision and executive ability. On his seventy-fourth birthday which occurred two weeks ago James J. Hill laid down the work in which he had been engaged for nearly forty years. At midnight of that day he ceased to be chairman and active general manager of the Great Northern Railway, one of the great transportation systems of the country which he projected, developed and completed. Mr. Hill has earned the leisure which, as he says, "every man looks for who has borne the burden and heat of the day." He is a man to whom much honor is due; more, perhaps, than to any other living American, but who thinks of him as a man especially deserving of the admiration and respect of his fellow men? None but the thousandth man of the multitude, who has discernment, who realizes what it means, what it has meant to millions of human beings—the opening up of vast stretches of virgin territory, the providing of essential facilities to home-builders and the founders of American families. How innumerable the opportunities that James J. Hill has created for men! But James J. Hill, according to the popular conception inspired by our darling politicians, the voracious, pestiferous taxeaters of the country, is only a sordid railroad magnate who has grown rich charging all the traffic will bear.

A Sentimental Octopus

Whatever may be thought of "Jim" Hill it will perhaps be interesting to know what he thinks of himself and get a line, as it were, on his ideals. In his valedictory he says: "I have some pride in the fact that, while constantly increasing both the volume and the efficiency of its service, the Great Northern has at the same time carried to market the products of the country at rates which have greatly developed the territory served by its

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lines." Something he has reason to be proud of, but how strange that the Octopus should take pride in such a matter! "Jim" Hill is also proud that he has done well as a manager and made money for others. He says: "All the other transcontinental lines had received large subsidies in cash or land grants, or both. They suffered the check of financial stresses and passed through receiverships and reorganizations. The Great Northern, which includes the Manitoba, never failed, never passed a dividend, never was financially insecure in any time of panic. For thirty-three years its credit has been unimpaired and its resources equal to any demands upon them, and in times of financial distress it has been able to assist materially in moving the crops of the Northwest. The security of the investments of the holders of stock and bonds has always been a first consideration, and the success and prosperity that attend the company today have not been purchased either by any doubtful transactions in the stock market or at the cost of one dollar ever committed by man or woman to this company in trust." Even in the railroad business, it appears, a man may find pleasure in realizing that he is a benefactor of his countrymen.

The Financing of the System

Nowadays the impression prevails that when dealing with public service corporations the people should remember nothing but that they made possible whatever success and wealth have attended corporate enterprise. As public service corporations derive their revenue from the public therefore gratitude should all be on the side of the corporations. Such is the argument of the political polemic. With this sentiment in mind it is instructive to read the history of the Great Northern as told by Mr. Hill. The big railway project had its inception just after the panic of 1873 when the payments of the old St. Paul and Pacific Company were in the hands of a receiver. The holders of the securities in Holland were anxious to recover what they could from the wreck. They would invest no money in improvements and extension. The only value lay in potentialities, and the reorganization of the property was regarded as visionary. So it required a visionary to take hold, and James J. Hill was the man. The problem was to pay off an indebtedness of $44,000,000, and he wrestled with it. He first obtained an option, and there was not a financial house in Europe or America that would take the bargain off his hands. Today the Great Northern has a bond issue of $600,000,000, and there is no private estate in the country more carefully provided against the future than this big railroad system. Touching this subject Mr. Hill says: "It has a provision made now, deliberately and not under any pressure of necessity, for the work of years to come. That provision may be utilized in lean years and held in suspense in fat years, so as always to realize the best prices for securities and to keep the credit of the company unimpaired. No emergency can surprise it. It is financed for a period beyond which it would be fanciful to attempt to provide. And the development of its business throughout every part of the practically half a continent which it serves makes the payment of dividends on the stock as certain as that of its bond coupons. There has never been a default in either. There has never been a dollar's worth of stock or bonds issued that was not paid for in cash, property, or services at its actual cash value at the time. The stock has paid a dividend ever since 1882, and since 1900 the rate has remained steadily at 7 per cent." It is to be hoped that nobody begrudges Mr. Hill his vacation.

Mr. Phelan Honored

What a melancholy world this would be for the Hon. James Duval Phelan were there no artists in it? Mr. Phelan is beloved of artists. And their passion is reciprocated. Mr. Phelan is our most liberal patron of the arts. Mr. Phelan is a cultured man; that is, he knows what's what and who's who in the world of art. He has taste for works of art. He knows a daub from a masterpiece, a poem from a handsaw; and when he meets a lady novelist he can quote her own works to her, which is a form of flattery that not even the most eminent literary person can resist. It is really too bad that Mr. Phelan doesn't devote all his time to artist folk and thus avoid the irritations of public and commercial life. These reflections were induced by a little book of poems that came to me the other day all the way from Clifford's Inn, London, where it was printed for the author Hermann Scheffauer, a San Francisco poet of international reputation, by no means unknown to the readers of Town Talk who have had the pleasure of reading both his prose and poetry first hand. The book is entitled "Drake in California." It is a book of ballads and poems. It is dedicated to James Duval Phelan, an honor far from novel in the experience of our cultured millionaire, but none the less welcome. Other poets have been similarly kind to Mr. Phelan, thus compensating him for the honors which he has sought elsewhere in vain, honors which I regard as much less worthy of his ambition. There are men remembered for nothing but the love that poets had for them. It may be a cheap form of immortality, but even so it is better than the kind Carnegie is buying for a prodigious price. My felicitations to our patron of the arts.

His Verses

Poet Scheffauer has become converted to the perpetual peace propaganda. In his opening verses "The Ballad of the Battlefield" he scoffs at the glory of war thus:

"The red hands shall be dead hands, the red cheeks shall be grey,—
Yesterday all red with life, white with death today.
What is a soldier's wife?
No more than a soldier's life!
For his red hands soon are dead hands, his red cheeks soon are grey."

In this ballad the poet gives us the lamentations in the other world of three victims of war—a father, a son and a bridegroom-to-be. There is spirited writing in this ballad, and it might well serve the peace propagandists as a dramatic piece for recitation. The title poem "Drake in California" is good metrical narrative written in the archaic style. The movement of the verse is sometimes uncertain, but there is much in it to return upon and to admire. In this little volume the San Francisco poet shows the effect of new influences. He has broadened and become surer of himself, and his poetry is the poetry of a strong, keen mind, full of rapture, full of definite pictures and clear imagery. One of the most striking of his pieces is "The Ballad of the Leper" of which he says:

"In Euston Road in London Town
I saw and felt and wrote this down."

There is a touch of Baudelaire in the ballad, and it is in the deepest and most perfect vein of poetry. For example:

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She stood enrapped with charnel air
And pestilence's breath;
The winds of life had whipped her bare
And given her to Death.

It seemed his voice of doom and blight
Rang round her like a dirge,
And from her face, like spectral light,
Gleamed forth the Great White Scourge.

Again in "The Prayer of Beggarman Death," "a rime macabre" as he calls it:

Oh, when shall India's famine maw
Grant me her bronzen bodies thick?
Or Cholera, grey in tooth and claw,
Strike gasping cities cold and sick?
By Peace and Doctors I am doomed
Like War and my ally Disease;
Scant food I've had since I consumed
Shag Russians and plump Japanese.

In several of the poems which I would like to quote, sweetness, gravity and strength are blended in the spirit of a calm contemplativeness. I haven't the space to give my readers an adequate idea of the varied interest of the contents.

Walter Parker

The civic patriots of the Progress press of California have been bereaved of one of their favorite objects of obloquy. Walter Parker died in Los Angeles last Sunday. For many years Walter Parker, by reason of his duties as an official of the Southern Pacific Company, was quite active in politics. He was known as a "machine politician," a "performer," by which designations it was implied that he was a most undesirable citizen. And so when any of the civic patriots of the immaculate press wished to impress the public with the urgent necessity of political regeneration they spoke in a vague way of "men like Walter Parker" whose malign influence ought to be destroyed. Whenever the civic patriots were urging the election of one of their own kind or promoting any selfish scheme of putative reform they represented Parker as one of the active opponents, thus suggesting the inference that virtue was all on side and evil on the other. And in this way they probably created a vivid impression of Walter Parker in the susceptible minds of their followers. Now what sort of man was Walter Parker? In Walter Parker there predominated those traits of character that win for the individual the esteem of his fellow-men. An educated man was Walter Parker, a man with a very nimble wit, a most agreeable companion, and above all a most loyal friend, with such lovingkindness in his nature that he was placable even toward his most unjust critics. Morally Walter Parker was far above the average even of civic patriots and pious reformers. If he was ever cynical it was when he was discussing the reform activities of such men as Earle and Lissner and Rowell, with all of whom he had had some personal experience. But he never spoke of them harshly or in anger. Walter Parker was in politics many years, and there is not a man in the State who can recall anything dishonorable in his career. Men of the Parker type are deeply lamented when gone.

Farewell to Trinity

"Next Sunday will be my last appearance in any church," Louis Eaton told me the other day. I was shocked. "That is to say," Louis added hastily, "my last appearance as a musician." I was greatly relieved to find that he hadn't turned ungodly. "I'm through," he said. "Forty years of church work is enough. Henceforth I devote myself to my pupils. The church choir knows me no more. The work is too wearing; it tears too strenuously at your nerves. And church singers are hard to handle. Some people may think that their religious devotion would hold them together. Not so. Their devotion is devotion to music alone. After next Sunday night I'll be free. I'll feel like a boy on a vacation. Do you know where I'll spend the first free Sunday night in forty years? At Caesar's!" Louis H. Eaton has been organist and choir director at Trinity for eleven years, and it is owing to his good work that Trinity boasts the best choir this side of Salt Lake City. He came to this city from New Bedford, Massachusetts, at the time of the Episcopal General Convention, and Dr. Clampett induced him to remain. He organized a volunteer choir of thirty-six singers for Trinity, and has recruited it principally from his own pupils during the last few years. Some of the best singers about town have graduated from Trinity and Louis Eaton's direction. Among them may be mentioned Mrs. J. D. Gish (Millie Flynn), Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Una Fairweather and Harry Barnhard. Needless to say, Trinity is very sorry to lose Louis Eaton, but his teaching work so engrosses his time that he finds it impossible to continue at the head of the choir any longer. Besides, he is busily engaged writing the music for the Family Club's farm play.

The Lady Clubsters

A fine body of women was that which tarried with us during the convention of women's clubs. The intellect as well as the purely sexual charm of the dear sex was splendidly represented. They liked the city and were enchanted with our shops. And so they spent money freely, in the main. There were exceptions, as there always must be in such a gathering. A friend who has a good but modest restaurant on the south side just a few steps from the busiest part of Market street told me of some of the exceptions. Naturally he caters to men and women of slender purse. But his experience of San Francisco men and women of slender purse had not prepared him for the economical methods of some of the dear ladies who came here from Akron and Kokomo and Kalamazoo. "One day six of them came into my place," he says, "and after making careful inquiries about prices, ordered six cantaloupes at ten cents apiece. Every one made a luncheon of her cantaloupe and on leaving, every one paid her separate ten cents. Another time two of the delegates came in and each of them bought three unsliced tomatoes, also paying separately. There were other instances of the same sort. It struck me as funny, because San Francisco people don't do that sort of thing."

Notable Cousins

Now that Mr. Phelan and Mr. Spreckels and the other Progressives of California are filled with enthusiasm for the Democratic ticket it may interest them to learn that the most active booster behind Tom Marshall of Indiana was that gentleman's cousin who happens to be no less a personage than Mr. Patrick Calhoun, traffic magnate of San Francisco and Cleveland. Calhoun and the Governor of Indiana are descendants of the revered Chief Justice of the early days of the Republic.

Court Room Repartee

"You haven't been around for a story in some time," remarked the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock when I hailed him on the Embarcadero. I acknowledged the soft impeachment and confessed that I was in a receptive mood. "Ever hear the retort Tom O'Connor made to Hiram Johnson in the Collins case?" he asked. I admitted that it had escaped me. "Judge Lennon was sitting for Lawlor at the time," explained the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. "George Collins who had been using every means in his power to delay the trial came into court one morning and announced that he was without

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counsel. To consume time he asked that Peter Dunne or Delmas or Charlie Wheeler or Charlie Heggerty be appointed to represent him. None of these attorneys was in court. Judge Lennon noticed that Tom O'Connor was sitting in the room and he appointed him to handle the case. Collins immediately instructed O'Connor to ask for a continuance in order that he might familiarize himself with the case. O'Connor did so, and Hiram Johnson who was special prosecutor objected. 'This is all bosh,' he exclaimed. 'This young man will have little to do with this case, your honor. What he may have to say will proceed from the mouth of O'Connor but it will come from the brain of Collins.' Whereupon O'Connor said to the court: 'Your honor, counsel has been kind enough to describe me as a human phonograph. In that case it is only fair that I be given time to prepare my record.' And he got the continuance."

Purely Personal

When Frank Drew traveled through Europe he met interesting men and women everywhere whom he wouldn't have met except for his knowledge of Esperanto.

If you want to get Sam Rucker, the furniture magnate, furious, just say a few words in praise of the Baltimore hotels.

Ed Hurlburt of the Post made such a hit with his police reporter stories in Collier's that the magazine people are begging him for more.

Bob Fitzgerald of Oakland made an epigram at the Baltimore convention. "This man Bryan," he said, "replied to a hypothetical question with a hypocritical answer."

Those who haven't heard John McGregor of the Union Iron Works sing "Annie Laurie" don't know what they've missed.

Between Mr. E. O. McCormick and Mr. George Pippy there is a strong resemblance not only in the matter of whiskers but in the matter also of temperament as expressed by the glad hand which member, in both instances has the exceptional accompaniment of a warm heart. Their friends are trying to solve the question as to which of them derives the most benefit from the similarity of whiskers. As Pippy travels a good deal, and as the conductors and porters mistake him for Mr. McCormick I think he has a shade on his double.

Eugene de Sabla is reckoned the greatest promoter in the United States. A prominent financier, asked what quality is most essential in the promotion game, promptly replied: "The quality of looking like millions when you have something to sell." De Sabla, by the way, is now in Europe promoting something which, he says, will make the whole United States sit up and take notice when the deal goes through.

Across the Bay

That new electric railroad which will soon connect Oakland with the Sacramento Valley is causing investors to sit up and take notice. This is the most important of all the enterprises that of late have given new impetus to business across the bay. It is one of the reasons why there is so much activity in the real estate market all over Alameda County. A. C. Parsons & Co. report the sale of 208 lots in the Pullman Center tract. The Laymance Company has sold a large number of high class residence properties in the Rockridge Park and also in other locations, the aggregate price of which runs well up into six figures.

The indications are that building operations will be carried on this year on an extensive scale in Oakland. George W. Nickerson has begun the construction of four cottages on 32nd street, and the Eagles have had plans drawn for a building at the Boulevard and Pullman avenue.

CARNIVAL TIME IN SANTA CRUZ

Fred Swanton, ambassador extraordinary from the joyous kingdom of Santa Cruz, announces the completion of all arrangements for the water pageant and summer festival planned for that resort during the week commencing July 20 and ending July 28. According to official bulletins from the throne-room of King Pleasure—situated for the next four weeks in the big Casino, facing the beach—Santa Cruz has been transformed into a veritable "City o' Dreams" in anticipation of the great crowd of merrymakers that will assemble there during "Water Week." No expense has been spared to make the Sea Breeze City attractive and insure the happiness of a throng. The hotels, the Casino, the attractions lining the mile-long board-walk, have all been polished and put in order—while a hundred new sensations await the visitor who comes to Santa Cruz, whether it be for rest, recreation or a rollicking romp beside the sea. Even the usually indifferent fishermen on the long wharf near Lighthouse Point can be seen scouring up their launches and preparing for the jolly parties which will want to troll. The mystic island upon which is constructed an immense phantom ship seating 4,000 persons, commands a beautiful view of the reinforced San Lorenzo river, down which will come nightly a procession of flower-decked, electric-lighted floats, filled with pretty maids and stalwart youths. The background of hillocks, reaching down to the water, has also been sprinkled generously with twinkling lamps, making a picture of exquisite beauty. A wonderful lake has been formed around the island, while the bridge leading to it will remind one of the Pont du Gar on carnival nights in Paris. The day's sports in Monterey Bay, off shore from the Casino, will be continuous. Coupled with the bathing, fishing and boat-riding will be the great yacht and motor-boat races; the fleet of warships and submarines; the hydroplanes in their flights 'twixt wind and water; and a dozen other novelties. On shore will be golf, tennis, dancing, driving and kindred diversions. The railroads are offering special low fares from all California points to Santa Cruz during pageant week. The hotels—among them the beautiful new Casa del Rey and the St. George—have announced that no "extras" will be charged, the regular rates being maintained throughout the festivities. Reservations for the Casa del Rey and the Cottage City may be made now, to take effect on July 20 or thereafter, as preferred.

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A MOTOR CAR MUSEUM

Great interest has been aroused in this country, as well as abroad, by the recent opening, in the fashionable West End of London, of the permanent Motor Museum founded by the English automobile journal "Motor." It is intended that in time the museum shall be a treasure-house of historical motor-cars, motor-cycles and accessories; and a good start in this direction has already been made. The wonderful progress of the automobile industry could not be illustrated better than it is in this British collection—unless some one should found a similar American Museum, as enthusiasts have suggested. Such an American collection might, indeed, put the British exhibit in second place. For the most notable relic the Londoners have is the "Blue Belle" steamer which is hardly a motor-car at all in the modern sense; and a French car of 1891 is the oldest specimen of the present-day type of automobile—spoken of by English writers as "the oldest in the world," though there is said to be in the Smithsonian Institution's collection in Washington an American car dating back to the same year. If the plan proposed for establishing an American Motor Museum comes to fruition, the United States will be able to make, from the work of its own inventors, as good a showing of antiquities as London's, which are drawn from all over the world. And it is safe to say that the stages of progress in automobile building can be even more interestingly illustrated by the American cars than by foreign cars. According to Col. A. W. Bradbury, president of the Pacific Motor Car Company, distributors of the well known Stevens-Duryea motor cars, the American motor car, from the first workable gasoline, which J. Frank Duryea brought out in 1891, has, it is fair to say, progressed faster than the European. No other industry, in this country of astonishing industrial achievements has had any such spectacular growth or has made such startling progress. Nor has it by any means been a matter of simply going on from the work of foreign inventors. The American motor car is in many respects a distinct creation—the unit power-plant and three point support, for instance, (both Duryea inventions) have had their influence on the continental designers. And almost from the day of the "Duryea Wagon," American cars have competed sharply with the European ones in their own countries, till now there is an export business which makes the foreign builders decidedly uncomfortable.

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POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Posing as a good example is an easy job.

When you meet a trouble-borrower lend him all you have.

Lies may fool a few people, but the truth fools a great many.

French self-taught is usually confined to French self-understood.

The coat may not make the man, but lawsuits make the attorney.

When some doctors disagree the patient has a fighting chance for his life.

Small favors are always thankfully received, but often unthankfully remembered.

Occasionally a man has nothing to say on a subject because he knows all about it.

In addition to the criticism he is entitled to, every man gets a lot that he can't account for.

It's a safe bet that every woman who owns a princess gown honestly believes that she has a perfect figure.

A spinster thinks it's up to her to take a bachelor seriously—otherwise she may not get a chance to take him at all.

When a young man sits 10 feet away from a girl and calmly informs her that she is the first and only love she can bank on his veracity.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Catholic Families United

When Ed Tobin takes Abby Parrott to wife two of our oldest, strictest and staunchest Catholic families will be united. For your life you can't think of a more representative Catholic family than the Tobins unless it is the Parrotts. And if anybody said: "The Parrotts are our most distinguished Catholic family," you would be perfectly justified in raising a doubt by interjecting, "Perhaps so, but don't overlook the Tobins." Old Mrs. Abby Parrott and "Old Lady" Tobin, as she is affectionately called by those who have the distinction of her friendship are props of the Church. While they have always maintained a high position in society they have done so without mingling in the giddy whirl, being in this regard quite unlike that vigorous dowager Queen Eleanor Martin. Mrs. Parrott and Mrs. Tobin spend more time in church than anywhere else. If you happen to run across Mrs. Tobin in the lobby of the Fairmont where she lives very quietly, as likely as not you will notice that she carries her prayer book. The same would hold good if you happened to meet Mrs. Parrott in the neighborhood of her home "Baywood" in San Mateo. So the marriage of Miss Parrott and Ed Tobin will be a great religious as well as a great social event. Wherever it is celebrated there are sure to be dignitaries of the church on the altar. If they are married in Paris a cardinal is likely to be present.

A Popular Bachelor

Abby Parrott, the fiancee of Ed Tobin, has not been seen much in this part of the world. After she graduated from the College of the Sacred Heart at Menlo she went abroad with her parents, the Jack Parrotts. They have a beautiful villa in Switzerland near the historic spot where Gibbon wrote the "Decline and Fall." But they spend most of their time in Paris. Still, Abby made her debut here and was seen at a few Greenways two years ago. Since then she has been abroad. She was joined not long ago by her sisters, Emilie and Josephine who, their grandmother thought, were having too good a time in this giddy community. But if Abby Parrott is a comparative stranger, Ed Tobin is one of us. He's one of the most popular bachelors in San Francisco. And despite the fact that he loves travel and has spent a good deal of his time on the other side he is enamored of San Francisco. I've heard him say many a time that it has charms which Paris, London and Vienna can't touch. Ed has never been what might be called a devotee of social affairs. He attended a tolerable number of Greenways and so on, but he never took such things as seriously as some of our other young men did. The last time I saw him was at the Mardi Gras. He was dressed like a Tommy Atkins and made one of the distinct hits of the evening in his close-fitting scarlet and his perky little cap.

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The Tobin Culture

Like all the other Tobins Ed is cultured, unobtrusively but soundly so. He likes good books, good pictures, good music and good plays; likes them and likes the society of those who sincerely appreciate them. That's a Tobin trait. The most conspicuous instance of it is his sister Agnes who is one of the most highly cultivated women California has produced. Her position in the holy of holies of London's intellectual society is secure. People like Mrs. Meynell, the Chesterons, the Bellocs and the rest of that brilliant coterie are her intimate friends. Dick Tobin is another instance. He is as much at home in a library as on the polo field, which is saying a great deal. And Joe Tobin is never too busy with his law or his social engagements to keep abreast of the times in matters of the mind. The Tobin boys are all college men who distinguished themselves before taking their degrees and never outlived the lure of their books.



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MISS CORONA GHIRARDELLI

The charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Domigo Ghirardelli. She is a prominent girl in the younger set who possesses, among other attractions, a voice of rare quality.

The Coming Debutantes

The debutantes for next season have not as yet been duly heralded. Two of the most prominent, Miss Louise Janin, the daughter of Mrs. Harry Mendell, and Miss Louise Brice, a granddaughter of the house of Tallant, have been announced but beyond these little has been said of the buds of 1912. Added to the two named, however is Miss Katie-bell McGregor who has just won her sheepskin at Vassar and will be formally presented early in the season. Following her graduation she was entertained in the East by the Schwabs who are old friends of the McGregors. Her father John McGregor came to California a few years ago to take charge of the Union Iron Works and established his residence in a handsome house in Green street that will be the scene of many social functions in the future. Another belle will be Miss Charlotte Tuttle of Colusa who has been entertained by Mrs. Tubbs. The Tuttles are New Englanders who have been in California a comparatively short time, and have large horticultural interests in Colusa County. Miss Tuttle was educated in the East and while she has not made a formal debut enjoyed many of the gayeties of the younger set when she visited Mrs. Tubbs last winter. Miss Ruth Zeile, I am told, is contemplating a debut next winter when her favored sister Miss Marian will make her path to popularity an easy one. The Zeile girls spend a great deal of their time at the home of their uncle E. W. Hopkins since the death of their father, while their stepmother occupies an apartment in Van Ness avenue. Should the younger sister decide to come out she will be entertained by her cousins, the Mesdames Taylor and McNear.

Wedding Podsnappery

Not since my dear old friend Charles Dickens let me into the secrets of Podsnap grandeur at that celebrated dinner where every bit of table ware was solid gold and looked it, have I been so delighted as I was when I picked up the morning paper and read the itemized bill for the Crocker-Whitman wedding. It is a great thing to be initiated into the mysteries of expenditures made by millionaires. Reading that account item by item I felt much the same thrill which would come, I have no doubt, if I got the chance to peep over Miss Crocker's shoulder while she was balancing her check book. It seems eminently fitting that a wedding which is to have the musical accompaniment of unreeling picture films should be exploited in public to the last Lincoln penny. But at that, the items are not exhaustive. Strangely enough, the bill for the moving pictures has not been included in the statement. Is it possible that some enterprising concern is to donate the films and the operators in exchange for the privilege of exhibiting the pictures in the nickelodeons? Then too, I note items which arouse my curiosity. The dinner to the groomsmen is to cost a paltry $500 while the wedding breakfast will eat up a cool $3,000. Now this

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seems unfair. The groomsmen cannot conceivably have a very good time when they are subject to the restraining influence of the entire wedding party. So why not spend a little more money and give them the blow-out of their lives. $300! That wouldn't buy enough wine to inspire one of them with a wedding epigram. Why, they are even going to spend more money on secret service men. Decidedly, the groomsmen are to be shabbily treated.

Her Gilded Majority

Mrs. Christian de Guigne Jr. comes of age next month. Nothing inherently remarkable about a girl coming of age. But there are comings-of-age and comings-of-age. It happens that when Mrs. Christian de Guigne Jr. comes of age she will come into a tidy plum of three millions. That makes her majority, her gilded majority, stand out for the awed attention of the proletariat. The money comes to her from her grandfather. Felton Elkins came of age some time ago and got his plum. Now his sister's turn is at hand. Everybody knows, of course, that youthful Mrs. de Guigne was Marie Louise Elkins. Felton has been spending his money pretty freely. I wonder if Marie Louise will follow suit? Perhaps not. There are fewer free spenders among our gilded girls than among our golden boys.

Is He Still Heart-Whole?

Speaking of Felton Elkins, is he to be added in the near future to the list of Benedicks? They are saying about the tea tables and in other places where gossip is not disdained that Felton Elkins is enamored of Josephine Parrott who went to Paris recently. He used to lend her his big touring car until she smashed into the depot at Burlingame one day and got her name in the papers. It is whispered that he entrusted her with more than his touring car—that he gave her his heart, to use the language beloved of bavardage. Whether she still has it I don't know. No doubt if she has she will be more careful of it than she was of the motor car. Still, a man's heart is harder to control than a steering wheel. But maybe Felton Elkins still has his heart. There's no denying that during his recent stay at the Von Schroeder place in San Luis Obispo he was quite attentive to another charming girl whose name is not Josephine Parrott.

Lord Curzon and Hearst

Lord Curzon of Kedleston got ahead of William Randolph Hearst the other day. Not in a very great matter perhaps, for it only concerned a fireplace. An old fireplace at that—some three or four hundred years old. But Hearst's heart was set on that ancient fireplace. He was crazy to get it. Wanted to set up his modern household gods on its antiquated shelf, no doubt. The great publicist was cheated of his desire. Lord Curzon captured the fireplace. The fireplace belonged to Tattershall Castle in Lincolnshire, England. The castle, like a lot of other castles of Merrie England, had fallen on evil days. It was more or less dismantled. Among other pieces of furniture the fireplace was sent up to Christie's in London to be sold to the highest American bidder (American bidders always being the highest). But it happened that Lord Curzon bought Tattershall. He could buy it, for the same reason that other English peers have been able to buy and rehabilitate old castles. Curzon has oodles of American money—has had ever since his alliance with the late lamented Mary of the Chicago house of Leiter. But Lord Curzon didn't want to have a castle without a fireplace. He sent posthaste to London and bought back the old fireplace. He got it just in time, for an agent of Hearst was even then dickering for it. Lord Curzon warms his aristocratic feet before the old fireplace and is happy. Hearst is not happy—won't be till he finds one from a castle as old as Tattershall.

A Provincial Town

It must gall Mrs. Frank Carolan, citizen of cosmopolis that she is, to note how provincial her home town of Chicago can be. Here is Chicago going to pieces, so to speak, because Mrs. Atherton smoked a cigarette in public. Think of it! A reporter actually hunted up Mrs. Atherton to ask her: "Is it true that you smoked a cigarette last Monday night at the South Shore Country Club?" Her reply was a rebuke to Chicago provincialism. "A cigarette? Bless me, I suppose I smoked several." No San Francisco



MISS MARY MEARES

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Meares, formerly of this city but now of Seattle. Her engagement to Lieutenant William Kirk Scammell of the navy was announced recently.

reporter would think of pursuing Gertrude Atherton or any other woman of prominence to ask such a silly question. If our women want to smoke they smoke, and there are no gaping reporters to be bewildered at the incident. We've been used to our women smoking for ever so long. Not so Chicago, provincial little Chicago. Surely Chicago can't even keep up its light summer reading. In all the novels of the day the heroines smoke nonchalantly.

A Seaside Drama

Talking of jewels reminds me. Caramel-by-the-sea, as a sweet-toothed gossip of my acquaintance calls our beautiful manufacturing town of literary brummagems, seems to be experiencing the sweet uses of adversity, which, like The Toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head. Now, to do The Toad belated poetic justice in the light of modern science and higher criticism, it is not venomous, neither hath it a precious jewel in its head. Rumors are rife of war, plagiarism and toadyism, but we are left in Egyptian darkness as to the true casus belli. Jimmy Hopper ought to have written The Toad, but left it undone, the sinner. The present situation, the true inwardness, of The Toad, is said to be funnier than that of The Jumping Frog of Calaveras, but dry champagne seems to be the

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"Hurt?"

"No. He's got a weak memory, and can't learn the rules."

word, the sayers smile exasperatingly and saw wood, deaf as Baalpeor to all prayers of Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee! Is the morsel, we wonder, really any more toothsome than the Caramel wont? If so, what unheard-of cruelty to keep it to themselves! They be the true children of light, God's chosen, and we but Philistines, we well know as they, but we would fain be enlightened as to what of divine fire and what of diabolic is at the bottom of this pillar of smoke by day and burning gusher of midnight oil by night; as to what way the Toad jumps, and why, whether of creative rank or rank imitation.

The Spreckels Home

The new home of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Spreckels is to be an elaborate study in decorative effects. The best schools are to be beautifully represented in the ornamental effects contrived for the various rooms. Thus, the magnificent entrance hall and the library will be of the daintiest Georgian; the dining room will be Marie Antoinette; the guest chambers will be purest Adam; and there is to be a splendid Pompeian court. Those who are invited to inspect the completed domicile must brush up their learning if they wish to exhibit the proper degree of intelligent appreciation.

Fair Ones Admitted

The Olympic Club has introduced an innovation in the Sunday night dinners at which women are permitted to be present, and it promises to be popular with the wives and sweethearts of members who gathered in large numbers last Sunday night. The big dining room of the club presented an unusual appearance and the ladies greatly enjoyed the occasion which is to be repeated weekly. The Olympic is the first local club to allow women in the main dining room and the Sunday night privilege could be extended to other clubs with, I am sure, equally successful results. A number of years ago the University Club maintained a Ladies' dining room. A separate entrance to the basement of the building where it was located prevented any encroachment on the domain of the members. The Olympians in extending to their fair guests the freedom of the dining and reception rooms once a week, have established a precedent.

The Fays in Germany

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fay who are spending their honeymoon in Europe have been enjoying the sights of Paris but are now in Germany where they are visiting the former's sister Maud Fay who has been singing in Munich this season. The gifted California girl is hailed as one of the operatic stars of Europe. Mrs. Paul Fay who was pretty Katherine Oliver before her recent marriage is a great favorite with her talented sister-in-law who has been anticipating this visit of the young couple. The two families are intimate and Miss Fay was entertained by the Olivers on the occasion of her last visit to San Francisco.

The Charm of Tait's

"Tell me where you eat and I will tell you what you are" is paraphrasing an old saying. It also expresses local sentiment on the subject of dining out. Where you dine in San Francisco is just as important as where you shop, where you live. Each expresses your taste and your taste indicates where you "belong." Of course there is always the quiet retreat to be considered where one can dine in seclusion and take pleasure in being "different," but continued pilgrimages to such places soon turn the unique into the ordinary. It's human nature to want to be on the "firing line"—where things happen fast and furious; and it seems that the San Francisco public has made Tait's the "firing line" of its dining "engagements." This popular cafe is always crowded and every face you see there is beaming, expectant. That "bored look" so peculiar to the habitual diner-out is never seen. And the seasoned diner-out constitutes a large percentage of the establishment's patronage. I overheard the following fragments of a conversation there last night: "Say, Bob, what makes you always come here; why do you like the place?" "Blamed if I know, Bess," the man answered; "ask me why I like one book, one painting, or one piece of music better than another. Guess the charm of the place, while hard to define, is on the same key with my temperament. Whenever I leave home to dine out, my feet naturally point this way, and by the crowd I see here every time I come, I guess I'm not the only one who likes the place." And there really is a charm about Tait's. You feel you're one of a number of babes in Toyland, and you therefore proceed to enjoy yourself according to your most impulsive whim and fancy. And you prove to yourself that you did have a good time by coming again.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Giannini and family and Mrs. and Miss Scatena, of San Francisco, who have been automobiling in Italy and the South of France for several months, have arrived in Paris, says the Paris edition of the New York Herald. Mr. Giannini, who is vice-president and manager of the Bank of Italy, in San Francisco, has left again for a fortnight's trip to Tripoli. His family will remain in Paris pending his return.

Judge Thomas F. Graham, Mrs. Graham and Miss Ethel Graham are going to spend their vacation in Shasta County.

Leo Alexander and Michael Alexander will spend a short vacation at Yellowstone Park.

Dr. and Mrs. Pedar S. Bruguiere and their little daughter are at Del Monte for a few weeks.

Miss Virginia Walsh has been at Aetna Springs with her aunts Mrs. C. P. Overton and Mrs. Edgar A. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Shilling and Miss Shilling motored down from Mr. Shilling's home at Woodside to enjoy a few days rest and recreation at Casa del Rey. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Westphal have taken apartments at the Casa Del Rey for the summer. J. W. Chapman, William A. Lange, and N. A. Stringer, well known San Francisco club men, motored down in Mr. Lange's Winton for the week end. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Doroughtey are at Casa Del Rey for the summer. Mr. Doroughtey is a well known rancher and land owner at Pleasanton.

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Showman and Playwright

By Theodore Bonnet

David Belasco would rather be celebrated for his ability as a playwright than for anything else, but however kindly disposed criticism may be it halts at the task of paying the tribute most desired. This is a trick that Fortune is pleased to play with its darlings. It endows them at once with genius and futile aspirations. David Belasco is a playwright only incidentally. He is above all things a showman—perhaps the most artistic showman the world has ever seen. Indeed to him may be given the credit of having raised the science of stage management to the dignity of a fine art. Before him there was Henry Irving who did much with the gas-jet, the painted scene and with "properties" to create illusion suitable to the action of the play, but Irving never handled the tools of his trade with the facility with which Belasco starts emotion and piques the imagination. Belasco has lifted the art of stage illusion into the very realm of intellectual endeavor. To call him artist is not to abuse the word. He certainly has command over the senses of his audience, as you may learn at the Orpheum, where, through the medium of Madame Butterfly he is giving a liberal education in the science of the stage. The drama itself is unadulterated theatricalism, but the art of the stage manager, or if you will, the skill of the great intellectual and spiritual machinist makes it palpitant with a tender melancholy, invests it with a profound fantasy and strange poetry. This in a large measure is a case of capturing the imagination by mechanism; by lights and shades, by an atmosphere in which the piece has been steeped by wizard hand. It is none the less an example of the art of a craftsman of keen imagination, with the delineative power of a painter, and with an immense and vivid instinct of the picturesque. The subtlety of the thing is all the more remarkable because of its insubstantiality. It is more poignant in its decorative silences than in its iterations. If Madame Butterfly would not so often remark that she was waiting till the robins nest again the theatricality of the little drama would be less obtrusive. But it is the delight of Belasco the playwright to wallow in his material. He is always striving for effect, with the result that he makes elaboration obvious. If he would only be a little more economical with his inventions his plays would be less striking in their insincerity. It is too bad that the anecdotist in color and light who has attained a degree of perfection beyond which it would seem impossible to go, does not refrain when play-writing from overemphasis by means of incident and utterance.

Gossip of the Theatre

A Surprise from Chicago

I didn't know anything as good as Louisiana Lou ever came out of Chicago—the city of dreadful abattoirs and excellent canned goods. Having seen the charming musical comedy, Chicago has risen in my estimation. Barney Bernard is the star of a very good show. Pretty music, bright lines, pretty girls, stylish clothes, beautiful scenery—everything that makes for a delightful evening at the theatre. The old-time favorite of Fischers, Barney the Yiddisher, has improved wonderfully. He always had something of magnetism and he had few peers as a portrayer of the popular conception of the Ghetto type. His present role suits him perfectly. The long, strong applause he receives nightly must make him very happy if he likes it as much as his audiences like him. Sophie Tucker coon shouts and acts "funny" and dresses stunningly. Bessie de Voie, a pretty girl with a fascinating way of walking about and a darling coiffure, dances well, and Eleanor Henry, Mortimer Gelden, Lester Crawford and Robert O'Connor are all bright, nimble and tuneful. But notwithstanding the capabilities of these folks there is one obscure person in the company who stands out conspicuously. He is only a "chorus boy." He has the best voice in the company. You can hear him distinctly above the rest, especially in the stein song. He is also an exceptionally clever dancer, and he is always in the picture and in the spirit of it, availing himself of very meagre opportunity to prove that he has both talent and temperament. In the last act he stands by the tree in the foreground. Some day that boy will be a fixture right in the center of the stage.

—H. M. B.

James K. Hackett Coming

James K. Hackett and the splendid organization which will assist him in the presentation of his plays at the Columbia leave New York for San Francisco on Friday, July 12. The trip will be made without a stopover. The company will arrive on Wednesday, preceding the opening date of Monday night, July 21. During the New Work engagement of Mr. Hackett his offering "The Grain of Dust" received the endorsement of both press and public. "The Grain of Dust" was made for Mr. Hackett's use from David Graham Phillips' novel of the same name, and it is said to be one of the most forceful dramas produced in late years. Of special interest to the theatergoers of San Francisco is the list of players coming here with Mr. Hackett. Included in the cast are E. M. Holland, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Frazer Coulter, Frank Burbeck, Eva Vincent, Vaughn Trevor, Luke Martin, Beatrice Beckley and Oliver Oliver. "Louisiana Lou" at the Columbia is at the full tide of success. The engagement has another week to run. The last performance will be the matinee and evening performances of Saturday, July 20. There will be the regular bargain matinee on Wednesday.



MAY TULLY

Who will appear in the Reno, Nevada, divorce sketch "The Battle Cry of Freedom" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Bessie Barriscale as "The Rose"

Bessie Barriscale's engagement at the Alcazar, commencing Monday night and continuing two weeks, promises to be a most popular one, for the advance demand for seats is unprecedentedly strong. While this is sterling proof of Miss Barriscale's artistic worth and personal popularity, the fame of her opening vehicle, "The Rose of the Rancho" must also be given some of the credit. Indeed, the local reputation of the actress and the play are to some extent interdependent, as she is the only person who has interpreted the title role in San Francisco. Her first appearance under Belasco & Mayer's management was as Juanita, and the hit she scored was responsible for her retention as the Alcazar's ingenue throughout three seasons. Since then she has ascended to stardom, having been engaged to lead in a high-price production next September on Broadway. David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully constructed "The Rose of the Rancho." It depicts California life during the late fifties, when land-hungry Americans were dispossessing the Spaniards who had held the soil for centuries —when Spanish pride, resentment, passion and inertia were pitted against business shrewdness and activity. The scene of the play is a rancho near the Mission of San Juan Bauista, with none but three generations of women to defend it against the "Gringo" invaders. "The Rose of the Rancho" will be presented during one week only, as "Smith," a delicious English comedy in which Miss Barriscale made her greatest recent success, is to be the medium of her farewell appearances.

All Tastes Suited at the Orpheum

"The Battle Cry of Freedom," a breezy satire on Reno divorces will be presented next week

at the Orpheum by May Tully who will be pleasantly recalled for her sketch "Stop, Look and Listen." The piece was written by Miss Tully and Bozeman Bulger, the well-known sporting writer and co-author of "Curves," the baseball skit. The playlet has bright lines and exhibits Miss Tully at her best. The Kaufman Brothers Jack and Phil, will amuse with their tuneful originalities. These black-face comedians are among the best in their class. Harry Atkinson, the Australian Orpheus, will present his monologue of nursery rhymes and his imitations of musical instruments. The act to be presented by Mr. and Mrs. Elliott next week is decidedly out of the ordinary. These two gifted artists are virtuosi on that most difficult instrument, the harp on which they play everything from grand opera to ragtime. They are also vocalists of merit. Next week will conclude the engagements of Ray L. Royce in his eccentric character impersonations; the O'Meers Sisters and Company, and Honors and Le Prince. It will also be the last of David Belasco's superb production of "Madame Butterfly."



PAUL J. RAINEY'S AFRICAN HUNT

Scene from the great hunter's expedition which is being shown in motion pictures to capacity audiences at the Cort.

The African Films at the Cort

That the motion pictures of the Paul J. Rainey African Hunt have lived up to their advance notices is proved by the capacity houses which have been the rule at the Cort ever since last Sunday. They were acclaimed the "most marvelous motion pictures ever taken," and that this statement is true has been conceded by the entire local press as well as by the patrons of the Cort. The pictures start on the second and final week of their engagement tomorrow. These films represent an expenditure of a quarter of a million dollars as well as years of effort and research. An expedition of 350 men, under the direction of Mr. Rainey, spent a year in the wilds of Africa and braved death from fever and wild beasts in order that science might be enriched. Mr. Rainey who is a millionaire sportsman of Cleveland, undertook his first African big game hunt purely for sport, but he eventually came to hunt for the camera and not for fun. The result is that he has done much for such institutions as the Smithsonian Institute and the American Geographic Society. The London Zoological Gardens and the Bronx Zoo, of New York, are also considerably in his debt. An illuminative lecture is given which adds much to the entertainment. Matinees are given daily in addition to the evening performances. On Sunday night, July 21, comes the New York Casino star cast in a four weeks' season of revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas.

Pantages Offers Novelties

The diversified bill at Pantages is serving to crowd the popular vaudeville house to the doors these afternoons and evenings. On Sunday there will be the usual complete change of program and as a distinct novelty the moving pictures, in their entirety, of the Wolgast-Rivers fight will be shown. Every incident in the thirteen exciting rounds, including the sensational knockout which has created so much talk and dispute in the pugilistic world, will be faithfully portrayed and everyone will have an opportunity of judging for himself as to the justice of Referee Welsh's decision. The vaudeville portion of the entertainment will be up to the usual high-class Pantages standard. "A Night in the Edelweiss," a miniature musical comedy presented by Howland, Lane and their company of ten musical comedians, heads the attractions. Carl Rosine, European magician, assisted by Marguerite Rosine, will present a mysterious act in a special setting. The Romano brothers, exponents of physical culture and Grecian art, will offer a posing exhibition. Doesch and Zilbauer, Viennese street musicians, will offer a musical specialty. Bond Morse, "the man from nowhere," will appear in a tramp monologue and an eccentric dance. Clark and Verdi, the Italian comedians who made a hit here the early part of the year, will return in their original act which has been improved upon.

A Rhapsody on Pavlova

London critics are quite capable at times of "going off their heads," as the Londoners say. They rise to the vertiginous heights of panegyric with the same ease as provincial play-weighers. They are not ashamed to be carried away by their emotions. Just now it is the fashion in London Town to throw ecstatic fits about Pavlova's dancing. But some of the critics throw their fits according to rule of thumb. For instance, here is a carefully calculated fit which was thrown by the critic of the London Telegraph:

"You may as well try to describe sunlight as dancing. The charm of both is something which will not go into words. A thermometer is as capable of expressing what light is like as the most careful description of preserving the beauty in a dance. If you like to be pedantic you may talk aesthetics and analyze your sensations, so much for color, so much for music. But all this, even if you have the luck to make it interesting, will tell nothing of the dance itself. That is, if the dancer was an artist. The dancing which is not art can be described easily enough. More easily described than endured. If it is an athletic display, if it is acrobatics masquerading under another name, if it is an unholy mixture of sinuosity and ferocity, if it is grovelling upon the ground which claims interest as the effect of something quite nasty, then a phrase will deal with it adequately, and one glimpse of it suffice for those who know what dancing can be. Of all these eccentricities we have enough, and as there will always be many people who want to see how queer their species can look, such performances will never lack an audience. But the best of dancing ranks with the other arts in its beauty and its power over the emotions. Just as music can give an etat d'ame which is not in the power of painting, and the painter express a landscape in a fashion beyond the poet's reach, so dancing has its own mission. That is the ultimate reason why description cannot describe it. No one ever thought that Ruskin put all of Turner into words. No one ever expected a painter to show us the agony of Lear. The dancer, of course, calls the aid of the other arts to her finest work. Music and a fine scheme of color are needed for the thrill of Pavlova's Bacchanale. But the dance is itself a unity. Color and music are inextricably mingled with the dancer's own charm and mastery. You cannot describe it except by similes.

You may find it in the cry and throb of one of Swinburne's rushing lyrics. It has the surge and laughter of a spring wind in sunshine. But the glowing life of it and its wild excitement are its own. Words only illustrate, they cannot express its beauty and its appeal."

A Ray Cox Story

Ray Cox who was at the Orpheum recently, is one of the most superstitious individuals you will find in a day's run. Her knuckles on both hands are worn to the bone as a result of continually knocking on wood and her faith in the uncanny would do justice to a Georgia coon. But this may or may not have anything to do with the facts in a story she told to a party of friends over a St. Francis supper table. For many years she numbered among her acquaintances in the South an old lady of whom she was extremely fond. The old lady was getting on in years, and like many old people, assumed some of the gay and giddy habits of youth as life's sun began to set. One of her oddities was a passion for a certain peculiar perfume with which she loved to surround herself. "I can't tell you what it was like," Miss Cox said, "and I never knew anyone else who used it, but it always reminded me of lavender and old lace, and I will always associate it in my mind with her. While I was on my way to San Francisco I received a letter from a mutual acquaintance, giving a very good account of my friend whom I had every reason to believe was in her usual health. One night in a Pullman, after I had fallen asleep, I was suddenly awakened and discovered that I was sitting upright fighting for breath while the air seemed heavy with the odor of that peculiar perfume. I opened the curtain and poked my head through; the air outside was entirely different, but when I turned my nose back into the berth there was that odor again. I looked at my watch and it was exactly two o'clock. Twenty-four hours later I received word that the old lady had died at that very hour."

Guests at Our Hotels

At Casa del Rey

Recent arrivals at Casa del Rey include: E. C. Miles and wife, W. H. Edwards and wife, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Beaver and Miss Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Kingston, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. James T. Grace, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Overton, Santa Rosa; W. G. Perkins and Miss Ruth Perkins, Mr. J. M. Masten and Miss Eugenie Masten, Mr. J. C. McKinstry, John S. Partridge, J. C. Rolhfs, Miss K. Crawford, San Francisco; Mrs. B. P. Cook, Berkeley; Mrs. B. F. Norse, James A. Cole, San Francisco; Mrs. C. F. MacDermont, Mr. A. J. MacDermot, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rossiter, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Garden, Mrs. S. Gaylot, Berkeley; Mrs. E. B. Davis and family, Mrs. N. S. Rheem and family, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cook, Miss Lucy Cook, San Rafael; Mr. and Mrs. E. Lion, Mr. P. Lion, San Jose; James R. McElroy and wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Miss Henry, Mr. J. B. Morehead, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Leavy, Dr. G. Herzog, A. P. Marion, Olive Donavan, Eva Rhodes, Mrs. C. M. Reiss, W. T. Power and wife, San Francisco; Mr. S. E. Slade, R. C. Slade, Mineral Park; Dr. McCrowe and wife, San Jose; J. T. Baxter and wife, Jack Dean, Mrs. G. Ellison, W. G. Knowlton, Bowie Detrick, S. W. DeJohns, William Johnson, Mrs. B. Weil, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Miss Sallie Havens, Miss Pemberthy, Piedmont; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Newell, Berkeley; Herbert Proctor, Walter M. Lemert, Piedmont; Maurice McLoughlin, Mrs. J. C. Wilson and children, Mrs. G. W. Downey and children, H. W. Baker, Mrs. Neimeyer, Melville H. Long, Herbert E. Long, R. G. Hunt, San Francisco; Mrs. R. J. Davis, Miss Constance Davis, R. J. Davis, Ross; P. S. Minot, Mrs. George Wilhelm, San Francisco; Mrs. C. A. Belden, Miss Margaret Belden, Ross.

At the Victoria

Mrs. L. L. Blankenburg, wife of Philadelphia's mayor, Mrs. George A. Peirsal, Mrs. Harry C. Baden of Philadelphia, Mrs. Emmons E. Crocker of Pittsburg, Mrs. S. Blair Lucke of Chester and Miss M. L. Dock of Fayetteville, Penn., are a party of Keystone State club women who spent several days at the Hotel Victoria after the close of the biennial convention here. Mrs. L. D. Baxter of Washington, D. C., with her daughter, Mrs. George S. Gillis spent several days at the same hotel before leaving for Monterey where Lieut. Gillis and Mrs. Gillis will be stationed for the coming months. Mrs. Baxter accompanied the Gillises to their new home. Mrs. Henry B. Myers of New Orleans and Thomas J. C. Mathewes of that city have been registered at the Victoria during the past week. Mrs. Frank Gray of Fort Worth, Mrs. H. W. Crawford, Cincinnati, E. D. Buss of Bakersfield, Charles H. Stephens of Cincinnati are among the week's arrivals.

At Castle Crags Farm

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Boone, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Colby, W. D. Potter and Mrs. Potter and Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Fletcher are San Franciscans who are enjoying the July weeks at Castle Crags Farm. A Fourth of July dance, unusually fine fishing, tramping and riding are pastimes which have been shared by the guests at the Farm during the past week. Mrs. E. H. Simonson and Miss Caro Simonson of Alameda, Commander J. M. Reeves, U. S. N., and Mrs. Reeves with their sons, J. M. Reeves Jr. and W. C. Reeves are at the Farm for a fortnight or more.

At Del Monte

Mr. and Mrs. Benno Hart and their two children, Constance and Benno Jr., were among the San Franciscans spending a part of the holiday week amid Del Monte's restful surroundings. Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Stern and their son John are enjoying their summer at Del Monte, motoring with friends. Mr. C. S. Stanton, Cuyler Lee, Knox Maddox, W. Prescott Scott, C. H. Turner, Ernest Folger, Arthur Vincent, Vincent Whitney and H. McDonald Spencer were among the entrants in the Del Monte tournament of the Fourth. Mrs. John C. Breckenridge who with her father, Mr. S. G. Murphy and valet, is spending some weeks at Del Monte, was joined this week by her son Master John C. who has just returned from Paris. Mr. M. E. Pinckard of San Francisco is spending much of his time at Del Monte with Mr. Gardner Williams, Mrs. W. Mein and Miss Dorothy Williams of Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Burke Corbett, with Francis and Charles, motored down early in the week. Messrs. F. M., Russell and their father J. E. Slade went down in their car the other day for a few days of golf. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Heynemann with their son and daughter, Lloyd Gibbs and Rosalie Gibbs, have taken a suite of rooms for a long stay. The next train out of Santa Clara after the marriage of Miss Genevieve O'Brien and Earl Harriman Pier bore the happy couple toward Del Monte where they spent ten days of an ideal honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins went motoring on their honeymoon, but they wound up at Del Monte just the same. Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin are there for the summer.

AMUSEMENTS

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Monday Evening, July 15th, and Throughout the Week,

BESSIE BARRISCALE

Assisted by the Alcazar Company, in David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully's Famous Play of Early California

THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO

A Magnificent Pictorial Production
Prices: Night, 25c to $1.00; Matinee, 25c to 50c.
Matinee: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783
Beginning Sunday Night, July 14th—Third and Last Week
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
The La Salle Theater, Chicago Musical Comedy Triumph

"LOUISIANA LOU"

With BARNEY BERNARD, SOPHIE TUCKER and Many Others
Bargain Matinees Wednesday—Prices, 25c and $1.
Evenings and Saturday Matinees—25c to $1.50.
Monday, July 21st—JAMES K. HACKETT and his Criterion Theater, N. Y. Company in "The Grain of Dust."

Pantage's Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week of Sunday, July 14th
MIRTH, DANCE AND MELODY!

"A Night at the Edelweiss," with 10 Musical Comedians; Carl Rosine & Co., in Mystery and Magic; Romano Brothers, Physical Culture and Grecian Art; Dolesch and Zillbauer, Viennese Street Musicians; Clark and Verdi, Italian Comedians; Bond Morse, "The Man from Nowhere, and

WOLGAST-RIVERS MOVING PICTURES

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.
Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

Orpheum

O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE
"THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM," a one act comedy of Divorce Life in Reno, Nev., introducing MAY TULLY and her Company; KAUFMAN BROTHERS in Tuneful Originalities; HARRY ATKINSON, the Australian Orpheus; MR. and MRS. ELLIOTT, Harpists and Singers; RAY L. ROYCE; O'MEERS SISTERS & CO.; HONORS & LE PRINCE; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Immense Success of DAVID BELASCO'S Superb Production of "MADAME BUTTERFLY."
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

CORT Leading Theatre

Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460

YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY
Second and Last Big Week Starts Tomorrw
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Every Night at 8:30

PAUL J. RAINEY'S AFRICAN HUNT

The Most Marvelous Motion Pictures Ever Taken
Interesting Lecture
Prices—25c and 50c.
Sunday, July 21st—N. Y. Casino Star Cast in Revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan Comic Operas.

Governess—Tommie, what is the future of "I diagnose?"

Physician's child—"I operate," Miss Brown.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The only really important element of uncertainty which has restricted the growth of confidence is that regarding the crop yields. Granted only a favorable outcome of the hay, cereal and corn crops and we shall have the feeling of confidence needed to insure a further forward movement. This will easily shake off the restrictions on new enterprises exercised by political considerations. The opinion prevails in the financial community that the choice of the majority of the people can still be counted upon to place the right sort of man in the White House, and that the political situation should not be permitted to be a restraining factor in business and finance. The proposal to eliminate financial influence was slow at first, but is now favored by all who have had opportunity to study the character of the fundamentals on which the business and financial fabric is being constructed, without regard to politics and the Presidential campaign. First and foremost among these fundamentals are the crops. Recent reports on the condition of all growing vegetation have been satisfactory. The burden of advices upon the winter wheat is still that the harvest will be much better than was indicated a month ago by the Government, while private reports on the spring wheat conditions state that the recent rains in the Northwest have improved that crop. With the partial removal of the political influence, it was perceived that the iron, steel and copper metal industries had continued to improve, although the last mentioned suffered a brief setback due to the operations of speculative interests in London. Among the developments which supplied new evidence of increasing activity and profits were the decrease of $1 a ton in prices on bars, plates, beams and angles, shapes and numerous minor steel products, and the unchecked buying by consumers at the higher quotations. The market in the meantime continues to mark time, but we believe stocks should be bought around present levels for a good advance later on.

Wheat—Each week it has been a spurt of activity and an upturn in prices, only to turn round for a retrograde movement to the starting point. The market has been invariably dull and weak just at this time every year. This for the reason that cash wheat from the harvest fields always has been crowded on the market faster than the demand could assimilate it. The result was of course an accumulation of stocks, necessitating hedging sales for the speculative trade to carry. But this is not the case now. This year is a noticeable exception to the conditions of other years, especially to that of last year when the receipts in Chicago were twelve million bushels during the month of July and the visible increased eighteen million bushels during that time and continued to increase until it reached seventy-one million bushels. We commenced the crop year with a trifle smaller visible supply than a year ago, and if the stocks in private elevators were excluded, as was the case last year, the visible supply would be considerably less than that of a year ago. But this of itself is of but slight consequence. It is the question of future supplies that is the most important feature. In this respect there is but little soft wheat that will not be required in the immediate locality where it grew. There are large areas that are so bare of wheat that local mills will have to import it from the beginning of the season to the end of the crop year. The first results of threshing returns are of course conflicting. Some good yields are reported, but many more that are small, of light weight and inferior grade. There is almost an entire exhaustion of interior reserves to begin with, which was not the case last year. In our opinion it is only a question of time when the situation, both foreign and domestic, will exercise such a compelling force as to cause a return to active and appreciating markets.

Corn—The corn market has had the depressing influence of unfavorable climatic conditions. Values have suffered in consequence. While the crop is backward it is doing well. The question of receipts is the most important factor at present. It is claimed that farmers' deliveries will be light until the new crop reaches maturity. The demand will be sufficient to maintain present values, if indeed it does not show some appreciation in this respect.

Cotton—The week should be classed as favorable, for progress was made in the growth of cotton and in cultivation also. Temperatures averaged near normal which was a very favorable thing, but in the States of Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia the rainfall was continuous and in many places quite heavy, so that cultivation was checked and in a few localities altogether suspended. There is some danger of grass if rains continue in these States, as the plant has not attained its normal size for the season. It does not appear that any recent damage has been done which a week of bright warm weather would not rectify. In all other States cultivation and growth proceeded together and the crop status is improved. In Texas and Oklahoma the crop is excellent in promise, the only bar being its lateness which some correspondents in Oklahoma fear will expose it to damage from frost. The greatest complaint lodged against the plant is its small size, for there are fields in all States save Texas which contain cotton not more than six inches high which is far below normal size for the season.

Merchants National Bank of San Francisco

Corner New Montgomery and Market Streets

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits..$1,768,076.98
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 1,639,482.36
Deposits 6,368,228.50

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C. A. Hawkins.....Vice-President
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The officers of this Bank will be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.
Safe Deposit Vaults open from 7:30 a. m. to 12 p. m., Sundays and Holidays included.

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(THE GERMAN BANK)

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MISSION BRANCH, 2572 MISSION STREET
Between 21st and 22nd

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 601 CLEMENT
Corner of 7th Avenue

HAIGHT ST. BRANCH, 1456 HAIGHT ST.
Near Masonic Ave.

JUNE 29th, 1912:

Assets $51,140,101.75
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,656,403.80
Employees' Pension Fund..... 140,109.60
Number of Depositors 56,609

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

No. 2 MONTGOMERY STREET

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits....$11,055,471.11
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 10,519,217.23
Deposits 25,775,597.47

Officers—Isaias W. Hellman, Pres.; I. W. Hellman Jr., V.-Pres.; F. L. Lipman, V.-Pres.; James K. Wilson, V.-Pres.; Frank B. King, Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier; C. L. Davis, Asst. Cashier; A. D. Oliver, Asst. Cashier; A. B. Price, Asst. Cashier.

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It is noteworthy, however, that growth is now more rapid and will continue so with warm weather. Cotton is beginning to open as far north as La Grange, Tex. The cotton caterpillar, although found in several localities, has as yet made little headway and the same may be said of the boll weevil.

FINANCIAL NOTES

The Oakland, Antioch and Eastern Railroad Company has placed its full issue of bonds for five million dollars, and will receive its second payment of twenty per cent in August. The road will be completed and in operation from Oakland to Bay Point, a distance of thirty miles, by the first of January. When finished the road will extend from Oakland to Sacramento, a distance of seventy-eight miles, and will open up a productive area of country rich in market and dairy produce. The system will be electric, the cars of the latest style and appointments. The Holman Car Works of San Francisco were awarded a contract for twelve cars for December delivery. There are four hundred men engaged at present on construction work. Just now they are building the three-thousand foot tunnel at Redwood Canyon.

Tonopah stocks are showing a great deal of strength these days. The properties are in a flourishing condition, and the prospect for larger output is very bright. Those who are on the inside are watching the Tonopahs with lively expectations of great improvement in values.

The trade journals are optimistic about the business outlook. They find that the first half of the year closed with much actual achievement in the betterment of business and much promise for the remainder of the year. There is strengthened confidence among manufacturers, traders and investors. Railroad gross earnings in June increased 4.3 per cent. The money market is reported to be in good shape.

Smith has a lovely baby girl,
The stork left her with a flutter.
Smith named her Oleomargerine,
For he hadn't any but her.



In a Safe Deposit box in the
Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults
All it will cost you is $4.00 per year and you have the assurance that your valuable papers, etc., are safe.
Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults Crocker Building Post and Market Sts.
John F. Cunningham, Manager

Boum-Boum

(Continued from Page 7.)

which he had bought, very dearly, at a toy-shop. It had cost him his wages for several days' work. But he would have given much more to bring back a smile to those pale lips.

The child looked for a moment at the toy glittering on the white sheets, then said sadly: "This is not Boum-boum! I want to see Boum-boum!"

Ah, if Jacques could only have wrapped him up in the bed-clothes, carried him off to the circus, and said to him, "See, there he is!"

Jacques did better than that. He went to the circus, asked for the clown's address, and timidly, with legs trembling from anxiety, he went up the steps which led to the artist's apartment at Montmartre. What he was doing seemed very rash; yet, after all, the actors often went to the houses of rich people to sing or to recite monologues. Perhaps the clown would be willing to come to say good day to Francois. And then he wondered how Boum-boum would receive him.

But this was not Boum-boum! It was M. Moreno, a charming man who greeted Jacques in his beautiful home, full of rare books and choice paintings. Jacques looked at him, not able to recognize the clown, and stood helplessly twirling his felt hat between his fingers, while the other man patiently waited. Then the father made his excuses. He had come to ask a most astonishing thing. It was all about the poor little one. A pretty little boy, Monsieur, and so intelligent! Always at the head of his classes at school—except at arithmetic, which he could not understand. A dreamer, Monsieur, yes, a dreamer; and the proof of it is that he wants to see you, that he thinks of no one but you, and that you are before him, like a star which he longs to have, and at which he is always gazing.

When he had finished, Jacques was pale, and the big drops stood upon his forehead. He dared not look at the clown, who stood with his eyes fixed upon the workman. What would Boum-boum say? Would he send him off roughly, would he take him for a crazy man?

"Where do you live?" Boum-boum asked.

"Oh, quite near—in the Rue des Abbesses!"

"All right," said the clown. "Does your boy want to see Boum-boum? He shall see him!"

When the door opened, Jacques Legrand called joyfully to his son:

"Francois, be happy, my boy! Here is Boum-boum!"

A gleam of joy lighted the child's face. He raised himself upon his mother's arm, and turned his head toward the two men who were coming to his bedside. He looked earnestly for a moment at the gentleman in the frock coat, smiling so gaily at him, and whom he did not know. But when they told him that this was Boum-boum, he slowly and sadly let his head fall back upon the pillow, and his eyes became fixed again, his beautiful, large blue eyes, which looked beyond the walls of the little room, still searching, searching so anxiously for Boum-boum's make-up, his tinsel, spangles, and butterflies, even as a lover pursues his dream.

"No," the child said, and his voice was no longer dull, but sorrowful, "No, this is not Boum-boum!"

The clown, standing near the little bed, gazed upon the boy's face with an earnest look, very serious and infinitely tender. He shook his head, glanced at the anxious parents, and said, with a smile:

"He is quite right! This is not Boum-boum!"

And he went away.

"I shall never see him! I shall never see Boum-boum again!" said the child.

All at once—it was not half an hour since the clown had gone—the door was suddenly thrown open, and there stood the real Boum-boum, in his black spangled tights, with the little yellow tuft on his head, the golden butterflies upon his breast and his back, and a broad smile, like a slot in a money-box, spreading across his jolly powdered face. Yes, it was the real Boum-boum of the circus, little Francois's Boum-boum!

The joy of life shone in the child's laughing, weeping, happy eyes. He clapped his thin hands, and cried "Bravo!" and exclaimed with all his old gaiety:

"That is he! That is he this time! There is Boum-boum! Good-day, Boum-boum!"

When the doctor came back that day he found, seated on the foot of little Francois's bed a white-faced clown, who was making the boy laugh and laugh again, and who said, as he stirred a lump of sugar at the bottom of a cup of herb-tea:

"You know, if you don't drink this, Francois, Boum-boum won't come back any more!"

And the child drank.

"Isn't it good?"

"Very good! Thanks, Boum-boum!"

"Doctor," said the clown, "don't be jealous! But it really seems to me that my grimaces have done him as much good as your prescriptions!"

The father and mother were weeping, but this time it was from joy.

And until little Francois was on his legs again, every day a carriage stopped before the workman's door, at Montmartre, and a man got out of it, wrapped in a cloak, with the collar turned up, and underneath it he wore the circus costume, and his merry face was powdered.

"What do I owe you, Monsieur?" said Jacques Legrand to the great clown, when the child went out of doors for the first time.

The clown stretched out his big hands to the parents, like a gentle Hercules, and said:

"Only the clasp of your hands!"

Then, kissing the rosy cheeks of the child, he added laughingly:

"And you must permit me to put upon my visiting cards: "Boum-boum, acrobatic doctor; physician-in-ordinary to little Francois!'"



ANGLO & LONDON
PARIS NATIONAL BANK
SAN FRANCISCO

PAID-UP CAPITAL	$4,000,000
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	$ 1,600,000
TOTAL RESOURCES	$ 40,000,000

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Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

The Open Shop town is a prosperous town. There is no exception to the rule.

The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,177; Department No. 10.

CLARA JESSURUN, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER S. JESSURUN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Walter S. Jessurun, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of May, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY ACH, Atty. for Plaintiff,
Rooms 316-320 Balboa Building, Southeast Corner of Market and Second Sts., San Francisco, Cal. 5-18-10

CERTIFICATE OF NAME OF BUSINESS

I, the undersigned, Victor R. Ulman, do hereby state that I am engaged in business and am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of Victor R. Ulman & Co.

That I am the only one interested in the said business and that I am the sole owner thereof.

That my name and residence is as follows: Victor R. Ulman, 314 Locust Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

That my place of business is No. 149 New Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., this 11th day of June, 1912.

VICTOR R. ULMAN.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 11th day of June, 1912, before me, Julius Calmann, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Victor R. Ulman, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. at Law,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-15-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,438; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MAJOR CONWAY, Deceased.

Annie Conway, the Administratrix of the estate of Major Conway, deceased, having filed in this Court her petition for an order to sell the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth, and it appearing from said petition that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of said real estate, and good cause appearing therefor,

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, adjudged and decreed that all persons interested in the said estate of said Major Conway, deceased, be and appear before the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Wednesday, the 31st day of July, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, Room No. 519, in the temporary City Hall on Market Street near Eighth Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased.

It is further ordered that a copy of said order be published for at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 21st day of June, 1912.

(Signed) THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

HUGH K. McKEVITT, Atty. for Administratrix,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-5

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ALASKA REFRIGERATOR
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560 Market Street San Francisco

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,026; Department No. 10.

LUCILE V. LARM, Plaintiff, vs. G. LARM, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: G. Larm, Defendant.

You are hereby Required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Wilful Desertion and Habitual Intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of April, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

McGOWAN and WESTLAKE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-1-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 43,036; Department No. 10.

LOU ETTA WILMOTH, Plaintiff, vs. HOWARD WELLINGTON WILMOTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Howard Wellington Wilmoth, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LIPPMANN SACHS, Deceased. No. 16,663, N. S.; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Sachs and Albert Baruch, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Lippmann Sachs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lippmann Sachs, deceased.

MARY SACHS,
ALBERT BARUCH,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Lippmann Sachs, Deceased.

Dated: July 13, 1912.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 7-13-5

Senator Hoar's Changed Letter

Medical men tell with unction a story attributed to Senator Hoar and told at the expense of a close friend of his and some hospital doctors at Washington.

The story goes that the friend was stricken ill, suddenly, so ill that he was rushed off to a private hospital. The case was hurriedly diagnosed as acute appendicitis, and Senator Hoar was notified that an operation would in all probability be performed at once. The Senator immediately prepared to send a note of condolence and encouragement to the patient, when a second message arrived informing him that the original diagnosis was incorrect, and that the case was merely one of acute indigestion. The Senator changed his mind about the letter of condolence, and, instead, sent the following:

"I notice that the trouble resulted from the table of contents and not from the appendix."

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Saved the Man With the Red Hair

It requires great coolness and experience to steer a course down the rapids of Sault Ste. Marie, and a short time ago two bold Americans ventured to descend them without boatmen, and were consequently upset. As the story is told, one of them owed his salvation to a singular incident. As the accident took place immediately opposite the town, many of the inhabitants were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking that any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing toward the group, frantic with excitement.

"Save the man with the red hair!" he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red-haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed.

"He owes me eighteen dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath, and looking approvingly on his assistants.

Letters

Sad But Not Disheartening

"And the Lord God said: Behold this man has become one of us." This is the genesis of the title of Ezra Brudno's novel, "One of Us," a psychological study given in the form of biography, in which a crippled artist tells in simple but strong language the story of his growth and development. Raphael was born with a deformed back, and his misfortune appears to have excited neither affection nor compassion from his parents who looked upon him as just one more failure in their unsuccessful lives until he developed a talent for music. The boy was passionately attached to his violin and the father was looking forward to an exploitation of his prodigy when the sensitive lad caught sight of himself in a mirror while at practice and was appalled at the incongruity of his ambition and his appearance and refused to pursue his studies. A little tact and sympathy might have tided him over the difficult time but neither was forthcoming, and being reproached for his idle dependence it is scarcely to be wondered at that he ran away. Afoot and penniless it should not have been difficult to reclaim him but apparently no effort was made in that direction, and the first friend the little waif made was an escaped convict, with a promising chance of beginning a career of crime, had he not, fortunately, been arrested on the first venture. The burglar escaped arrest, but the singular outcome of the attempt was the establishment of the identity of Jack Jessup, escaped convict, as a brother of Alfred K. Jessup, many times millionaire and local magnate, and the placing of the lad, Raphael, on probation as a sort of protege of the millionaire. The Jessups were an example by no means unique in American history, a worthless father, an abnormally large family struggling in poverty, one brother more selfish and less patient, striking out for himself, developing his talent and reaping its full value while the other remained at home, shouldering the domestic burden until he broke under the weight of the accumulation, the family disintegrating and losing touch with each other unless something as unexpected as the burglarizing of a namesake's mansion out of sheer bravado, leads to revelations. Raphael developed a secondary talent for drawing and painting, which, in time, leads us into the Latin quarter of Paris where Mr. Brudno shows us less of the cocotte and the cabarets than most writers. Possibly a sensitive hunchback would find them less entertaining than the average student, but in any case, some one must attend to some work sometimes. Here again we meet with the Jessups, Walt, the son, a pleasant, handsome lad having developed into a handsome, weak and vicious young man who, though he has not come within the clutches of the law, is a far worse citizen than his convict uncle. Walt is the typical son of the American millionaire who expects to buy everything and is seldom disappointed. Here again we meet with other Americans, more especially with the wife and daughter of the Rev. Lennox, of the Jessup metropolis. Mrs. Lennox is a type of the able and managing mother, quite overshadowing her husband and carefully cultivating her one daughter for a marriage of money, Jessup money for choice. Norma Lennox had inspired the boy Raphael with a passionate and renunciatory affection, for his morbid fancy had pictured himself as repulsive and altogether outside the common experiences of mankind, and on the theory that since Walt Jessup was what she wanted Walt Jessup she should have, when a very ugly transaction in which Jessup was involved came to light, it was Raphael who assumed the responsibility, a mistaken form of generosity which enabled Mrs. Lennox to accomplish her end, with the usual result of a miserably unhappy marriage for Norma with a dissolute and untruthful mate who could blubber of his love for his wife but walk out into any form of dissipation, and a swift slide into the depths of tragedy from which there came forth two who knew definitely good from evil. "One of Us" is a sad but not a disheartening story. Ezra Brudno is not a prolific writer as such things are measured in these days when some of our industrious authors turn out two full sized novels a year, but all he does is worth consideration. From J. B. Lippincott.

A Novel of Paranoiac Society

"His Worldly Goods" which appears to be Margaretta Tuttle's first novel takes us into the highest of high American society—nothing less than the circle in which move the paranoiac multimillionaires. A young girl, beautiful, accomplished, of good family but poor, with a grudging domicile among relatives, married the heir to thirty millions, and everyone was ecstatic over the match and her astounding good luck. To be sure Colin Carson was "eccentric," "original," "independent," and all the other synonyms for what, in slang phrase and amongst humbler folk, would be just plain "nutty." No one would dare to question the sanity of thirty millions until their possessor commits a crime which brings him before a criminal court and then a sanatorium is infinitely preferable to a penitentiary, so Colin Carson did pretty much as whim dictated until two years after his marriage, when he developed a mania for arson and was privately committed to an institution designed for the care and restraint of his class. Meanwhile his young wife, unable to divorce a lunatic, was enjoying herself and his wealth in her own way, more or less legitimate and laudable, but including prolonged flirtations with eligibles of the other sex. Of course there wasn't a bit of harm in it except in the eyes of the female relatives of the semi-detached and those of other women who would have been glad to attach them permanently. The manager of the Carson estate was a lawyer, one Harding who, assuming that Mrs. Carson was too ignorant of business and too busy spending money to pay any attention to details, was industriously feathering his own nest at the expense of the Carson estate, when just in the depth of his transactions he discovered that she had been quietly observant and was about to have him removed. Just as quietly he made his own move, and it was quite by accident that Mrs. Carson discovered he had taken steps for a re-examination of the incompetent, taking advantage of a lucid interval which would further his plans, and once free from restraint, with Carson under his control, he would have a free hand. To circumvent Harding called for quick work and a trusty friend, and of all the host whom she had known and played with and substantially helped in one way or another, the choice was speedily narrowed down to one, the rector of the parish in which she resided. Out of the incidents relating to the frustration of Harding's plans, the subsequent escape of the lunatic, aided and concealed by those who expected to profit from his control, there was developed a genuine love between Mrs. Carson and Rev. Rex Thorne which could come to nothing since divorce, besides being distasteful to the minister, was impossible to the lady, who meanwhile received some severe lessons in the matter of the advantages there are for even a very rich and charming woman in heeding the social conventions. Apparently the affair had reached an impasse, and there seemed to be nothing to do but wait. However a way out was discovered in the disclosure of a secret marriage years before and sufficient hush money paid over at the crucial moment to insure silence. It is only heroines in books who succeed in having their cakes and eating them too. Much is made of the unsophisticated Nadine's lack of warning of the character of the man she was about to wed, but of what avail has warning ever been? What girl has ever listened, even when dissipation has been ungilded, and what mother would counsel her daughter against wealth no matter what accompanied it? Side by side with the main interest there are two other love stories which travel an uninterrupted path towards marriage, and some interesting and amusing glimpses of social and clerical vagaries. The story is rather above the average unless one is inclined to withhold sympathy from deluded innocents who marry wealth indifferent to its attachments. From Bobbs-Merrill.

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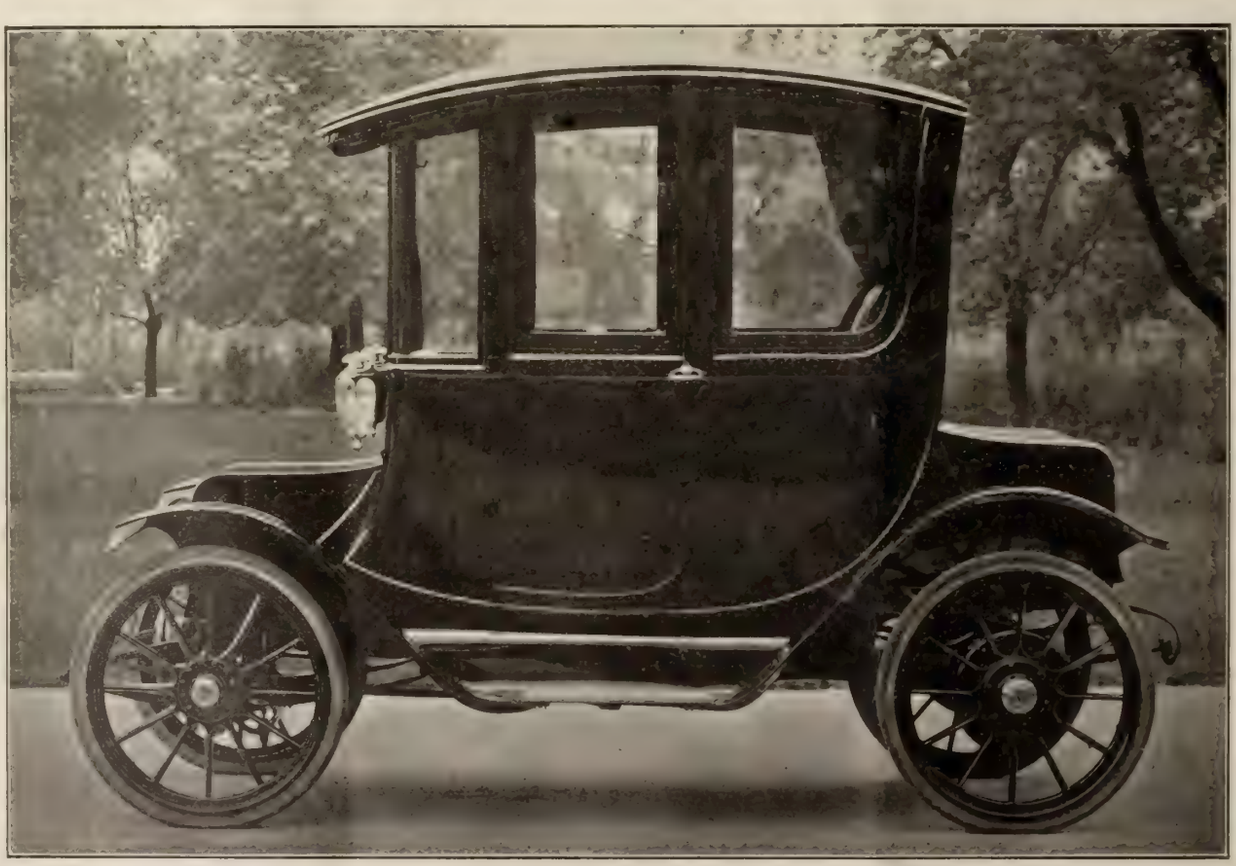
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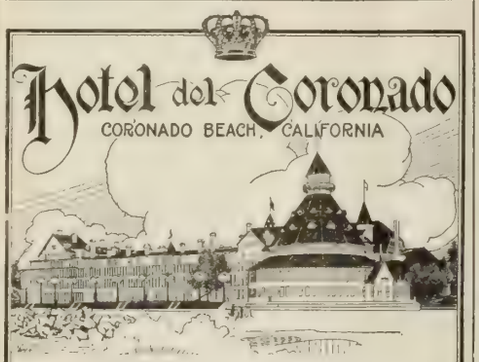
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Vol. XX. San Francisco, July 20, 1912 No. 1039



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A Plea for Tradition

The legends of a country are among its most valuable assets. Legends have served as the inspiration of some of the most brilliant exploits of history. It was a legend, for example, that nerved the arms of the Normans in the Battle of Hastings. For was it not the Song of Roland that served as the signal for the onset when the gallant minstrel Taillefer advanced on horseback tossing his sword in the air and chanting the metrical story of the stirring romance? If a legend or anything that goes by the name of tradition does nothing more than raise national enthusiasm it is of priceless value and should be cherished. Because the truth of it cannot be established is not sufficient reason for putting it on an index expurgatorius. If we were such sticklers for the truth as to reject everything that partakes of the nature of the apocryphal we should have to turn our back on many pages of history. Now what we are coming to is this,—that being a very young nation we have a very meagre supply of the kind of literature that serves for wholesome inspiration, and therefore we should guard jealously our small stock of tradition and resent with indignation every attempt to deplete it. This observation we make because we learn that a Philadelphian, Joseph Jackson, described in the Eastern press as "Pennsylvania's best known historian," after "years of study and research," has come forward in a spirit of iconoclasm to shatter the tradition that has clung through the years to the dear old Liberty Bell. Joseph Jackson is a stranger to us. Hitherto we had not heard of him as a historian or anything else, but it is not necessary to our purpose to deny that he is a writer of history. We have eminent authority for it that history is no more respectable than an old woman's tale. Frederick the Great called for "my liar" when he wanted to read history. Napoleon pronounced all history "a fable agreed upon." It is absurd to challenge tradition when it cannot be traced to a writer of history who was contemporaneous with the event. But that is what Joseph Jackson has done in the matter of the story of the bell that proclaimed liberty through all the land. A great mass of history we should have to reject as worthless if we accepted the principle which Joseph Jackson presumes to apply to the story of the ringing of the Liberty Bell on a certain memorable day in 1776. Everybody that makes history doesn't have time to write it. Nor when history is in the making is everybody aware that it is worth preserving. By tradition alone has many a virtuous action been rescued from oblivion. Some of the greatest historians are unknown. They were old women with veracity, good sense, memory and imagination. In many a woman of this type we may find the history of her times or neighborhood enriched by circumstances never to be found in books. And so we say to this unimaginative person Joseph Jackson, Get thee gone with thy dry-as-dust data and worthless negative testimony! Our faith in the sweet tradition of our native land is not to be shaken by an old fogy of Philadelphia who spends his time in the role of devil's advocate. The echoes of the old bell have come down to us from the swaddling-clothes days of the Republic, and its historic utterance is not to be misinterpreted. As well try to blot out from the retina of the eye the picture of Paul Revere astride his foaming charger on the eighteenth of April in seventy-five, or of Sheridan sweeping down the valley of the Shenandoah, or of Barbara Frietchie in her window casement. We have never seen George Washington's hatchet, but we are as firmly convinced that it existed as that there was a battle of Bunker Hill. At any rate there is much more of truth attached to the cherry tree incident than to the Roosevelt incident at San Juan which was recorded by contemporary historians.

The Lorimer Case

Guilty or innocent, ugly as he has been pictured by his enemies, we cannot ponder the colossal humiliation of William Lorimer without feelings of compassion and commiseration. The best of us, it has been said, are but poor wretches just saved from shipwreck. In the presence of what is tragic then,—a fellow-pasenger swallowed up by the waves—it is but natural for us to be touched with awe and pity. There were tears in the Senate we are told when William Lorimer was cast into outer darkness. We are convinced that also there was heard the ironic laughter of the gods in the background. For whatever be the truth regarding the manner of Lorimer's election to the Senate the fact is he was made to serve as the scapegoat of that once serene deliberative body now become extremely sensitive to the ephemeral mood of the masses. There are times, as Schiller tells us, when the general belief of the people works its effect as sure as truth itself. On such, we believe, has William Lorimer fallen. Aside from the fact that thumbs were down on the bleachers, the sentiment prevailed in the Senate that something should be done to repair the damaged reputation of a body that has been the object in recent years of much calumny as well as of much honest and just animadversion. As the expulsion of Lorimer might tend to expunge the impression that the Senate holds its honor lightly, Lorimer was belled, booked and candled with all the sins of all the Senators that were ever seated by corrupt means woven in a crown of thorns on his obstinate head. We do not mean to impugn the honesty and courage of all the Senators who voted for Lorimer's expulsion. Even a Senator may think with his heart, which is an organ subject to many influences. Town Talk is of the faith, however, of Senator Tillman, venerable statesman, victim of paralysis, now feebly approaching his grave, his thoughts chiefly of the hereafter. Senator Tillman is no longer subject to the cravings of ambition. The curtain is slowly descending on the last scene. He is conscious of its shadow. And Senator Tillman affirms his belief in Lorimer's innocence. Senator Tillman is of the minority wherein so often have resided truth, justice, rectitude. But he is also with the majority, for of the committee of eight Senators that investigated the charges against Lorimer, the court that heard all the testimony and saw all the witnesses, five members rendered judgment for the accused. Five of the eight members of that court reported not only that the charges had not been proved but that the innocence of the accused had been established by an overwhelming preponderance of evidence. Certain newspapers have told us—the same unscrupulous newspapers that pictured Lorimer as pleading for mercy when he was challenging and defying his enemies—these newspapers have told us that Lorimer was "whitewashed" by the committee. The truth is that never in the history of inquisitions was accused man so fully and emphatically cleared of a charge as was William Lorimer. The majority of the committee did more than pronounce him innocent. They cited affirmative proof of the infernality of the men who were trying to compass his downfall, and they paid a tribute to the character of the accused which any man, whether in public or in private life, might be proud to deserve. Was it the purpose of these judges to deceive the Senate? If so they should be driven from its portals. Now what about the three Senators who dissented from the majority? What we know of them is this,—that day after day during his argument in his own behalf William Lorimer challenged these three Senators to produce any kind of proof, hearsay or legitimate, of some of the things which they charged in their report and on which they based their findings. Not one of them came forward to deny what was implied—that he had deliberately falsified the record. Now the worst that has been said of William Lorimer, even by his enemies, is not that he committed bribery, but that he was the beneficiary of a corrupt transaction. It is not even asserted that he was aware of wrongdoing. All things considered, perhaps it is to be hoped for the honor of the United States Senate that this was one of those rare instances of the minority's being in the wrong.

Proof Conclusive

Let us not be contemptuous of our neighbors' prepossessions and prejudices. The minds of all of us are warped by them in some degree. They are not to be dispensed with. They are an inseparable element of human weakness. So instead of sneering at the crotchets and whimsies of our neighbors we should be mindful of our own and modest about them, since they may not stand the cold pervading light of reason. With no disposition to sneer, then, being conscious of our weakness, we draw attention to our neighbor the Bulletin in one of its fine frenzies induced by attachment to what is at once a prepossession and a prejudice. We allude to the principle of the recall. On this subject our neighbor delivers brawling judgments unashamed all week long. If to be wise were to be obstinate the Bulletin might set itself up as one of the profoundest of all Progressive philosophers, its conclusions being as incorrigible to proof as the most absurd that emanate from the new primary school of political thought. Listen to our neighbor: "Judge Archbald of the United States Court of Commerce has conclusively proved that it is a mistake to put any judicial officer beyond the reach of the recall." How has Judge Archbald proved this? By getting impeached. Here is a clear case of a man impressing on himself as a conviction what is obviously nothing but a prepossession. Of course the editor of the Bulletin has a reason for his singular dictum. And doubtless he thinks that having a reason for a thing makes it right. Men have had a reason why two and two make five. The truth is the editor of the Bulletin doesn't reason. He merely strikes as by intuition at what he conceives to be the result of an intellectual process, and affirms as a conclusion what is only a gratuitous assertion. The case of Judge Archbald, according to the Bulletin, conclusively proves the necessity of the recall because it appears that he is not fit for the bench and because "Democrats and Republicans alike agreed on articles of impeachment." Now it is no easy matter to follow the processes of the thinking machine that produces argument of that sort. Watchmakers have gone crazy studying the derangements of an extraordinarily bad watch, and the same thing might happen to any frail being who would attempt to follow the windings of thought resulting from the anatomical lesion in this particular case. We shall therefore curb curiosity and merely observe what is obvious,—that if the case of Judge Archbald proves anything it proves there is no necessity of the recall since a bad judge may be reached in the sane, orderly manner prescribed by the Constitution. If a bad judge may be impeached by competent authority why apply the recall? To be sure Judge Archbald has not yet been impeached. And that appears to be the Bulletin's reason for regarding as conclusive the necessity of the recall; not the recall by the people, however, but a recall by Congress. More speed is what the Bulletin regards as essential to our happiness. Be precipitous and you will be blessed, appears to be the Bulletin's motto; in other words, administer hemlock today and recompense with a statue tomorrow.

The Quizzer of Collier's

Our dialecticians of the Progressive school have great admiration for one another. What one says the others quote as though it were a divine emanation. In this way nonsense receives wide and rapturous dissemination. As, for instance, the Norman Hapgood editorial in Collier's quoted by the Bulletin the other day. Taking William Barnes of New York to task for charging Roosevelt with being a demagogue and an apostle of "reckless change," Editor Hapgood wants to know what the education which the New York politician received at Harvard has done for him. "Has it failed to teach him," the erudite of Collier's solemnly demands, "that the United States in social adjustment is behind nearly every highly civilized nation in Europe?" Again: "Has it failed to teach him that practically all of what Mr. Roosevelt advocates has been tried out and every item is conservative in England, in Germany, in Denmark, in Italy or in Switzerland?" Also: "Does Mr. Barnes think he can prevent this country from taking part in the march of the world conscience?" Thus is Mr. Barnes reproved, rebuked and refuted according to the polemic system that was hammered into Mr. Hapgood's noddle in the halcyon days of his brilliant university career. It is evident that education has done much for the editor of Collier's. It has familiarized him with the interrogatory method of arriving, not at truth, but at triumph over an adversary. This method is especially to be recommended to editors of moderate mentality, plenty of intellectual dishonesty and some rhetorical fluency. For the editor has an immense advantage over an adversary. He is complete master of the situation, being sole occupant of the forum. Every question must go unanswered. He must be careful only to measure accurately the stupidity of his readers. Now Mr. Hapgood is somewhat reckless in this respect. It may be true enough, as he suggests, that the United States in social adjustment (whatever that means) is behind nearly every highly civilized nation in Europe, but it is difficult to see how this argues that we need Mr. Roosevelt to drive us to the front. If Editor Hapgood means that the United States is behind the civilized States of Europe in the best characteristics of men and society, in the elements which constitute the direct converse of rudeness or barbarism, he is not to be gainsaid, but surely the Rough Rider of the range, the standard-bearer of the Bull Moose faction, the Mighty Hunter whose hat is in the ring, is not the person to be looked to for "sweetness and light." If Mr. Hapgood has been reading any of the leading newspapers of civilized Europe since the Chicago convention he must be aware that with remarkable unanimity they pronounce Mr. Roosevelt the most pernicious demagogue and dangerous innovator that ever threatened the integrity of a republic. The Chicago chapter in the Roosevelt career was an eye-opener to Europe. Now as to the question whether Mr. Barnes hasn't learned that practically all of what Mr. Roosevelt advocates has been tried out in England, Germany, Denmark and Italy, the truth is that practically nothing advocated by him with the exception of the Decalogue has been tried out anywhere. Surely the recall of decisions is not in operation in any of the civilized countries mentioned. Mr. Hapgood has been confounding Europe with Mexico.

Perspective Impressions

Nat Goodwin has now reached the Angora cat stage—that is he sees Angora cats. Nat probably changes his brands as he does his wives.

"I want to show the hypocrisy running rampant through the country."—Senator Lorimer. Right there the blond boss put his finger on the bad spot in the body politic.

Notice to Senator John D. Works: Please stop sending copies of your "Independent Health Service" speech to this office. The seventeen so far received are clogging the waste paper basket.

Would you object to being pinched by a lady cop?

What is called the unrest of a nation is in reality a national brainstorm.

"I did it" exclaimed Theodore Roosevelt, pointing with pride and exultation to the downfall and humiliation of William Lorimer. Precisely the same ecstasy that uttered itself when the same proud one was gloating over the shot in the back that laid a Spanish soldier low.

Every time two young fools marry on a dare some divorce lawyer rubs his hands and chuckles.

To perceive the burlesque contradictions of American politics is one of the priceless gifts enjoyed by the amiable cynic.

A Providence despatch says, "When a detective tried to arrest Annie Currie, aged 22 today on a charge of larceny she held him at bay by disrobing." A detective who permits himself to be foiled in that fashion ought to be dismissed for incompetency.

Correspondence

A Bored Observer

Editor Town Talk, Sir: As one who never misses an issue of your bright paper let me say that I admire your stand on political questions. Your untiring persistency in smashing away at the humbuggery, the hypocrisy and the fakery of so-called Progressivism fills me with delight. At the same time I don't see how you keep up the pace. Don't you ever get weary of exposing pretense, puncturing buncombe and unveiling the hidden motives of the pseudo reformers? I think you must. It seems to me there must be times when you throw down your pen in disgust and throw up your hands in fatigue, saying, "What's the use?" Of course there is a use, a great and good use for all you write on the subject, but how hard it must be at times to continue the assault on popular purblindness I can judge from my own experience. There was a time when I was eager in the fight; when, in my own small circle, I dealt swashing blows for truth and common sense. I used to think that I succeeded in unmasking some of the pretenders. But that time has passed. I've given up. "A plague on both your houses" represents my attitude. I'm through. Let the Montagus and the Capulets fight it out among themselves. Let them eat one another like the Kilkenny cats, for all I care. I'm bored with the whole shooting match. I've come to the conclusion that politics is like Tincombe Hill. Do you know the old wheeze? It runs like this:

Tincombe Lane is all uphill,
Or downhill, as you take it;
You tumble up and crack your crown
Or tumble down and break it.

Tincombe Lane is crooked and straight
As pothook or as arrow.
'Tis smooth to foot, 'tis full of rut,
'Tis wide, and then 'tis narrow.

Tincombe Lane is just like life
From when you leave your mother.
'Tis sometimes this, 'tis sometimes that,
'Tis one thing or the other.

Sincerely yours,
—A Blase Republican.

The Moving Picture Man Speaks

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Say, kiddo, it was some class! I been around some in my day, but believe muh, them nupshals beat anything I have every saw. The bride was a Poughkeepsie dream, and the groom—Huh? What's a Poughkeepsie? Why, just a bit above Auburn. You obtain me, Stephen? Thanks. As I was saying, the groom was there million. Never for a minute let on he knew I was unwinding the film on him. Do you make me? Haughty and unconscious, all through the wedding stunt. Of course he knowed we was making the pitchers, but he never let on. I didn't even have to tell him to look pleasant. He enjoyed his wedding all through. But then they tell me he's been there before. And say, them bridesmaids was swell dames. Huh? No, they wasn't what you'd call chickens exactly; been out of the shell too long for genu-ine Petalumas, but swell lookers just the same, and the dresses—why you couldn't buy 'em for a month's salary, on the square. But the best of it was the wedding breakfast. They call it breakfast in our set, donchakow, even if it was a few hours too late for lunch. Huh? Yeh, some of 'em did get a bit frisky, but I'm not a-going to give 'em away. I was there to take pitchers, not to do the bayvard stunt. Huh? Most certainly not! The very idear! Of course the Indoor Yacht Club can't borry them wedding pitchers. They aint that kind of pitchers.

Yours,
—The "Movie" Man.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

French Race Suicide Again

Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the eminent French economist, has issued a striking appeal to Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, in which he points out the grave danger of depopulation and the denationalization of France by the reduced birth rate. Last year the deaths exceeded the births in France by almost 35,000, and the total number of births in 1911 was 263,000 less than the annual birth rate during the second period of the Second Empire. M. Leroy-Beaulieu declares that the drop in the French birth rate is immoral, due to the universal wish to limit the family to the minimum. It is not alone due to the fear of the expense of bringing up children, but also, he claims, to the pure egotism of married couples who do not wish to be bothered by the rearing of infants. The economist has several remedies for what he considers a very threatening situation for the future of France. First he thinks it is absolutely necessary to teach the Frenchman that the normal family should include not fewer than three children. This teaching should begin in the schools, both public and denominational, so that it may be propogated as a truth essential to the maintenance of the nation. Furthermore, he favors the adoption of a law, to be applied without exception, providing that no persons shall hold public positions or be eligible for government employment of any kind unless they have three children. The need of the third child—that is what must be insisted upon throughout France, M. Leroy-Beaulieu declares. He estimates that of the average ten marriages usually one or two bring forth no children, while the remaining couples content themselves with either one or two children. As an additional encouragement, the economist recommends the establishment of a system of State premiums.

New Seal has Forty-eight Stars

The House of Representatives is to have a new great seal. The old seal was adopted in 1830. The old seal bears twenty-four stars. The new one will have forty-eight. The score and four which make the difference spell the nation's growth since the time when statesmen wore beaver hats and tight trousers, came to Congress in stage coaches and didn't have to make speeches about the right to draw 20 cents a mile for traveling expenses.

The Portuguese Republic and the Vatican

What has taken place between the Vatican and the Republic of Portugal is most interesting and instructive, as showing the trend of European politics. When the house of Braganza was dethroned and the republic proclaimed in Lisbon in October, 1910, complete separation was also decreed between Church and State, and the Portuguese Embassy of the Vatican was suppressed. About a year and a half have now passed, and without any move on the part of the Vatican both the Senate and the Chamber of the Portuguese Republic have voted for the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the Pontiff. This would be inexplicable without knowing what has been going on behind the scenes. The men who are in power at Lisbon are not converted to clericalism, but have come to understand the great danger that their country is facing and the necessity of not creating more enemies. It has come out that one of Germany's greatest aspirations is to seize the Portuguese colonies and that England, notwithstanding her traditional friendship for Portugal, would not have sufficient interest in the question to prevent the seizure. Of course Germany, before making the coup, would have to prepare the ground, and one of the many ways to reach her object would have been that of taking advantage of the broken relations between Church and State in Portugal. Considering the way the republic was treating the Vatican, the former could not expect that the Church, having acquired complete liberty of action, would send to the Portuguese colonies patriotic Portuguese clergy. On the other hand, it was anticipated that the Church would gradually substitute for them German-speaking Portuguese. Steps to gain this end had already been taken by the German Government, whose relations with the Vatican have been constantly improving, when the politicians woke up in Lisbon and saw the risk they were running. They now think they have avoided the danger by deciding to send, if not an Ambassador, at least a Minister to the Holy See.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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Varied Types

LXXXIII—FRANK C. DREW

By Edward F. O'Day

To know a man in his public relations is to see only one side of him. It may or may not be the better, the more important side; it is seldom the more interesting.

Take Frank Drew for instance. It is very well to know Frank Drew as a member of a law firm and as a business man with great lumber interests. Those who find delight in such things may appraise his standing at the bar, his skill as a financier. But you might know Frank Drew as a public man for a long time, and still be ignorant of his ardor for Esperanto. When you learn that fact about his private life you sit up and take a notice of Frank Drew which you would not accord to his more prosaic activities. There are so many good lawyers and able financiers; there are so few Esperantists.

In San Francisco, aside from Frank Drew, the only followers of Dr. Zamenhof whose names I can recall are former Judge Daingerfield and present Judge Treadwell. But in the city of Athenian culture across the Bay there is quite a group which includes prominent railroad men and civil engineers. You never know when you are going to run across somebody who speaks the ingeniously constructed and thoroughly practical international language. That must be part of the charm of mastering it. In this connection Frank Drew told me a story.

"Dr. Yemans, a student of Esperanto who is now with the army in Manila, was crossing the Atlantic to America at the same time that a delegation of Esperantists was journeying from this country to the Esperanto Congress at Antwerp. He sent them a pleasant message in Esperanto by wireless. Before the delegates on the other steamer had a chance to reply, the wireless operator who had received the message flashed an answer to Dr. Yemans in Esperanto, stating that the doctor's and his were the first wireless messages in Esperanto ever exchanged at sea. Now who would expect to find a wireless operator who knew Esperanto?"

"In this connection," continued Drew, "it may be mentioned among the advantages of Esperanto that if it were adopted for the international wireless code there would be no such disastrous mistakes as occurred recently when the English, the Japanese and the Norwegian operators misunderstood the messages which they were exchanging.

"Esperanto supplies a common ground of intercourse on which all people can meet. In traveling it is invaluable. All over the world there are clubs or groups of Esperantists, and if the traveler wears in his buttonhole the little green star which is the Esperanto emblem, he will come in contact everywhere with interesting people whom otherwise he would be unable to converse with.

"Once in Chalons-sur-Marne I met a French army officer named Dr. Jenny. He knew no English and at the time I knew no French, and yet we had a delightful conversation for half an hour in Esperanto. The first ten minutes of our talk were a bit unsatisfactory, but after that it was smooth sailing.

"There is absolutely no other common means of communication. During the past few years I have corresponded with people who spoke twenty-one different foreign languages, but no English. Using Esperanto I have been able to exchange letters with men whose native tongues were French, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Danish, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, Russian, Polish, Czech, Dalmatian, Magyar, Arabian, Syrian, Chinese, Slovak, Javanese, Hindustance and Grecian. Without Esperanto that would be impossible.

"Esperanto has come to stay. This is particularly evident in Europe. You will find Esperanto books and pamphlets at the railway stations, especially in Russia, Poland and Bohemia. In Belgium the government has encouraged the study ever since the Esperanto Congress was held in Antwerp. In that city the policemen speak it, and so do the conductors on the street cars. The cars contain signs and notices in Esperanto.



Photo, Vaughan and Fraser
FRANK C. DREW

"More than that, Esperanto is the international means of communication used by the anarchists of Europe. When Francisco Ferrer was arrested by the Spanish authorities he had on his person a kodak and an Esperanto grammar. Now if the forces of evil use Esperanto to advance their cause, it will be necessary for the opposing forces of good to fight them with it. If anarchy is to be combatted by arguments, pamphlets and so forth, Esperanto must be used, for there is no other way of appealing at one and the same time to people of different nationalities. The use which the anarchists make of Esperanto shows that it has ceased to be a fad; it is an eminently practical means of communication.

"The world is alive to the need of a universal auxiliary language. Some think that the tendency is to use French for this purpose. But there are serious objections to French. It is impossible for the ordinary adult to learn to pronounce French correctly, or even to write it correctly, there are so many idioms. The same thing is true of English. Both are objectionable too on account of international jealousies. And the same thing applies to German. For instance, would the Germans be willing to use French? Would the English be willing to adopt German?

"Esperanto, on the other hand, is easy to learn. I am still studying it, but I obtained a working knowledge of it by devoting one hour a night to its study for six weeks. At the end of that time I could read and write it with a good deal of ease.

"You see, there are no idioms in Esperanto. And there will be none. There are no exceptions to its grammatical rules. It does away with irregular verbs which are such a terror to people attempting to learn French and other European languages. There is no such difficulty as the student has with the German pronouns either.

"Esperanto has a literature of its own. I recall a novel called 'The Pharaoh' in three volumes which describes the Egyptian life of ancient days with its religious doctrines, ceremonies and so on. Esperanto is capable of describing such scenes and incidents just as minutely as any of our mother tongues. It can convey the various shades of meaning; the delicate distinctions between our own synonyms can all be expressed.

"Esperanto also has a large translated literature. The Bible has been translated into Esperanto. So have a number of Shakespeare's plays, notably Hamlet, Julius Caesar and The Tempest. Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer is in Esperanto; so are Schiller's dramas and many Polish novels. In addition there are many medical journals, mathematical and other scientific treatises. The advantage of Esperanto for scientific works is obvious. How many great treatises invaluable to physicians and others are beyond the reach of students because they are in a foreign tongue! Sometimes these works are not translated for years; sometimes the great expense prevents them from being translated at all. If they were written in Esperanto, as the scholars of old wrote their books in Latin, they would be immediately available for all nations.

"But one of the greatest goods which would come out of the use of Esperanto was that which Dr. Zamenhof had in mind when he invented it. He was a college student at Warsaw, and was painfully aware of the racial, political and religious misunderstanding which kept the students in a constant state of warfare. He came to the

(Continued on Page 21.)

Going Abroad?

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The Last Rapture

By Rene Maizeroy

Before the war Colonel Champlenac lived at Ban-Saint-Martin, quite at the end of the modest little street which goes up towards Plappeville between the vines and the iron gratings. He lived in a clean little white house with a tiled roof, upon which flocks of pigeons disported themselves, with a garden scarcely bigger than a napkin spread out to dry in the sun, a garden in which clumps of rose-bushes marked out the lawn.

He was a tall old man, dry and thin as a vagabond's staff, with a straight-cut moustache which marked with a white line his long, wrinkled face, the stretched skin of which had the tawny hues of old parchment.

He limped upon his left leg, especially in rainy weather; he had the rough air of a trooper who has played his life fifty times as one throws dice, and he constantly took snuff from a gold snuff-box which the Emperor had given him in the field-hospital after the battle of Champaubert. He spoke in a sharp, strong voice, as if he were still shouting his orders in the midst of a furious cannonade.

He had as many scars as campaigns, and yet held his own right well and made death mark time—as he was wont to say, laughing his great merry laugh.

Of all the pensioners—the veterans covered with chevrons, who had taken part in the great epic, and who now made much of themselves, sitting close together in their corner of the Cafe Colignon—of all these the Colonel seemed the strongest and soundest; and when he was a little warmed by stirring up the far-off memories of his glorious marches, when he had drunk a little more than usual, he would start up like an old cavalry horse who suddenly hears the familiar trumpet-call, and would swear that he would return to service upon the first occasion which offered. He would take down his heavy cuirassier's sword, which had been hacked and reddened in so many battles. They would see that Colonel Eusebe Champlenac was no more broken-down than any conscript twenty years old, and that he could still sit in his saddle and charge at the head of his troop as in the good old days.

These heroic boasts, these oaths of an old trooper who dealt out his words like trumpet-calls, woke up all the others, filled them with a contagious intoxication, made young again all those poor old cracked heads; and when they went home afterwards, still full of illusions and pursuing their dreams, they rummaged in the bottoms of closets, brought out the uniforms carefully kept as relics, put them on and put on also their tarnished epaulets. Then they viewed themselves in the glass for a long time, without seeing that their figures were bowed down, that they had acquired stomachs, and that in these laced and moth-eaten garments, with their big shakos and broken plumes, they looked like the carnival masqueraders whom the street boys follow with mocking shouts.

This close of life, haunted by memories, flowed quietly along, tranquil and almost mechanical. The few sous which he possessed, together with his pension, enabled the Colonel to have good wine in his cellar, to entertain a guest now and then, to be always well clad in his long coats, buttoned up to the throat in the old-fashioned style, and to doze at home, with his old relics, his old maid-servant, Nanine, and his old friends, in an idleness of mind and body which nothing disturbed, neither disquieting anxiety for the morrow, nor the torments of a fierce struggle with poverty, nor the bitterness of regrets.

He had only one relative, a sister who lived in Paris. Upon certain anniversaries they wrote to each other, more from habit than from affection, and they never saw each other, both having that instinctive selfishness, that dread of traveling, which keeps old folks at home. However, when the terrible battle-storm which had laid waste the country was at last over, Mlle. Hortense Champlenac, receiving no tidings and guessing all that her brother must be suffering in his solitude, the tragic overthrow of his beliefs, the wound which his patriotism had received, this black cloud of defeats which covered, like a pall, the splendid visions of the past—considering these things, she packed a few garments in a trunk and hastened to pay a visit to the Colonel.

She found him looking old, dejected, sitting in his big arm-chair, from which he did not rise without moaning like a sick man, as if he were paralyzed. He no longer went out; he had forbidden Nanine to open the blinds; he closed his ears in a kind of rage, so as not to hear the heavy steps of the German sentries who passed through the little street. From time to time he shook his fist at some imaginary enemy; his whole body trembled, shaken by furious anger; and he cried in his rough voice: "Blackguards, blackguards!"

Ah! The gallant discourses at the Cafe Colignon, the youthful thoughts, the outbursts of enthusiasm, the little glasses which clinked together, the blustering plans which had frightened the plump cashier, seated at her counter and silent behind her open account-book and her plates, upon which the pieces of sugar were arranged in rows! How they had humiliated the wretched people! How the people had suffered during those days when the cannon never ceased to growl, and in which they were caught in a network which still grew tighter round them day by day, while they were crushed by famine and by hatred!

Then the downfall had come! That beautiful army, which had always been victorious, was decimated, dragged like a sick herd into Germany, the horses turned loose on the outskirts of Metz, the flags burnt or surrendered, and hope failing. Bad tidings followed each other, and then the peace which dismembered the land like a dead beast of prey.

These strokes had been like the terrible blows of a hammer falling upon the Colonel's worn-out brain, following each other in an unfailing procession. The finale came when there was imposed upon him the humiliation of being forced to entertain some of the Bavarian cavalrymen in his own home, to be the host of those men whom he had formerly ordered as a master; in the midst of his dear relics, arms hanging upon the walls, portraits of marshals, tattered standards riddled by bullets, to see these lumbering conquerors who spat upon his floors, who jabbered a hateful language, who stole everything that they found, and who laughed in his face with a heavy, brutal laughter.

Hortense hastened to snatch the Colonel from this cruel contemplation, which was killing him like a cleverly protracted torture. She took him off to Paris with her. He made no resistance, and let himself be taken away by these two women, his sister and Nanine, like a little child. He did not weep when he heard the gate close behind him. He did not even turn his head sadly to take a last look at the white front of his house, at the rose-bushes which the butterflies surrounded with a fluttering of white wings. He said not a word, sad or gay or anxious. Only, at times, his cry of rage contracted his lips: "Blackguards, blackguards!"

It was not insanity, but a suspension of his being, an absolute failure of all his powerful faculties, something like death without being dead. In their small apartment on the Rue Turbigo, the old man remained prostrate for days, watching through the window-panes the movements of the pedestrians and of the carriages. He did not reply to the questions addressed to him. They rolled him from room to room in a wheel-chair. The years followed each other without bringing any change in his condition, without quickening this extinct mind or reviving these broken forces.

One summer evening, a stifling evening in July, when Nanine had propped him up on the pillows by the window-sill, the old man suddenly started and, before the sight which met his eyes, seemed to be miraculously restored. He leaned forward to see better, to see everything, and in an eager voice he called to his sister:

"Little sister! Little sister, look there! See those flags everywhere, those lanterns—"

In the golden mist of the twilight which was covering the depths below with a vague haze, from all the windows, from all the balconies, floated the tri-colored flags, joyous, flaunting, waving before the least breath of air which came from the Seine. The radiant hues, melted together, shone like a bunch of rockets and diffused through all this tranquil nightfall a fairy light, red, white and blue. The shrill cries, the shouting of songs, all the gayety of a careless, happy people, rose up from the swarming street, rose from the four corners of Paris like the heavy sound of a fabulous tide. Now, standing erect, no longer trembling upon his legs, drawing himself up to his full height, the Colonel strove to understand, brought together the confused ideas scattered in his brain, restrained with his hand the wild beating of his heart. A holiday, the flags hoisted, their glory hovering over the crowds, the salvos of artillery sounding above the triumphal music—all these things could only mark the end of a victorious war, could only be in honor of the armies returning from the frontier.

"Little sister, you are hiding something from me. We have beaten them, have we not? We have retaken Metz and Strasburg from them, and have swept away all those vermin?"

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

(Ralph E. Renaud, the author of the following excellent parody, was for many years a well known San Francisco newspaperman. Less than a year ago he left this city for the larger field of New York. The "Refugees' Rubaiyat" was written very shortly after the disaster of April, 1906, and was published in the Bulletin. Professor Henry Morse Stephens liked it so much that he declared he would embalm it in the pages of his great History of the Earthquake and Fire. But that eagerly awaited offspring of the professor's mind is still unborn, so the verses might just as well be embalmed in this series.)

XLIX—REFUGEES' RUBAIYAT

By Ralph E. Renaud

I

Wake! for the Shock which scattered into flight
The sleepers in their underclothes bedight
Has raised the roof and brought the chimneys down
And given Mrs. Grundy such a fright.

II

Before the glimmer of the flames had died
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the bottles are set up within,
Why lags the thirsty traveler outside?"

III

But no cork popped, and those who stood before
The Tavern shouted, "Open, then, the door!"
Yet still the stern policeman barred the way,
And still the thirsty refugees forebore.

IV

Ah, not a drop that from our cups we threw
For earth to drink of but we keenly rue;
To quench this inner, unextinguished fire
What profits ginger ale or iron brew?

V

Would but this desert of the barroom yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed revealed!
But posted on the swinging door appears
The Mayor's proclamation—unrepealed!

VI

Ah, sadly pour the ginger pop which clears
The toper's eye despite protesting tears.
Tomorrow! Why, tomorrow he may be
In roaring Oakland, throwing dice for beers.

VII

The seismograph but writes, and having writ,
The scientists can't seem to make it quit,
And yet how comforting these daily quakes
Which soothe the nerves and calm the temper—NIT!

VIII

A can of corned beef underneath the bough,
A coffee pot, a loaf of bread—and Thou
Beside me cooking in a vacant lot,
Ah, wilderness were Paradise enow.

IX

A moment's halt—a momentary taste
Of army rations o'er the camp fire placed,
And then the weary refugee creeps back
The route he took in such unseemly haste.

X

Think, in the battered caravanserai
They called the Palace no one needs to pay.
Now anyone can run a hotel bill
And pitch his tent where once the clerk got gay.

XI

They say the homeless and the hoboes keep
The courts where Nob Hill gloried and drank deep,
And while the bread line lasts the millionaire
Rubs elbows with the grimy chimney sweep.

XII

Ah, Love, could you and I with Fate conspire
To wreck this sorry scheme of things entire—
If we would shatter it to bits—why, then
We'd surely choose an earthquake and a fire!

The Spectator

Ruef a Frost

Thus far Mr. Abe Ruef has not made good from the standpoint of yellow journalism. Up to Monday of this week his autobiography has been flat, stale and unprofitable. He has not kept the town on the qui vive. There has been nothing like breathless interest in his narrative. The circulation that Donald Lowrie stimulated till Publisher Crothers almost died with elation has been steadily dropping back to normal, and though Publisher Crothers has kept on posting the figures he is about to utter a Macedonian cry for an Alfred David witness of the Riderhood type. It is no secret that Editor Older has been much disgruntled. Day after day he has prodded his San Quentin correspondent in the hope of inducing him to come through with some intimate details of a really sensational character, but Ruef has proved obstinate. He has been going through the same experience that he so graphically describes in the affidavit which he made when the immunity contract was broken. Expostulated with to put a little ginger into his narrative he has responded with a lot of verbiage about his own wonderful achievements as a political strategist. Indeed, he has deftly employed the Bulletin as a means of glorifying himself and swatting the people who have been trying to get him out of jail. He has told us that during Schmitz's first term in office the attacks made on him were inspired by a desire to destroy the Union Labor party. It was the Bulletin, be it remembered, that made most of the attacks. Ruef has pictured himself as a public spirited citizen to whom we are indebted for averting serious labor troubles, but he has said nothing of his proposal to Rudolph Spreckels to "tie up the whole city" and scare off bond buyers. Ruef is not confessing anything that would be discordant with the rhapsody of self-laudation that runs through his serial story.

A Johnsonite Crucified

What Ruef has told us about his employment as attorney for public service corporations is not new. Nor is it untrue. But the story is not satisfactory to the men who prosecuted the graft cases. It was for sticking to that story, for not interlarding it with a few misrepresentations calculated to support scores of indictments, that the immunity contract was broken. So the Bulletin has kindly enabled Ruef to make a liar of the Bulletin, for, of course the Bulletin is now endorsing Ruef's story. Also the Bulletin has enabled Ruef to crucify one of the warmest friends of the Johnson administration, a distinguished

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civic patriot who is now one of Governor Johnson's jobholders, no less a personage than the Hon. George C. Pardee. The chapters on the Tartuffe of Oakland are the most interesting of all of Ruef's contributions. They were read with something of satisfaction in Town Talk's office because they are corroborative of much that has been said in these columns with reference to the great man who was "turned down" by the Santa Cruz convention.

Pardee and the Octopus

For having "turned down" Dr. Pardee the Santa Cruz convention is remembered by the dear people as the most infamous body that ever transacted any political business in this country—only up to the time, to be sure, that Roosevelt was "turned down" in Chicago. The performance at Santa Cruz was iniquitous because Dr. Pardee was a reformer, and like the Colonel he was the implacable enemy of the bosses. Now we learn, thanks to the Bulletin, that Abe Ruef was a most welcome guest beneath the Pardee rooftree, at the Pardee fireside, in the very heart of the Pardee family. We learn, thanks to the Bulletin, that Pardee was supported by the Octopus, but that in the hope of cancelling his obligations he affected the suspicion that the beast had been disloyal to him, and that Ruef had to give him the assurance that the S. P. put up large wads of money for his campaign expenses. What a luminous sidelight is thus thrown on one of our typical reformers! Here is a man who has been posing as a victim of Southern Pacific vengeance. If the Southern Pacific put him in office surely the Southern Pacific ought not to be execrated for kicking him out of office. It appears from Ruef's story that Dr. Pardee is doubly obligated to the Southern Pacific. He is indebted to the Southern Pacific for a great honor he once received, and he is indebted to the Southern Pacific for the office he now holds. For if the Southern Pacific had not kicked him out of office he would be bearing its brand today. The Southern Pacific made a reformer out of him in the way that most reformers are made, and as a reformer he became eligible to the favor of Reformer Johnson.

There Was No Flag

That Abe Ruef is showing considerable talent as a writer of romance is the opinion of some who are able to check up from memory the inaccuracies in his published story. A politician with a keen memory who has at his finger-ends the details of every political meeting held "south of the slot" for twenty-five years told me the other day that Ruef's story about wrapping the American flag around Pardee to prevent the crowd from attacking him was fiction unadulterated by any element of truth. "I remember that meeting well," he said. "Ruef's crowd was pretty nervous when Pardee entered the meeting place, but there was no danger of personal violence, and there was not much noise until Pete Kelly in announcing that Mayor Schmitz was for Pardee mispronounced the mayor's name ridiculously by a slip of the tongue. That started the uproar, principally of laughter. The noise continued when Pardee appeared, and there were some hisses. Congressman Julius Kahn was with Pardee, and there was considerable curiosity as to what he would do. Julius had never been hissed during his political career. Without hesitating he sprang to the front of the platform, told the crowd how the Republican party had built the city a Postoffice on the lot where soup kitchens stood during the Democratic administration, and held the crowd without difficulty. He was applauded when he got through. Then Pardee spoke. But there was no American flag wrapped around him. Ruef invented that little touch of color."

World's Fair Progress

The work on the World's Fair seems to be progressing very satisfactorily. The filling-in of the water lots goes along at a good pace, and pretty soon the fence around the exposition grounds will be in course of construction. That fence will look like business, and will no doubt silence the few grumblers who think that the Fair is not going ahead rapidly enough. Meanwhile the various States are picking out the sites for their buildings. Fifteen States and territories, including Hawaii and the Philippines, have already chosen the spots where they will display their resources in 1915. Before the month is ended the first foreign country will have its commissioners in San Francisco for the same purpose. That country is Japan which has despatched three representatives to this city.

Hiram Not in Evidence

Governor Johnson is very sorry he attacked the officials of the World's Fair, and has let them know as much. But he doesn't take any part in exposition business. There has been no direct communication between him and the exposition officials since the clash which occurred in the primary campaign. He has not honored the headquarters in Pine street with his presence. It's doubtful whether he has ever gone out to Harbor View to look things over since the work began. He didn't even take the trouble to extend the hand of welcome to Governor John K. Tener of Pennsylvania who was here over the Fourth of July to pick out a site for the Keystone State building. Governor Tener chose the site on July 5, and naturally the occasion was a ceremonious one. But Governor Johnson was not present. Then there was a reception to Governor Tener at the Fairmont. On this occasion also Governor Johnson did not put in an appearance. Governor Tener paid a visit to the Elks Club and to the Bohemian Club. At both of these places Governor Johnson was conspicuous by his absence. No doubt he was too busy attending to the interests of the Bull Moose party in California. Besides, Governor Tener is not a Progressive. He belongs to that wing of the party which Governor Johnson is so fond of calling "thieves" and "bandits."

To Celebrate Magna Charta

On June 15, 1215, bad King John met his barons on the field of Runnymede and gave Magna Charta to the people of England. So during the Exposition the English-speaking world will celebrate the seven hundredth anniversary of the Great Charter of liberties. It is proposed to have a special celebration of this anniversary at our World's Fair. The plan is to invite the hundred best legal minds of the world to meet in convention in San Francisco and to consider ways and means of uplifting the judiciary and improving legal proceedure. When this convention of one hundred makes its report, the idea is to submit it to a great gathering of other distinguished lawyers for their approval or disapproval. In this way the best legal minds of the world will be trained upon problems of immense importance, and no doubt far-reaching reforms will thus come out of San Francisco. In addition to this, it is proposed that a great historical pageant of Runnymede be prepared for the entertainment of ordinary people who cannot be expected to take an absorbing interest in the deliberations of the lawyers' convention. The plans for this great commemoration of Magna Charta have not been worked out in detail, but no doubt we shall hear from John Brisben Walker, the director of publicity, on the matter in due time.

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Percy Distinguishes

When our ingenious city attorney, Percy Long, was called upon to justify the employment of a New York expert to draw up a schedule of street railway improvements for the municipality, he pointed out that the hiring of a non-resident would not be against the provisions of the Charter because such a man was not an "employe" in the meaning of the Charter but merely a "contractor." A contractor, according to Percy, is a man who issues "special orders," not necessarily a man who bids on city work. But when "Teddy" Vogt who lives across the bay was a candidate for the position of municipal orchestra leader, and it was deemed inexpedient to give him the job, Percy found that an orchestra leader was a city employe and must therefore live in the city. Vogt's friends tried to show that the position was that of a contractor. Did not an orchestra leader issue "special orders" to his musicians? But there was nothing doing. Percy interpreted the Charter so as to bar out "Teddy." Perhaps he thought Vogt's friends were "kidding" him.

The Nevada Apex Case

In Carson City they talk of nothing these days except the trial of the Apex case in which the owners of the Mammoth National and National mines are lined up against one another for a fight to the finish. Carson has never before seen such a gathering of legal luminaries and mineralogical scientists. The Mammoth National mine is controlled by a group of Californians, mostly millionaires, which includes Will Tevis, R. G. and Al Hanford, Charles Holbrooke Jr., William McGuire, A. C. Eisen and Robert Cords Jr. The case is being handled for them by W. H. Metson of this city. With Metson in Carson is his secretary, Miss Ryan, herself a lawyer, who appears in the court room every day with her stenographer and takes a lively interest in the case. Needless to say, the judge, the opposing lawyers and the spectators take a lively interest in Miss Ryan. Rufus Thayer is associated with Metson in the handling of the case. Among the experts retained by the local people are Professor Lawson of the University of California and Professor Jones of the University of Nevada. These and other scientists are receiving an honorarium of one hundred dollars a day, and it is conceded that they are all earning their money, for Apex litigation is most complicated and the present case is one of the most intricate of its kind. The National mine is controlled by a group of capitalists with headquarters in Chicago. They are represented by W. H. Dickson of Salt Lake, an attorney who has the reputation of being one of the best authorities on mining law in the world. George W. Bartlett of Nevada, former Congressman, is his associate. The National people have matched the array of scientists assembled by the Mammoth National owners, and the case is in reality a battle of highly specialized scientific testimony. The local men occupy thirty-three rooms in one of Carson's hotels, and the fight is costing them thousands of dollars every day it continues. And the lawyers' fees will be tremendous. But the stake is a large one. If the local men win, it will mean many millions to them, for the National mine has taken at least fourteen millions out of what is claimed, in part, as Mammoth National ground. On the other hand, if they lose they will at least gain two million dollars.

The Split in the French Colony

There were two celebrations of the Fall of the Bastile in this city last Sunday. The French colony is split into two factions, and there is so much bitterness that a harmonious celebration of the whole colony under one roof was impossible. So the adherents of one faction celebrated the great day in the Sutter-street Pavilion with dear old Fuzzy Wuzzy as the principal speaker, while the adherents of the other faction filled Scottish Rite Hall and listened to Supervisor Caglieri and Mayor Stitt Wilson of Berkeley. Henri Merou, the French consul, refused to take sides, and cut the Gordian knot of his difficult position by refusing to attend either celebration. Mayor Rolph solved the problem in much the same way, except that instead of refusing to attend he was "unable" to attend. The differences in the colony have been aired for some time in the two hostile French newspapers, but it would take an expert to state them clearly. It is not so long ago that the Irish societies had a similar fracas over the celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

He Answered McCombs

The selection of William F. McCombs of New York to head the committee which will handle Woodrow Wilson's Presidential campaign will naturally bring out a lot of information about this comparatively unknown young lawyer. Let me get in on the ground floor with a story When Judge Parker was running for President McCombs was a candidate for the New York Assembly, and was beaten. One night he was addressing an open-air meeting on the subject of the tariff. He recounted the various necessaries of life upon which the consumer is compelled to pay a tax, and then paused dramatically. "What, my friends, is there left? What is there upon which the American workingman does not have to pay a premium for the support of special privilege?" McCombs didn't expect an answer, but he got one. From a disgruntled auditor came the response: "Hot air and kids!" And McCombs ceased orating.

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Satire From Alameda

Being only an editor I am permitted to lose my tranquility of temper, if not when I fail to get applause commensurate with my merit, at least when I see a smartaleck indulging his propensity to ridiculous display. If I have one weakness it is that I permit the smartaleck to be my pet aversion. Now I have flattered myself that of this breed there is not one among all the fortunate readers of Town Talk. In my pride I have said, "There is never anything in this paper to attract the attention of a smartaleck. It is just the sort of paper that no smartaleck would ever care to read." Fancy my chagrin then to receive this letter:

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir. I have always been of the opinion that the Spectator did not know whereof he wrote and I am strengthened in this on reading that the name of the President of Columbia University is William Murray Butler. When did he change his name from Nicholas Murray Butler? Or is Nicholas his standpat name and William his progressive name? Would the Spectator kindly take a week or two off and look this matter up for me. I would be very thankful to him if he would put me right in the matter.

Very truly yours,

—Walter R. Graham.

Mr. Graham vindicates his confidence in himself not only by signing his name but also by giving his address which is 552 Santa Clara avenue, Alameda.

Philosophic Scrutiny

Mr. Graham has the brand of the smartaleck blown in the bottle. You can tell him because unconsciously he has written himself down what he is. Being something of a philosopher, for the edification of my readers I will examine him as a scientist would a beetle. I will not admonish him, knowing that admonition would fall on his head like the tap of a woodpecker on a steel rail. Observe, my beloved disciples, the smirk of conceit in the face of our smartaleck as he gazes at me while I stand before him convicted in his opinion of having perpetrated a gross blunder in what ought to be a common heritage of knowledge. "I have always been of the opinion" he solemnly observes, "that the Spectator did not know whereof he wrote, and I am strengthened in this on reading," etc. Observe how my correspondent felicitates himself on having made the discovery of prodigious importance that I appeared to be unfamiliar with the Christian name of President Butler. Mr. Graham himself, knowing President Butler's true name, and being swollen with the pride of his wonderful knowledge, hastens to grin at me through a horse-collar. The smartaleckness of my correspondent is evidenced by this,—that he has always suspected me of being ignorant of what I wrote and, presumably, has been lying in wait to trip me by the heels without getting the opportunity till I wrote "William" instead of "Nicholas." Thus his unconscious confession. The average reader of Town Talk knows that my blunders are not at all like angels' visits. Almost anybody but a smartaleck would be able to catch me in one every week. I have discovered a few myself and gasped at them. He has missed a very poignant sensation who has not blushed in secret over some very hideous lapse and felt like hiding his diminished head from the accusing light of day. But to return to Mr. Graham of Santa Clara avenue. I have given him much space by way of warning not to himself but to others whom I would admonish to renounce the ways of the village cut-up ere Death snatches them to the lowest ring of Dante's inferno. It is men with intellects of the smartaleck order who rock the boat, strike at objects in their path with the butt end of a loaded gun and most enthusiastically devote themselves to the service of mankind in general and T. R. in particular.

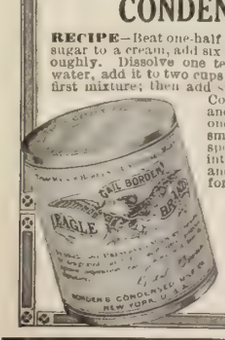


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The Tragedy of Woman

Far be it from me to suggest that there is anything of misanthropia in Miss Akins' poetry. Something there is, however, of a melancholy disposition. Indeed it is the keynote of her finest poems, melodious outpourings of a soul leaning passionately backwards to the ecstasies of a past vibrant with ardent sentiment. But there is one poem in which I find something of protest against the lot of woman. Herein she takes for her text, as it were, the observation of Balzac "The life of every woman is one of three tragedies—celibacy, marriage or unchastity." By means of the monologue she expresses revolt against each of

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the three, grouping them all as tragedy. The monologue of the wife will probably meet with warm approval in club circles:

For at the altar was my freedom slain,
My dreams have all been shattered past retrieve,
And servitude has dulled and broken me . . .
I am a cloud that sends a little rain
To bring forth harvest I shall never see.

It is hard to say which of the three women finds her lot the most tragic.

A Sonnet

Zoe Akins is not a poet of a single mood, but her melancholy is the dominant note of her temperament. Her verses abound in heart-cries of a melodious tenderness that moves, and they are vivid with the circumstances of real existence. Though she has great admiration for Swinburne, as I learn from one of her poems, unlike him she is not interested in words and phrases, but rather in the great truths of life and emotion. There is one splendid excellence which her poetry has—the excellence of sincerity, courage and clarity. She has thought to express, and she does not weight it down with wordy decoration or besmear it with verbal color. Here is a sonnet the subject of which has induced mawkishness in many a poet, but which Zoe Akins handles with sympathy and with dignity:

Since I had heard them speak of her great shame
I looked upon her face with curious eyes,
But pity in my heart became surprise,—
Finding not any havoc there, nor flame;
Only a little smile that went and came,
As if she knew a mirth too great and wise
And far too proud to serve the world with lies,
Disdaining as she did its praise or blame.

She who had passed through sin, as through a door,
Stayed not upon the steps to wail and beat
Against the portal closed for evermore:
But smiled and went her way with tireless feet,
When night had passed and the long day begun;—
So Hagar faced the desert with her son.

Mary Is a Genius

Mary Austin is a genius. I don't have to prove it because she admits it. The interesting admission will be found in the preface of her new book, "A Woman of Genius" which is soon coming out and which, Mary modestly admits, is largely autobiographical. "The book is autobiographical in essence," says Mary, and of course the title describes herself. She is the woman of genius. The dictionary defines a genius as "a person of phenomenal faculties, or extraordinary and original powers for intellectual invention, construction, interpretation or expression." That Mary has proved her right to be considered such a person by reason of writing "The Land of Little Rain," "The Arrow Maker" and other books and plays, Mary is quite willing to affirm. But she takes her position as a genius rather sorrowfully than with exultation. Thus, in her preface to the new book which is autobiographical she says: "If I know anything of genius (and of course Mary must because she is one) it is wholly extraneous, derived, impersonal, flowing through and by. I cannot tell you what it is, but I hope to show you a little of how I was seized of it, shaped; what resistances opposed to it, what surrenders. I mean to put as plainly as possible how I felt it fumbling at my earlier life like the sea at the foot of the tidal wall, and by what rifts in the structure of living its inundation rose upon me; by what practices and passions I was enlarged to it, and by what well meaning to my friends I was cramped and hardened. But of its ultimate operation, once it had worked up through my stiff clay, of triumphs, profits, all the intricacies of technique, gossip of rehearsals, you shall hear next to nothing."

No Credit to Herself

But Mary takes no credit to herself for being a genius. She just couldn't help it. It wasn't her fault or her merit, as you please. Listen further: "What I mean to go about is the exploitation of the personal phases of genius, of which when it refers to myself you must not understand me to speak of it as a peculiar merit, like the faculty of presiding at a woman's club or baking sixteen pies of a morning; rather as a seizure, a possession which overtook me unawares, like on of those insidious Oriental disorders which you may never die of, but which can never be cured. You shall hear how I did stave it off in my youth for the sake of a working tailor and men's outfitter, and was nearly intimidated out of it by the wife of a Chicago attorney who had something to do with stocks; how I was often very tired of it and many times, especially in the earlier periods, I should have been happiest to have been quit of it altogether." So you see, being a genius is no small job, no primrose occupation. Poor Mary! fate decreed that she should be a genius, and she's not quite reconciled to the decree. No doubt she would be much happier if fate had allowed her to be a housewife baking sixteen pies of a morning!

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To Give Up the Desert

Friends of Mary Austin, by the way, will regret to learn that she was overcome by the terrific heat in New York a few days ago. Her prostration occurred in the street. She was hurried to the National Art Club nearby, and afterwards taken home. Her condition was not serious. Mrs. Austin is not going to miss the opportunity to vote this fall any more than Mrs. Atherton is. She will come home soon, and take up her residence at Carmel among the lights of literature. No more books about the desert will come from Mary Austin's pen. "I shall never write another book about the desert or about primitive life in the Far West," she says. "The desert was generous to me with its material, but I feel that I have gone as far with it as I care to. But others will find plenty of material in the desert for years to come, for the fascination of the life is great."

That Desert Fascination

What Mary Austin says about the fascination of the desert cannot be gainsaid. I wonder if the desert places exercise their lure chiefly on women? Mary Austin is not the only Californian woman who has surrendered to that call of the arid places, but she was one of the first. When very young she went with her family and took up a homestead claim on the edge of the desert slope of the Sierras. She was married there and went with her husband who was a Registrar of the United States Land Office, further into the desert to a mining country about a day's journey north of Death Valley. She was the only white woman within thirty miles. Another Californian who had this experience was Gertrude Boyle, the sculptor, now Mrs. Kanno. She spent a long time alone on the Arizona wastes. And more recently the lure of the Sahara was so strong for Mrs. Hugo Mansfeldt that she made two trips into the Garden of Allah.

"I understand bathing suits are higher this year," remarked the summer girl.

"Yes," replied the callow salesman, blushing slightly. "I believe they have gone up several inches."

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Across the Bay

There is a steady drift of home buyers from all sections to Berkeley. In the Cragmont district alone which is handled by Harold Havens & Co. one thousand lots have been sold of late, the average price being $1,200. Several new homes are now in course of construction in this district, and there are fewer houses vacant this season than ever before. There is also a steady demand for home sites in the Northbrae properties comprised in one of the most beautiful tracts across the bay, which has been artisically embellished by Mason, McDuffie & Co. A franchise has been granted to the Euclid Avenue Railroad to extend its system to the center of this tract. When this road is built the section will have unsurpassed transportation facilities—local connections with four depots, two of the Key Route and two of the Southern Pacific. Building operations are active in this tract. Among the other attractive Berkeley tracts is Kensington Park up among the Berkeley hills. Homes in this park are subject to restrictions. Running through it are beautiful boulevards and there are monumental entrance three hundred and fifty feet in width. The indications are that Rockridge will soon have the most cultured colony across the bay. It is attracting artistic folks and people of wealth and taste. One resident has embellished his home at a cost of $125,000.

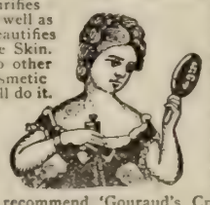
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Jennie Crocker, Adieu!

"She married and rode away." Yes, she married in millionaire splendor and rode away in her private car, "Mishawaka." And so, we shall have no more occasion to speak of Jennie Crocker of Hillsborough. Henceforth it must be Mrs. Malcolm Whitman of Fifth avenue, New York. We are all sorry to see her go; for we all had reason to be proud of her. Our richest daughter, she was at the same time one of our sweetest, our most attractive, our most unaffected and our most loyal girls. The difficulties of her gilded position she solved easily, for she was modest, well behaved. She always showed a dislike for vulgar display and ostentation. Her wealth was not a curse but a blessing. She used it to make other people happy. She was a true, a steadfast friend; she loved little children. She had a healthy delight in God's great Out-of-Doors. She was athletic, in moderation, as became a girl who valued her feminine qualities and abhorred aping rough masculinity. No bluestocking, she was known for her honest appreciation of good things in art, literature, music and the drama. She was, withal, an example to girls not so bountifully favored by fortunte. She was never impressed with her own importance, knowing that the inheritance of money is one of this world's accidents, arguing no special merit in the heir. She has left us, following her husband to his home, and there is none to take her place. A dainty personality has been withdrawn from our midst. Its fragrance remains, but that too must inevitably disappear. And so we say, in all sincerity, "Jennie Crocker, adieu! and God bless you!"

The Note of Simplicity

After regaling us for weeks with details of the approaching wedding that fairly bristled with dollars and corruscated with precious stones, the bavardes accentuated the note of simplicity in their accounts of the marriage ceremony and the subsequent festivities. Simplicity was the keynote of the church decorations, we learn. It showed itself in the profusely scattered white Japanese hydrangea before the chancel, the gilt vases filled with pink tiger lilies on the altar, the garlands of ferns that hid the beamed ceiling, the bay trees along the sides with hundreds of white gardenia flowers tied to them which suggested "a summery, exotic garden," the pink and white hydrangea that hedged the centre aisle and the armsful of the same flower which were tied to each pew with bows of white tulle. The same note of simplicity was evident, we learn, in the dresses of the wedding party and the feminine guests, ninety per cent of which dresses were specially imported from Paris for the ceremony. The note of simplicity was struck again by the pavilion which George Howard designed for the wedding breakfast. This pavilion was so simple that it reminded one bavarde of "one of those highly impressionistic arched palaces put on canvas by Paolo Veronese, the Venetian painter." Reading that gem, I turned to the other papers, confident that another bavarde would be reminded of "the stately pleasure dome" which Kubla Khan decreed "where Alph, the sacred river, ran," but was disappointed. Yes, simplicity was undoubtedly the keynote of the whole gorgous affair.



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MISS CAMILLE DORN

The attractive eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Dorn who is spending the summer with her family at Lake Tahoe.

But it was a simplicity of superlative complexity, the most elaborate, the most splendiferous, the most munificent and the most magnificent simplicity ever displayed in these parts.

A Belasco Wedding

As a matter of fact, the wedding had all the simplicity which David Belasco would give it if he presented it as a scene in one of his melodramas. Hordes of beggars were at the church to supply the note of contrast so necessary in all dramatic portrayals. Intrusive lunatics were hustled away by the police. Constables on horseback and detectives in plain clothes from this city guarded the presents against porch-climbers and thieves. A mob of women stormed the church and attacked the bride, tearing her veil to pieces and despoiling her of her orange blossoms. The men of the wedding party bunched in football formation to clear a way to the motor cars when the ceremony was over. And when the bride was boarding her special car, the groom guarded her luggage with a drawn revolver. That was the final Belasco touch. A drawn revolver in the hand of a groom at a wedding in a San Francisco suburb! And this in the year of grace 1912! 'Twas a note that would have accorded with the armed simplicity of the red shirt days of forty-nine, but surely it was out of tone with twentieth century simplicity.

Crocker-Whitman Bavardage

There were some things in the accounts of the wedding which it is rather difficult to understand. For instance: "The decorations in the church, the tented pavilion, the almost magical garden and fountain, all reflect the personality of the bride." I should like to know how church decorations, a pavilion and a garden can reflect anybody's personality. The fountain might reflect Miss Crocker's face if she took the trouble to bend over it, Narcissus-like, when the water was still. But how her personality? Then again, I am troubled about the architecture of that pavilion. One bavarde said it suggested a Durbar edifice, so it must have been oriental in architecture. Another found it "impressionistic," whatever that means. This bavarde further complicates matters by combining impressionism with a reference to Paolo Veronese who was everything the impressionists were not. Still another suggests that it was classic in design. I give it up. Will Architect George Howard please set them all right? Another mystery—best man Harold Fitzgerald was described as "a member of an old Knickerbocker family of New York." Now, how in the name of that interesting branch of philology which deals with patronymics, can a Fitzgerald be a Knickerbocker? Did some branch of the royal Irish house of the Fitzgeralds settle in Holland and go thence with other Dutch settlers to New York?

Threats of Injury

When Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman drove away from their wedding in a shower of rice and flowers the guests noticed a second automobile that rounded the house and followed in the wake of the limousine that held the bride and groom. Many supposed it was for the young couple to finish the drive to the station after leaving the grounds in the gayly decorated car that dragged a dainty white slipper behind it. But the initiated knew it carried plain clothes men to guard the person of the bride who had been threatened in letters from cranks in the past weeks. At the station the detectives took up their stand before bride and groom alighted and as they made their way to the private train awaiting them young Whitman held his revolver in plain view of any possible assailant. To the solicitude of Whitman and Henry T. Scott were due these precautions. Mrs. Whitman herself scouted thoughts of fear for her safety although she arranged to have the wedding gifts well guarded. It is generally agreed that not excepting Helene Irwin when she married Templeton Crocker no California bride has received anything like the

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collection of gold and silver plate, jewels and works of art bestowed on the heiress of Crocker millions. Mrs. Whitman told a friend that much of the silver plate and many bits of valuable bric-a-brac would be left in her California home at San Mateo. The remainder of the collection will be duly installed in the Fifth avenue mansion to be occupied by the Whitmans in New York.

Templeton Didn't Know

I have just heard that Jennie Crocker kept her engagement to Malcolm Whitman an absolute secret up to the time of the formal announcement. When I say "an absolute secret," I mean it literally. Most secrets are entrusted to a favored few, but not even her brother Templeton Crocker or her grandmother Mrs. Easton knew that Jennie was engaged until she wired the news from New York. Just how she managed to keep so important a bit of news from her closest relatives I am not prepared to say, but it's the fact nevertheless. Perhaps the circumstance that the courtship was an epistolary one in the main may help to account for Jennie's success in keeping everybody in the dark. At any rate, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker were astonished beyond measure one evening about seven o'clock when they received from Jennie in New York a brief wire stating that she was prepared to announce her coming marriage to Mr. Whitman. They hadn't had an inkling of the truth. They knew of course that Jennie and Malcolm were friends, but attributed that to Jennie's affection for the deceased Mrs. Whitman for whom she had been a bridesmaid. That her heart was in the friendship they learned for the first time from that short telegram. Templeton Crocker rang up Mrs. Easton at San Mateo and read the wire to her. Mrs. Easton was just as much astonished as the Templeton Crockers were. Needless to say, all of them were delighted with the news. They all knew Whitman and approved of him. Templeton Crocker immediately communicated the news to the papers. In one newspaper office his telephone call was answered by a young reporter who failed to realize the importance of the engagement as a newspaper "story." He made a note of the names, asked no questions and said "much obliged." When his city editor learned what he had done he went up in the air.

Lost California Fortunes

Jennie Crocker's is the third Crocker fortune to go to New York. But we are getting used to that sort of thing. Nearly every large fortune founded here in earlier days has gone away, at least in part. The Mackay fortune which went to Clarence and the Princess Colonna is no longer with us. The Hopkins fortune went to Boston when Mrs. Hopkins married Searles. The



Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS IRENE CAUBU

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Caubu whose engagement to Oliver M. Rousseau was announced recently. The wedding will take place when the Caubus return from abroad.

Sharon millions went to England. So did a large part of the Huntington millions. The Fair fortune went to New York with Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt. The Whitelaw Reids absorbed a large part of the Mills money. Part of the O'Brien estate went East. "Billy" Bourne's daughter took her dot to Ireland when she became Mrs. Vincent. A large part of the Murphy fortune crossed the continent too. Much of the Parrott money has been spent abroad. And the Hastings millions went the same way. But to balance matters, we have Mrs. Carolan who brought hither the Pullman millions. And there are others.

Miss Clover Was There

Miss Eudora Clover of Washington was among the Eastern guests who came in for a lot of attention at the wedding. She was there with her parents Admiral and Mrs. Richardson Clover who came from their summer home at St. Helena for the occasion. Mrs. Clover was a belle in society as Dora Miller, when the bride's mother was a girl in the same circles. The rumor that Miss Clover is engaged to young Franklyn Ellis of Washington who is now in California caused interested speculation. A friend ventured to ask the Admiral if rumor was true and received an evasive answer: "Ask Mrs. Clover." As for Miss Eudora she neither denied nor affirmed. Young Ellis is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis whose sensational divorce suit startled Washington society last week. Mrs. Ellis is a close friend of Mrs. Taft. They were girls together in Cincinnati. She has filed suit for absolute divorce the papers in the case being sealed. Since this action was taken her husband has resigned his membership in the fashionable Chevy Chase and Metropolitan Clubs. Their son, the reputed fiancee of Miss Clover,

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W. A. SHEDD, Head Master

is said to have come to California to avoid the notoriety of his parents' domestic troubles and has been visiting in St. Helena. Eudora Clover is one of the heiresses of Washington society and the Ellis family is wealthy so the marriage would unite two large fortunes.

Dorothy Tennant Married

Some of the New York papers gave a lot of space the other day to news of the marriage of Dorothy Tennant, the actress, to Robert M. Catts, concerning whose financial standing there has been much speculation and various contradictory reports. Mrs. Catts is described as "the daughter of John Tennant, a wealthy real estate man of San Francisco." This description is misleading. Dorothy Tennant was very well known in San Francisco about ten years ago, but not as the daughter of a wealthy real estate dealer. She came from San Jose where her family was at one time quite prominent and in prosperous circumstances. In this city she worked as a stenographer in the office of Hall McAllister, the attorney, and she went on the stage about the time that he abandoned the law and took to the drama. A beautiful and most vivacious girl was Dorothy Tennant, somewhat of the same temperament as Eleanor Sears, given to athletics, skilled as an equestrienne, a fine shot and so fond of pistol practice that she carried a pistol on her graceful person. Some years ago she went to England to visit her cousin, the wife of Sir Henry Stanley the explorer, also a Tennant, and christened Dorothy, too. The Californian girl had a taste of English country life, and astonished the natives with her riding feats. There were several daughters in the Tennant family—Emily who married Henry Spring of San Jose; Mary, who married Robert Gardner of San Rafael, and Marguerite who married Otto Zeigler, the cyclist. When last seen in this city Dorothy Tennant was with the College Widow Company. According to the Eastern press her marriage with Catts took place last December, but the fact was known only to a few friends along Broadway until the other day. In July of last year they were injured while joy-riding and Miss Tennant spent several weeks in a hospital.

Many September Brides

September promises to be as prolific in weddings in the smart set as June. Five of society's belles will be September brides while August will see but one fashionable wedding, that of Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow and Colonel Hamilton Wallace. This will be a very quiet affair in the first week of August at the bride's Pacific avenue home and Mrs. Winslow has declared the guest list will number just six. They may be counted as Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, the latter being Mrs. Winslow's sister, the Harry Stetsons, Miss Ruth Winslow and a brother officer of the groom who will serve as best man. Colonel Wallace who is connected with the pay department of the army in this city has secured only ten days' leave of absence so the wedding journey will be a short one. Of the September brides Miss Julia Langhorne who will wed Lieutenant Parker on the fourteenth is the most important and probably the most popular bride of the season. She was one of the bridesmaids at the Crocker-Whitman wedding and displayed her engagement ring for the first time. It is of sapphires and diamonds, the stones quite large and set in platinum. Miss Marian Miller will probably prove the beauty of the group. On the eleventh she will be the bride of Bernard Ford who by the way is grandson of a former Lord Mayor of London, and nephew of Sir Sydney Waterlow who married a Miss Hamilton of this city. His mother was Hilda Waterlow. The same week will see Miss Ruth Casey the bride of Arthur Brown and the beauty of debutante's row last winter, Miss Isabel Beaver will be maid of honor. Miss Bessie Ashton and John Piggott will be married later in the month as will Miss Miriam McNear and Leo Korbel. The last will be a country wedding at the McNear place near Petaluma. Only one of the brides will be lost to San Francisco society. Julia Langhorne as Mrs. Parker will live at Newport Navy Yard where Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman have promised to visit her in the fall

Wins Beaux Arts Honors

John McMullin is, I hear, winning honors at the Beaux Arts and his venerable grandmother who went to Paris last month to visit him is well pleased with his progress. He will spend another year studying architecture and may decide to enter one of the important Eastern firms. Young McMullin is said to have evidenced talent of a high order and from all accounts bids fair to be famous one of these days. His pretty sister, Miss Eliza McMullin, is at present visiting him in Paris. The European trip of Mrs. McMullin was an unusual undertaking for a lady of her years. She is well past the three score and ten mark, but planned the journey with enthusiasm and is enjoying the Paris shops and theaters with all the zest of her young granddaughter. The family party will tour Germany later in the season.

She Has Changed Her Name

Any bit of news about Mrs. Gouraud, the former Amy Crocker of San Francisco, is acceptable. So let me chronicle the fact that she has changed her name. She is no longer Amy but Aimee. The change seems appropriate. In the first place Mrs. Gouraud now makes her home in Paris, and Aimee is distinctively French. But more important than this, Aimee fits the personality of our temperamental expatriate where Amy does not. Amy is mid-Victorian, domestic, comfortable. It is housewifely and uninspiring. An Amy presides at the range or dusts the parlor, but seems out of place presiding over a salon where the low lights awaken eerie thoughts and subtle perfumes soothe the senses. Aimee, on the other hand, is a name consecrated to the emotions. It means Beloved. It connotes the varying moods of one who has experienced the grand passion. So it is eminently fitting that Mrs. Gouraud should be Aimee and not Amy. I wonder that she didn't make the change years ago.

Her Magnificent Home

Mrs. Aimee Gouraud lives in a magnificent house in the Rue Alfred-Dehodencq which is one of the new streets off the Bois in the Avenue Henri Martin. When she chose the house she was impatient to occupy it, so she employed an army of workmen who labored night and day, completing the necessary alterations within a week. Her gorgeous furniture, including a collection of Chinese and other Eastern pieces, has been installed. The house is now ready for the series of brilliant and bizzare entertainments which Mrs. Aimee plans to give this season. One of the guests at some of these will be Truly Shattuck. A friendship has sprung up between Aimee and Truly, and they are a good deal together in Paris.

Tait's Very Latest

When it comes to doing the "right thing" we must take off our hats to John Tait. His latest departure from the ordinary is giving away a beautiful, high power $1250 Oakland automobile —the prize car. The machine is to be given to lady patrons of the cafe and full particulars as to how the car will be awarded will be given every afternoon in the Tait Cafe, "'tween the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock." "'Tween the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock" is another innovation started by John Tait. Every afternoon between the hours mentioned he has arranged a special treat for patrons of the place. When asked what the "treat" would be he replied, "Come and see." And judging by his past efforts we can imagine the "treat" being well worth while. There's a particularly good entertainment bill at this popular cafe this week and the cuisine and service are up to the usual high standard.

In the Social Spotlight

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Rowardennan are Reginald Paget, Arthur Paget and W. V. Bokklen.

Motoring parties, often consisting of golfers, think nothing of making the run down to Del Monte the latter part of the week and returning home Monday or Tuesday. But all roads lead to Del Monte. A few weeks ago Roy Francis and Frank Bryant came by the air route. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shaw accompanied by Mrs. L. E. Wood and Mr. E. M. Wood arrived early in the week in Mr. Shaw's fine Cadillac. Captain and Mrs. Barneson and Miss Barneson arrived Thursday in his Cadillac, while Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Barneson drove a Stutz. Miss Kiingston was also a member of this family party which was making quite a tour down the coast. Mr. G. Bliss Hermann and Mr. Gerald F. Hermann with Dr. Frank Kinslow went down Thursday for a few days' visit. Mr. Herman drives a fine Winton car. Mr. and Mrs. A. Silverberg and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Liebmann have been playing golf for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kauffmann have just returned home after an enjoyable week. Mr. Whitney Palache, a frequent visitor from San Francisco, paid a week-end visit.

ALL KNIT GOODS SPECIALTIES

NEXT time you buy a Sweater Coat or Bathing Suit, get a "G. & M." Styles right up to the minute. Fabrics of the finest, most dependable quality. Largest assortments. Prices always moderate.

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Wild Animals I Have Met

By Edward F. O'Day

All the years of an adventurous life I have hunted the dangerous animals of the jungle and the veldt. Like Spartacus, I have "never yet lowered my arm"; like Bwana Tumbo, I have never missed a shot. As a child all the animals of Noah's Ark succumbed to my prowess. I can recall vividly tearing tigers limb from limb, beheading elephants and sucking the paint off ferocious leopards. Later on I subdued grizzlies with Harry Castleman and potted giraffes in the Transvaal with Captain Mayne Reid. Stanley and Livingston and Paul du Chaillu were my pals on many a ticklish expedition against the man-eaters of darkest Africa. Sanford and Merton and I were present on that interesting occasion when the soft-hearted Greek drew the thorn from the lion's paw. But such exploits were mere child's play to those which came later. With Sir John Mandeville I penetrated the mysterious recesses of Prester John's domain (where Marco Polo had been before us) and subdued those monstrous ants that dug the precious metal from Mother Earth. I accompanied Baron Munchausen on many a perilous trip, and can verify all the stories told by that greater than Doctor Cook. With Lewis Carroll I stalked the jabberwock to his lair. With Childe Harold I dared the awful beasts of darkness that hindered the onward march to the Dark Tower. I lent a hand when old Hercules chopped the Hydra and gave moral support when St. George lambasted the dragon. Othello and I bagged many a savage animal in the land of the Anthropophagi. With dear old Sir Thomas Browne I hunted specimens of the basilisk that slew with its glance, prepared griffins for the taxidermist and twisted the sharp weapon of the unicorn. I was with Ursus, "the first man who threw the bull," when he laid the aurochs low. More sophisticated hunting was that on which I accompanied a poet when he "followed some roving lion's spoor across the copper-colored plain" or hunted "the river-horses in the slime" or tracked "the ivory-horned tragelaphos." In short, all my days I have been a Nimrod, dealing bloody execution upon dumb brutes. I have hunted through the lairs of Woodwards Gardens, through the jungled Zoos of three Chutes, through the corridors of the gone Academy of Science, through the glass cages of Sutro's Baths and through all the circuses that ever came to town, not forgetting the perilous animal acts at the Orpheum and Adgie with her lions. But never in a career of such hair-breadth adventure, never since with Teddy I waylaid the situtungo and the bushbuck and the bongo, subdued the wagtail and the mongoose and the hartebeest, the springhaas and the dikdik; never since I dipped into the nambypamby pages of Seton-Thompson (or is it Thompson-Seton?) and decided that he knew no wild animals that I should care to know—never, I repeat, have I had such good hunting as I had the other night when I went to Africa with Paul Rainey. I had the time of my life trapping the gentle jackal and the handsome hyena. I absolutely forgot my danger as I followed the leopard to his lair and laid him low. The tough rhinoceros had no terrors for me. The lion keeled over at the crack of my rifle, and I nonchalantly lit my pipe! It was a great experience. As you have seen, my hunting experiences have been many and perilous, but my hat is off to Paul Rainey and his splendid dogs. They can hunt with me again any day in the week.

Gossip of the Theatre

Bessie as "The Rose" Again

In compliance with popular demand the Alcazar management has decided to retain Bessie Barriscale and "The Rose of the Rancho" a second week, commncing next Monday night, which will afford positively the last opportunities to see the charming little actress in the famous Belasco-Tully play. It was planned to have her appear in another of her successful vehicles, but the inability of thousands of her admirers to again witness her entrancing portrayal of Juanita and their request that it be continued one more week necessitated the change of schedule. She has scored the greatest artistic and pecuniary success in the history of the O'Farrell-street home of drama, and her entrance to stardom in New York will be accompanied by very pleasant memory of the farewell tributes bestowed upon her by San Francisco. It is the unanimous opinion that "The Rose of the Rancho" has never been given a more perfect production at the Alcazar than it is now receiving. While the lion's share of the acting honors are awarded Miss Barriscale, of course, her support comes in for no small share of the plaudits so lavishly bestowed after each curtain fall. Asa Lee Willard who was especially engaged to play the heroic Kearny, gives a more than satisfactory performance, and Andrew Bennison who was borrowed to fill the role of Juanita's erratic Spanish suitor, has proved himself a young actor of rare promise. Burt Wesner as the Padre, Louis Bennison as the land-grabber, Charles Gunn as the militia officer, Adele Belgarde as the little senorita's haughty mother and Viola Leach as the coquettish Trinidad are more than equal to the requirements of their respective roles, and none of the minor characters are inadequately represented.

"The Drums of Oude" at the Orpheum

There will be seven new acts in next week's Orpheum bill. Chief among them will be "The Drums of Oude," a one-act drama produced and presented by David Belasco. Its author is Austin Strong, and it packed the Duke of York Theatre, London, for two years. The scene is the tower of an ancient palace in India where a few British soldiers with their women folk are preparing for the coming of the Sepoys. The Sepoys have taken advantage of the absence of the regiment usually stationed at the garrison, and unless it returns in time there is but one thing left for the beseiged soldiers to do and that is to blow up the powder magazine beneath their feet and thus save the women from the unspeakable fate which will be theirs if they fall into the hands of the fanatical and barbarous Hindustani. The story is thrilling and every moment is tense with dramatic suspense. When the climax comes with one of the most impressive battle scenes ever created by the masterly combination of artistically used stage effects and the power of suggestion, an appeal is made to the enthusiasm of the audience that it finds it impossible to resist The cast includes E. J. Ratcliffe, Jack Standing, Harry Rose, John Thomson, W. S. Phillips, H. H. McCollum and Eleanor Scott L'Estelle. Lew Sully, the popular minstrel, will appear in an original conceit entitled "Feminine Fads" in which he will introduce his famous burlesque of Alice Lloyd. The Four Florimonds are a family of foreign equilibrists and jugglers of the free ladders. Stein, Hume and Thomas, "the Melodious Merrymakers," also come next week. Mademoiselle Sealby and Monsieur Duclos, two famous French dancers and the creators of the "No Clasp Waltz," will be seen for the first time in this city. Bert Terrell, the Dutch character vocalist, will also appear. The Eugene Trio are daring and clever gymnasts. May Tully will be the only holdover and will repeat her Reno skit "The Battle Cry of Freedom."



LUCIA LOTTIE COLLINS

The English singing comedienne, at the Pantages Theater.

"The Toad" at the Greek Theatre

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California announces that on Saturday evening, July 20, at 8:15, "The Toad: a Drama of Ancient Egypt," by Bertha Newberry, will be produced in the Greek Theatre. Written especially for production in the open air and requiring no change of scene, this drama which received its first presentations in the Forest Theatre at Carmel-by-the-Sea on the third and fourth of this month, is admirably adapted for performance in the Greek Theatre and an even more successful production than those in the forest Theatre is anticipated. The cast will be the same as at

the initial performances and includes many of the most prominent members of the artistic colony. The drama contains twenty-two speaking parts and requires some seventy-five persons for its presentation. Popular prices will prevail.

Several Features at Pantages

On Sunday there will be the usual change of bill at Pantages, one of the many features being Jules B. Simon's Seven Aviator Girls, nifty singers and dainty dancers, headed by Miss Carlie Lowe, well-known in musical comedy. "Happy's Millions" is a bright little sketch to be presented by William Morrow, Donna Harris and company. A feature of special interest to San Francisco will be the first appearance upon the vaudeville stage of Estelle Allison, well-known in local society circles and an actress of unusual ability. She will present her own musical problem playlet, "The Question," staged in splendid style with



ELEANOR SCOTT L'ESTELLE and E. J. RATCLIFFE
Who will appear in David Belasco's production of "The Drums of Oude" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

beautiful scenic accessories and with capable support. "The Question" is expected to create something of a sensation. Another feature is the first American appearance of Lucia Lottie Collins, the famous English singing comedienne and daughter of Lottie Collins who brought "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" to America and first made that song famous in this country. Miss Collins does not have to depend upon her mother's reputation, however, as she is an artist of recognized ability and has made great hits in the principal English and Australian music halls. Many hearty laughs should be provided by Si Jenks, late of the "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford" company and a Yankee monologist. Max Witt's "Four Harmonious Girls" are dainty and pretty singers and instrumentalists. The Ausonia Trio are Olympic gladiators. Sunlight Pictures, showing several surprises, will complete the bill.

The Gilbert-Sullivan Operas at the Cort

At the Cort, beginning Sunday evening, the New York Casino star cast which includes De Wolf Hopper, Blanche Duffield, Eugene Cowles, George MacFarlane, Kate Condon, Arthur Aldridge, Viola Gillette, Arthur Cunningham, Alice Brady and Louise Barthel are to commence their long heralded season, limited to four weeks, of revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan's most popular works, with an elaborate production of "The Mikado" the bill for the entire first week. After the public has renewed its acquaintance with this delicious travesty on Old Japan, another delight of our early days, "Pinafore," will be given, this opera being scheduled for the second week. On August 4 "Patience" will have its turn and later on "The Pirates of Penzance" will be offered. It was two years ago that Messrs. Shubert and William A. Brady with so many well known musical stars at their disposal came to the conclusion that the time was ripe for a revival of these Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, provided they were properly cast and presented with religious adherence to tradition. That the managers reckoned well is a matter of record, as every revival established the fact that the wit and satire of Gilbert and the melodic charm and vivacity of Sullivan's music still preserved their potency to the fullest degree.

Hackett at the Columbia

Beginning Monday night, July 22, James K. Hackett will appear in "The Grain of Dust" at the Columbia. The book has had more vogue, probably, than any publication in recent years, and Mr. Hackett who is one of the greatest of latter day stars, has given a dramatic version that has intensified the interest in David Graham Phillips' remarkable story. Those who have read the book, and are familiar with Mr. Hackett's work in other plays, will readily understand why he fits the role. The story narrates the amatory and professional adventures of a New York lawyer whose love for an insignificant stenographer leads him to break off his engagement with an heiress, whose father was an important client of the firm of which the younger lawyer was a member. He leaves the firm and marries the stenographer. His clients were taken away from him; his income declined and disappeared and he was on the verge of ruin, when a chance came for him to turn the tables on his enemy. In that hour his wife left him, and embittered against her and the world at large, he set to work with heroic energy and ground his enemy into submission, and rehabilitated himself again in the financial world. Mr. Hackett, as Frederick Norman, has another characterization to add to his gallery of famous stage portraits. In the admirable cast that will be seen in "The Grain of Dust" and other plays that are to have their premieres here are E. M. Holland, Frazer Coulter, Joseph Herbert, Frank Burbeck, Brandon Tynan, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Beatrice Beckley, Lily Cahill, Olive Oliver, Mabel Inslee, Elaine Innescourt, Albert Dantzer, Charles Lane, Eva Vincent, Fred. A. Sullivan and others.

"Apostles of Mirth"

That is what Press Woodruff and Cyrus Brownlee Newton call themselves. They have combined their laugh-provoking and elocutionary resources, much as Twain and Cable did in the old days, and after a tour of the Californian summer resorts will go on the road for a long, and they hope, a prosperous season. Both are well known in San Francisco and elsewhere, and their tour begins under favorable auspices. Woodruff's specialty is humorous monologue, while that of Newton is emotional recitation. To the summer resort guests looking for novelty their coming should be particularly welcome.

AMUSEMENTS

CORT — **Leading Theatre**
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Last Time Tonight Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt Pictures
Beginning Tomorrow (Sunday) Night
The New York Casino Star Cast
De Wolf Hopper
Blanche Duffield — Geo. MacFarlane
Kate Condon — Arthur Aldridge
Viola Gillette — Arthur Cunningham
Alice Brady — Louise Barthel
Eugene Cowles
In a Revival Festival of Gilbert & Sullivan's Greatest Comic Operas Presenting for the First Week
"THE MIKADO"
Second Week—"H. M. S. Pinafore," with Productions of "Patience" and "The Pirates of Penzance" to follow.
Price—50c to $2.00.

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Monday Evening, July 22nd, Begins the Second and Final Week of BESSIE BARRISCALE, Assisted by the Alcazar Company, in David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully's Famous Play of Early California
THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO
A Magnificent Pictorial Production
Prices: Night, 25c to $1.00; Matinee, 25c to 50c.
Matinee: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

COLUMBIA THEATRE
The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783
Beginning Monday, July 22nd
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Special Prices at Wednesday Matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.
Evenings and Saturday Matinee, $1.50 to 25c.
JAMES K.
HACKETT
and his company of
FAMOUS NEW YORK PLAYERS
In the dramatization of David Graham Philipp's Story
"THE GRAIN OF DUST"
No Sunday Performances

Pantage's Theatre
Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week of Sunday, July 21st
SEVEN AVIATOR GIRLS
With Carlie Lowe; William Morrow & Co., Presenting "Happy's Millions"; Ausonia Trio, Olympic Gladiators; Estelle Allison & Co., in Her Musical Playlet, "The Question"; Lucia Lottie Collins, English Singing Comedienne; Si Jenks, Yankee Comedian; Max Witt's 4 Harmonious Girls and Sunlight Pictures.
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.
Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

Orpheum
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
A GREAT NEW SHOW
"THE DRUMS OF OUDE" a one act drama by Austin Strong presented and produced by DAVID BELASCO; LEW SULLY, the Popular Minstrel; FOUR FLORIMONDS, Jugglers on Free Ladders; STEIN, HUME and THOMAS; SEALBY & DUCLOS; BERT TERRELL; EUGENE TRIO; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last week of MAY TULLY & CO. in "THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM."
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Finding in the elimination of the surplus reserve of the Clearing House banks the ammunition which they needed for continuing their attack upon speculative securities, the bear traders in the stock exchange made a successful raid on the list. Prices in the most active stocks dropped from one to three points and some of the specialties showed even heavier losses. Prominent in the drive was a Boston operator of spectacular campaign renown in copper properties. The attack was directed especially against the copper and steel issues. Extensive unloading of steel was explained by the bear pool as being due to the belief that the Stanley congressional committee was preparing a report of an extremely adverse character on the company. Selling was also said to be based on the understanding that the tariff on foreign steel products will be lowered materially in the revision of present duties. Only half-hearted support was given to the market by the banking interests until toward the close of the week when there was a gradual hardening of prices with a fair rally. The selling was thought to be almost entirely in the nature of an extension of the short account. All efforts on the part of the diminished bull forces to explain that the wiping out of the surplus reserve of the Clearing House institutions was due merely to the heavy July interest and dividend disbursements and that this reserve will soon be restored to former proportions by the return of a large part of the money so distributed, proved futile. The bear contingent selected the weakened condition of the banks as an excuse rather than as a well founded reason for its selling operations. Despite the weakened bank conditions the call money markets ruled around 3 per cent. Crop reports continue very favorable, and we see nothing to warrant a further decline in stocks and advise purchases at the market.

Wheat—The important feature in the wheat situation during the past week was the report of the agricultural crop bureau. The yield of winter wheat was given at 358 million bushels, and the spring wheat as 271 million bushels, making a total of 629 million bushels compared with 703 million last year. It must be remembered that the condition on the Pacific Coast is very high, indicating a yield of 110 million bushels which is unavailable for use east of the Rocky Mountains. At the Government's estimated rate per capita of six bushels for bread and seed requirements of 87 million people, this would amount to 522 million bushels. The amount of wheat remaining on the farms from last year's crop is given out as 24 million bushels. This amount is so small as to indicate that farm supplies are practically exhausted. There is, to be sure, a fair visible supply left over from the previous crop, but it is quite evident that a considerable part of this will be in requisition, to piece out some of the deficiencies in the soft winter wheat sections of the country. The movement of wheat to primary markets is noticeable only for the smallness of it, and it is a complete and emphatic verification of the Government report, certainly as far as the winter wheat crop is concerned, and doubtless will be more and more in evidence as the season advances.

Corn—The Government report on corn was about as expected. It shows an increase of 2,300,000 acres over a year ago, with condition but .4 higher and an estimated yield of 2,811,000,000 bushels. Our reports indicate that the crop is backward and of a very irregular growth, though it is now favored with ideal weather. The decline has been severe, the liquidation complete, the country movement is small and will probably continue so until the new crop reaches maturity. The demand is good and prices are now attractive to investors, especially for the December future.

Cotton—Over a territory producing approximately 50 per cent of the cotton crop the week was very favorable, excellent growth and development being made. Over the remaining 50 per cent there was little or no advancement, while in a part of the territory there was actual deterioration. West of the Mississippi river the crop has become generally very promising. The outlook in Texas is the most brilliant in many years and in Oklahoma the crop is in the best condition of the season. In Texas there is a very slight need of rain. A few localities were affected by what one correspondent terms a light drought. All States east of the Mississippi suffered from an excess of moisture and a lack of sunshine. Light showers fell nearly everywhere and a number of local heavy rains. These latter were of damaging nature in Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina. There is considerable complaint of grass, but while some fields are foul, others are in a fair state of cultivation. The cotton market has been advancing the past week due to numerous reports of insect damage in the southeastern States and the dry weather in Texas. The Liverpool market has led in the advance, and daily prices from there have averaged higher with pronounced strength in their spot markets. Prices at the close of the week are at the highest on this upward trend. We believe around this level profits should be accepted and the investor should await a reaction before again taking the long side.

FINANCIAL NOTES

The local stock and bond market was firm during the week and remarkably active for this off season of the year. Stable securities that have

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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.
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made gains recently are holding their own and making a strong showing.

The unusual July activity is not confined to the stock and bond market. Reports from the wholesale and retail trade in the city all tell of a general awakening of business. One of the city's largest retailers is authority for the statement that the retail trade is twenty-five per cent more active than at the same time last year.

The jockeying of our power companies for position in several sections of the State is a matter that is now exciting much interest among financiers. Rivalry among the several power interests is exceedingly keen. Power development is really in its infancy in this State, and great are the potentialities of which financiers in the East and even in Europe are well aware. Every day or so one hears rumors of consolidation.

The demand of merchants for money on commercial paper throughout the country is increasing. Commercial paper is abundant.

The world's stock of merchantable copper has for months been below normal, a circumstance that has given rise to rumors of hidden stocks of the metal.

Recent inquiries for cars total 10,000, and will require 100,000 tons of steel to fill. Of these inquiries 4,000 are from the Harriman lines.

Nervous Passenger (during fog)—But surely you're not leaving the bridge, are you, officer?

Officer (who has just been relieved)—Oh, yes. It's no good stopping up there; you can't see anything.

Mrs. Nubride—I am heartbroken. I find that my husband doesn't resemble my ideal in the slightest.

Mrs. Wise—Then take my advice, my dear, and try to make your ideal resemble your husband.

Patience—Do you remember my sister who was on the stage?

Patrice—Oh, yes.

Patience—Well, she's married.

Patrice—Oh, got a speaking part at last, has she?



Against the loss of your Will, Deeds and other valuable papers by placing them in a safe deposit box, where fire and burglars are unknown. 4 per year.

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults Crocker Building Post and Market Sts.

John F. Cunningham, Manager

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

conclusion that if they had a common means of communication much of this misunderstanding would cease. Esperanto was the result. Dr. Zamenhof is a great oculist, but he has lost thousands of dollars because his heart is in Esperanto and he answers the call of the cause whenever it comes, forgetting his professional work.

"It is very important to remember that Esperanto is not to be used as a substitute for any language. It is an auxiliary language. When Esperanto is universally used, every man will have two languages, his own and Esperanto."

"Do you think it will be universally used?" I asked.

"I do," answered Drew. "Esperanto has a great future. The most serious obstacle to its immediate adoption by the intellectual world consists in the many innovations attempted by cranks, faddists and egotists who either want to improve on Zamenhof's invention or to substitute one of their own. Esperanto undoubtedly can be improved in some respects, but this is not the time to make any changes. Until it is adopted as a universal auxiliary language there should be no changes. Afterwards a World's Congress could be called together for the purpose of making needed reforms."

"Are Americans putting it to any practical use?" I asked.

For answer Frank Drew handed me an illustrated pamphlet written in Esperanto. It was a pamphlet issued by the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles and was devoted to glowing accounts of the many advantages of life in Southern California.

"That pamphlet will be read by people in every corner of the world," said Drew. "That's practical enough, isn't it?"

All I can say is, Why doesn't the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce take the hint?

Shreve in New Firm

For the first time since its incorporation over half a century ago the firm of Shreve and Co. is without a Shreve. George R. Shreve, formerly president, has joined the jewelry house of Treat and Eacret, and the new firm will be known hereafter as Shreve, Treat and Eacret, Inc. Messrs. Treat and Eacret were formerly with the older house, so the association will be the continuance of an old business relation. The new firm has already obtained a solid footing in this city.

"Do you think it will always be summer in the Garden of Eden?" asked Eve.

"No," replied Adam, pointing to the ripening apples. "I think we shall have an early fall."

The Last Rapture

(Continued from Page 8.)

Then Hortense had not the courage to undeceive him, to rob him of this sweet and consoling illusion. Yes, they had declared war, they had chased them, battle after battle, from the stolen lands, they had regained the lost flags which were rotting in their museums, and peace had been declared, a lasting and a glorious peace. As soon as he wished, the trunks would be packed and he would go back to Ban-Saint-Martin, to the little house which had been closed so many months, in that quiet street where the red trousers passed today and where French was again spoken. He would resume all his old habits, he would go to the Cafe Colignon, to find again all his old friends of other days. But the Colonel did not hear; motionless, stiff, eyes filling with this fancied apotheosis, weeping from joy, he murmured incoherent words in his bristling moustache.

"Ah! The blackguards, the blackguards!" he repeated. "Have we killed enough of them? Have we humiliated them enough? How happy I am, little sister, how happy I am! And how gladly I would have been in the thickest of the fight, to pay them back for all that they have made me suffer!"

And suddenly, like a man intoxicated, as he used to rise in his stirrups at reviews, saluting the regimental colors with his lowered sword, he cried with all his strength and all his voice, so loudly that he could be heard in the street: "Vive la France!" Then he sank into the armchair, exhausted by this last effort, his eyes fixed upon the flags which waved in the gathering darkness, and his face transfigured by an infinite happiness.

So died, on the evening of July 14, in his eighty-second year, Colonel Eusebe Champlenac, who had been decorated upon the field of battle at Austerlitz.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,026; Department No. 10.

LUCILE V. LARM, Plaintiff, vs. G. LARM, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: G. Larm, Defendant.

You are hereby Required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Wilful Desertion and Habitual Intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of April, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

McGOWAN and WESTLAKE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-1-10

The Return

A little hand is knocking at my heart,
And I have closed the door.
"I pray thee, for the love of God, depart;
Thou shalt come in no more."

"Open, for I am weary of the way.
The night is very black.
I have been wandering many a night and day.
Open. I have come back."

The little hand is knocking patiently;
I listen, dumb with pain:—
"Wilt thou not open any more to me?
I have come back again."

"I will not open any more. Depart.
I, that once lived, am dead."
The hand that had been knocking at my heart
Was still. "And I?" she said.

There is no sound, save, in the winter air,
The sound of wind and rain.
All that I loved in all the world stands there,
And will not knock again.

—Arthur Symons.

Lovely Woman

Her waist begins just below her neck. Her hips have been planed off even with the rest of her body. She is usually buttoned up the back, and around her neck she wears a section of barbed wire, covered with lace. She wears on her head a blond haystack of hair, and on top of this a central dome with rings about the same size as those of Saturn. She is swathed in her gown like an Indian papoose, and on the end of her feet are dabs of patent leather. She walks on stiltlike heels with the expertness of a tight-rope dancer. The pores of her skin are full of fine white powder.

This is a woman.

All Kinds

"Football!" growled the angry father. "Ugh!"

"But surely," said his friend, "your son won high honors in football at his college?"

"He did," assented the father.

"First he was a quarter back—"

"Yes."

"Then a halfback—"

"Yes."

"Then a fullback—"

"Yes."

"And now—what is he now?"

"Now," roared the father, "he is a hunchback!"

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,438; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MAJOR CONWAY, Deceased.

Annie Conway, the Administratrix of the estate of Major Conway, deceased, having filed in this Court her petition for an order to sell the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth, and it appearing from said petition that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of said real estate, and good cause appearing therefor,

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, adjudged and decreed that all persons interested in the said estate of said Major Conway, deceased, be and appear before the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Wednesday, the 31st day of July, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, Room No. 519, in the temporary City Hall on Market Street near Eighth Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased.

It is further ordered that a copy of said order be published for at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 21st day of June, 1912.

(Signed) THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

HUGH K. McKEVITT, Atty. for Administratrix,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 43,036; Department No. 10.

LOU ETTA WILMOTH, Plaintiff, vs. HOWARD WELLINGTON WILMOTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Howard Wellington Wilmoth, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LIPPMANN SACHS, Deceased—No. 16,663, N. S.; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Sachs and Albert Baruch, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Lippmann Sachs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lippmann Sachs, deceased.

MARY SACHS,
ALBERT BARUCH,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Lippmann Sachs, Deceased.

Dated: July 13, 1912.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 7-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,177; Department No. 10.

CLARA JESSURUN, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER S. JESSURUN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Walter S. Jessurun, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of May, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY ACH, Atty. for Plaintiff,
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Letters

A Novel by Vaughan Kester

When Vaughan Kester died within a few days of the publication of "The Prodigal Judge" he left the completed manuscript of another novel which had been written before the last published book and laid aside for final revision. Therefore, "The Just and the Unjust" is not to be classed with that large volume of posthumous work which represents the discarded fragments hastily gathered by thrifty relatives after the author is beyond power of protest. Vaughan Kester was always a careful workman and never afraid to take as large a canvas as he thought his picture would require, and there is no stint of character or background in "The Just and the Unjust." The scenes are laid in an Ohio community and though no definite date is set the time is evidently within the last half of the nineteenth century. The situations are tense and dramatic, involving a trial for murder in which the evidence is mainly circumstantial but helped out by judicious perjury. The accused cannot clear himself because to establish an alibi at the hour when the crime was perpetrated he would be obliged to subpoena the wife of a friend with whom he had been carrying on an intrigue and besides involving her in a scandal he would reveal the unsavory episode to the girl whom he loved and hoped to marry. Mrs. Langham will say nothing because to come forward with her testimony would not only place her in an unpleasant predicament but also because she had stumbled upon the fact that her husband was the guilty one. The judge who presided at the trial of an innocent man and saw him convicted and sentenced to be hanged knew that his own son should have been arraigned and public opinion, with few exceptions, followed the line of least resistance. There were just six persons who knew positively that John North was not guilty. These were himself, tongue-tied by consideration of a woman's reputation and convinced that justice could not go astray; Judge Langham, his son Marshall who, unknown to the community at large, was in desperate need of money, and who, besides the consideration of his own neck, had a bitter enmity for North on account of the intrigue he had discovered; Mrs. Langham who had her own reputation and her hus band's life at stake; Andy Gilmore, the gambler with a spite against North and a desire for a hold over the younger Langham; and Joe Montgomery, an idle, half-criminal ne'er-do-well who, though he did not witness the murder, was in the vicinity and saw Langham make his escape from the premises. Montgomery, half frightened, half coaxed into jerjury, had not brains enough to understand the magnitude of his offense and after having been spirited away, it was supposed for good and all, it was his inopportune return and the further attempt of Langham to silence him which led to disclosures long after the eleventh hour had struck and too late to save Judge Langham who committed suicide on the night before John North was to be hanged. As a relief to the strain of the apprehension and trial of North we turn to Shrimplin, the mild and meager little lamp-lighter, timid and shrinking to a degree, yet with such an admiration of courage and prowess that he has managed to transform himself, in the eyes of his fourteen-year-old son, into a typical bad man of the West. An omniverous devourer of dime novels, "Shrimp" commits homicides by the score, defies law officers and "busts" bronchos to the credulous delight of the youngster who never once doubts the truth of the yarning, nor suspects that the mysterious strangers met in dark alleys on the lamp-lighting tours exist only in the parental imagination and that all the time the mild-mannered, blue-eyed, blonde-mustached hero is scared of his own shadow. Singularly enough, the boy, intent on living up to the high standard, does really develop a fair degree of practical courage and acquits himself creditably when the demand is made. Vaughan Kester seems to have been at home in the midwest in its transition days and this is not the first time that we have visited it under his guidance. Though unusual, there is nothing strained or improbable about "The Just and the Unjust." There is no padding and not a dull passage in the four hundred pages. It is probably the last time the author's name will appear in a publisher's catalogue unless for a reissue of some earlier work, and emphasizes the loss we have sustained in the capable writer who has done so much towards preserving pictures of our frontier States between the period of first settlements and final crystallization. From Bobbs-Merrill.

"The Melting of Molly"

"The Melting of Molly" was no figure of speech, for Maria Thompson Daviess's heroine was a bewitching young Tennessee widow who was beginning to take notice again. In her girlhood she had been quite becoming, in love and beloved by the ideal youth who, alas, had not the wherewithal to support her charms. There was no positive engagement between them, but when Alfred went away it was with the understanding that on his return Molly would still be Molly in the same enchanting blue muslin frock. Molly, however, had an abundance of worldly-wise relatives who married her off to a rich old fellow because it would be "so safe," without much consideration of other fitness. Now Mr. Carter had been dead for the traditional years demanded by old fashioned conservatism, Alfred Bennett was coming back in three months, and Molly's heart was all aflutter with joyous anticipation, but the sylphlike maiden of eighteen was a decidedly plump, if not absolutely fat matron of twenty-five, with the carefully preserved blue muslin not even a snug fit. There were thirty pounds of superfluous flesh to be got rid of, and poor Molly did love good things to eat. Her ever present help in trouble was her next door neighbor, a young doctor, a widower with one little son whom Molly mothered. Dr. Moore prescribed a heroic course of rigid diet, exercise and baths warranted to reduce the "peach" to a "string bean" if followed up, and the whimsical account of her sufferings recorded in a sort of go-as-you-please journal would be warranted to put flesh on a skeleton as a laugh-and-grow-fat prescription. It is not to be assumed that Molly Carter had only one lover and that all her efforts were confined to accommodating herself to his standards. On the contrary, it was about all she could manage to fend off half a dozen more, each of whom had reasonable hopes, nor was she herself irrevocably committed to the absent Alfred Bennett. There was Cousin Tom Pollard who had all the cousinly privileges and assumed a few more; and Judge Wade, decidedly the leading man of the community, with his perfect manners, high professional standing and fine character, and there was Dr. Moore who kept himself in the background and wisely or innocently let little Billy do all the courting, so it is obvious that the gossipy little village of Harpeth was never in lack of a topic for discussion. It is a friendly community where everyone knows everybody, and there is a flavor of old-time and almost forgotten neighborliness in the matter of course contributions of all the notable housewives when there is a dinner to be served or an entertainment planned. It is a delicious bit of comedy, as light as whipped cream, with just one touch of tragedy—when the long expected and eagerly anticipated absentee for whom, at least in theory, the widow Molly Carter has been literally melting herself, returns and behold, he is fat. "It took two good looks to take him all in and then I must have missed some of him, for all in all he was so large that he stretched your eyes to behold him. He's grow seven feet tall and I don't know how many pounds he weighs, and I don't want anybody ever to tell me." Molly fled from the sight, fled for protection and by instinct to—well, read the book and find out. This is a "little book," only two hundred pages, but there is nothing to skip. From Bobbs-Merrill.

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A Tired Kansan

According to the New York World E. W. Howe, an editor of Atchison, Kan., is the wickedest man in the world, the reason being that he is "tired of Francis J. Heney and his tale about Abe Ruef." This confession without profession of repentance the World considers to be proof of sin and depravity, since "to be tired of Heney is to be tired of purity and goodness and virtue and consecration. It is to be tired of Roosevelt. It is to be tired of the Ten Commandments and Dr. Lyman Abbott." Finally, the World says: "The man who would still the voice of Heney and stifle the story of Abe Ruef would muzzle the celestial choir." Fancy a Kansas editor revolting at the righteousness of Heney! Kansas is Governor Stubbs's State. Kansas is full of civic patriots and reformers. Yet, judging from the impatience of Editor Howe, none of his fellow citizens is in Heney's class. And Heney is not among the top-notchers of holiness in unregenerate California. Now, if Mr. Heney gives Editor Howe that tired feeling what would be the effect on the Kansas journalist of a sojourn in this State reeking as it is with the righteousness of such noble and invincible enemies of wickedness as Governor Johnson, Chester Rowell, R. A. Crothers, Dr. Taylor, Billy Kent, Meyer Lissner, Colonel Weinstock and others too numerous too mention? California, which justly claims precedence over all other States for the variety of her products, is pre-eminent in the number and intensity of her pests on two legs, and the wild ass of the desert is by no means entitled to rank with the foremost. For producing languor his bray may be potent in foreign parts, but here at home it wakes neither to ecstasy nor to sorrow. Here, where all the orbs of reform are shedding their translucent beams into the warrens of wickedness the Heney rush-light is not to be seen. So doth the greater glory dim the less.

Works and the Progressives

It was a little unreasonable for our impetuous Progressives to call upon Senator Works to resign his high office. And as the outcome proves it was also somewhat rash. It was unreasonable because there is no ethical principle on which a thief may demand the return of stolen goods from the receiver thereof. The people alone have authority in the matter, and unfortunately they have provided no method of compelling the receiver to disgorge in a case of this kind. Senator Works is privileged to hold his stolen seat till the end of his term. Furthermore, were he to return it to Governor Johnson he would be an accessory after a fashion to the compounding of a felony. Now as to the rashness of the unreasonable request. Our fatuous Progressives bared their backs for a clawing, and Senator Works is a bear when roused. There is no escape from the logic of his argument on the immorality of the Progressive program in California. "They cannot," as Senator Works says of Governor Johnson and his followers, "belong to two political parties at the same time, or use their official positions in the Republican party to further the interests of a candidate of another party, new or old." Moreover, as Senator Works points out, "A candidate for the legislature must make oath that he is a Republican and will vote for a majority of the candidates of that party," and if legislative candidates take their oath with "a mental reservation" intending to nominate electors "who belong to a new party or who will vote for the candidate of a new party their conduct will be wholly indefensible." Senator Works assumes with shrewd satire that the Progressives of California would do nothing so dishonorable, though well he knows that the course he condemns is precisely the course which they purpose to pursue. It is precisely the course which they have brazenly outlined for themselves. And it is precisely the course the great moralist T. R. expects them to take. So it is evident that the Progressives, forgetting the old proverb that if you raise a raven it will scratch your eyes out, exposed themselves rashly to the blistering satire of their Senator. He has made them ridiculous in the sight of men. What they took for a javelin turned out to be a boomerang. We congratulate our chaste champion of Christian Science on the dexterity with which he put the Pharisees to flight. We admire his logic insofar as it applies to the overrighteous ones, and we regret that he is not equally convincing in his discussion of the rights and duties of all Republicans. The Senator's argument is somewhat hazy on this subject. His views seem irreconcilable, reminding us of his decision in the Spring Valley Water Works suit and of other decisions which he dashed off when he was a justice of the Supreme Court. So great was his ability for rendering confusion worse confounded that for twenty years after he was dropped from the bench the court was kept busy straightening out the law of the State.

Jean Jacques Rousseau

We are going to hear a great deal about Jean Jacques Rousseau in this year of unrest. For this is the year of the second centennial of the Father of the French Revolution, and it is to be celebrated not only in France but wherever in this restless turbulent world men and women, dissatisfied with the existing order of things, are agitating for a new deal, or, like the losing gambler, are demanding a fresh deck of cards. Rousseau's centennial ought to have many celebrants. He was the great apostle of Change. He was the original man with a grouch, or, at least, the first kicker against the pricks with ideas worth while and the ability to render them accessible and captivating to the common mind. The best way to celebrate Rousseau is to read him. But we fear he will not be read. This is the age of short-cuts to everything including knowledge. Instead of getting acquainted with one of the immortals by reading him the average man reads what somebody else has said about him. Thus is misinformation disseminated by the innumerable hack writers of England, who are grinding out "Lives," "Studies," and "Biographical Essays" by the ton. Thus has Rousseau come to be misunderstood by the many. Rousseau is popularly known as a writer of risque Confessions. He is reputed to have inspired both Thomas Jefferson and the French Revolution, and therefore it is concluded that he was the first Democrat and something of a Jacobin and a man with unbounded confidence in the intelligence and morality of the plain people. Sometimes we are told that he was a disciple of Voltaire, and that his philosophy supplied the formulas for all the excesses of the Revolution. It would be well were Rousseau's Contrat Social to become a best seller during the year of his centennial. It would be well not only for us to become familiar with his preachments but to reflect on the consequences of them. For though Rousseau was a great reformer, he never contemplated the kind of reforms that his disciples instituted. Great dreamer though Rousseau was he never dreamt that his dreams would be so fruitful of evil as they have proved.

His Influence On Mankind

Let us correct a few misapprehensions regarding Jean Jacques. He was not a disciple of Voltaire. He was opposed to Voltaire. Voltaire was apprehensive of the storms which Rousseau's writings had the very natural effect of raising. Voltaire was the enemy of the Church. Rousseau believed in the efficacy of religion as a means of insuring good government. Voltaire supported the existing institutions of government. Rousseau railed against the whole temporal fabric. Each exercised a dissolvent influence of a distinctive character. Rousseau's was the more far-reaching and the more varied. His ideas are popular to this day. His political ideas were born of the conviction that the existing order of things reduced civilization to a nullity for the great majority of mankind who were wearing their lives away in incessant toil that a few might live. He believed in a Utopia in which all men would be really equal, and he kindled in the many a hope never to be extinguished. A great visionary and sentimentalist was Rousseau, a strange combination of sophist and sound reasoner. Of course he was a Democrat in the true sense of the term, but he had no delusions about Democracy. The full practice of Democracy, he said, was better suited to angels than to men. If he had lived to be a citizen of this twentieth century republic the Progressives would regard him as a standpatter, for of one thing Rousseau was most assured—that strength is not the basis of authority. Rousseau was a man of far-reaching influence not only in politics, but in literature and art. He made music the fashion in France, writing about it with as much fervor as he wrote of his project for perpetual peace. Yes, Rousseau was the Carnegie of his day. He was also an esthete, and he roused interest in interior decoration. He had a passion for manner in writing, and formed a new French style. He was the apostle of the cult of nature-lovers, the first of rustic ramblers to rouse general interest in sermons in stones and books in the running brooks. When we consider, however, the number of his disciples who are glutting the market with books to prove their superior sympathy with nature in her varying moods we are not at all inclined to acknowledge gratitude to the beloved author of the Confessions. On the whole Rousseau was a man of wonderful genius and of many beautiful sentiments who rendered great service to mankind. If he did much mischief with his theories of government he also did much good.

Steffens At It Again

Come with us into that meadow of mediocrity where platitudes pass for profound learning, and unctuous egoism for a divine mysticism, and sit in becoming humility at the feet of the little Gamaliel of the school of theoretic government—Mr. Lincoln Steffens. Perched on the witness stand in Los Angeles, a self-satisfied owl in the midst of darkness, he has pity for the blindness of the inferior animals by whom he is surrounded. The air of him is of one who might have invented the nebular hypothesis. He is the picture of egoistic complacency. Hearken to him, and you might suspect that through him some strange spirit dictates charades for the mystification of the benighted. He was in sympathy with the McNamaras, he tell his hearers, because in conversation with them he learned that from experience they came to feel that there was no other way of getting justice. He did not wish to see them punished as they had only committed a "revolutionary crime"; that is they expressed resentment against conditions. Besides, believing in Christianity, he is not satisfied with mere justice; he is in favor of "good will, and understanding and mercy." The adoring lady reporter of the Bulletin tells us that Mr. Steffens "spoke carefully and with infinite patience, as if he realized that these ideas were new to the District Attorney." And of course they were new to that painfully sane and orthodox individual. To the lady reporter, whose brain is probably a congenial nidus for sublimated flubdub, Mr. Steffens spoke like an oracle, only with less of equivocation. Our dogmatic philosopher disdains the equivoke. With a complex web of contradictions for a creed he assigns to his dogmas the place and authority of first truths. He is in favor of more than justice. He recommends mercy and good will. Therefore he is in sympathy with the McNamaras who did nothing more than express the resentment of a class by slaughtering innocent men who had the presumption to earn a living. If in cowardly fashion the McNamaras made widows of poor women and rendered children fatherless, why, they were in a sense justified because they were personally conducting a revolution. This is Christianity according to the Steffens interpretation, which of course is infallible. Also it is justice plus mercy, good will and understanding. Justice according to the Steffens' concept reminds us of charity according to the concept of an Englishman whom R. B. Cunninghame Graham tells us about in the preface of his book entitled "Charity." This Englishman was stranded in Gibralter where he won the affections of a woman of the town who for many months fed him and supplied him with money. One day to the Englishman came a windfall from London. He packed his duds and started for home. Pacing the deck of the steamer the first morning out he said to an acquaintance: "The women, blast them, never leave a man alone. I don't know if you saw a tall, dark, Spanish girl talking to me just as we came aboard. Well, you know, don't you know, I was pretty friendly with her when I was stuck in 'Gib,' and damn it all, there she was up on the mole with a cow-hair trunk, corded with bass rope, a goldfinch in a cage, tears running down her cheeks and bothering me to take her with me. Good God, a pretty sight I should have looked traveling about, dragging a Spanish —. I like her well enough; but what I say is, Charity begins at home, my boy. Ah, there's the dinner bell." The virtues in this age of half-baked philosophy are as defined according to the individual concept.

The Standpatters of Other Days

The Bulletin is not the only paper dissatisfied with the method of impeachment prescribed by the Constitution and now being pursued in the case of Judge Archbald. There are other theorists who regard the method as too slow, and who would empower the representatives of the people in the Lower House to terrorize the judiciary. More power for the politicians fresh from their constituents is what our speed-lust friends of the Progressive cult are in favor of. From them we find it refreshing to turn to the slow-going standpatters of other days. Let us consult Joseph Story that we may learn the why and wherefore of the method of impeachment established by the old fogy founders of this ramshackle republic. "The great objects to be attained in the selection of a tribunal for the trial of impeachments," says Story, "are impartiality, integrity, intelligence and independence," and to insure these qualities, "the body must be, in some degree, removed from popular power and passion, from the influence of sectional prejudices and from the still more dangerous influence of party spirit." It was thought in the old days, before there was any thought of electing Senators by direct vote of the people, that the Senate was more likely to possess the requisite qualities as a court of impeachment than the House of Representatives or the Congress. The great desideratum, according to the founders, was the safeguarding of accused officials from public clamor which, they foresaw, would influence Congressmen elected by the people. "Nothing is more easy in republics," says Judge Story, "than for demagogues, under artful pretences to stir up combinations against the regular exercise of authority in order to advance their own selfish projects. The independence and impartiality of upright magistrates often interpose barriers to the success of their schemes, which make them the secret enemies of any regular and independent administration of justice." Judge Story wrote in 1840 as though he were anticipating the Progressives of the twentieth century.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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Varied Types

LXXXIV—ANNA KLUMPKE

By Edward F. O'Day

In the seventies there stood at Twenty-second and Valencia streets, opposite the Horace Mann school, a large unpretentious wooden house surrounded by nearly a block of straggling unkept garden. The street had been graded, and the house and grounds were elevated five or six feet above the sidewalk. That old house and the garden with its tangle of fruit trees and its untended rose bushes have long since disappeared. But oldtimers in the Mission will remember the place as the home of the Klumpke family. Out of that old house the four Klumpke girls went to Paris to make their mark in the big world.

The eldest girl Augusta, now Mrs. Jules Dejerine, became a great cancer specialist. She was the first woman admitted to medical practice in the Paris hospitals. The second girl Dorothea, now Mrs. Isaac Roberts, became a famous astronomer and mathematician. She was deputed one year to study the Leonids for the Paris Observatory. The city was enveloped in dense fog during the three nights when the phenomena were looked for, and she astonished Paris by making a balloon ascension above the clouds, remaining in the upper spaces from midnight till eight in the morning and obtaining perfect observations and photographs. A third sister Julia made a name for herself in music; she is a well-known violinist. The fourth, Anna, is the most famous of all. She studied art, distinguished herself in the Salon and became the lifelong associate of the great Rosa Bonheur. She devoted years to the preparation of Rosa Bonheur's biography, and the book, written in French, is the standard life of the animal painter. When Rosa Bonheur died, Anna Klumpke inherited her fortune of several million francs and her famous home and studio at By-Thomery near Fontainebleau.

Anna Klumpke is now in San Francisco. She has come to paint the portrait of her octogenarian father, John G. Klumpke, before he dies.

Anna Klumpke has a European reputation as a portrait painter. Yet outside of her relatives very few indeed seem to be aware that she is in San Francisco. Her family connections are large, consisting mostly of cousins. These are Mrs. Emma Brackett of Alameda, Mrs. Sophie Jensen of Burlingame, Mrs. Lillie Farnsworth, Mrs. M'liss Boothby and Oscar Tolle of this city. Miss Klumpke has been visiting among them, and making quiet preparations for an exhibition of her pictures which she intends to give later.

Miss Klumpke is not a young woman in years, but devotion to art has kept her spirit youthful. She has a sweet smile which illuminates a face that bespeaks strong character in every feature. She likes to talk of art, but she loves to talk of Rosa Bonheur, and when the name of the great artist who was her friend is on her lips her face is radiant.

Sitting with her in the parlor of the very old house in Chestnut street which is the home of her father, I was fascinated by the pleasure she took in turning over the leaves of her biography of Rosa Bonheur and pointing out beautiful reproductions of the great masterpieces one after the other.

"When I was a little girl in San Francisco," she said, "I heard a great deal about Rosa Bonheur. Her 'Horse Fair' was being exhibited in the large cities of the United States, and like so many other families we had a copy of it hanging in our parlor. My mother used to talk to me about Rosa Bonheur. Some times she would remark how fine it would be if I should grow up to be a great artist like her.

"About 1880 I went to Paris and began to study art. I saw Rosa Bonheur's picture 'Plowing in the Nivernais' in the Luxembourg Gallery and set myself to copy it. I could not paint from life yet, but I could copy pretty well. Copying that picture brought me good luck. I sold it for two hundred dollars and used the money to enter Julian's Academy where Tony Robert Fleury was the master and Jules Lefebvre was one of the instructors.



Photo, Vaughan and Fraser
MISS ANNA KLUMPKE

"There were several girls at Julian's. One of them was Marie Bashkirtcheff. Marie was exceedingly gifted, as you know, and a very nice comrade. At the end of the term we had what the French call 'concours,' a competition for a medal. Marie worked just in back of me and she said to me one day during the competition, 'Do you expect to get the medal? You will be disappointed. I am going to win.' I replied to her, 'Nevertheless I am going to try.' 'If you win,' she said laughing, 'I'll pay for the punch," referring to the little festivity we had on these occasions. Our work was not signed, so the jury did not know one picture from another. They decided that there were two equally good, and that two silver medals should be given. The winners were Mlle. Real Delsarte who had won medals before, and myself. Marie Bashkirtcheff was not even given a mention. She was quite angry and stayed away for two weeks. And when she came back I didn't have the courage to remind her, 'You promised the punch.'

"All this time I continued to be interested in the works of Rosa Bonheur. Often I used to say, 'Oh, if I could only meet this wonderful woman!' In 1885 I received an honorable mention at the Salon. And in 1889 I received the Temple gold medal in Philadelphia for the best figure painting. That was my great year, for I also received that year a silver medal at Versailles, a bronze medal at the Universal Exposition, and on the second of October I met Rosa Bonheur."

"You see," said Miss Klumpke smiling, "I remember the date. Every detail of that first meeting, every word that was spoken is impressed vividly on my mind.

"It happened that she wanted a wild horse from the prairies for one of her pictures, and a gentleman I knew obtained it for her. But he spoke no French, and he asked me to go with him to Rosa Bonheur's studio at By-Thomery.

"'Oh, I have seen your work,' she cried when we met. 'I have seen your portait of your mother.'

"That portrait was in the Salon of that year. Rosa Bonheur was good enough to praise it as well as others of my pictures. I was surprised that she knew them.

"After that I was persuaded by one of my friends to ask her to pose for me. She consented and I went to By-Thomery again. After I had finished the portrait she asked me to live with her. She thought that I looked like her mother whom she had lost when quite young. She also asked me to write her life.

"I did not live with Rosa Bonheur for a very long time, but it is not the length of time which makes friendship; it is the expression of sympathy which comes from the companionship.

"At her death, as you perhaps know, she gave me all she had, asking me to care for her people according to her desires.

"I keep her studio just as it was during her life. I allow it to be visited, and many people go to By-Thomery to see it. I charge a small sum which goes to a bed I founded in Rosa Bonheur's memory in the hospital at Fontainebleau. I have also founded in her honor a yearly prize of three hundred dollars at the Salon. It is awarded for the best picture containing animals. The greatest satisfaction I have in life is to keep her memory green.

"It is a wonderful thing, is it not? for a girl to go to Paris from our beautiful Golden Gate and become the friend of Rosa Bonheur."

And I agreed heartily.

Miss Klumpke showed me copies of many of her portraits. She has painted many distinguished people, among them Madame Marchesi, Madame Flammarion, the wife of the astronomer,

(Continued on Page 13.)

Going Abroad?

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Correspondence

Clemency for Ruef

Editor Town Talk, Sir: One of your contemporaries commenting on Ruef's application for a hearing before the Pardons Board says, "No one has yet advanced the faintest reason why clemency should be directed to this particular criminal except the inanely weak plea that there are bad men outside the prison as well as in"; also, "The only valid plea that could be made in favor of Ruef is the plea that he is innocent." This was probably written by an editor in a state of disgust induced by the mawkish sentimentality and sickening hypocrisy of the men behind the freedom-for-Ruef movement. One may sympathize with the nauseated editor and at the same time dissent from his views. I have no interest in Ruef, but I believe, and I am sure you will agree with me that a man in a civil or criminal action is entitled to a fair and impartial trial and that if he has not had such a trial he should not be punished in pocket or person. These principles are of more importance than the fate of a thousand Ruefs. They lie at the foundation of justice even as justice is the foundation of every government worth preserving. The real question then is not whether Ruef is an objectionable or vicious character; not whether he debauched supervisors and preyed on the community; not whether he has or has not committed crimes for which he **merits** his present punishment; but whether within the laws of the land to which he and all others are entitled to look for justice and equal protection, he was fairly tried and convicted. If not, if in substantial particulars he was denied such a trial, then it must be admitted that the nauseated editor erred in saying that the Ruef case is not to be differentiated from that of any "murderer, burglar or thug." Were there, then, any matters essential to fair and orderly judicial procedure in which Ruef was deprived of his rights? The answer is: Many.—

1. He was tried before Judge Lawlor, upon whose conduct in this and like cases the Bar Association of San Francisco has recently set the seal of its disapproval by refusing him an endorsement for re-election. A brief of 542 pages is of record in the Court of Appeals, every word of it addressed to the misconduct of Lawlor.

2. The jury was a packed jury secured by the Heney and Burns of the Jones case of Oregon and by the same methods employed in that case; methods which the very Department of Justice of the United States which employed Heney has declared so outrageous to fair-play and decency as to demand the pardon of the man so convicted. That pardon the President of the United States, himself a high judge, has granted: Because of these practices, Heney himself should be disbarred and Burns forever forbidden to produce evidence before a court of justice.

3. Haas shot Heney during this trial. That shooting spelled conviction for Ruef before that jury. He made every effort for continuance until passion should cool, but his motions were, of course, denied. It was venomously suggested and charged that Ruef had inspired the shooting, and subtly to impress this on the jury Judge Lawlor ordered Ruef in custody and kept him in custody during the remainder of the trial, notwithstanding his heavy bail. Thus with devilish ingenuity he conveyed the idea to the jury that while free on bail as to the charge on trial Ruef was held in imprisonment on the charge of murdering Heney.

4. At this time Hiram Johnson came into the case. Johnson's ability to tear a passion into tatters and invoke the "living God on High" for self-aggrandizement or for lucre is his conspicous as it has proved his most valuable asset. The shooting of Heney, so the court solemnly declared, should not be commented on. Yet here follow extracts from the speech of Johnson which could be multiplied a hundred times: "All this tommy-rot, all this wandering about, all this trial, trouble, tribulation—**all this blood**—all to determine what?" "Away with the bribers of witnesses; away with the bribers of jurors; away with the dynamiters; **away with the assassins;** away with them all, and if you don't do it we want to know the reason why." Mr. Johnson knew the city was aflame with passion over the shooting of Heney, knew the jury knew it, and knew that with a complacent judge he could threaten the jury. Read these extracts from his "argument" delivered in a court of law. "Are you in the face of that, to turn him loose and tell him hence to go: And if you are ready to do it, by the gods above, we will know the reason you are ready to do it before this trial is past." But Mr. Johnson is as versatile in his religious beliefs as in his political. Elsewhere he becomes a monotheist; as witness: "Why, if you don't convict this man, may God in his infinite mercy or worse call upon you the consequences of your act. If when he pleads himself guilty as he has in this case, you dare to violate your oaths and say he is not guilty, may the good God deal with you because, by Heavens, the People will not." Is comment on this necessary?

5. Judge Lawlor instructed the jury as did Judge Dunne in the Coffey case that Gallagher, **particeps criminis** with Ruef was not an accomplice. The Coffey case had been ordered to hearing before the Supreme Court because of this very instruction. The same question was in the Ruef case and the same order for hearing before the Supreme Court was naturally made. For herein the two cases were identical. The Supreme Court in the Coffey case by six of its justices, Justice Angellotti for some undisclosed reason failing either to concur or dissent, held and showed that the instruction was in conflict with the law and with every decision of this State and of every other State save one, and granted Coffey a new trial. At the time the order was granted a hearing, before the Ruef case in the Supreme Court became operative, Justice Henshaw, who had signed it before his departure, was absent from the State. The very technical ground was advanced and upheld that his signature under these circumstances was without legal efficacy. Concededly it was a new point; concededly the members of the court had always acted in the same way never doubting the validity of an order so made. For it is unbelievable that Justices Shaw and Sloss who concurred in the Coffey decision, would not themselves have signed the order had they not believed it carried sufficient signatures. Yet because of this technical matter, and through no fault of his own Ruef was denied a rehearing which could have resulted only in one way.

I am a lawyer who writes with absolute indifference to Ruef as a man, but with a profound interest in the due administration of justice. But this at least should be remembered and recorded to his credit. He is not in prison for any crime which he **did** commit. Heney and Spreckels and Older gave him complete immunity as to all of them. He is in prison for the crime he **would not** commit— the crime of bearing false witness against his fellow man. Who doubts but that Ruef would be free today had he been willing to testify as the public prosecutors demanded? Who shall measure the force of the temptations and coercions that were employed to break his will to this base end? That they failed to bend him, that depraved as he is said to be, he steadfastly refused to buy his freedom at the price of this infamy, stamps him in the judgment of the writer a better man than his tempters. So I appeal from the editor nauseated to the editor composed, and ask you whether there are not here circumstances which differentiate Ruef's case from the ordinary; whether he has not been denied his constitutional right to a fair and impartial trial, and whether the Governor of the State, to repair the part he took in this judicial outrage, ought not to extend executive clemency to Ruef—as the President of the United States upon a showing not half so black has felt impelled to do in the case of Jones?

Respectfully,

—A Lawyer.

Not a Bad Idea

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Why don't you apply to Terrible Teddy the words which Lord Beaconsfield used with reference to Gladstone. Beaconsfield called Gladstone "a sophistical rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsequent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself." Seems to me these words fit Teddy much more closely than they ever fitted Gladstone.

Respectfully,

—Historicus.

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Perspective Impressions

Why does Grandmother Works insist on being accouched of his ideas in public?

We miss Mary Garden. Isn't it time she got into the papers again?

Rudolph Spreckels must be a boon to the telegraph companies.

We are for the public ownership of wild game, but opposed on ultra-progressive-humanitarian grounds to the killing of wild game. Let the public catch the wild game, and make household pets of the graceful duck and the musical quail. Thus will direct action go hand in hand with the uplift.

The forty politicians who want Works to resign ought to try Christian Science.

A problem in State politics: Of the forty Progessives who called for the resignation of Senator Works how many want his job?

Anyway "Mission Jim" has given us a "municipal band." But has municipal music charms to soothe the overpulled taxpayer's leg?

The Prohibitionists demand uniform marriage and divorce laws. Will uniformity in these matters solve the problem of the high cost of living?

If, as the New York World says, suicide increases with education, should we not on the principle of all our popular prohibitions either close our schools or hang our dangerous college professors?

Comely girl in Macon, Ga., dragged from her bed, stripped and scourged by two men because a youth was infatuated with her.—News item. Brethren, we are today receiving contributions for the maintenance of the Mission in China. Let us not forget, we who are enjoying all the benefits of a Christian civilization, that it is our duty to rescue the heathen from eternal damnation.

"Scandal In The Police Department."—Newspaper headline. That's one thing the police never arrest.

The club woman of Chicago have started a crusade against tight skirts because, says a press despatch, "tight skirts are constructed with the sole idea of displaying feminine charms." How unreasonable! The sole idea is the tight skirt's sole justification.

How singular that a society girl should go to Los Angeles to voice a protest against chaperons! Los Angeles is the chaperon of cities. Los Angeles is the municipilization of Mrs. Grundy. Los Angeles is paternalism run mad. Los Angeles is Puritanism incorporated. Los Angeles is Pecksniff communized. In Los Angeles everybody has a virtuous eye for sins he has no mind to and rebates on sins that he's inclined to.

The Rag

By Leon Berthaut (From the French)

Jean Pornic, seaman in the ship commanded by Romainville, had conducted himself well. He had been a good sailor, faithful to duty. He was frank, exact, neat and willing. His officers regretted that his lack of education forbade his promotion. As he was active and quick-witted (a quality even more desirable at sea than ashore), Romainville had taken him for his personal attendant. While the ship was in the harbor of Brest, Pornic was admirable. If he was a little the worse for cider once or twice, the fact was not known to the crew. What was known was that he was obedient, faithful, and, in short, everything that a seaman ought to be.

But Romainville was ordered to a ship in the harbor of Toulon, and in a wine shop near the wharves Pornic fell under the spell of an anarchist propagandist. Sitting in the wine shop, elbows on the table, chin in hands, he listened on until, won by the fiery eloquence of the radical, he believed and felt in his inmost soul all that he heard.

His calm nature and the lack of occasion prevented an exposure of his new ideas. In the ship he was close to the commander, and the commander's indulgence gave him no excuse for revolt. But as his convictions gained strength, his manner changed and his mocking air and the strange look in his brown eyes attracted the officer's attention. Romainville attributed the man's defiant looks to consciousness of some secret business of a purely personal character; so, shutting himself in his room with Pornic, he talked as a father talks to a son of temptations and the dangers of life.

Pornic did not answer.

A little later the ship received sailing orders. The roll was called. Pornic was not there.

"I guessed aright!" thought Romainville. "He has been bewitched by a girl, and now, when I am ready to sail, he is gone!"

He held the ship and a search gang went ashore.

They found Pornic in a wine shop with three anarchists. All four were on fire with drink. Pornic cursed the navy, threatened to blow up the ship, and, aided by the anarchists, fought the seamen. The seamen sent them rolling under the tables; then they dragged their drunkard back to duty.

In the commander's office, alone with Romainville, Pornic opened his heart.

"Absent without leave? I'm a free man, ain't I? The Navy? Sheep! The country? One country's as good as another! The flag? A rag! Let it go hang!"

Romainville eyed him; then, taking him by the arms, he shoved him toward the door.

"Go to bed!" he said sternly. "Turn in at once! You are drunk and a man drunk is a beast. I will talk to you tomorrow."

Pornic glared. "I'll sleep here!" he said roughly. "I like this place. What's good for you is good for me!"

Romainville spoke in a low voice. "Be still! If you are heard discipline will force me to punish you."

A flood of abuse rushed to the sailor's lips. The commander forced him to the door. At the door Pornic turned and struck the commander in the face; the blow fell just above the jaw. "If it leaves a mark," Romainville said to himself, "I can say that I ran against my door in the dark. The man is drunk; he is not responsible."

Using but little of his herculean strength, he threw the sailor, held him down with one hand and with the other opened a cupboard and took out a roll of stout webbing. With that he bound Pornic hand and foot. Then he laid him on the floor by the wall.

"Lie there," he said calmly. "Sleep off your drink. In the morning we will talk."

Morning came. Pornic was sober. Romainville set him free.

"Now, Pornic," said he, "Attention! Mark well what I say to you. This matter is between you and me. Last night, when senseless from drink, you struck me. May the Eternal Judge deal with me as I deal with you! . . . In my own country I have a brother. His eyes are like your eyes. . . . When I look at you I think of him."

In silence Pornic listened. Romainville said in a low voice: "You may go, Pornic. The ship sailed at midnight. We are on blue water. When the sea has spoken to you with all its voices, I will talk to you again."

Pornic saluted, and without a word passed from the commander's presence. Romainville said to himself, "I have ignored discipline, but before the law of Arms comes the law of Love. It was not the man that did the evil; it was the drink. He is in my hands, he is weak, I am strong. The vast solitude of the sea will bring him to himself. He will come back to me, and at the last I shall be glad that I spared him."

But the days passed and Pornic showed no sign of softening. He did his work, but his averted eyes were hard. They reached the west coast of Africa. The ship entered a harbor shut in by mountains. The day was closing, and the flag, hailed by the clarions, had fluttered down. The rich light of the African sunset gave mysterious meaning to the always impressive beauty of the salute to the colors. Romainville's eyes rested on the grave faces of the seamen and his heart thrilled. Pornic saw the tears on the bronzed

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

("Sailing," as all San Franciscans will immediately perceive, is a poetical description of a spin over the waters of San Francisco Bay. The poem was written by Herbert Bashford for Sunset, and was published in that magazine in February, 1903.)

I—SAILING

By Herbert Bashford

Wind and wave and gold-washed weather,
Wind flung loose and wave set free;
She and I alone together
Sailing on a sapphire sea.

Clang and clamor of the crowded
City street we hear no more—
Only billows, foam enshrouded,
Freighting music to the shore.

Sail full-blown and sharp prow flinging
Floods of song on either side;
White gulls in the wide blue winging—
Gipsies of the roving tide!

Peaks afar that know the splendor
Of the sunset's waste of wine;
Twilight sky grown strangely tender,
Like the eyes that look in mine!

The Spectator

George Wingfield Explains

George Wingfield never had any intention of accepting Governor Oddie's offer of the United States senatorship. "I took a couple of days to think it over," he told me the other day, "but my mind was made up the moment the offer was made to me. It was very flattering. It was very nice of the Governor to offer me my old partner's place. And it was fine to have every newspaper in the State, Republican and Democratic, with just two exceptions, say that they approved of me for the Senate. I appreciate all that very much. But I decided not to take it the minute the Governor made the offer. And I didn't reconsider my decision. Besides, I didn't like to think of going away from my place in Lassen County." George Wingfield has a wonderful estate in California. His eye sparkles when he talks about it. There are twenty-one hundred acres of land, farm, orchard, water and game preserve surrounded, as he informed me, by a close-meshed wire fence eight feet high. There is a comfortable home on this great place; there are two lakes and a stream plentifully stocked with fish. In the preserves are deer, elk, grouse, partridge, pheasant—all sorts of game to gladden the hearts of Wingfield's sportsmen friends. The place is still in the making. It is only two years old, and it will take at least three more to get it into good shape. It is only four miles by motor from Reno, and Wingfield likes to run across the border frequently to look it over. Washington is a long way from that estate in Lassen. So Diocletian sticks to his cabbages. Cincinattus refuses to leave his plow.

As To Newlands

It is pretty well known that Newlands and Wingfield are not the best of friends. So I asked him if he intended, later on, to give battle for the United States Senatorship to the dapper little part-owner of our Palace Hotel. "I've never given it any thought," he answered. Which is an answer sufficiently vague to lend itself to the speculative purposes of those who figure out future political events. The nearest I came to making Wingfield commit himself in the matter was when he discussed political parties. I asked him whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. "The parties are so shot to pieces that it's hard for anybody to say what he is," was his reply. "But if you ran for office," I said. "Oh, if I ran for office I suppose I'd run as a Republican," he answered. If Senator Newlands can decide from that whether George Wingfield is to be his next opponent for the Senatorship, he's a better guesser of Delphic riddles than I am.

He Was Not Grub-Staked

"How much truth is there in that story about Senator Nixon grub-staking you?" Wingfield was asked. The reference was to that yarn about Nixon passing a stack of twenties across the counter of his bank to the impecunious Wingfield, and about Wingfield taking Nixon in on his prospects when he struck it rich. "I've never taken the trouble to deny that story," said Wingfield. "The fact is I didn't like to deny it. But it's just about as true as that story a New York paper had about the notches on my gun. Nixon never grub-staked me any more than you did. I knew Nixon from the time when I was a boy in Winnemucca. In 1902 I went to Tonopah to look things over. While I was there Nixon wrote to me, asking what I thought about the camp. I wrote to him that I thought it was worth while. He came to Tonopah and went in with me. That's how we started together. And we stayed together for seven years."

Overheard in Grant Avenue

It was a motley crowd of the great unsoaped. Concerning their character it need only be said that they were not as bad as Lincoln Steffens professes to be, for they were not Christians; merely socialists and anarchists. One sweating Won't-Work was telling the toilers present about their wrongs. "Look about you at the homes in this great city," he cried raucously. "Who built 'em? Why, you workingmen! And who ought to live in 'em? Why, you workingmen! Every worker is entitled to the fruit of his honest toil." He paused for applause and got it. Then up spake a mild little man with a mild little voice. "I'm a tailor," he confessed. "Do you mean to say that if I make a pair of pants for one of my customers I ought to wear 'em?" The sweating Won't-Work regarded the little man with scorn. "Men like you," he thundered, "are a bar to progress."

She Thinks Bacon Wrote 'Em

Gertrude Atherton is the very latest to announce herself a Baconian. In a recent interview she thus declared herself: "Bacon wrote Shakespeare, and there is no doubt in my mind but that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and Dudley. Some friends of mine in England have been urging me to write a novel with Bacon as the hero. I should of course tell how he wrote the plays while he was in prison, and the book would be to the Baconians what 'Julia France' is to the suffragettes. The difficulty is that most people who have not gone into the subject consider the advocates of the Bacon authorship cranks. In a novel one does not prove statements, nor can one bring out a body of authority, so by making the Baconian theory the underlying idea of the story, I should in all likelihood lay myself open to ridicule—instead of consideration. Moreover, I prefer to depict modern life."

A Thesis Novel

In saying that one cannot bring out a body of authority in a novel Mrs. Atherton slights the work of our fellow-townsman Wilbur Zeigler. Before Wilbur turned to the dryasdust activities of the law he wielded a literary pen. It was his pet idea that the plays of Shakespeare were written, not by "Sweet Will," not by "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind" but by that swashbuckling, carousing and wenching molder of "the mighty line," good old Kit Marlowe. Zeigler called his romance "It Was Marlowe" and tried to prove it. The apparently insuperable difficulty that Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl in 1593 before the great bulk of the Shakespearian plays were given to the world was no real difficulty to Zeigler. The romance showed that Marlowe wasn't killed, and that the entry in the parish record at Deptford was a delusion and a

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snare. "It Was Marlowe" made interesting reading, because Zeigler knew the period whereof he wrote, but it was no more convincing than Ignatius Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram."

Another Bacon Adherent

"So Gertrude Atherton has joined the ranks of the Baconians," said Richard Bennett to a choice circle of friends who were whiling away a half-hour in the club room of the St. Francis. "Well, she's in mighty good company, for there are many distinguished men and women who insist on robbing poor old Stratford Will of his laurels. But I fancy Mrs. Atherton would not care for the support of a faded tragedian I know who belongs to the gallant army of Coast Defenders." "Let's have the story, Dick," said Tom O'Connor. "My Coast Defender friend was present when the Baconian theory was being discussed," explained Bennett. "Somebody had ventured the bromidic argument that the play-going public would never accept Bacon as the author of the plays. 'I'm not so sure of that,' said my tragedian friend moodily. 'When I played Hamlet at Petaluma the audience were clearly of the opinion that we were playing Bacon.' 'How did you know?' the Coast Defender was asked. 'They all brought eggs!'"

Childe Charlie's Pilgrimage

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And all the beach resorts had gathered then
Our beauty and our sousery, and bright
The bulbs shone o'er fair women and gay men;
A thousand sports drank happily; and when
Music arose in turkey-trotting swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which winked again,
And all went noisy as a dinner-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep voice strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or auto honking round the Cliff House turn;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure yearn
To rag their heads off and their money burn.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the waves its echoes did return;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Vamoose! Skidoo! it is—Kid Fickert's football roar!

And there was cranking in hot haste: the squab
And "model" husband in the touring car
Went skidding homeward with impetuous throb
Of high-power engine; from the busy bar
And the piano that did gaily hum
They beat it quickly, shooting like a star,
While thronged the singers all with terror dumb,
Or gasping wildly—"Fickert's men! They come! they come!"

Tim's White Hope

Tim McGrath, the man who invented Tom Sharkey, has a white hope named Charlie Miller. Charlie is as big as the facade of a skyscraper, and although he hasn't shown white hope "class" just yet, has acquitted himself well enough in several professional encounters. I was present the other day when Tim was asked how he came to discover Charlie. "Well, it was this way," said Tim with that bashful air of his. "I was in the country one day and I lost my way. I went up to a farmer who was plowing and asked him the right way. He picked up his plow and pointed with it. That was Charlie."

Two Generations of Friends

In the lobby of the Columbia this week are displayed two old playbills. One tells of the last appearance on any stage of the elder Hackett. The other is the bill of a benefit given to the elder Holland. The bills tell the story of a friendship which has been inherited. The elder Hackett and the elder Holland were pals through life. Their sons were boys together and have been pals throughout their stage careers. It is said that the friendship existing between James K. Hackett and Edward M. Holland has never been interrupted by a misunderstanding or quarrel. That the two men find great delight in being together was apparent to everybody at the Columbia Monday night. Hackett insisted that Holland share his curtain calls. At the end of the third act when Hackett had to make a speech he said that when he first produced "The Grain of Dust" he supposed that Holland was supporting him. "But for some time now I have realized that I'm supporting Holland." Then he insisted that Holland make a speech, and the latter modestly insisted that he was only a small part of the show. But nobody who saw "The Grain of Dust" agreed with him.

Last of the Victorians

"He collaborated with Rider Haggard in 'The World's Desire.'" That is what a press despatch tells us of Andrew Lang who died last Sunday in Scotland. Nothing more. What a curious thing is fame! Andrew Lang was so prolific a writer that somebody once observed, "A. Lang isn't a man; it's a syndicate." Yet Andrew Lang on his death is remembered by the press as a literary partner of Rider Haggard, the one circumstance in his career which might just as well have been forgotten. With the death of Andrew Lang is dissolved one of the last of the links in the chain that connected the Victorian and our own period of English literature. Born in the early forties of the last century, he mingled in the society of Carlyle, Ruskin, Rosetti, Browning, Tennyson, Arnold, Swinburne and Meredith, and he lived to become the dean of English letters. Andrew Lang was in the true sense of the term a man of letters. He was poet, critic, historian, folklorist. His first work, Ballads and Lyrics of Old France, was published in 1872. One of the most notable of his works was published less than three years ago, a life of Joan of Arc, entitled "The Maid of France." This work was inspired by Anatole France's life of Joan wherein the Frenchman to prove his hypothesis regarding the achievements of the saviour of her country misled his readers by many perversions of the official records. Lang examined all of France's references, and convicted him beyond peradventure of gross intellectual dishonesty. Among other notable productions of Lang's pen are his translation of the Odyssey and the Illiad, his History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation, his Mystery of Mary Stuart and John Knox and the Reformation.

Stevenson's Tribute

In recent years Andrew Lang has been a constant contributor to the leading magazines of London and he spent much of his time in that city where he enjoyed the warm esteem of his junior contemporaries—such men as Chesterton, Shaw, Bennett and Galsworthy, to whom his was a venerable voice from the past, from a period rich inmemories dear to the heart of aspiring literary genius. A man of very sweet temper, of noble ideals, was Lang as one may learn from his critical essays on Dumas, Lever, Dickens, Kipling and Stevenson. Lang and R. L. S., by the way, were intimate friends, and to that friendship we are indebted for a poem from the pen of the man who lies buried in Samoa:

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Dear Andrew, with the brindled hair,
Who glory to have thrown in air,
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An equal craft of hand you show
The pen to guide, the fly to throw:
I count you happy starred; for God,
When he with inkpot and with rod
Endowed you, bade your fortune lead
Forever by the crooks of Tweed,
Forever by the woods of song
And lands that to the Muse belong;
Or if in peopled streets, or in
The abhorred pedantic sanhedrin,
It should be yours to wander, still
Airs of the morn, airs of the hill,
The plovery Forest and the seas
That break about the Hebrides,
Should follow over field and plain
And find you at the window pane;
And you again see hill and peel,
And the bright springs gush at your heel.
So went the fiat forth, and so
Garrulous like a brook you go,
With sound of happy mirth and sheen
Of daylight—whether by the green
You fare that moment, or the grey;
Whether you dwell in March or May;
Or whether treat of reels and rods
Or of the old unhappy gods;
Still like a brook your page has shone,
And your ink sings of Helicon.

A Zangwill Witticism

By way of anecdote I will repeat a little story that was going the rounds of literary circles years ago. Andrew Lang being master of ceremonies on a certain public occasion invited Israel Zangwill to participate, suggesting that he give the audience a short talk. He received this answer: If A. Lang will I. Zangwill."

New Light on Oscar Wilde

Getting hold of a suppressed book and reading it arouses a special sort of intellectual excitement. It is much the same sort of excitement which a naughty monk must have felt as he took Boccaccio from the shelf after the Congregation of the Index had thundered against the Decameron. Somehow or other, it's like eating stolen sweets, the difficulty of obtaining the book supplying the same zest that comes in the other case from the danger. This is only partly true of Arthur Ransome's "Oscar Wilde." The difficulty of obtaining the book exists only in Great Britain, not in this country. Nevertheless, knowing that it was suppressed by its English publishers, one naturally opens it with a curiosity which is not wholly literary. The book was suppressed in London immediately after publication, for the reason that Lord Alfred Douglas who had been Oscar Wilde's pathic but who now seems to be rehabilitated in the esteem of London society, brought suit against the publishers for libel. The publishers promptly withdrew the book. But that did not prevent its circulation in America; no doubt, if the fact were better known, it would help the sale on this side. Naturally, one turns over the pages to find the basis for that libel suit. The name of the degenerate son of the Marquis of Queensberry is never once mentioned in the book. But the references to him are so plain that they cannot be mistaken.

How Douglas Behaved

Ransome tells how, after Wilde was released from prison, his faithful friends Robert Ross and Reginald Turner did all they could to make his new start in the world easy and comfortable. They helped him to fit up a chalet at Berneval in France. "He had left prison," says Ransome, "with an improved physique, and, now that he was able to work, there was hope that he would not risk the loss of it by leaving this life of comparative simplicity. Suddenly, however, he flung aside his plans and resolutions, desperately explaining that his folly was inevitable. The iterated entreaty of a man whose friendship had already cost him more than it was worth, and a newly-felt loneliness at Berneval, destroyed his resolution. He became restless and went to Rouen, where it rained and he was miserable; then back to Dieppe; a few days later, with his poem still unfinished, he was in Naples sharing a momentary magnificence with the friend whose conduct he had condemned, whose influence he had feared." This friend was Lord Alfred Douglas, Wilde's evil spirit. The unfinished poem was the Ballad of Reading Goal. "Soon after Wilde left Berneval for Naples," continues Ransome, "those who controlled the allowance that enabled him to live with his friend purposely stopped it. His friend, as soon as there was no money, left him. 'It was,' said Wilde, 'a most bitter experience in a bitter life.'" I have read lengthy diatribes on Lord Alfred Douglas, but it seems to me that in that one sentence about his flitting when the money was exhausted, Ransome puts the final odium on the miserable creature.

De Profundis Emasculated

In this same connection the author gives us something new about De Profundis. He says it "is not printed as it was written, but is composed of passages from a long letter whose complete publication would be impossible in this generation. The passages were selected and put together by Mr. Robert Ross with a skill that it it is impossible sufficiently to admire. The letter, a manuscript of 'eighty close-written pages on twenty folio sheets,' was not addressed to Mr. Ross but to a man to whom Wilde felt that he owed some, at least, of the circumstances of his public disgrace. It was begun as a rebuke of this friend, whose actions, even subsequent to the trials, had been such as to cause Wilde considerable pain. It was not delivered to him, but given to Mr. Ross by Wilde, who also gave instructions as to its partial publication. It is not often possible to detect the original intention of rebuke in the published portions of De Profundis. I suppose that as Wilde pointed out his friend's share in his disaster, and set down on paper what that disaster was, he came to examine its ulterior effect on his own mind, for those pages that are open to us contain such an examination."

As to Mrs. Wilde

Ransome doesn't think much of Mrs. Wilde. "Wilde's marriage," he says, "was not felictous, though he regretted it more for his wife's sake than for his own. It is said that Mrs. Wilde was rather cruelly made to pose for Lady Henry Wotton in Dorian Gray, that 'curious woman whose dresses always looked as if they had been designed in a rage and put on in a tempest . . . She tried to look picturesque, but only succeeded in being untidy. . . . looking like a bird of paradise that had been out all night in the rain.' She was sentimental, pretty, well-meaning and inefficient. She would have been very happy as the wife of an ornamental minor poet, and it is possible that in marrying Wilde she mistook his for such a character. . . . She became more a spectacle for Wilde than an influence upon him, and was without the strength that might have prevented the disasters that were to fall through him on herself. She had a passion for leaving things alone, broken only by moments of interference badly timed. She became one of

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those women whose Christian names their husbands, without malice, preface with the epithets 'poor dear.' Her married life was no less ineffectual than unhappy." This is rather hard on the poor wife, though not spiteful, like the picture which the brilliant woman who writes under the name of Frank Danby drew of her in "The Sphinx's Lawyer." It is well to remember that Wilde wrote of his wife in De Profundis: "My wife, always kind and gentle to me, rather than that I should hear the news (of his mother's death) from indifferent lips, traveled, ill as she was, all the way from Genoa to England to break to me herself the tidings of so irreparable, so irredeemable, a loss."

Why Oscar Came to America

A thing not generally known is the reason of Wilde's trip to America. It was part of a press agent scheme to boost the Gilbert-Sullivan opera of "Patience." D'Oyly Carte wished to repeat the London success of the opera in America, but realized that Americans would miss much of its satirical fun, not knowing the members of the esthetic cult as London knew them. So he "conceived the Napoleonic scheme of sending over a specimen aesthete to show what 'Patience' was laughing at. This somewhat ignominous position was, with due diplomacy, offered to Oscar Wilde, on account of his extravagance in dress, and proudly accepted by him on the wilful supposition that it was a fitting tribute to his recently published poems." The fact is, Wilde needed the money.

When His Downfall Started

Wilde's second son was born in 1886, two years after his marriage. In that year, Ransome tells us, he began the course of conduct which had become a habit by 1889 and led to his downfall in 1895. "The vice needs none but a pathological explanation. It was a disease, a malady of the brain, not the necessary consequence of a delight in classical literature. Opulence permitted its utmost development, but did not create it." Wilde, we also learn, "had been in youth a runner after girls, but, as a man, he ceased to take any interest in women. In the moment of his success, when many were ready to throw themselves at his feet, one, perhaps, of the reasons of his power was his own indifference to his conquests." There are interesting details of Wilde's last days. While he was in Rome he became a devotee of the camera, and found great delight taking snapshots. "He was blessed by the Pope, not once only but seven times." Just before the end in Paris he took to excessive drinking. "His death," we learn, "was hurried by his inability to give up the drinking to which he had become accustomed. It was directly due to meningitis, the legacy of an attack of tertiary syphilis." So Wilde was a victim of the curse which is supposed to have blighted the lives of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and other geniuses. Ransome's book is most interesting. It is full of illuminating criticism and of arresting phrases, as when he calls Dorian Gray "the first French novel to be written in the English language." Throughout there is shown a necessary restraint. The author doesn't go into details which might just as well be forgotten. The book has nothing in common with one which, Ransome says, is soon to be published anonymously, containing a full and accurate account of the legal proceedings for and against Wilde. That book will be avidly read, but it will serve no good purpose.

The Prophet of "The Hour"

A new prophet has appeared in the field of journalism. His name is J. A. Kinghorn-Jones. The name is more or less familiar to newspaper readers, for Mr. Kinghorn-Jones has been writing letters to the press for several years, but as his views are somewhat heterodox his letters have frequently gravitated to the waste-basket instead of to the lineotype. So in order to insure publicity for his thoughts Mr. Kinghorn-Jones started a paper which he calls Industrialism, and which has for its motto, "Love one another and work out your own salvation." The editor's mission is to show the way. His purpose is to abolish wage slavery, destroy usury, and win recognition for one hour as the scientific unit of value. Editor Kinghorn-Jones is an economist who believes that he has devised "the only plan which will allay the general discontent and avert the impending, expected revolution." His plan is to induce the Government "to issue $500,000,000 in greenbacks, make them good for all debts public and private, for the purpose of erecting two hundred thousand homes at a cost of $2,500." These homes, according to the Kinghorn-Jones plan, are to be given to workmen, and the homes are to be paid for at the rate of $20 per month for ten and a half years at the end of which time the deeds shall be delivered to the owners. Editor Kinghorn-Jones would also provide for the spending of the money paid for homes for the building of more homes. It's a sort of an endless chain idea. He would make up a nation of homes —every man his own landlord. The editor of Industrialism is a very earnest philosopher with faith in his mission and contempt for most of the vociferous reformers of the day. He is far and away the most progressive man of his day. He regards such men as Gompers and Roosevelt as hopeless conservatives. Gompers, he says, is satisfied with "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work." This principle he pronounces reactionary, going back as it does to the New Testament—"The Laborer is worthy of his hire." The idea, says the editor of Industrialism, will not bear discussion by honest folk, since "equity demands that all the result of a day's work belongs to the worker: if he or she does not get it, something is wrong, the worker has been cheated, and only one thing can remedy the evil, and that is recognizing one hour as the unit of value."

Harry Goldberg's Grievance

Harry Goldberg is a playwright, though he has never had the joy of production. As a playwright Harry takes himself very seriously around the Olympic Club, and waxes indignant when Tiv Kreling suggests that he is the author of "Ten Nights in a Grocery." As a matter of fact Harry's play is called "Roland of Rolandseck" and is full of simpering males and affected females. He was airing a grievance to a group of esthetes in the Olympic Club library the other evening. "Miss Helen Ware," he said, "may be a very charming woman and a fine actress, but she didn't treat me right. One night I sent her a box of American beauties and a copy of my play, requesting the favor of an interview as I wanted her to star for me. What was my indignation when she turned me down! And yet

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she must know from reading 'Roland of Rolandweck' that it's a better play than this and this and this." Whereupon in his most vehement manner Harry drew from different pockets paper-bound copies of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Ghosts and Lady Windermere's Fan.

Has Written Fielding's Life

Out of the University of California there is soon to come a scholarly book. Start not, too credulous reader, I don't refer to Morse Stephen's History of the Earthquake and Fire. That work is not yet ready. I allude to a life of Henry Fielding, the great creator of Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews and poor broken-nosed Amelia. The author is Fred Blanchard, an instructor in English. Blanchard is credited with knowing more about Fielding, Smollett and the other novelists of that period than any other man in the West. At the summer school he has been lecturing to large and interested classes on the eighteenth century novelists. Blanchard graduated with the class of 1904 and bore the reputation even then of being a wizard on English literature. His life of Fielding will fill a long-felt want. Watson published a life in 1807 and Lawrence another in 1855. There is a good work on Fielding in the Men of Letters series. But an exhaustive work is needed, and Blanchard has produced it.

"A Three Times Winner"

San Francisco is a long way from being the literary Nazareth New York once deemed it. Good things come out of her galore. For notable only because newest example, there are "The Lanagan Stories," three of them taken by Collier's at one fell scoop. The man that writes a series of tales acceptable by the National Weekly has proven himself capable of delivering the goods. These Chronicles of a San Francisco Police Reporter are the work of a young newspaper man with a literary conscience, a native tendency to artistic restraint worth the cultivating, the gift of story-telling, and a determination to make a name for himself. That name, Edward H. Hurlbut, it will pay the mystery-unraveling reader to gumshoe through the highways and byways of magazinedom. To write something good and saleable is not as easy as it sounds. To seek art first and then have dollars added to you, to write to please yourself and succeed in pleasing editor and public, to keep on friendly terms with yourself and yet find a ready market: this is to do something worth a man's while, and this is what, if I do not miss my guess, Edward H. Hurlbut has done in The Lanagan Stories.

A Good Loser

Mr. Hurlbut's experience with Collier's is not as common as we could wish. We know a young man who has done admittedly good work, lost and laughed. His experience would make a cat laugh, and he is merely an unlucky dog. We distinctly remember him showing us a letter from an editor somewhat to this effect: "You really didn't expect us to print this, did you? Why, man dear, this is art. Should we forget ourselves and pay you our good money for it, do you imagine Mrs. Vast Majority would pay us hers? Alack the day, she would not. It is our business to know her, and we know our business. If you can bring yourself to do stuff to please her, send it along. We will be only too happy to print it and pay for it. Hang it all, I'd like to use that story of yours!" This is not the letter of the letter, but it is its unforgettable spirit. "This is art!" is no faint praise, but it is, at times, damning. Times were when we made a nice distinction between what was art and what wasn't, when we smiled at St. Elmo, when the hack pocketed his fifty for a penny dreadful, and called himself d—n lucky, but never, in his wildest cups, a literary man. To call down the critic of a big daily for not taking him seriously would never occur to the jokesmith of our school boy days. Fortunes are now made every books-without-end day out of stuff no better than the old fifty-dollar novel we wouldn't be found dead with in our hands. There is a marked tendency of the times to think that the literary equivalent of much gold must needs itself stand the acid test. As a horrible example of what I mean, let me instance the fact that Mrs.



FRANK TERRAMORSE JR.

A young Californian with a remarkable tenor voice who has mastered fourteen roles.

Vast Majority inclines to deem a Shakespeare the poet that brings home the bacon. Then, the editor, the god of the writer's destiny, but withal human, is minded to think with Mrs. V. M., on the side of his bread and butter, to know well as the arbiter of less elegant things which side his bread is buttered on, and to be mighty careful that it doesn't fall on that unprofitable side. To paraphrase Epictetus: Better great art in adobe cottages than small art in brownstone fronts. Best of all, of course, the well done well housed. Nothing is easier than for the editor to "pass up the buck" to the business end, for it to plead the written law of demand and supply; in a word, one needs be no Sherlock Holmes to lay the blame where it belongs, bring home the crime to the door of the pot-boiler-devouring reader, who doubtless has diamonds and pearls but not the rarer jewel, discernment.

Purely Personal

George Wingfield lost ten thousand fish on his Lassen county place the other day. The dam broke, the lake leaked and the fish sneaked.

Paul Cowles, formerly of this city, has been promoted from the management of the Associated Press in Atlanta to the charge of the Central division at Chicago.

Burke Corbet, attorney and president of the Ingleside Golf Club, showed versatility the other day by licking a husky who tried to steal the lamp of his motor. Golfers at Ingleside enjoyed the spectacle of Corbet sitting on the bad man's head.

A Tenor With a Future

Musical critics say that Frank Terramorse Jr., a native of this city, is destined to distinguish himself in grand opera. He has a superb dramatic voice of great range, flexibility, sweetness and volume. He takes D flat with the greatest ease. His teacher is the well known Signor Wanrell with whom he has been studying for the past fifteen months. In that period, so great is his memory, he mastered the leading tenor roles in "Faust," "Traviata," "Trovatore," "Aida," "La Giaconda," "La Boheme," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "L'Africaine," "Lucia," "Pagliacci," "Otello," "Rigoletto," "Les Huguenots" and "Carmen." Terramorse is only twenty-two years of age, and he is bubbling over with temperament.

Older's Altruria

Altruria is to be established in the hills beyond Los Gatos and the Altrurians who will there take up their abode and lead lives of altruistic beauty and brotherhood are led by none other than that passionate uplifter of his fellow men Fremont Older who conceived the idea of the colony. A tract of land has been purchased and homes are in process of erection, I am told. They are designed for the use of members of the colony more as retreats from the world for periods of rest and recuperation, than permanent homes. There the Altrurians will find the sympathy and encouragement necessary to their best endeavors in uplift and will, I take it, do better work in uplift than ever before after sessions of the mutual appreciation society. The place will be run on a co-operative plan worked out by Editor Older. Of the Altrurians interested in it I may mention Lincoln Steffens, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Russell, Miss Helen Todd and Brand Whitlock.

As to the Mysterious "M. L. G."

In the early part of the year a book with the mystifying title "To M. L. G." was published, with the intimation that it was no work of the imagination but most distinctly "a novel with a purpose." The writer represented herself as an actress who had been ground fine in the mills of theatrical life and accepted all that came to her as a matter of course. Having met a British army officer with whom she fell in love her eyes were opened and she would not consent to marry

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him until he knew all of her past life in minutest detail, but in order to make her confession and at the same time leave him free from any demands on his chivalry she decided to write the book, trusting that a copy would fall into his hands and reading, he would understand. If he could condone and ignore, he would seek her out, and if not they would go their several ways keeping up the fiction of silence. The story was evidently written by some one who knew more of stage life than is picked up at random, and it has been variously attributed to nearly every actor and author of prominence in both England and America, and, it need not be said, the book has been a best-seller in consequence. Now comes a postscript to the effect that the bullet has found it billet. The love-lorn army man read first the reviews and then the book, and has done all that could be expected of him. The wedding is set for October 8, but it is to be noted that the names of the high contracting parties are still withheld. To a generation which still remembers the excitement that was worked up over "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," and the discussions of the whys and wherefores that led to the sorrowful separation—only to have a subsequent edition brought out with the author's name displayed on the title page, the identity of "M. L. G." and the lady in the case ought scarcely to be of great importance. There was that "Manuscript in a Red Box" too, an alleged masterpiece which was left by an unknown at a prominent publisher's office, with neither title to the tale nor clue to the author, but which was quite too good to be lost to humanity, so it was given to the world under that vague title in the hope that its author would be discovered. When Upton Sinclair decided that he was a genius and tried to convince the world with his "Journal of Arthur Sterling," he went to the length of having a fictitious death notice inserted in some of the New York papers. In fact, the dodge of working on the susceptibility of the sentimentalists has been tried so often and the real biographies and autobiographies are so manipulated that it takes extraordinary credulity to be interested for more than a passing moment.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

Professor Eberhardt, the violinist, Wilfred de Fonvielle, the friend of Gambetta, Jefferson Coolidge, and many others.

One picture she showed me was of particular interest. It is called "Old Recollections" and contains the figure of an old peasant woman.

"That old woman," Miss Klumpke explained, "worked for Millet at Barbizon when she was younger. She posed for 'The Angelus.' Her daughter did my washing. The picture was bought by Mrs. William Thaw, the mother of Harry Thaw, who has been a kind friend to me."

Miss Klumpke has painted many wonderful portraits of old people.

"I think there is something very beautiful in old age," she said.

And so she is going to paint the portrait of her aged father whose splendid head with its long white locks would be an inspiration to any artist. But in Miss Klumpke's picture there will be a great deal more than the mere inspiration of art.

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In the Social Spotlight

Frederico Arce, Mexico's Consular attache at Tokio, stopped at the Hotel Victoria during the week, en route to his home in Mexico. Senor Arce returns to Mexico on official business. Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Catlin, Miss B. M. Catlin, Miss M. H. Catlin and R. M. Catlin Jr., are a party of New Jersey people registered at the Victoria. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ellicott of Baltimore, and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hall of Cincinatti are at the hotel during a stay in town. Dr. Sophia Morgenthaler and Miss Rose Morgenthaler are at the Victoria from Auburndale, Mass. Other arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Bracken, San Francisco; Mrs. M. B. Harris and Miss M. Harris, Fresno; J. Park McDougall, M. D., Los Angeles; Mrs. A. J. Gorham and Mrs. C. H. McMahon, Salt Lake; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Thompson, Miss Florence Thompson of Los Angeles, F. H. Thompson of Manila; Mrs. Isaac Bird, Miss Henrietta Bird, Mrs. B. B. Dixon and Victor Dixon of Merced.

Mrs. William Whitman of Brookline, Mass., with her maid, Mrs. Mary Bullard and Miss Bullard left San Mateo immediately after the Whitman-Crocker wedding, going to Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Alexander, Miss Harriet, Miss Jeannette, Miss Mary Crocker Alexander, Miss M. P. Luce and Miss Edith Chesebrough arrived late in the week, and while it is only a preliminary visit to their more extended stay in August, the young ladies are enjoying the new golf course hugely. Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Hart, as well known in San Francisco as in 'Weywolde,' San Jose, will remain several weeks. Mr. Pedar Bruguiere arrived Thursday, joining his wife and small daughter. Mrs. O. A. Robertson, son and daughter, are among the members of the San Francisco colony who motor about the peninsula every day, and Mr. O. A. Robertson was at Del Monte for a week-end visit. Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hayne of San Mateo with Mr. John Parrott are "camping along the line of battle" for a few days, and expect to be in the front ranks in September. They made the trip by motor. Mr. Leon Roos motored down Saturday to join Mrs. Roos and Miss S. Beinenfeld. Other week-end travelers were Morris Meyerfeld and Albert Baruch. Emil Greenbaum joined his mother who is enjoying Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Dallas and family of Merced are at the Casa del Rey. Mr. Dallas is a well known real estate man. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Morgan and Miss Eleanor Morgan, prominent San Franciscans, are also at the Casa del Rey. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike of Reno and Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Morgan of the same place, motored down from San Francisco. Mrs. J. P. Sargent and Miss Sargent of Sargent's are at the Casa del Rey for an extended stay. Mrs. Sargent is the mother of Mrs. H. F. Anderson, who is prominent in the social life of Santa Cruz. Mrs. Robert Tibbetts, Miss N. F. Wilson and Miss Sonia Rarvard motored over from Los Gatos for the week-end. Among the many navy people who are making the Casa del Rey their headquarters for the Water Pageant are Asst. Pay Master Arthur Middleton of the S. S. "Denver," and his wife; Ensign Edwin Guthrie and wife of the U. S. "Denver," and Asst. Surgeon C. B. Camerer and wife.

Among the bathers at Paso Robles may be mentioned Mr. W. F. Weiss of Grand Canyon, Arizona, who like many another has in previous visits realized the value of the baths for his rheumatic tendency and is back again for another series before the strenuous winter season begins. Mr. Weiss is connected with the famous El Tovar, one of the prize hotels of the Harvey System. Judge M. H. Hyland, with Mrs. Hyland, went down from San Francisco for a leisurely summer visit at Paso Robles, and is indulging in various baths to his great comfort and pleasure.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Waiter's Lamentation

This is the story of a plot that failed. But the plot was a perfectly good plot, so the story is worth recording. The story begins at the Burlingame Country Club where a waiter is wringing his hands and giving other outward signs of extreme mental perturbation. The waiter hasn't dropped any dishes or spilled a gin fizz on anybody. He is perturbed because he is needed at the Crocker-Whitman wedding breakfast, and he doesn't know how to get there in time to lend his aid. For some reason or other he has been left behind. And it's as much as his waiter's job is worth to miss the breakfast. While he is lamenting his predicament, Jack Densham, reporter, and Carl Wallen, photographer for the Examiner, appear on the scene in a big automobile. They have been detailed to attend the wedding, and have already looked it over a bit. But Wallen's efforts to get photographs have all been in vain. Densham and Wallen are racking their brains for some way to outwit the detectives and snap the members of the bridal party. They see the waiter, learn the cause of his lamentations and immediately form a brilliant plot.

A Photographer in Disguise

"Come with us. We'll take you to the wedding." No sooner said than done. The waiter, greatly relieved, jumps into the machine and the driver whirls off to the Crocker place. Just before they approach the police lines Wallen the photographer deftly plucks off the waiter's coat and the waiter's cap and disguises himself in them. He jumps from the machine. Before the real waiter can protest he is being driven back to the Burlingame Country Club. Wallen in the coat and cap of a waiter easily passes the scrutiny of the detectives. Trying to behave as much like a waiter as possible he hurries over the lawn. His little pocket camera is ready. He chuckles to himself as he thinks of the cameramen from the other papers who are ever and anon darting out of the brush like quails and snapping their cameras, only to be driven back by the police. He feels himself the master of the situation. But just as he is about to take his first picture, a member of the wedding party recognizes him; has seen him taking golf pictures at the country club. "This man is not a waiter, he is a photographer," says the wedding guest dramatically. And immediately a couple of cops hustle Wallen off the sacred preserves.

The Wine Did Not Flow

There was very little champagne at the Crocker-Whitman wedding. The glasses were filled once for the toast to the bride. That was all. Even the best man had to make special efforts to get his glass filled a second time. Of course this was not parsimony. It was Jennie Crocker's good sense. She has been to many weddings, and knows the danger of wine on such festive occasions. So she didn't take any chances.

Their Car Broke Down

Many of Miss Enid Gregg's friends wondered why she was absent from the Crocker-Whitman wedding. They knew that both Enid and her sister Ethel intended to appear in rare creations of the modiste's art which they had purchased in Paris. But dashing Enid and pretty Ethel were not there. It seems that Mrs. Gregg and her charming daughters started for the wedding at ten in the morning. Their limousine broke down twice and at three in the afternoon the Greggs in desperation took the electric car home. Naturally they were greatly disappointed at their ill luck.

Mrs. Alexander's Thoughtfulness

One fine trait in Mrs. Alexander's (Hattie Crocker's), character is her great loyalty to her old time friends, especially to those less fortunate than herself. One friend in Sacramento recently had the mortgage on her home paid off by Mrs. Alexander. Of all the guests at the Crocker-Whitman wedding there was one who probably will never forget the joyous day. She was an early girlhood friend of Hattie Crocker Alexander's, and is now living way down in the country far removed from pleasures and festivities of any kind. Mrs. Alexander sent for her, made it possible for her to appear at the wedding and saw to it that she thoroughly enjoyed the day. I have heard of many other acts of thoughtful kindness on the part of Mrs. Alexander, but as Mrs. Alexander is exceedingly unobtrusive in her charities I can but hint at them in deference to her wishes.



Photo, H. Pierre Smith

MISS KATIE BELLE McGREGOR

The accomplished daughter of the President of the Union Iron Works. She graduated this year from Vassar and will make her debut this winter.

Another Simple Wedding

The "note of simplicity" which is insisted on these days in all real society weddings was struck with a resounding whack at the wedding of Miss Thelma Parker of Honolulu and Henry Gaillard Smart of Virginia. Miss Parker is an heiress with an astounding income, so the note of simplicity was struck on a golden scale. The wedding took place amid the simple surroundings of Miss Parker's plantation at Waimea on the island. A Kanaka orchestra, simply attired in garlands of leis and native costumes containing all the primary colors, played simple Hawaiian melodies. At the same time a bevy of dusky beauties, more simply attired still, gyrated in the simple, the excessively simple contortions of the pretty hula-hula which is the national wedding dance of the islands. Then there was a luau or wedding feast, at which the hundreds of wedding guests partook of a simple repast consisting of innumerable Hawaiian viands. After the honeymoon the couple will divide their time between a simple mansion in San Francisco and an equally simple home in Honolulu, both specially built for them at a cost running simply into six figures.

Miss Langhorne's Wedding

Miss Julia Langhorne has selected the dashing Miss Newhall to be maid of honor at her marriage to Lieutenant Parker next month. Miss Newhall is nearly as tall as the lithe Miss Langhorne and they will tower above the bridesmaids following behind, although Miss Sara Cunningham and Miss Louise Boyd who will fill the role of bridesmaids are above the average height. It will be a very impressive and stately bridal party at St. Luke's on the evening of August 14, with the groom measuring six feet, three inches, falling just one inch below the height of Malcolm Whitman. There will not be the striking difference, however, between bride and groom that was noted at the Crocker-Whitman wedding where the dainty bride who stood five feet one in her slippers was fifteen inches below the groom's six feet four. Miss Langhorne herself is six feet tall. The winsome bride elect is greatly disappointed, I hear, that her intimate friend Martha Calhoun will not be among her attend-

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ants. Miss Calhoun is as petite and dainty as Jennie Crocker Whitman and her presence in the bridal party would have necessitated another small maid to match her height. Miss Katherine Duane of Morristown, New Jersey, cousin to Miss Langhorne, is another who had been originally included in the bridesmaids but will not take the journey to California after all. The Duanes are very prominent in the exclusive Morristown set and Miss Katherine was much entertained by our smart-setters on the occasion of a visit to the Langhornes several years ago.

Two Young Catches

The youthful Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski who is visiting his aunt Mrs. Will Crocker at Burlingame is too young to be considered a matrimonial possibility by belles down the peninsula. He is not yet fifteen years old but is a handsome sturdy lad of whom the mothers of future debutantes are taking note. He is seen driving about the roads of Burlingame with his young cousin, Billy Crocker Jr. who himself will be a great catch in a few years. Young Crocker is a motor maniac whose father presented him with a machine when he returned East to school last year. He is soon to enter Yale University. Prince Stanislaus who is one of three brothers will spend the remainder of the summer with his California relatives. I am told he is preparing to enter an American university to complete his education.

The Crockers Assembled

There is quite a gathering of the rising generation of the Crocker clan at Burlingame this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander of New York brought their three daughters out for the Whitman wedding. They are Harriet, Janetta and May, the last not yet numbered among the debutantes. The son and two daughters of the Will Crockers are all at New Place where another season or two will see Helen, the younger girl, a debutante. The Henry Crocker children went down for the wedding and young Frank Crocker, a cousin from New York, is also visiting at Burlingame. The Prince may be included by virtue of his relationship to Mrs. Will Crocker, the sister of his mother Princess Poniatowski.

Mrs. Carolan's Latest

Mrs. Carolan has been playing in Paris with a new fad. She's studying Apache slang. That's the thing to do in Paris just now, and Mrs. Carolan is always au courant with the times, as the American says on the boulevards. The argot of the slums is heard in the best drawing rooms, bandied to and fro over the best tea tables. Slang dictionaries are in demand. Language teachers are giving lessons at exorbitant prices per lesson. The Parisian interest in the under-world, always strong since Hugo wrote "Les Miserables," was intensified by the exploits of the motor bandits. That led to the fad of Apache talk. Mrs. Carolan, they tell me, is an expert at it. But of course there are some Apache terms which she doesn't use.



Photo, Bianca Conti

MRS. WILLARD WILLIAMSON

Who is prominent in the exclusive set of Oakland and does a great deal of entertaining in her Hillside avenue home.

Tweedmouth in the Lists

Walter Hobart, Tom Driscoll, Dick Tobin and others in Burlingame will be sorry to hear that "Tweedy" is a mighty poor tilter. "Tweedy" is a galiant and expert polo player, as we all know, but he doesn't shine in the lists. "Tweedy," to give Lord Tweedmouth the nickname by which Eleanor Sears always called him at Coronado, took part in the tournament at Earl's Court, London, a few days ago. The tournament was the piece de resistance of Mrs. Cornwallis-West's spectacle, "Shakespeare's England," the same that she is thinking of bringing to San Francisco for the World's Fair. Other lords took part, notably the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Ashby St. Leger, the Earl of Craven and Viscount Crichton. But the few San Franciscans who were present as spectators were most interested in "Tweedy." "Tweedy" looked funny in armor. He resembled a cross-section of a boiler factory as much as anything else. Some say he wore a ton of metal, but that's an exaggeration. He was very hot, and complained that he couldn't wipe away the perspiration which trickled down his face and tickled his chin. And he spoiled the historical effect by smoking a cigarette through a long tube. He wasn't happy, and the actual tilting completed his misery. He couldn't have tilted worse if he tried. His lance-in-rest missed his opponent every time. His horse stumbled, unused to the tonnage, and didn't want to carry him. No, "Tweedy" was not a success. Walter Hobart, Tom Driscoll, Dick Tobin and the rest should cable their sorrow. But perhaps Walter Hobart



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will be secretly delighted. If "Tweedy" hadn't walked upstairs on his hands in Coronado Walter would have been spared humiliation and sprains.

To Have a Bachelor Establishment

Loring Pickering, the young man who will one day control the fortunes of the Bulletin, is having the time of his life in Europe. He went abroad for study and recreation, and will probably matriculate at the Paris Sorbonne. But Pickering is in no hurry to buckle down to the grind. Europe has so many attractions for a young man with a handsome income, that it is but natural the Sorbonne should wait a little. He has been spending a good deal of time in Florence, Siena and San Remo and at last reports was seeing Rome and doing as the Romans do, which means that he was having a good time. Incidentally he went to Viterbo to see the Camorra criminals sentenced. In the Autumn he will go back to Paris. He intends to set up a bachelor establishment there and enter into the gay Winter festivities of the American set. And he will try to see something of the Paris capital from the inside.

An Interesting Engagement

Society circles about the bay are showering congratulations upon Mrs. Doris Hopkins since she has made public the announcement of her engagement to M. Marcel, a popular and wealthy member of Paris society. Close friends have known of her happiness ever since Mrs. Hopkins came from France to visit Mrs. Edward Lacy Brayton of Kelton Court, Oakland, but it is only in recent weeks that transbay society in general has been made acquainted with the news of the approaching marriage which will occur early next year. Possessed of infinite tact and graciousness, Mrs. Hopkins has been extremely popular with the Claremont Country Club set and her November departure for Paris will be deeply deplored.

Honeymooners North and South

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Broughton, bride and groom of the week are on their way to Canada to spend the honeymoon at Banff. This is reversing the direction for wedding trips generally lead southward. Santa Barbara is becoming as famous for honeymooners as was Niagara in the days of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain's early efforts. A few years ago Del Monte was favored by brides and grooms, of whom it was said ninety-eight per cent of those married in this city spent their honeymoon at the famous hostlery. A goodly number still find their way there, but generally continue on to the old southern mission town after a brief stay. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, the latter of whom was Mrs. Nelle Towle, her former husband having been a Towle of Towle's station, are among those at present honeymooning in the South but the bride has introduced the novelty into the trip of driving her own automobile on the wedding journey.

"'Tween the Hours of 3 and 6"

The interior of Tait's Cafe presents a gay and animated appearance these days "'tween the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock." During these hours fashionable and Bohemian San Francisco gathers to make merry and to enjoy a light repast. The "atmosphere" of the place is very compelling; and the impression made is a pleasant one. There's a young, petite Chinese girl who goes from table to table in native attire giving out neat little announcement cards which bear the interesting information that the cafe is going to give away a beautiful $1250 Oakland automobile—the prize car. This young Chinese lady speaks very good English and affords patrons of the place much amusement by her quaint replies to questions asked as she moves among the merrymakers. The automobile that is to be given away is certainly a beauty and one that any woman would be proud to own.

Nicholas I. and Liszt

At a fete given in Liszt's honor before the Russian court, Nicolas I. requested the eminent artist to play something. The latter at once sat down before the piano and began to play. While he was playing he accidentally caught sight of the Tsar, who was not listening to the music, but talking to a general. Liszt continued to play and Nicolas continued to talk. Then Liszt stopped abruptly. All those present stared at each other in confusion while the Emperor went up to Liszt, asking what had happened.

"When the Emperor talks," answered Liszt, "everybody else must be silent."

"But when Liszt plays the Emperor must be silent," answered Nicolas, and began to listen attentively.

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"The Toad in the Greek Theatre"

By Edward F. O'Day

"The Toad" by Mrs. Bertha Newberry is not the great American play. It is not even the great Egyptian play. There is no danger that it will set either San Francisco Bay or the Nile on fire. After seeing it one wonders why it was produced at the Greek Theatre at all. I felt like asking Professor Dallam Armes about that, but refrained. I also felt like asking George Davis who was there whether he intended to secure "The Toad" for the Alcazar. But he would have accused me of joking him. Down at Carmel, where the Carmelites love one another with real family intensity, there is a division of opinion about "The Toad." In San Francisco and Berkeley there should be none. There is no reason why we shouldn't be unanimous in considering "The Toad" a poor play. Mr. Garnet Holme made a good production, "Choragus" Paul Steindorff acquitted himself well, the costumes were beautiful, the night with its yellow moon was exquisite and some of the actors were not so bad. But "The Toad"—well, it was too bad that such a production, such music, such costumes and such a night should be wasted on it. "The Toad" labors under the difficulty of not being built according to the rules. It works up to no big situation. It jogs leisurely through three acts to an uninteresting conclusion. You don't take the slightest interest in any of the characters. They do nothing, say nothing to excite your sympathies. You don't care a rap whether the bad Prince Aahmes kills his brother and takes the throne of Acortis. In fact, on the two or three occasions when the King appears he proves himself a good deal of a bore. Perhaps that is why Aahmes dislikes him. You don't blame Queen Ismar for throwing the King over. The lady with the fortune-telling name has an awful crush on Aahmes, but Aahmes is a thorough good-for-nothing who uses the Queen for his ambitious plans and laughs at her love in his Egyptian sleeve. Aahmes is very strong for Cleis, the seeress, but she is what we so picturesquely call "dead stuck" on Pasara, the King's younger brother. Aahmes is a good deal of a bungler when it comes to having the King killed. The Toad is the champion foiler of Acortis, and he foils Aahmes several times. Being the King's dwarf the Toad is very close to the King and guards him closely until the third act. In the third act Aahmes borrows the key of the royal chamber from Queen Ismar, borrows a knife from one of his friends—he is quite a borrower—and knifes the King. For some reason or other the Toad is not around to prevent him, probably because the author thought it was high time to get the King killed off. Aahmes naturally thinks he'll be King now, but he bungles again. He makes violent love to Cleis in the presence of the Queen. Of course she is furious. Although she was a party to the King's death she denounces Aahmes to the people and orders that he be burned to death. Then the good brother Pasara announces his engagement to Cleis and the Queen gives him the crown. This is the signal for an amazingly bad dance by a group of airy Egyptian maidens. Then we are given ocular proof that the King is dead; we see him lying on his couch with a knife in his ribs. That brings the play to an end. It would be unfair to the actors to blame them for not making "The Toad" interesting or impressive. Such a thing couldn't be done by a company of Irvings, Mansfields, Ellen Terrys and Julia Marlowes. Not that "The Toad" was given by any such company. The actors were amateurs, and rather unpolished amateurs at that. The one player who stood out was Sophie Treadwell who plays Queen Ismar. Miss Treadwell was a stunning queen. She had a queenly carriage and made queenly gestures. Besides, she showed dramatic intensity. She read her lines well, but alas! they were not very good lines.

Gossip of the Theatre

Hackett, Holland and Company

Any play by the author of the delicious "D'Arcy of the Guards" ought to be worth while. And "The Grain of Dust" by Louis Evan Shipman is decidedly worth while. To those of us who hadn't read the Graham Phillips novel the play we witnessed at the Columbia Monday night unfolded a very interesting story of contemporaneous New York life. Graham Phillips was a misogynist. He was pitiless in his depiction of the woman of today as she appeared to him. In "The Grain of Dust" he developed a theme which must have given him great satisfaction. It deals with the overpowering love which a great lawyer has for his stenographer. Characteristically enough, (if we may take it for granted that the play follows the book), Phillips does not represent the lawyer as being infatuated in the ordinary sense of the term. He gives up everything for his passion, not in blind impetuosity but in reasoned, calculated consciousness. If he's a fool, he's a fool with his eyes open. He breaks his engagement to a beautiful girl of society, he withdraws from the law firm which handles the affairs of the girl's millionaire father. The stenographer tells him that she does not love him. That makes no difference. He is determined to communicate the warmth of his own absorbing passion to her. He marries her. The father of his jilted fiancee sets about ruining him and pretty nearly succeeds. Then his stenographer-wife leaves him. But in the end he turns the tables. He recovers his position at the bar and his wife comes back, to love him at last. No doubt a lot of all this, notably the desertion and return of the wife, are worked out in the novel with Phillips' usual mordant cleverness. In the play much must be left to the imagination. The motives behind the ups and downs of the love affair are hastily indicated, but not altogether without plausibility. The best parts of the play deal with the duel between the lawyer and the millionaire. It is war to the knife and both have their victories and their defeats. In these scenes Hackett is at his best. There is something of his "Sampson" in the character of Frederick Norman. The pugnacity of the man, his iron will, his refusal to accept defeat, his almost brutal insistence on revenge, his implacability, all are masterfully portrayed. Hackett does these things well, does them much better than he does the less intense parts of the play. Perhaps he is too much the actor when he makes love, when he converses with his sister. But put him face to face with a man who is trying to get the better of him, and he's superb. Holland is a joy forever. He plays the part of a middle-aged bachelor with the kindliest of hearts and little serio-comic mannerisms of face and walk and gesture. He draws his portrait to the life, to the last stroke of naturalness. That he is one of our best actors is as apparent in this play as it has always been. The rest of the company is notable. Frazer Coulter, Frank Burbeck, Vaughan Trevor, Charles Lane and Fred Sullivan are all good actors. So are the women. Beatrice Beckley as the stenographer who becomes the lawyer's wife, plays an ultra-modern role with a great deal of understanding. The action revolves about this part, but the circumstances of the drama make it necessary that the character be unobtrusive, a significant figure but not too much in the foreground. Miss Beckley realizes this throughout. Olive Oliver and Elaine Inescourt also acquit themselves well.

—Edward F. O'Day.



MRS. LOUIS JAMES
Who will appear in the triangular comedy "Holding a Husband" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Gilbert and Sullivan Revival

Have we been surfeited with musical comedy? It would seem so now that the wise men who cater to public taste in matters theatrical have given us a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan. And dear old comic opera twain, long though they have been gathering dust on the shelf, back in the limelight they seem just as fresh as the flowers that bloom in the spring. Gilbert and Sullivan must now be hailed as classics. We are their posterity and we enjoy them. At the Cort Theatre Sunday night they were given a reception even warmer than the greeting which the old favorites in the cast of The Mikado received. And the comic opera that first came to America so many, many years ago was presented in all its pristine purity. There is no attempt to bring it down to date; that is, to give it any adventitious aids such as might be designed by the twentieth century stage manager enthusiastic for new wrinkles of the kind that have helped to make insipid and colorless musical comedies go. The Mikado as seen and heard at the Cort is notable for its reverent adherence to the traditional "business" of the opera. Wise in his generation was

the satirical Gilbert. He knew the propensity of the comedian to "gag" and of the provincial stage manager to add little touches of his own. Gilbert would have none of these things. He supervised the rehearsals and production of his works, and when they went forth into the world it was with the strict injunction that nothing should be changed. This injunction I judge is still in force and effect. Though not sumptuously mounted the opera is very prettily sung. Blanche Duffield, the Yum Yum and Alice Brady, the Pitti Sing are young, pretty and graceful. They sing sweetly with thread-like voice and act like embryonic mimes. De Wolf Hopper is of course an excellent Ko-Ko, for he is a most discreet comedian, a man of wit who never descends to clownishness. Eugene Cowles, Arthur Cunningham, George Macfarlane and Kate Condon all received on Sunday night the welcome due to old friends. Mr. Cunningham was so glad to see his applauders of other days that he rewarded them for their "kind applause" by promptly stepping out of the picture and making a neat little speech right on the spot. The others showed their keen appreciation by their readiness to respond with encores. The comic opera season at the Cort will doubtless be exceedingly gratifying to all concerned.

—H. M. B.



BLANCHE DUFFIELD
The celebrated prima donna who will be heard as Josephine in "Pinafore" at the Cort Sunday night.

"The Drums of Oude" and Other Acts

If you haven't heard the drums of Oude beat their sinister tattoo at the Orpheum you have missed a great vaudeville experience. By all means go and listen to their monotone. Let your mind absorb their intimations of approaching tragedy. Surrender to the spell of Austin Strong's one-act drama. Let its thrills send the shivers up and down your spine. You'll feel invigorated, stimulated when the play is over. You'll find it difficult to relax the tension when Lew Sully appears and remarks that the noise reminded him of the Chicago convention. David Belasco has done well by Strong in this splendid little drama. All the Belasco skill has gone to supply the proper atmosphere of fear and uneasiness. A sense of mysterious danger pervades the play. You are fascinated, enthralled from beginning to end. The love of melodrama that is in all of us finds ample satisfaction. The players accentuate the sense of coming doom. Their performance is given in a high key, so to speak. They are moving in the presence of death, and act as brave men and women might be expected to act under such trying conditions. "The Drums of Oude" is well written, produced well, acted well. The applause which follows its exciting denouement is tribute to the play and the players. This drama is the piece de resistance of an unusual bill. There are seven new acts in it, all good. The only holdover is the irresistible farce "The Battle Cry of Freedom" which gives May Tully and her company the opportunity to poke fun at the Nevada divorce law. Foreign dancers do not always impress Orpheumites, but Mlle. Sealby and M. Duclos are among the exceptions. Both are graceful and Mlle. Sealby is very pretty and very prettily costumed into the bargain. Their "valse exquise" pleased; so did their "tango Argentin;" but their Apache dance brought the house down. Theirs is Apache dancing raised to the nth power. Apparently the Apache is trying to kill his girl, but despite his chokings and hurlings and other manhandlings she keeps on dancings serenely, in the end proving that the female Apache is more ferocious than the male. Lew Sully we know of old, but he is always a welcome visitor. His silliness is a bid for laughter that cannot be refused. His imitation of Alice Lloyd is very low comedy, but it scores. Stein, Hume and Thomas are presentable chaps with very good voices whose bgigest hit is a parody of grand opera. The Orpheum couldn't get enough of them on Sunday. Then there is Bert Terrell, a Dutch character singer, and in the acrobatic line, the Eugene trio and the four Florimonds. The bill is rounded out with one of the most thrilling motion pictures you've ever seen.

—The First Nighter.

Bessie Barriscale in "My Wife"

Having obtained an extension of Bessie Barriscale's stay at the Alcazar, the management has acceded to popular request by deciding to present her in "My Wife" next week. When she last appeared here in this play, about two years ago, her grip on the favor of the Alcazar's clientele was immeasurably strengthened, for she had a role that brought out all the charm of her dainty personality and enabled her to reveal new and charming phases of her art. Hence the demand for its revival. In the cast with Miss Barriscale will be Forrest Stanley and the full strength of the Alcazar company. Mr. Stanley has never appeared in San Francisco, but folk who keep in touch with the American stage need not be informed that he is rated one of its foremost leading men. That he will more than meet the exacting demands of the Alcazar management has been demonstrated by his acting at rehearsals of "My Wife," in which he has a part that brings out his most effective histrionic methods. "My Wife" was adapted from the French by Michel Morton, and John Drew was using it as a starring vehicle when the work of Billie Burke in the part of Trixie Dupre threatened his supremacy in the cast and elevated her to the stellar position which she has since occupied. This is the character in which Miss Barriscale will be seen. For the closing week of Miss Barriscale's stay at the Alcazar, beginning Monday after next, is announced the first presentation in a stock theatre of "A Royal Family" which served Annie Russell as a starring vehicle during three consecutive seasons. Then comes a brief engagement of Laurette Taylor whose opening play will be "The Girl in Waiting."

Musical Comedy at the Orpheum

Marguerite Haney will appear in B. A. Rolfe's tabloid musical comedy "The Leading Lady" at the Orpheum next week. Miss Haney has just returned from Paris where she made a decided hit in the review at the Folies Bergere. Supporting Miss Haney as leading comedian is Ralph Lynn, an English actor. "The Leading Lady" has a company of ten and a special scenic equipment. Mrs. Louis James, widow of Louis James, will make her vaudeville debut in this city in a comedy by Arthur Hopkins entitled "Holding a Husband" in which she will have the support of Laurette Brown and Elwood Bostock. Mrs. James for several years played the leading roles with Mr. James. She afterwards starred in Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play "Judy O'Hara." The popular Empire Comedy Four also come next week. Pauline Moran, a singing comedienne,

brings a clever and amusing entertainment. Next week will be the last of Lew Sully, the four Florimonds and Mademoiselle Sealby and Monsieur Duclos. Also of David Belasco's "The Drums of Oude."

"The Grain of Dust" for Another Week

The second and final week of "The Grain of Dust" commences at the Columbia Monday night. There will be a bargain matinee Wednesday in addition to the regular Saturday matinee. For the third week of the Hackett season there will be staged for the first time anywhere a new play from the pen of Brandon Tynan, the actor-author. It is called "The Melody of Youth" and is in three acts with a story of Irish interest. Tynan is said to have turned out a particularly fine bit of stage literature, far in advance of anything previously done by him. He will appear in the cast with Mr. Hackett, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and others. The premiere of the play will bring out a throng of theatergoers on Monday, August 5.

Next Comes "Pinafore"

The Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Company now presenting a season of revivals of those famous authors at the Cort change their bill on Sunday evening and will present for the entire week one of the most popular of the even dozen which they gave to the world, "H. M. S. Pinafore." It has been thirty-five years since this opera was first given in America. It had been running for a few months in London before any American manager had the temerity to risk its production. It was feared that it was too British and insular to make an appeal to this country. But its success here is a part of our stage history. DeWolf Hopper will be seen as Dick Deadeye, Blanche Duffield as Josephine, Eugene Cowles as Bill Bobstay, Arthur Aldridge as Ralph Rackstraw, Viola Gillette as Little Buttercup, Arthur Cunningham as Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. and Alice Brady as Hebe. For the third week of comic opera at the Cort "Patience" will be given production the first half of the week and "The Pirates of Penzance" the final half of that same week.

The Usual High Level at Pantages

Mirth, melody and good entertainment generally reign supreme at Pantages this week, crowded houses being in continual evidence. An unusually bright array of attractions has been secured for the week commencing Sunday afternoon, Fred Ireland and his dancing Casino girls heading the bill. Ireland who is well known in musical comedy circles, brings a clever little company, including Miss Nema Catto and P. W. Miles; and will present a miniature musical comedy entitled "High Lights of Dear Old Broadway," in which they sing six songs with a complete change of costume for every number. Wood's Animal Actors, comprising several dogs that do almost everything but talk and four monkeys that play "The Swanee River," on chimes, will enliven proceedings. El Barto, styled the "conversational trickster," will deliver an original monologue as he mystifies his audience with extraordinary feats of prestidigitation. A special engagement of great interest to local lovers of clean, manly sport is that of Willie Ritchie, the popular lightweight who is looking for championship honors that seem to be easily within his reach. He will offer a little skit "Fun in a Gymnasium" in which he will punch the bag, skip the rope and do all sorts of training stunts. in addition to sparring three rounds with his boxing partner. The Four Flying Valentinos, aerial athletes who are renowned for being as daring as they are finished and graceful, will furnish a startling exhibition. Ed Dale and Edith Pfeil, comedy singers and talkers who have no end of snappy songs and small talk, will furnish much food for laughter. Howsley and Nichols, novelty comedy musicians who play well upon a variety of instruments, and Sunlight Pictures, showing many pictorial surprises, will complete a varied and entertaining program.

San Francisco Girls on Broadway

Do the San Francisco girls who go to Broadway lack "politeness of style?" Are they deficient in refinement and gentle charm? Are they vociferous? Is their style so pronounced that after a bit they drift from musical comedy to vaudeville? The dramatic critic of the New York Sun says so, but his authority may be questioned. Here is the way he discusses the situation:

"The difficulty of finding young women to fill the leading roles in the polite musical comedies was emphasized last autumn when three actresses were tried before it was possible to find one that filled the part acceptably. The local stage is deficient in the type of youthful femininity that is best adapted to such uses. Even for some of the Viennese musical plays it has been found necessary to send to London to find the satisfactory singer. Yet the American theatre is full of comediennes who in humor and vivacity, in their spirit and animation are much the superior of these pretty but rather inanimate British types. But it is a curious fact that they are much more suited to the music halls than they are to the musical plays produced in the regular theatres. Some of the most talented of these American girls are now coming from San Francisco, the city which has given so many famous actors to the American theatre. They show stage intelligence, their sense of humor is strong and they are successful entertainers who ought to find a place in the musical plays of the rougher sort that are such a characteristic development of our stage. But their style is a little pronounced even for these pieces and after unsuccessful efforts to establish themselves on the regular stage they drift back into vaudeville. The fact is, of course, that they lack the politeness of style which the audiences at the Broadway theatres demand. It is not enough for a woman who appears in a play there to be funny, nor is it enough that she dance and sing well. There must be an element of refinement and gentle charm, whether the musical original of the play came from the Gaiety Theatre in London, the Theater an der Wien or the Apollo in Paris. Perhaps there is occasional insipidity in the smiling beauty who is now in the favor of the public, but she is better adapted to the demands of musical plays as New York audiences want them than the vociferous ladies from the West, however clever in characterization, graceful in the turkey trot or expert at various kinds of 'rag' they may be."

"Hello! Sit down. I believe you have come to ask me—"

"You have been misinformed; I haven't come to ask you anything."

"Why, I understood you—"

"I came merely because I wished to be first to tell you a bit of good news. I am going to marry your daughter."

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Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—With the cessation of loan calling by the clearing house banks, the forced liquidation that characterized trading in the stock market last week disappeared altogether and was replaced by a renewal of buying operations on a small scale. Bullish enthusiasm was awakened by the receipt of highly favorable crop advices, both grain and cotton, and by reports of better business and banking conditions in the South and West. Though trading reached only meager proportions, optimistic sentiment prevailed in the financial district. Purchasing by banking interests and bull leaders in the Stock Exchange proved sufficient to advance considerably the prices of a majority of the active issues. As the early upturns were either added to or held in the late trading, the standard railroads and principal industrial groups showed net gains ranging from small fractions to more than two points when business ceased, while American Tobacco Common recorded a net gain of five points. St. Paul continued to show weakness, as a result of disturbing rumors of further cutting or passing of its dividend, but even this stock recovered nearly all its decline and closed the week fairly strong. It was evident from the outset that the elimination of the deficit in the reserves of the clearing house institutions and the substitution of substantial cash surplus, restored confidence in the banking world to such a degree as to elicit its support of all high class securities.

Wheat—The sharp downturn in the wheat market last week, and especially during the first days of the present week, illustrates the wonderful force of public sentiment and the powerful momentum it acquires when thoroughly started in any one direction. At the present time it is a case of trade imagination running wild and fancy has greater force than fact. The anticipation that there will be a bountiful spring wheat crop some time hence had more influence than the certainty that there has already been a calamitous destruction of winter wheat, as proven by the meager harvest returns that are every day in evidence. July wheat has now had a decline of over 20 cents a bushel and September over 15 cents a bushel from the height of the advance in May, when the certainty of the immense damage to the winter wheat had become definitely established. Since that time there has not been the slightest improvement of the crop in the soft winter wheat States, which last year produced 185 million bushels of wheat. In some sections it has been utterly annihilated, so that it will be necessary to ship in wheat for Fall seeding. In large areas in several of the producing States it wil scarcely be known that there is a wheat harvest this year. This statement is being borne out every day. Even Minneapolis, whence all the bumper crop reports emanate, has dropped to one-fourth the receipts it had last year and is fast reducing its stock in store. Accordingly, it is not the movement from the harvest fields that has had the depressing influence, nor is it burdensome supplies, for they are the smallest in nearly two years, and are still growing less, but it is the apathy of the flour trade which has reversed the sentiment and has bewildered speculative trade so that liquidation of long holders has been the order of the day, and this in turn has encouraged the selling movement to discount an anticipated big spring wheat crop.

Corn—Values are still very high, if the present crop is harvested with no material injury. It is late; the stand in many sections is uneven, stocks are light and growing less; the country movement is small and is all absorbed by the current demand. Accordingly, present prices are on debatable ground, and with the bearish sentiment in all cereals, the market is liable to become heavily oversold and subject to sharp reaction. But aside from this prices are not low enough to be attractive to investors without some adverse crop conditions.

Cotton—Correspondents' reports show that favorable weather prevailed during the week in North Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas and Oklahoma and that as a result the crop made normal advancement for the season. Headway was made in cultivation and while fields are not unusually clean in these States they will be put so within another week or ten days, without rain, or preferably with well distributed light showers. Decidedly unfavorable returns are received from South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama where by reason of excessive rainfall little field work was done and the crops are badly infested with grass. The plant is small in most instances but where it has attained size it is sappy. None of it is well fruited and the growth has been made on such an abundance of moisture that rather frequent light rains are needed now to maintain its condition. In Texas and Louisiana the crop appears to have about held its condition, showers in the former States coming in time to prevent any deterioration but not in sufficient quantity to prevent suffering if dry hot weather supervenes. Further rains would carry the States' crop forward without a halt. Reports east of the Mississippi river are sometimes conflicting. The majority are not good but there is a minority which serves to pull up the average and to offset in a measure the very poor returns that are received from many places. Except in Texas, the fruit set is below the average at this date. Boll weevils are not numerous anywhere.

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Assets $51,140,101.75
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FINANCIAL NOTES

Messrs. Sutro & Co., the leading stock and bond brokers, have removed to adjoining offices in the Kohl Building, at 410 Montgomery street, where they have fitted up their commodious quarters in mahogany. The appointments are similar to the uptown office of Sutro & Co. in the Metropolitan Building at Manhattan, N. Y., the main office being at 136 Pine street.

The San Francisco house was established in 1858 and is the best known firm on the coast. The execution of orders between New York and San Francisco can be made in ten minutes with deliveries at the New York correspondents in 30 minutes if necessary.

The market for the past week has not shown any particular feature although there were important movements in several issues.

Alaska Packers, by reason of wireless reports from the north to the effect that the catch of salmon should be a large one, judging from present heavy runs, has moved up from 90 to 92¼ and looks strong at the price.

Pacific Gas and Electric preferred is getting close to a high record. Ninety-three and one-half is freely bid for the stock but there appears to be no stock for sale at less than 94½. The Common remains steady at 65 to 65½.

Western Power securities have also been strong. The bonds are selling in good blocks at 88¼ while the preferred moved up from 58 to 60.

Associated Oil continues to be absorbed at around 44 and looks good to cross this price before very long.

Spring Valley remains unchanged at 62¼, the bonds selling at 93⅝.

The general bond market has worked to higher levels.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph moved up to 100⅞-101, the result of the added equity afforded by the recent issue of 14,000,000 more preferred stock.

Bing—My wife is an angel.

Bang—You're lucky; mine is still living.



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Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults Crocker Building Post and Market Sts.
John F. Cunningham, Manager

The Rag

(Continued from Page 7.)

cheeks of the sailors. His voice sounded in suppressed mockery on the commander's ear.

"Crying like babies for that rag!"

As if he had heard nothing, Romainville entered his cabin and closed the door.

That night the commander ordered the ship's company to be ready to go ashore early in the morning to visit the graves of two sailors who, having died near the harbor, had been carried to land and given burial. Romainville held it a sacred duty to visit the graves of his countrymen and, if necessary, replace the wooden crosses habitually used by French soldiers to mark the resting place of the French dead.

The men were on deck. The ship swung at anchor, and at the masthead the colors floated against the deep blue sky. On the gray-blue sea the dawn light shivered in silver spears.

Close to the ship's rail the men stood waiting. Romainville prepared them for their solemn work. He told them how the two Frenchmen had left their homes to lie down in the shadow of the African mountain, and with grave faces the seamen listened.

The small boats danced below the ship. The men were ready. Romainville. with feet on the ladder, turned to the master of arms.

"Give that parcel to Pornic!"

Pornic, carrying the parcel, followed the commander, and the men entered the boats.

Back from the shore, in a field of ferns, where the mountain planted its feet above the sea, under a tangle of wild vines, they found the graves. The crosses planted when the men were buried had rotted and fallen. Working fast in the hot light of the rising sun, the sailors made two new crosses. When they had set them in the earth one of the men knelt, covered his face with his cap and bowed his head One by one the seamen followed his example, until all but Pornic were on their knees.

Knee deep in the wild verdure, troubled and irresolute, the little Breton stood, looking down. Sighing as the winds sigh, the tide lapped the shore; and away up on the mountain the eagles screamed.

Romainville gave the men time to repeat the simple prayers learned in their villages, then he took the parcel from Pornic's arms, called to the master of arms to give him the staff left in one of the boats and opened the parcel.

It was a flag, one of the flags held in reserve until needed for some unlooked for ceremonial.

"Pornic!" called the officer.

"Commander!"

"Take this flag, nail it to the staff, then set it deep in earth between those graves!"

Pornic trembled. He nailed the flag to the staff; dug deep in the ground; planted the flag and braced it with earth and stones. Romainville crossed the field, halted beneath the flag, stood for a moment with head bowed, with his cap in his crossed hands; then, calling the men to attention, he spoke:

"My children, we are in this silent place, alone with the eternal mountains and the eternal sea, to do the simplest of the soldier's duties. Here where the voice of man is never heard, two of our brothers lie, far from the land they loved; and we, whom they never knew, have come to do the work of love, of memory, of the gratitude of the country.

"We have marked these graves with the Cross because the soldier's first duty is to respect the Nation's faith. But we must not forget that there is another duty and another faith, the faith that binds together the believer and the unbeliever—the Faith of the Patriot! Love of the Country—that belongs to every one of us, and to all who come after us.

"The Country! There is no other word that means so much. It means the plot of ground where we and all who came before us were born. It means all that we remember: the care-free sleep of those early years; the mornings when we met around the simple table to share the good things prepared for us by the toil-worn hands. It means the partings, the heartache, the heroic labor—everything, even to the nation's blood given freely to make of us one great family; a family known wherever man speaks to man as the protector of the weak and the defender of the wronged.

"It means the soul so individual and so distinct that seeing it among the nations the world recognizes it as ours.

"Strength, the integrity of the People—we mean all that when we say 'Our Country.'

"Now the country has one representative: the Flag. The Flag stands for our faith, our honor, our homes, our graves. It stands for all that we hold sacred, from the mothers bending over the cradles to the old ones bending towards the tomb.

"The Country means the People and the Flag means the Country. And so, to honor them who died in the service of the Country, we leave the Flag to float above these graves, until, worn by time and by tempest, it falls to mingle with the atoms of the dust. We leave it in place of them who cannot murmur here their love and sorrow. In its folds the spirit of our land will linger in the sighing of the wind, in the voices of the sea and in the silence, to keep watch for the country; to guard the eternal sleep of them who walk the earth no more."

Through the tangled vines the seamen followed their commander to the boats, and solemnly, in silence, they climbed the ladder to the ship.

At sunset, when the men were swarming to salute the tricolor, Romainville opened his door.

Pornic, with arms crossed before his face, barred the way.

"What is it?" asked the commander. "Have you come to tell me that you refuse to stand with us when we salute that rag? . . . No! no! Pornic! Not there!" For Pornic had fallen at his feet.



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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,026; Department No. 10.

LUCILE V. LARM, Plaintiff, vs. G. LARM, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: G. Larm, Defendant.

You are hereby Required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Wilful Desertion and Habitual Intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of April, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

McGOWAN and WESTLAKE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-1-10

AUTO NOTES

Seventy-five salesmen of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, representing every State in the Union, participated last week in the annual convention of the organization at the factory in Kenosha, Wis. The salesmen spent three days at the plant where are made 86 per cent of the parts that go into the Cross Country car. While the announcement of the 1913 Cross Country has not yet been made the most important development of the conference was a statement of the tremendous increase of business during the past year. In the report which dealt with the subject it is shown that the increase in sales of Cross Countrys for 1912, as against the model of the same power in 1911, was 126 per cent. In the number of cars shipped, 1912 showed an increase of 20 per cent over the biggest previous year. In dollars and cents the 1912 increase over that of 1911 was 33 1-3 per cent. The increase in the number of dealers who represent the Jeffery company was shown to be over 100 per cent. The salesmen were told by officers of the company that during the coming year the factory will increase its product 60 per cent. This is made possible by the perfected equipment of the factory which has a floor area of twenty-three acres, and because of the efficiency of an organization which has representation in every civilized country in the world.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,438; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MAJOR CONWAY, Deceased.

Annie Conway, the Administratrix of the estate of Major Conway, deceased, having filed in this Court her petition for an order to sell the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth, and it appearing from said petition that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of said real estate, and good cause appearing therefor,

Now therefore, it is hereby ordered, adjudged and decreed that all persons interested in the said estate of said Major Conway, deceased, be and appear before the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Wednesday, the 31st day of July, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, Room No. 519, in the temporary City Hall on Market Street near Eighth Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administratrix to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased.

It is further ordered that a copy of said order be published for at least four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 21st day of June, 1912.

(Signed) THOMAS F. GRAHAM, Judge.

HUGH K. McKEVITT, Atty. for Administratrix,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 43,036; Department No. 10.

LOU ETTA WILMOTH, Plaintiff, vs. HOWARD WELLINGTON WILMOTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Howard Wellington Wilmoth, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LIPPMANN SACHS, Deceased No. 16,663, N. S.; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Sachs and Albert Baruch, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Lippmann Sachs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lippmann Sachs, deceased.

MARY SACHS,
ALBERT BARUCH,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Lippmann Sachs, Deceased.

Dated: July 13, 1912.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 7-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,177; Department No. 10.

CLARA JESSURUN, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER S. JESSURUN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Walter S. Jessurun, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of May, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY ACH, Atty. for Plaintiff,
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Letters

Mrs. Atherton's Latest Novel

If analogy had anything to do with book titles one might surmise that "Julia France and Her Times" had something to do with by-gone history, but not a bit of it. Julia is more modern than the day after tomorrow and her times are right here and now. Small wonder that her creator Gertrude Atherton excused herself from participating in the recent big suffrage parade in New York because: "I feel that in writing my latest book, 'Julia France,' I have done more for suffrage than in marching. I am going to watch the glorious sight and thrill with pride." If one accepts the Athertonian doctrine it's all up with tyrant man and the sooner he admits defeat the better. But let us start fair. Julia Edis was born on the island of Nevis. Her father had drunk himself to death after dissipating his fortune, and his only surviving son was doing his level best to emulate the parental example, so although Mrs. Edis and her chaming daughter were island quality, they were as poor as the traditional Thanksgiving bird of the patient Job. Mrs. Edis still cherished a broche shawl for gala attire, and when Julia attended her very first party, at eighteen, she wore a white muslin frock and a washed blue sash. Even the most casual reader may judge from that the sort of a lost corner existence she had led. Mrs. Edis was a tyrannical old dragon past her sixtieth year. For forty years she had remained on her ancestral island wrapped up in the study of astrology which took the place with her of religion, politics, society, clubdom, gossip and shopping The only creature for whom she felt or professed a particle of interest or affection was Julia, and that less out of love for her child than of admiration for her great destiny With the aid of an old French resident, long since dead, the girl's horoscope had been cast again and again, and the requisite data sent abroad to other professors of the starry science with always the one result, that the child was destined for a wonderful career and the attainment of the highest rank To Mrs. Edis there was just one country in all the world, England, and just one rank worthy of attainment. Since modern laws prohibited the possibility of a commoner reaching the throne, it must be that Julia would become a duchess, and though she was not actively trained to assume the rank and privileges her mother did the next best thing and prohibited anything that might interfere with the perfection of that ideal. The girl had no comrades of either sex, no books and no active pleasures. Though other West Indian girls began their social careers at sixteen she was held back until the propitious occasion foretold by the stars. And now it had arrived. No less than three British cruisers were anchored in the roadstead and Julia, despite her washed ribbons, was the belle of her first ball. Acting as lieutenant on one of the vessels was Harold France, forty-odd years of age, dissipated and disreputable to such degree that his shipmates refused to associate with him when not on duty, but heir presumptive to a dukedom. He was attracted by the fresh young girl, and Mrs. Edis was enchanted with the fulfillment of the astrological prediction. The captain of the ship attempted to give her some well meant advice born of his knowledge of his officer and the pathological history of the France clan but it was worse than useless. In the course of a few days, when the pastor of the only church happened to make a providential call simultaneously with the prospective groom, Julia was told to stand up and be married, which she did without question or demur. Then the squadron sailed at once, without time for even farewell ceremonial, and the unsophisticated bride was packed off to London on the next Royal Mail, to put in time with an aunt and learn something about modern living. This aunt was the antithesis of Julia's mother, and Julia was dropped into the bosom of the smartest set, where every woman was as a matter of course dissatisfied with the husband she had married for money, and every man disillusioned with his matrimonial partner on some ground or other, and no establishment was complete without a lover or two dangling about. But by and by the Boër war came along and providentially removed all the undesirable males, leaving the way clear for new alliances, all planned before hand. This time Julia's luck was not with her, for France proved to be more undesirable than all the rest, ill-tempered, niggardly and vicious, but he didn't die. He came back and went insane but nobody would believe it until he attempted to murder his cousin, the holder of the title, who, instead of dying off comfortably as he should have done, married and had legitimate heirs. France had to be confined to an asylum, and it looked seriously as though the stars had got a bit mixed up in their courses and the grand career was side tracked if not completely wrecked. Wanting an outlet for their energies, two of the intimate friends of the disappointed duchess had gone in for militant suffragism. One of them had already proved her superiority to the tyrant man whom she had married for money in exchange for the social position she had to dispose of by opening a Bond street bonnet shop, where, without practical experience in the skilled trade and no knowledge of business whatever, she made a phenomenal success and an independent fortune. When Julia had been married about three years, and was quite tired of her troublesome husband though still convinced that she was to be a duchess, there came to her part of the world a party of touring Americans, a married lady with her little sister and brother in tow. They were San Francisco millionaires. The boy was a tall lad of fifteen who fell in love with the duchess-to-be, begged her to let down her hair on the housetop that he might admire it, divined her unhappy domestic condition and promptly offered to elope with her. As soon as the objectionable France had been safely disposed of, the laws prohibiting another marriage while he lived, and the cousin being willing to continue the family allowance, Julia hied herself to the Orient to delve into mysticism and in four years she became an adept, having exhausted the occultism of India, Persia and Arabia. It was while sitting at the feet of the Hadji Sadra that she made her great discovery—that the militant suffragettes are immortal spirits, soulless and sexless, liberated on earth when they have work to do, disappearing when it is accomplished, leaving none of their kind behind them. Then that horoscope was revised and corrected. Instead of a ridiculous position in the peerage of England, our charming heroine was not only one of these great immortals but the chief of the band, destined to rule her sex and lead it to victory. Julia goes back to London and into the thick of the fight. The first news which greeted the immortal on her return to England was the report of our earthquake and fire. The news reminded Julia of little Daniel Tay and forthwith she wrote him a long letter pretending, like any ordinary woman, that she had never for one moment forgotten him. Time had been passing, and the little kid of fifteen is now thirty, yet he swallowed the bait, and any way he had been saving himself up for her. It wasn't very long before he turned up in London and did some red-hot love making, both there and in Munich. There is nothing slow about Daniel Tay, and in the intervals of telling all about our graft prosecution he arranges for a Reno divorce. Meanwhile Nevis has been looking up a bit and with a big summer hotel it is something of a resort. Instead of Reno post haste Julia decided to make a visit to her mother, who, bereft of her faith in astrology, has been living a lonely and disappointed life in active seclusion. Kind friends had warned Daniel Tay that France might die at any moment, so he too started for Nevis and landed there from New York several days before Julia arrived. Old Mrs. Edis, as tyrannical as ever, hears now for the first time of the suffragette movement and of the insignificant and commonplace station of a mere duchess as compared with the honors and glories of a militant leader. She is rejoiced not only in the great achievement of her daughter but in the restoration of her beloved science, since it has been not astrology but its interpretation which was wrong. The wicked husband really does die at last and the marriage follows. You may "stick in your thumb and pull out a plum" from "Julia France and Her Times." There's smart society and politics, both English and American, suffragism and occultism, the East and the West, smart frocks in London and dowdy pre-Victorianism in Nevis, Religion and "Science," Socialism and literature and flirtation. From the Macmillan Company.

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At the Owls' Club in London one night Willie Wilde, the brother of Oscar, was asked by Sir George Power to write a couplet as a motto for the club. In a minute Willie produced this:

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Brother Rowell Denies

Quoting Town Talk to the effect that he was no small part of the iniquity of the Santa Cruz convention Chester Rowell asks, "How long will it take for that old lie to down?" And he takes occasion in the Republican to deny that either himself or his uncle the late Dr. Rowell took any part in the convention. He would have us understand that his is the final word on the subject; for he says, "Let those contemporaries who persist in misrepresenting the facts be informed so that if they repeat the misstatement it may be known that they do so in malice and not merely in ignorance." Thus are we enabled to glimpse the righteous Fresno editor from his own viewpoint. Obviously he assumes that when he speaks the whole State takes notice and is assured forever that whoever utters himself to the contrary is a liar. Behold O reader! the stainless man in his own conceit. Heaven has made him little lower than the gods. He is a proverb and a last word among all the people. Brother Rowell puzzleth us. For seeing that we have repeated this great slander many times through the years we wonder why the victim thereof held tight his lips till Death snatched from our midst two men who figured in the Santa Cruz convention, one of whom was the uncle of Brother Rowell, the other, our authority. There is a time to be born and a time to deny, and there is an interval between these two times of infinite importance, as Colonel Roosevelt learned after the death of Harriman. However, we shall never again accuse Brother Rowell of being part of the iniquity of the Santa Cruz convention. Brother Rowell still lives, and the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. We shall continue to observe Brother Rowell without malice.

A Matter of Curiosity

Why Colonel Roosevelt is warming the Presidential bee again and what he purposes doing in the event of his election everybody knows. At least, everybody knows the Colonel's answers to these questions. He has told us repeatedly that he has consecrated himself to the business of propping the falling pillars of the Republic and that it is his purpose to mend, repair, reform and revolutionize the politics and the commercial system of his country. In other words, the Colonel according to his own conception is our volunteer redeemer, and it is up to us to embrace him or reject him. This is the simple statement of the matter, and those who have faith in him have no questions to ask. To them, the millions of his worshipers, he is a burning and a shining light, in whom they have the faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and there is not a doubting Thomas among them. Sufficient for them his mere assertion that like Mahomet he takes celestial journeys, that occasionally he walks on the waters of Oyster Bay, or that the platform of the Bull Moose party was handed to him by God in a cloud on Sagamore Hill. In the face of such faith, which in itself seems like prima facie evidence of grace, we have hardly the hardihood to be sceptical. With all due deference we have but the temerity to be curious. How is he going to do all these things? This is our only question. It is clear enough that if it is his purpose to change the whole aspect of affairs politically, commercially and socially he must begin by suspending the Constitution. For with the Constitution in full force and effect there is an insuperable barrier in the path of him who would ride rough shod over the institutions of his country. To work a political metamorphosis the magician must first assume the powers of a Dictator and then rope and throw the Congress and gag the judiciary. Let us not be understood as suggesting either the impossibility or impropriety of such a proceeding. We believe that Colonel Roosevelt has the capacity and the will for the great consummation, and we doubt not that many of his followers would be pleased to see him go the distance. We are not even prepared to say that the national mind is not ripe for the measure of political reform, for the great improvement in the management of public affairs, which the Colonel has outlined. The national mind is certainly in a receptive mood toward the Bull Moose candidate. If the people were allowed to elect a President by direct popular vote in November Colonel Roosevelt would probably walk leisurely into the White House. If he is to be beaten it is to be by the bad politicians under the system that curbs the people, the system under which the bad politicians gave us Lincoln, Cleveland, McKinley and other molly-coddles.

The Glass Case

A decision by the Supreme Court of South Carolina becomes of local interest now that Judge Lawlor has refused to dismiss the indictments against Louis Glass, formerly manager of the telephone company. Glass was tried at a time when public feeling against the higher-ups was at white heat. During the trial what are known as "mob demonstrations" were of daily occurrence in the neighborhood of the courtroom. In constant attendance at the trial was an audience large enough to gladden the heart of Judge Lawlor even in a campaign year. The courtroom was packed to the doors by men and women in sympathy with the prosecution. They overflowed the space reserved for the public and pressed against the jury-box. Their sentiments they indicated by murmurs of approval whenever the prosecuting attorney took rhetorical flights on waves of emotion, and through the open window came vagrant expressions of public opinion from the mob beneath. Through it all Judge Lawlor was quiescent and complaisant. Louis Glass was convicted. Also he was given a new trial, but not on the ground that the mob was permitted to influence the jury. There were other grounds of reversal. And so the South Carolina decision is of local interest, because the point of it is that an overcrowded courtroom is ground for reversal. This decision was rendered in a murder case. The whole community was hostile to the accused. The courtroom during the trial as we learn from the decision presented a scene similar to that which Judge Lawlor joyously presided over in the Glass case. Says the court: "Courts cannot control public sentiment, but their commission from the people is to keep the inviolable precincts of the prisoner's dock, the counsel's place, the witness chair, the jury's seats and the intervening space free from either hostile or friendly invasion or intrusion, lest the accused be terrified or his counsel confused in making his defense, lest the witnesses testify falsely under fear of inducement, lest the jury be overawed or their minds influenced by an atmosphere surcharged with hostility or partiality." Our principal purpose in quoting this decision is to bring it to the attention of Judge Lawlor, who otherwise would not be likely to see it, as the only law he reads is in the codes. After reading it Judge Lawlor may conclude that it would be useless to try Louis Glass again, for he must know that a verdict of guilty can be obtained only from a terrified jury.

Speeches Worth Reading

The Congressional Record of July 18 is an exceptional number. Throughout the year the Congressional Record is a model of dulness, but this particular number which contains the speeches of William Lorimer in his own defense is full of interesting matter. It is a paper worth reading. Indeed it is a paper that ought to be read by every citizen of the United States; and it is to be hoped that the Lorimer speeches will be published in pamphlet form and very widely distributed. The speeches are valuable for the information they contain about men and matters of current interest. They are really a precious contribution to the history of the country. Even considered as the productions of a partisan, of a man who must be recognized as far from disinterested, there is light in them for the historian who would scrutinize the motives and manners of our times. And there is light in them for Lorimer's contemporaries, there is information in them for all citizens who have formed conceptions of men in the public eye from what has been published in the newspapers, nearly all of which are deeply involved in the intrigues of the day. For example let us consider the glimpse which the Record gives of Medill McCormick of Chicago, one of the busiest of all busy reformers, a man presumed by many to be a very respectable gentleman. He talks like a zealous civic patriot, and presumption is in his favor because he is a disciple and backer of the pilot of our destinies and guardian of all our morals. The Congressional Record gives us a brief vital sketch of Mr. McCormcik borrowed from the Chicago Inter-Ocean. By way of illustrating the facility of his enemies in misrepresentation Lorimer quoted a letter written by McCormick in which the latter referred to the Inter-Ocean as "Lorimer's paper." He also quoted what the Inter-Ocean said. What it said was that the majority of the stock of the paper was owned by George W. Hinman and that Lorimer "does not now own and never has owned directly or indirectly a single dollars' worth of interest in the Inter-Ocean." "We apologize to our readers," says the editor, "for dignifying the falsehood in question by this editorial reference, but we take it that some recipients of Medill McCormick's letter might otherwise believe it, not realizing that it came from an alcoholic little cad who haunts sanitariums between debauches and whose pus-fed face for months turned men in disgust from his lunch table and caused them to avoid even the tableware which touched his lips. The name of a degenerate looks as respectable as that of a gentleman, and therefore we are compelled in this case to treat it, not as it is but as it appears to be." A most brutal description of a man, so brutal that we should scruple at repeating it were it not for the manifest justification, that of letting our readers know something of the character of a man who is playing an important part on the public stage in a critical period of his country's history. In the history of our times nothing is more remarkable than the power for mischief attained by just such men as Medill McCormick. Have we not specimens at home whom we all know? Paranoiacs, neurotics and degenerates of all kinds are not only flocking together but soaring to incredible heights. Roosevelt himself is suspected by alienists of being worse than a megalomaniac, and it was only the other day that the New York Sun discussed in an editorial the question whether his excessive indulgence in alcohol has impaired his capacity for leadership. The Sun mentioned no names and politely professed disbelief of the stories in circulation, but devoted nearly a column to the subject of the effect of excessive indulgence. This we mention merely to suggest the importance of an intimate knowledge of our public men and of the value of the information that may be found in the Congressional Record of July 18. If you haven't it ask your Congressman to send you a copy.

The Novel In Its Variety

A correspondent objecting to our observations on the subject of the novel-with-a-purpose asks us if we do not know that it is "the proper function of the novel to criticise life." Humiliating as the confession may be, candidly we avow that we do not know. At the same time we would disabuse our correspondent's mind of the notion that we are intolerant of the purposeful novel and thank him for moistening an arid interval of mental drought with a juicy subject of discussion. The novel-with-a-purpose is having a new lease of life, the reason being, perhaps, that this is an age of reform and that every other person you meet believes the times are out of joint and that he knows how to set them right. The earth teems with spiritual and political guides each of whom knows what's wrong with the world and what the remedy. For them the important thing is to catch the public ear. Some do it by joining clubs and reading papers; others by lifting their voices on the street corner; not a few by edging in between book covers. It would be unreasonable to object to any of these methods of obtaining a hearing. But one may question academically and without heat whether it is to the interest of the novelist or of mankind to employ the novel as a medium for getting a message off the mind. By the novelist we mean the story-teller, the person whose dominant impulse is to invent plots and create character and who is skilled in the art of narrative. We are inclined to the opinion that the novelist for his own sake ought not to employ the novel as a tract. But we do not say that the novel-with-a-purpose is objectionable merely because it is what it is. The only questions to be asked about a novel are, Does it tell a good story? Does it compel interest in its characters? It is the novelist's privilege to point a moral, solve a problem or argue a thesis, but first of all he must either spin a yarn that enchants or create characters that fascinate. A novel may be nothing more than a medley of human reflection, of pathos and impertinence such as Tristram Shandy; or it may be nothing more than strings of episodes put together hap-hazard after the manner of Don Quixote or Gil Blas; or it may be a thrilling tale of wild adventure of the manner and matter of Scott's romances; or an account of the general state of society and of moral, political and religious feeling as in Joseph Andrews and the Human Comedy; or an assemblage of characters revealing the anomalies of a social system as in Dickens. The novelist may be a realist like Zola or an idealist like George Sand. The fact is there is no canonical court of fiction. The novelist manipulates events at his pleasure. All that is really demanded of the novelist is amusement, diversion. What we ought to find in a novel is forgetfulness of trouble, an anodyne. If we find instruction, so much the better. When the novelist with a purpose gives us edification as well as amusement he is all the more welcome, but unless he is more of a story-teller than a sociologist he is more likely to bore than to delight.

The Difficulties of the Pamphleteer

It requires very great artistry to make a novel at once didactic and diverting. George Meredith had the knack, but he was an exceptional writer. He was a brilliant wit as well as a solemn philosopher. A phychologist, a student of character and life, he depicted both in fascinating style, and whatever he had to say was worth hearing. Meredith's weakness as a story-teller was in proportion to his strength as a man of scientific insight, and it was due to the predominance of his critical faculty that he never attained popularity. While Dickens had this critical faculty it was subordinate to his imagination, and though he exercised a tremendous influence as a reformer it was because he was chiefly a creator of types. The purpose in Dickens was seldom obtrusive. It was incidental. When a novelist has a consuming purpose other than that of telling his story the purpose sticks out like a sore thumb. And the novelist of this type does not deal honestly with his readers. He warps the evidence to his purpose; his characters are lay figures and his episodes wear a more or less artificial appearance. A novel of this kind is a failure both as a story and a tract. The reader is never carried away by the story, nor, unless he is simple-minded, is he convinced by the argument. The truth is there are very few great novels-with-a-purpose as we understand them today. Though Les Miserables was intended to be such, Hugo became absorbed in his own plot and produced a work that appeals to a

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variety of emotions and that seems to have many meanings, as most great works of fiction do, notably Hamlet and Don Quixote. It has been said that Cervantes wrote Don Quixote to laugh Spain's chivalry away, but there are critics who say that that was impossible as Spain's chivalry was already dead when Don Quixote appeared, and who find that Cervantes while pretending to laugh at idealism, is deriding the conceit of the fat-witted materialists whom he cozened into laughing at the poor madman who still has faith in the heroic ideas of life and duty. Whatever may be thought to be the function of the novel the fact is that the greatest novels, the novels that have lived, were written chiefly with the purpose of amusing. In the first rank of them is Robinson Crusoe, and keeping company with it are the romances of Scott and Dumas and those histories of hearts and souls written by Balzac and Thackeray. We feel confident that were we able to cite the judgment of the great masters of fiction we should find them concurring to the effect that the province of the novel is not that of criticism.

Dream-Tryst

By Francis Thompson

The breaths of kissing night and day
  Were mingled in the eastern Heaven:
Throbbing with unheard melody
  Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven;
    When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod sky,
      And dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey;
    And souls went palely up the sky,
      And mine to Lucide.

There was no change in her sweet eyes
  Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine;
There was no change in her deep heart
  Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
    Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,
      Wherein did ever come and go
    The sparkle of the fountain-drops
      From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams
  Are fed with so divine an air,
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,
  And they who walk there are most fair.
    I joyed for me, I joyed for her,
      Who with the Past meet girt about;
    Where our last kiss still warms the air,
      Nor can her eyes go out.

Perspective Impressions

The Secretary of State and the Board of Control are at loggerheads over the question which has the right to publish the blue book. Let us have an extra session of the legislature to settle the matter.

"I will run street cars from the ocean beach to the ferries. Who will stop us?"—Mayor Rolph. Nobody, Jim. But why confine your activities to the future?

"We regard our positions as sacred."—Meyer Lissner. Everything is sacred to the touch of Mr. Lissner, and himself is the essence of sanctity.

President Taft has gone to considerable trouble to prove that his nomination was not stolen. Unfortunately it does no good to enhance the Colonel's reputation as a liar and a humbug. As both he is endeared to the hearts of the American people.

The Rev. Huffler who says, speaking of Helen Gould, that old maids hinder the progress of civilization and that no woman has done her duty to the world until she has borne children, ought to reflect on the much greater damage that is done by women who become mothers of hufflers.

"The Chief of Police has ordered that women be not allowed to smoke in cafes."—News item. This is clearly a case of discrimination against sex in a State which has decreed that woman shall have the same rights as man.

While England has her suffragettes she should not be afraid of Germany.

From Washington comes the word that "Gifford Pinchot smells a mouse." Rats! Or is it moose, meese or mess?

A Philadelphia woman aged 104 wants to run a foot race. Thus we see that years and discretion do not always go hand-in-hand.

There is really a very urgent demand for a third party—among politicians out of a job and at outs with their own party.

The Man who Winds the Ferry Clock hasn't registered yet. Says he's waiting for a pretty woman to ask him, and admits, rather ungallantly, that a lot of the other kind have already entreated him.

"It will be a bold Federal or State judge indeed who will dare lend the machinery of the courts to assist the United Railroads and its expert legal obstructors in blocking the Mayor's determination to give the Geary street line direct connection with the ferries."—The Examiner. And by the time the courts are reduced to an absolute nullity it will be a bold judge who will even attempt to prevent the mob from hanging an editor.

"Heney," says the Bulletin, "is brimming over with enthusiasm for the new party." To be sure he is. The wild ass smelleth the fodder afar off.

At this crisis in the history of the country the election of Wilson and Marshall is vital to the country's welfare.—James D. Phelan. Likewise to Jimmy's perennial ambition.

To be a successful wife a woman should be a good architect clever enough to alter her husband according to her own design and adapt him to her own convenience.

The papers rarely report the Sunday sermons in their Monday morning issues nowadays. No doubt this is because so much space is needed to describe the deaths and manglings of joy-riders.

In the Bull Moose convention there will be no contests; nobody will hear from home; there will be no danger of a stampede.

Noah Sanford Arnold, 83 years young, obtained a license Monday to marry Grace Copeland aged 36. Evidently virility still runs in the Noah family.

"You can rest assured that if no one can be found to operate the first car it will be run to the ferry if I myself have to handle the controller."—Mayor Rolph. Good boy, Jim. Spoken like an heroic protege of majorities. And now to give a touch of vraisemblance to the melodrama you ought to direct the police to organize a mob for the occasion and to spill red paint along the track.

Varied Types

LXXXV—THEODORE BELL

By Edward F. O'Day

A politician without a gift for picturesque expression would be at a sorry disadvantage. He'd be like a prize fighter with a broken arm and the lockjaw. He simply couldn't fight, for in politics fighting is largely talking about the other fellow.

In California the political art of talking about the other fellow has been brought to a high state of cultivation in the Democratic party by Gavin McNab. McNab talks in epigrams, which is the way every politician would talk if he could. A lot of McNab's epigrams have been barbed for the pricking of Theodore Bell. Being a handy fighter himself Bell has always retaliated. Not with epigrams, however. He is young yet, and hasn't mastered that form of wit. His words, just the same, have a picturesque quality that makes them worth quoting.

Bell is never long out of a fight. Most of his political career he has been fighting Gavin McNab within the party and the Republican machine without. A few years ago he took the control of the State Democratic organization away from McNab, but that didn't end their fight, of course; it merely intensified their political bitterness. Fighting right along from one battlefield to another Bell finally found himself at Baltimore fighting, and fighting well, for Champ Clark. It became necessary in the course of that remarkable battle that Bell should repudiate his old leader Bill Bryan, the Peter Pan of Democracy, and he did it with thoroughness and despatch.

When that fight was over and Woodrow Wilson had been nominated, Bell came home to find the ranks of his enemies swelled by a member of his old-time friends. 'Tis the way of politics, and Bell accepted the situation. Some men in the new alignment of the opposition said they couldn't stand for a Clark man pretending to run the Wilson campaign in California. Others wept crocodile tears over Bell's treatment of Bill Bryan. And from outside the Democratic party appeared a Woodrow Wilson man who asseverated that Bell was a tool of the wicked special interests.

What animated the Phelans, the Caminettis, the Davises, the Van Wycks, the Moosers and others in their opposition? I asked Bell about it.

Bell replied without hesitating. He laid it all to the machinations of that grand machinator, Gavin McNab.

"As soon as Governor Wilson was nominated," he told me, "a few men who had been prominent in the Wilson primary fight got together and resolved to take over the Democracy of California body, boots and breeches.

"This sudden stir among the Wilson men caught the keen eye of the McNab organization in San Francisco and they believed that it afforded them a good opportunity to renew their own efforts to obtain control of the party.

"So they very shrewdly encouraged the ambition of the Wilson men in their project, with the result that we find a coalition between forces that, on the surface, have seemed irreconcilable. The Wilson men who are so desperately attacking the State Central Committee are being very ingeniously used by the McNab faction."

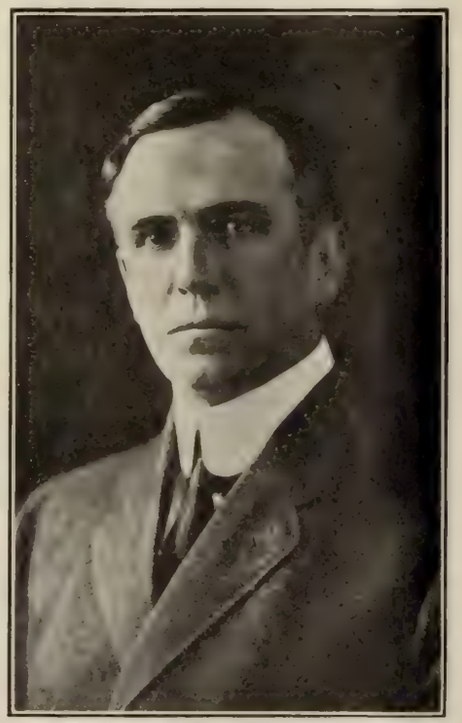
"Will this project go through?"

"I think not. These Wilson men have forgotten how to think, besides entirely losing sight of Governor Wilson in their mad attempt to oust the Clark men from party management. Take the figures. In the May primaries Clark received 43,000 votes. Wilson got 17,000. Personally I received 52,000.

"So it's pretty hard to understand the mathematics of the present miniature insurrection or just how these insurrectos can eliminate those who prevailed at the primaries three to one."

"What do you intend to do?"

"To support the officers of the State Central Committee. No one can betray me into a loss of temper either. We are sustained by the vast majority of the Democrats of California. Those who are recklessly sowing the seeds of discord will only discredit themselves in the eyes of all good Democrats who are looking forward to party success."



Photo, Vaughan and Fraser

THEODORE BELL

"They say your're a reactionary. How about that?"

"It's amusing to listen to that cry. Behind the scenes the forces that have always opposed progressive Democracy in this State are cunningly directing the present skirmish.

"The chairman of the State Central Committee, R. H. Dewitt, has very impartially appointed the committees to conduct the campaign, placing it absolutely in the hands of zealous Wilson men. And I'm with Dewitt. Could we do that and be reactionaries?"

"What got your old friend 'Cam' into this fight against you?"

"Caminetti is the innocent victim of the wiles of McNab who wants to get back at Bell; of Phelan, our dilettante politician, always more ornamental than useful; and of J. O. Davis who nurtured the ambition to be chairman of the State Central Committee."

"Where does McNab stand?"

"McNab has never expressed a preference, but all his henchmen with few exceptions are Wilson men—mainly for the reason that our crowd was for Clark."

"Are they sincere in resenting your attack on Bryan?"

"I shouldn't call it an attack. My opposition to Bryan was not the substantial cause for the attacks on me. It was merely used to injure me among Bryan's supporters.

"The whole thing is this. Six or seven men got together in a room and worked one another up by violent talk. When they were surcharged with mixed emotions of ambition, envy, hatred and other bad feelings, they rushed out, they shouted from the house tops, they went pell-mell into print and gave their grievance to the world."

"To whom does that refer?"

"To such as Phelan, Caminetti, Davis, Van Wyck and Mooser."

"To Rudolph Spreckels too?"

"I don't know why Spreckels attacked me. Perhaps I am merely the victim of his newly acquired habit of writing telegrams and letters. It was just one of his vagaries, the child of his peculiar mentality that has only in the last few years brought him to the place where he would register and vote. His response to my challenge to produce facts in support of his denunciatory telegram wouldn't do credit to a six year old kid. His plea was simply that I did it because I did it."

"Spreckels is for Wilson?"

"He has said so."

"Will he contribute to the Democratic campaign?"

"Frank Drew is chairman of the finance committee and will be very glad, I believe, to receive Rudolph's mite."

A queer game politics! The only game in the world that brings you more enemies the longer, the more successfully you play it. Bell has a very respectable assortment, and you will notice that he keeps them in a good condition of irreconcilability by prodding them. I actually think that Bell would droop and wither if McNab insisted on becoming his friend. Not that there's any danger!

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Correspondence

"A Lawyer" Corrected

San Francisco, 7-29, 1912.

Editor Town Talk: In your issue of July 27, 1912, "A Lawyer" writes: "Judge Lawlor instructed the jury as did Judge Dunne in the Coffey case that Gallagher, **particeps criminis** with Ruef, was not an accomplice." Permit me to point out that Judge Lawlor did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he said to the jury: "You are hereby instructed that James L. Gallagher and Andrew M. Wilson, under their own testimony, in the event that there was any offer to bribe John J. Furey as charged, are each and both of them accomplices." (Transcript, Ruef case, fol. 1146.)

Yours truly,

—Amicus Curiae.

A Plea For Tight Skirts

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Why all this rumpus about tight skirts? In the days of hoops Graces, Bacchantes and nymphs were in demand that men might get some idea of the true outlines of woman. These prudes who object to tight skirts that reveal graceful lines and short skirts that permit women to expose a dainty leg make me tired. I commend to them one of Waller's loveliest songs containing these lines:

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired
And not blush so to be admired.

Why should there be objection to such disclosures as are made by the tight skirt?

"'Tis a good sight how every limb doth stir
For ever in a womanly sweet way"

Says an Italian poet of other days. Why don't these protesting prudes have something to say about men's trousers? I think that for the sake of decency all men, and some more than others, should be compelled to wear kilts. And I am

—A Spinster.

As to "The Toad"

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: It seems too bad that a writer for a paper as high-class as yours should allow his judgment to be swayed by personal predilections in penning an estimate of a stage performance. That just such a thing happened when one of your writers sat down to write about the performance of "The Toad" there can be no doubt. "The Toad" is a great play and any writer who says it is not convicts himself of incompetence or worse. Let us say that in the present instance the writer knocked "The Toad" because he was unfriendly toward the Newberrys. That is probably correct. No person would write as he did of "The Toad" unless he had a grudge against the author. Again I say, too bad! If you will pardon my getting personal, your writer reminds me of the centipede. You know,

A centipede was happy till
One day a toad in fun
Said, "Pray which leg
Moves after which?"
This raised her doubts
To such a pitch
She fell exhausted
In the ditch,
Not knowing how to run.

"The Toad" presented a problem which your writer was incapable of solving, and like the centipede he fell down.

Sincerely,

—A Carmel Writer.

P. S.—I am told Professor William Dallam Armes says "The Toad" is rotten. But I refuse to believe that he used such language.

A Reply to Mrs. Atherton

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I see that Gertrude Atherton has been writing to the papers, complaining of the indifference of San Francisco women to the inestimable boon that was won for them at the polls. Mrs. Atherton being very strong for equal suffrage concludes that all women who are not of the same mind are extremely ignorant. Mrs. Atherton is nothing if not dogmatic, which is too bad. To be dogmatical is to be unphilosophical. It is the dogmatical spirit that inclines a woman to be censorious of her neighbors. It is a characteristic of persons who think with their heart rather than their head. This appears to be what Mrs. Atherton does. She is unreasonable. She argues that it is important for the women of San Francisco to vote, and yet she says that they have the mental inertness of oysters. If the women of San Francisco are on a level with shell fish then Mrs. Atherton should pray to God to keep them home. Because thousands of women are for equal suffrage in foreign parts, therefore, argues Mrs. Atherton, equal suffrage is a thing that all women should crave. This is not good logic, and I'm surprised to see Mrs. Atherton indulge in it. Mrs. Atherton is a trifle superficial as a philosopher. Her certitudes are impressionistic. She grasps world problems with too much ease. I recognize her as one of the finest specimens of our sex, but when I see how easy she gets her facts and avoids second thoughts I wonder if after all it isn't true that women bring nothing to politics but mere emotionalism. Mrs. Atherton is certainly above the average of us in intelligence, yet the refraction of the personal equation she mistakes for the clear, white light of truth. I see that like many of our politicians who pass as statesmen she thoroughly apprehends the Tendency of the Times. I suppose she does this intuitively. For in no other way is the Tendency of the Times ever apprehended. The Tendency of the Times is as illusive as a mirage. I see also that Mrs. Atherton advises women to read Edmund Kelly's "Twentieth Century Socialism" and Albert Weyl's "New Democracy" in order to get in touch with "progressive democracy which is bound to come." I hope that Mrs. Atherton doesn't believe that because a thing is bound to come it is right. I also hope that she doesn't believe that everything that is "bound to come" invariably comes. Universal experience teaches that the things bound to come get sidetracked for the unexpected which arrives by slow freight. Now, Mr. Editor, I have so much respect for Mrs. Atherton's influence, I would recommend a little reading for her. First I would recommend M. Faguet's "Cult of Incompetency," because that is an up-to-date book, and I know that Mrs. Atherton has cultivated the bad habit of living exclusively in the present. Next I would advise her to read the Federalist papers. I ought to assume, of course, since she is a warm admirer of Alexander Hamilton that she has read those papers, but I feel certain she has not. I will also recommend to Mrs. Atherton J. S. Mill in his dissertations on genuine democracy, Amiel's Diary for what there is in it on Democracy.

Sincerely,

—Louise Marquardt.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Typewriters in China

With the changes produced by the Chinese revolution has come an increased demand for typewriters. Conservative Chinese merchants are beginning to abandon their ancient methods, and are taking readily to the typewriter as a means of carrying on their correspondence. It is estimated that there are five hundred typewriters in use in Chinese firms of Hong Kong. Nearly all are of American make. Many young Chinese are studying typewriting and stenography in the Chinese business colleges. It is probable that imports of typewriters into China now reach $100,000 annually with good prospects of notable increase within the next few years.

U. S. Bars Absinthe

After October 1 absinthe frappe will be a thing of the past as far as hotels and saloons in this country are concerned. After that date absinthe, which is being sold in increasing quantities in the United States, will be barred from importation and also from being transported from State to State. The Pure Food Board has decided that absinthe as a beverage is dangerous to health and has put the ban on it. The decision of the board says: Importations of absinthe are prohibited, both because they come from countries which forbid or restrict its manufacture and sale and because these products are injurious to the health of the people of the United States.

Kruttschnitt Solves a Problem

Julius Kruttschnitt, director of the Harriman lines, thinks he has solved the problem of broken rails. His engineers have found that the base of a regular 90-pound rail tends to become bowl-shaped in cold weather, and the pounding of the wheels causes surface fractures. By broadening the base of the rail and making it heavier the breaks are reduced to a minimum. Mr. Kruttschnitt is reported as saying: "We find that the rail with the heavier base gave only two breakages to the 100 miles in the winter months, (as compared with 23 breakages in the regular rail), the same rate as during the summer months, so that so far as we are concerned, the problem is solved."

Madame Hermet

By Guy de Maupassant

(The following short story by the renowned French writer, Guy de Maupassant, was discovered quite recently among some papers left by the master at his death. It has been included in a new edition of his stories which has just appeared in Paris. It is here reprinted from the New York Times.)

The insane always attract me. These unfortunate people live in a mysterious land of wonderful dreams; in an unpierceable cloud of sadness, where everything that they have seen and loved on earth is revived to a new life by an imaginative existence, outside of all the laws by which things and men's thoughts are ruled.

Once when I visited one of their asylums, the physician who showed me around said: "Wait, I will show you an interesting case."

He had a cell opened which was occupied by a woman of about forty years of age. She was still beautiful, and sat in a large easy chair regarding her face carefully in a small hand mirror.

The moment she noticed us she rose quickly, ran to the back part of the room, fetched a veil which had been spread across a chair, covered her face carefully with it, and returned, nodding her head in answer to our greeting.

"Well, how do you feel this morning?" asked the physician.

She uttered a deep sigh: "Oh, very badly, the marks are increasing every day."

He answered her with a convincing countenance: "Not at all, not at all; I assure you you are deceiving yourself."

She came up to us and whispered to him: "No, I am sure of it. I have counted this morning ten more marks: three on the right cheek, four on the left cheek, and three on the forehead. It is disgusting—disgusting. Very soon I shall not be able to show myself to any one, not even to my son; no, not even to him. I am lost, I am disfigured forever."

She fell back in her chair and began to sob.

The physician took a chair, sat down next to her, and said in a gentle, consoling voice: "Well, well, let me see. I assure you it is nothing. With a little operation I shall be able to remove it all."

She answered with a shake of her head in the negative, without a word. He wanted to touch her veil, but she took hold of him with both hands so violently that her finger nails pierced his flesh.

He began again to quiet her and to persuade her. "You know quite well that I always remove them every time, these ugly marks, and that one cannot see them any more at all after I have treated you. But if you do not show them to me then I cannot cure you."

to you. But I do not know this gentlemen here to you. But I do not know this gentleman there who accompanies you."

"He also is a physician who will be able to treat you better than I."

Now she hesitatingly permitted her face to be uncovered. But her fear, her excitement and timidity at being seen made her blush to her neck. She lowered her eyes, turning her face now to the right, now to the left, as if to avoid our glances, and stammered:

"Oh, I am suffering terribly when I allow myself to be seen like this; it is dreadful, is it not? Yes, isn't it dreadful?"

I regarded her with astonishment, for she had nothing on her face, no mark, no spot, no sign of anything unsightly, no scar.

She turned around to me, still keeping her eyes lowered, and said:

"I was taken with this terrible sickness while I was nursing my son. I saved him, but I have been disfigured. I have given my poor child my beauty. After all, I have done my duty, and my conscience is at rest. If I suffer then only God can know it."

The physician had taken a small water color brush out of his pocket.

"Just let me attend to this," said he, "I will make everything right for you."

She showed him her right cheek, and he commenced to touch it lightly as if he were putting dabs of paint on it. He did the same on the left cheek, then on the chin, and finally on the forehead.

"Now look at yourself," he cried, "there is nothing more there, nothing more!"

She took the mirror and gazed at herself with a strange tense excitement, and with a fierce effort of her mind tried to discover something. Then she sighed and said: "No, there is not much to be seen now. I thank you sincerely!"

The physician had risen. He greeted her, told me to go, and followed me. As soon as he had closed the door he said:

"Now, here you have the cruel story of this unfortunate woman. Her name is Mme. Hermet. She was very beautiful, very vain, very much loved, and she loved life. She was one of those women whose only desire in the world was to preserve her beauty and to please. Her constant anxiety was for the freshness and care of her face, her hands, her teeth, and all those parts of her body which a woman can show. They occupied all the hours of her day and demanded her complete attention.

"She was left a widow with an only son. The child was brought up like all children of admired women of the great world. Still, she loved him.

"He grew up and she became older. Did she see this fatal moment arriving? I do not know. Did she, as so many others, look at her skin every morning for hours and hours—this skin which was formerly so fine, so transparent, so clear, which now was drawing into little wrinkles under her eyes and which showed thousands of tiny, scarcely noticeable, signs that day by day, month by month, it was slowly withering?

"Did she cry, heart-broken, lying on her knees, her forehead on the ground, praying—praying—praying to Him who kills beings like this, in this manner; Who, in their youth, gives them that which will make their old age harder; Who lends them beauty in order to take it back again?

"Without doubt she suffered all these tortures. For the following thing happened:

"One day—she was then about thirty-five years old—her fifteen-year-old son was taken ill. He had to stay in bed, although no one could tell what was the cause of his malady, or what was its nature.

"A priest, who was his tutor, nursed him, and never went from his side, whereas Madame Hermet simply asked for news as to the condition of the invalid morning and night.

"In the morning she would enter his room, wrapped in a dressing gown, smiling, perfumes emanating from her, and ask, the moment she stepped through the door: 'Well, George, are we better today?'

"The tall lad, his face red and swollen, and burning with fever, would reply: 'Yes, mamma, dear, a little better."

"She remained a few moments in the room, looked at the medicine bottles, and uttered a little 'pooh' with her painted lips. Then crying suddenly: 'Oh, I forgot something very important,' she ran out of the room, leaving in her train all the delicate perfumes of her toilet.

"In the evening she appeared in a decollete dress and was still in a greater hurry, for she was always too late. She had just time to ask: 'Well, what has the doctor said?'

"The priest would answer: 'He has not said anything definite yet, Madame.'

"But one evening he replied: 'Madame, your son has been attacked by smallpox.'

"She uttered a terrible cry and ran from the room.

"When her maid entered her room next morning there was a strong smell of burnt sugar, and she found her mistress sitting up in bed, her eyes staring wide, trembling with fear, her face pale with sleeplessness.

"As soon as her shutters were opened Mme. Hermet asked: 'How is George?'

"'Oh, not at all well today, Madame.'

"She only rose toward noon, took two eggs and a cup of tea, as if she were ill herself. Then she went out and inquired at the apothecary about preventatives against contagion of smallpox. She did not return home till supper time, laden down with all sorts of bottles; then she locked herself in her room, where she saturated herself with antidotes.

"The priest awaited her in the dining room. As soon as she noticed him she called out with a voice trembling with excitement:

"'Well?'

"'Oh, not better. The doctor is very anxious.'

"She began to cry and could not eat anything. She felt so afraid and depressed.

"The following morning, at dawn, she asked for the news, which was no better. She spent the whole day in her room, where small braziers were smoking, sending up strong perfumes. Her maid declares that she heard her sighing and sobbing the whole of the evening.

"A whole week passed by like this without her doing anything else but going out every afternoon for one or two hours to get a breath of air.

"Now she inquired every hour as to the condition of the invalid, and sobbed when she received worse news.

"On the eleventh day, in the morning, the priest announced himself, stepped into her room, and said, without taking the chair which she offered:

"'Madame, your son is very ill indeed, and he wishes to see you.'

"She fell on her knees and cried:

"'Oh, my God—oh, my God—I shall never be able to dare it; my God, my God, help me.'

"The priest continued: 'The physician gives

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

(Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor has written a great many sonnets, some better than others. In the sonnet below he is represented, if not at his best, at least at his average poetical accomplishment. But the worthy doctor never soars very high, even when his winged steed of poesy volplanes him around Twin Peaks.)

LI—TO THE TWIN PEAKS

By Edward Robeson Taylor

I see you rise beyond the surging street,
O peaks beloved, so uniquely fair
That nature's boldest courage would despair
To mould and garnish others more complete,
Whether the gray-hued mists of ocean bear
Their streamers o'er you, or the sun's kiss greet
Your lovely bloom and blade, or moonbeams meet
To weave new beauties in your freshening air.
Full oft my vision pictures you to be
The breasts of some huge goddess whose great head
In glorious grandeur fancy feigns to see;
And then her lips, love-trembling, seem t' unfold
Still rarer marvels than the Days of Gold
For that dear city wide beneath you spread.

The Spectator

Carmel Disintegrates

Carmel is no longer the abiding place of the Muses. They have fled the once peaceful hamlet by the sundown sea where but a little while ago they were wooed by weavers of verse, builders of plays, makers of fiction, phrase-mongers and all kinds of artists in words. Carmel, the seat of culture, where literary genius was encouraged to bud and blossom, where the air was sweet with the fragrance of song and soft ocean zephyrs made every tree a statue of Memnon with infinity of notes, where even the butcher was an esthete and the grocer in the twilight could see visions and dream dreams; beautiful Carmel, so inspiring to the imagination, so soothing to the nerves, where is the glory that was so briefly thine? Alas, Carmel has been forsworn. Its stretch of shore no longer echoes to the language of the imagination and the passions. In the lute of its literary colony there is a rift. The romance of modern Carmel is now but a memory. First to go was John Fleming Wilson, short story writer, well known to readers of the Saturday Evening Post. He will not return. To go also is George Sterling, poet, whose pen though hardly yet come to maturity, to many forms of things unknown has given shape and to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. Plato banished the poets from his commonwealth. Sterling has banished himself from Carmel. Never again for George. He goes to Glen Ellen there to join his friend Jack London. Who knows but that Glen Ellen is to become the literary centre of the near future.

When Literary Folk Disagree

Naturally persons who take an interest in the Carmel school of literature will be curious to know the reason of the exodus of the Muses. But it is not for me to gratify this curiosity. Suffice it that literary men and women are just like other folk in the matter of whims and passions. Congenial as they may be in their tastes it is as difficult for them to dwell together in peace and harmony as for persons without imagination; perhaps more so. There have been several little misunderstandings at Carmel, some of a romantic nature and some as simple as a rustic ditty. But there has been very little of vulgar quarreling. When John Fleming Wilson said adieu to Carmel it was because of a hostility that he provoked by presuming to constitute himself a sort of Mr. Grundy. When George Sterling decided to go to Glen Ellen it was because he preferred to be near his friend London and far away from some of the remnants of the colony. The loss of Sterling is a severe blow. He was the star resident, and he is by far the most popular of all our literary men. Among the literati left in Carmel are Harry Leon Wilson who recently married Helen Cooke and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Newberry, joint producers of "The Toad."

Auburn's Precocious Genius

Speaking of Sterling I am reminded that his protege Clark Ashton Smith is soon to make his appearance between book covers. The manuscript is now in the hands of Alex. Robertson, the publisher who is ever ready to introduce California poets to the public. Great things are expected of Smith. Indeed he is said to be the greatest poet this country has ever seen. Yet he is only 19 years old. Were it not for literary prodigies of the past we would regard as not only extravagant but ridiculous the things that we hear of Clark Ashton Smith. Here is a youth hardly more than half educated who is said to be writing poetry as remarkable for its beauties as some of the finest of the early performances of John Keats, and of whom it is predicted that he will take rank with poets of the first order. Now the men who are saying these things are not estimating the magnitude of the young poet's genius by its prematureness. They are men of judgment, competent critics. One of them is George Sterling, a poet to whom many critics have ascribed the loftiest excellences. Sterling has none but a poet's interest in Smith. Sterling never heard of Smith until the latter sent him some of his verses. Immediately he became interested. He found that the young poet was living with his parents on a small farm near Auburn. He cultivated the youth's acquaintance, praised his work and gave him all possible encouragement. Now he says, "I wish I could write the poetry that he writes." Ambrose Bierce, who discovered Sterling and Scheffauer, has met the Auburn poet, and he, too, affirms that the young fellow is an extraordinary genius.

The Abyss Triumphant

I have received from the Auburn poet a specimen of his handiwork which shows that he has an imagination that in its maturity may put "a girdle round the universe." Evidently the youngster is occupied with thoughts of big things. Evidently, too, he has the power over words to make them come winged at his bidding and to make pictures vivid as of an actual impression of objects. The poem is entitled "The Abyss Triumphant":

The force of suns had waned beyond recall;
Chaos was re-established over all,
Where lifeless atoms through forgetful deeps
Fled unrelated, cold, immusical.

Above the tumult Heaven alone endured;
Long since the bursting walls of Hell had poured
Demon and damned to peace erstwhile denied,—
In that Abyss God's might had not immured.

(He could but thwart it with creative mace . . .)
And now it rose about the heavenly base,
Eating at pillars rotten through and through,
Of Matter's last, most firm abiding-place.

Bastion and minaret began to nod,
Till all the pile, unmindful of His rod,
Dissolved in thunder, and the void Abyss
Caught like a quicksand at the feet of God!

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New Light on President Taft

In these days of pettifogging vindictiveness and lilliputian spites it is refreshing to find evidence of broad statesmanship and liberal-mindedness in high places. And an instance of this has just come to my notice. If I ever had a doubt that President Taft was a great as well as a good man—and thank Heaven! I never did—it would be removed by what I have learned of a letter he wrote to Charles C. Moore, the president of the World's Fair. It does not heighten my opinion of the President—it merely confirms and throws new light on it. The letter explained to President Moore just how President Taft felt about his crushing defeat in the California primaries. It was a personal letter, and on that account President Moore has not seen his way clear to making it public. But because the views of the President were of as much interest to the other members of the Panama-Pacific directorate as they were to him, Moore read the letter at a board meeting. Otherwise it has been kept from the public; how closely may be judged from the fact that a resume of its contents is only now leaking out, though it was written shortly after the primary election.

The President's Attitude

When the Roosevelt forces carried the primary election, many hastily formed the opinion that President Taft would resent the manner in which he was treated by the Republicans of the State which he had so signally favored. Some even thought that his interest in the Fair would wane, and that he would take no interest in the many important measures necessary for its complete success. But these did not know President Taft. The letter he wrote to Moore showed the nobility of his character. The President wrote that he had never yet considered that he had the right to resent the actions of a majority of the voters of his party, no matter how hostile that action might be to himself, and that the result of the primary in California would work no change in his habits of thought in this regard. He said that no political consideration influenced him in favoring San Francisco as the place for the World's Fair. He said he had been for San Francisco because he thought it the ideal place to hold the Fair, it being the principal sea port on the Pacific Coast and a metropolis which had the facilities for entertaining great multitudes. In short he practically reiterated his famous dictum that "San Francisco knows how." He assured Mr. Moore that he was still interested heart and soul in the success of the Exposition, and would do all in his power to make it the greatest ever held anywhere. In other words, for all the effect the political situation had on his feelings, the primary might never have occurred. It was the letter of a magnanimous man. I hope it will some day see the light.

Phelan and Bell

The Hon. James D. Phelan has received pretty rough treatment from Woodrow Wilson. When Governor Wilson was nominated for the Presidency Mr. Phelan's large and sensitive heart was gladdened with the expectation of being chosen director-general of the campaign in California. And all his friends conjectured that he would be so honored, and they hastened to felicitate him on the happy circumstances that made him the logical man for the post. Also they rejoiced over the discomfiture of Theodore Bell, who, much to their gratification, backed the wrong man at Baltimore. Now fancy their subsequent state of mind on learning that Bell had beaten them all to it, as it were. Naturally there was a great uproar in the Phelan camp. Governor Wilson has been hearing from home—Jimmy's Rudolph has been burning the wires with protests, and all the Phelan journals, the newspapers everywhere that look forward to the rich harvest that is promised when Jimmy makes his fight for the Senate, are supplying material to be sent on to New Jersey in the interest of our patriotic millionaire. The situation is really lamentable. Mr. Phelan, his friends say, regards this as the psychological year for the Democracy in California. He believes that with the Republicans split there is a chance for the Democrats to capture the legislature and arrange matters to facilitate his ambitious enterprise later on. He does not say how it is to be done, but he has a hunch that things would come his way were Bell out of the road. Hence the swatting of Bell by the Phelanites.

The Call's Innovation

Certain sentiments recently expressed on the Call's editorial page the Bulletin was pleased to regard as conclusive proof of the Call's betrayal of the people's interests. This on the principle of course that not to worship the Bulletin's gods is to be a candidate for eternal damnation. But it is not for me to make the retort courteous. Anyway that little matter has been attended to by Phil Francis, himself better than a raw hand in discovering the joints in a critic's harness. What I wish to observe is that all newspapers might vindicate their sincerity as defenders of the people's interests by imitating the Call in its innovation in daily journalism. The Call now devotes its editorial page to the comments of an individual. What you read on that page you know to be the views of Phil Francis. The Call is guiltless of deception. The other papers practice deception every day. They pretend to be oracles. There is something of impressive mystery in an editorial which presumably expresses public opinion, but which very often is not even the opinion of the person who wrote it. The editorial page is a breeder of bad morals. It corrupts journalists who are required to write not what they think but what they are ordered to write. Many an editorial writer would be ashamed to sign his name to half that he contributes to the editorial page. It is his business to invent plausible arguments to support newspaper policy, and newspaper policy is often nothing more than expediency calculated by the business manager or resulting from the personal interests of the proprietor. The Call's innovation therefore is in the interest of morals. Phil Francis is employed by the Call to express his own views. Whenever the Call's policy conflicts with the views of Phil Francis and the policy is to be voiced somebody else will do the voicing.

Reporters at the Grove

There are some clubs which do not look with kindly eye on newspapermen. The reporter is not allowed to pass the sacred portals of the Pacific-Union Club, although the millionaire newspaper proprietor may be a member, the reason being that the reporter has the "nose for news" and the proprietor has not. Newspapermen are not excluded from membership in the Bohemian Club, but there is an unwritten rule which forbids their reporting club doings. Hence, in former years, the accounts of the annual grove play which appeared in the papers were either of a very perfunctory sort or else were based on the published book of the play. This is to be changed this year. I am told that about seventy-five distinguished Eastern newspapermen have been invited to attend the Redding-Hadley drama "The Atonement of Pan" with the understanding that they may describe it for their papers. So the praises of Joe Redding's book and of Henry Hadley's music will be widely distributed, even if a little

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exaggeration has crept in and the Eastern correspondents in the Bohemian Grove should total less than seventy-five. Perhaps two score would be a more reasonable figure. Undoubtedly these newspaper accounts, together with the performance for the public at the Greek Theatre, should facilitate Joe Redding's work in having the drama produced by some big Eastern manager. But some of the members lament that the spirit of the Grove play is being destroyed by all this publicity.

Lavish Expenditures and Luxury

There is a story that when the Bohemian Club was founded, the charter members started it on its career by getting credit for the rent of a loft and for a few bottles of whiskey. The club has gone a long distance away from that early simplicity of poverty. The Grove play this year will cost the club about ten thousand dollars. It is a mythological drama, and the effects needed on the stage are extremely costly. The Bohemians do things thoroughly. They needed a statue of Diana for "The Atonement of Pan" and they went to the best sculptor in town for it—Haig Patigian. And so on throughout. In another direction the luxury of the club is being criticised as unjustifiable. This is with regard to the camps maintained in the Grove by the millionaire and near-millionaire members. Some of these camps cost thousands of dollars. They are furnished not merely with comfort but with finicky elegance. The members bear their summer outing in mind when they are traveling in Europe and Asia, and bring back all sorts of impedimenta for their tents. If old Horace who was a genuine Bohemian, despite his wealth, could see some of the camps in Bohemian Grove he would quote his own tag: "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus." The Roman camp at Capua couldn't hold a candle to the gilded accommodations which some of the Bohemian sybarites have provided for themselves.

A Word to Porter Garnett

To continue on the subject of the Bohemian Grove play for a minute, I notice that Porter Garnett is now on the staff of the Call, doing art criticisms for the Sunday paper. This gives me an idea. Porter Garnett wrote the grove play last year. Now there was none who criticised "The Green Knight" more severely than Joe Redding, the author of this year's play. His expressions of disapproval were loud, emphatic, unsympathetic. I thought at the time that Redding showed rather poor taste, considering that the man who wrote the "Natoma" jingles should not forget that he lives in a glass house offering an exceedingly easy mark for stones. Now, why shouldn't Porter Garnett review "The Atonement of Pan" for the Call? Why shouldn't he give it its deserts, whatever they may prove to be, speaking out with no fear and no favor? Tit for tat is the rule, you know! This suggestion is offered to Garnett and to the Call in good feeling. And if the Call does not see fit to depute Garnett to review the play, the columns of Town Talk will be open to him for that purpose.

A Ferry Apollo

"I see," said the man who winds the ferry clock, "that they have a new matinee idol at the Alcazar and that he has made a great stir among the ladies. I haven't seen him, but I'll bet a month's salary against a boat-hook that our deckhand has him lashed to the mast for manly beauty. Ever see him—the deckhand?" I had never had the pleasure. "Well he's a beaut," said the man who keeps tab on the clock. "The commuters are crazy about him—I mean the skirted ones. They just stand round and admire him. I heard some of them say he was a sure enough Apollo. He's a husky, and he looks just like a statue I've seen out in the Park Museum. There are some teachers that travel on the boats who are all in a flutter about him. They've talked to me about him. They think he's a foreign count incog. They saw him on the street one day, and he was togged out in stylish clothes, wore a straw hat and didn't look like a deckhand at all. They bowed to him just for fun and he gave them a regular stage bow, almost sweeping the sidewalk with the straw lid. I don't mind telling you low down that travel on the boats has increased since our Apollo showed up."

Money Troubles in the Unions

The McNamara fund is the bone of contention in many of the unions of the State, if rumors can be believed. It is said that in Stockton the discussion as to what was done with the immense fund collected has resulted in a split. Fourteen unions will not affiliate any longer with the State Building Trades Council, it is said, until that institution publishes a correct list of moneys gathered and gives a detailed account of expenditures. There seems to be much bad blood over the matter, but those demanding a strict accounting are firm and seem to be in a large majority over those who favor the Tveitmoe-McCarthy regime. If reports are true there remain but four unions in Stockton giving allegiance to the State central body. It is said to be only a question of time when the unions in Oakland are going to take similar steps but for a different reason. The long continued fight against the Sunset Lumber Company has drained the men in the millmen's unions about dry and long ago other unions stopped contributing to the fund. The money collected was no small amount and here again are grumblers and Missourians who want to be shown what was done with the fund.

A Chance for Hays Hammond

John Hays Hammond, otherwise known as "Jack the Nudger" because he once poked King George V. in the ribs, had better get busy. His services may be needed in London, as may be also the services of our Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Whitelaw Reid. A very serious situation may arise in London. It may be serious for the whole United States, but particularly serious for San Francisco. If Hays Hammond who was recently our Panama-Pacific Exposition Envoy extraordinary to the capitals of Europe will join hands with Ambassador Reid, a complication which would be very awkward for us may be avoided. It is this—London is planning to have a Fair in 1915. Just why the year of the opening of the Canal was chosen does not appear. Perhaps the Londoners are as eager as we are to take advantage of the flood of travel eastward and westward which will surely distinguish that year. But anyway London plans an Exposition for 1915, and Hays Hammond and Whitelaw Reid ought to get busy right away and find out whether there is any way to have London change that plan.

Not a World's Fair

This exposition which is to be held in London in 1915 will not be a World's Fair. To that extent it will not enter into competition with the World's Fair in San Francisco. London's is to be an "imperial exposition," that is to say, it is to do for the British Empire what a World's Fair

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does for the world. All the countries, all the provinces, all the possessions and all the dependencies of the Empire on which the sun never sets will be represented by exhibitions in the London Fair of 1915. Every effort will be made to bring large numbers of the inhabitants of the various sections of the Empire together in a social way so as to make them better acquainted and enable them better to appreciate and understand one another. A comprehensive prospectus of the exposition is now being prepared, to be submitted to the oversea governments with the view of obtaining their co-operation. One great feature will be a historic illustration of the progress of the Empire at home and abroad in industry and science. The various exhibits will show the advances made in land and sea methods of travel and in steam traffic and electric communication.

The Men In Charge

A large committee of which Lord Strathcona is chairman, has taken up the project and subscribed $25,000 toward a guarantee fund of $150,000 to protect the exhibitors and managers against loss. Although the minimum of this fund is placed at $150,000, it is hoped that it will reach $250,000. The Royal Colonial Institute is backing the enterprise which has already taken such definite shape that a contract has been made with the owners of Earls Court for the use of their buildings and grounds. The committee in charge numbers 167 and includes the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Carrick, Earl of Derby, Earl of Plymouth, Earl of Selborne, Viscount Hill, Lord Avebury, Lord Desborough, Lord Furness, Lord Leamington, Lord Pirrie, Sir Beerbohm Tree, Sir James Dewar, Sir Gilbert Parker and many members of Parliament. High commissioners and agents in all the British dominions are co-operating. No large amount will be spent in buildings, the intention of the committee being to devote most of the money collected to gathering such a wealth of products of all parts of the Empire as to make the display thoroughly representative.

Dangerous Competition

All this may mean dangerous competition for us. If so, what are we going to do about it? Are we to accept London's competition, or shall we take steps to forestall it? I asked some of the Panama-Pacific officials what they thought of this project, and they made light of it. One of them said it was a Kiralfy enterprise, and no more to be feared by San Francisco than a cattle show or an automobile exhibition. He explained that the noblemen mentioned lent their names because they are heavy stockholders in street car lines and other enterprises which benefit by any sort of show at Earls Court. Another official of the Fair explained that the whole matter had been investigated by Ambassador Reid with the assistance of Sir Robert Balfour who was interested from this end by the Balfour-Guthrie people, and that the Ambassador's opinion was that San Francisco had nothing to fear in the way of competition. Still, you never can tell. It's just as well to keep your eyes open. We don't want any competition from London if we can help it. It would be well to put Hays Hammond on the job.

Official Condolence for the Mikado

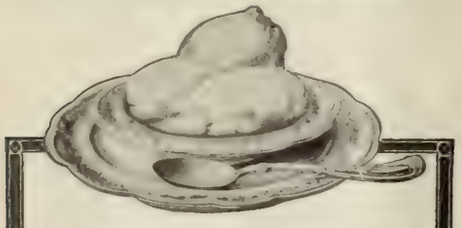
When news was received in San Francisco that the Mikado was dead, the officials of the Panama-Pacific Exposition thought that the proper thing for them to do was to drop in on the Japanese Commissioners who are here to choose the site for the Japanese building. But they were ignorant of the etiquette for such cases made and provided. Happily, however, there was a man on the job who knew the proper procedure. This was Lieutenant-Commander Sellers who was detailed recently by the Secretary of the Navy to act as President C. C. Moore's naval aide. Lieutenant-Commander Sellers explained that the first thing to do was to put the American and Japanese flags at half-mast. The next step was to cable Ambassador Calhoun in Tokio to express regrets to the members of the royal family on behalf of the President of the World's Fair. Then he armed himself with the cards of the President and other officials and paid a ceremonious visit to the Japanese Commissioners. When he was received he expressed the condolences of the directorate in the most formal language. The reply was just as formal. When he reported at Exposition headquarters, Charles C. Moore breathed freely with a consciousness that no demand of international courtesy had been ignored.

Is There a "System"?

When George Kibbe Turner, and later Alfred Henry Lewis, wrote magazine articles to demonstrate that vice and crime were highly organized in New York most of us supposed that they had heightened their narratives with exaggerations and stretching of the truth to make the articles lurid and sensational. And yet several of the crooks and gun-men whom Turner and Lewis described by name figured in the remarkable Rosenthal case. The revelations which led to the identification of the men who rode in the gray "murder car' and to the indictment and arrest of Lieutenant Becker have helped to convince many that organization of law-breakers in New York's Alsatia is no figment of the muckraker's imagination. That there was such organization in earlier days was demonstrated when Senator Lexow and his investigating committee tore the lid off the Tenderloin and the East Side, showing that a partnership for profit existed between certain politicians, policemen and criminals. The same thing was proved later on by the Mazet investigation. Why should conditions be different today? It certainly looks as though there is a "system."

The Fate of Informers

It has always gone hard with informers like Rosenthal in New York. A number of years ago one McAuliffe peached on the police. He was arrested on a charge of intoxication, though it was said he did not drink, and locked up in the station-house. The next morning he was picked up unconscious and dying many blocks from the lock-up. The investigation which followed did

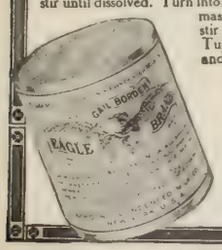


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not clear up the mystery. In 1904 Bill O'Brien, a burglar, helped convict a policeman of murder. Thirteen days later O'Brien was shot and dangerously wounded. "I was a fool to monkey with the police," said O'Brien; "I got it and got it good." He refused to tell who shot him. In the same year a thief named Lefty Boyle squealed on the policeman who was protecting his operations and taking part of his swag. Just before the policeman's trial was to begin Lefty Boyle, the only man whose testimony could convict him, was killed by a Tenderloin pick-pocket. These are a few instances which should have gone to show the unfortunate Rosenthal that it is fatal to "monkey with the police."

Praise for Sir Arthur

The production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas here reminds me of a story which Sir Arthur Sullivan used to tell with great gusto, always claiming that it was the greatest compliment he had ever received. Many years ago the famous composer had a sister living at Santa Barbara. She died, and the great musician journeyed from London to close up her estate. He was sitting alone one day in the bar of the old Arlington Hotel at Santa Barbara when a cowboy clattered in, pistol at hip and spur on heel. Somebody whispered to the cowboy that the stranger sitting alone was the great composer. Immediately the roughneck went up to Sir Arthur, and said: "Say, are you the feller that put 'Pinafore' together?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well," rejoined the cowboy with a voice full of admiration, "I wish you'd take a drink with me." And Sir Arthur did.

"Pen Portraits" in '78

There has just come into my hands an interesting bit of Californiana, a thin blue book called "Pen Portraits" compiled in 1878 by R. R. Parkinson. It contains brief notices of the members of the Legislature of '77-'78. Its principal interest for us of today lies in checking up the prophecies of success which Parkinson made thirty-four years ago for men who are still alive. Thus we learn that the Hon. James V. Coffey (his name alas! is spelled Coffee) is "a very able and promising young man." Also that "he is slimly built; small stature; has sandy, curly hair, and a smooth, priestly-looking face." Judge Coffey was an assemblyman. Of Assemblyman John T. Dare we also learn that he is "promising" and "will be heard from again in the future deliberations of the State." He is credited with "moderate ambition." Of Grove Johnson we read this: "His popularity in his own county is fast increasing, and by inevitable destiny it will spread to the very confines of the State. He is fast climbing the ladder of preferment and, if we are good guessers, he will yet become one of our most prominent citizens." Even in those days, it seems, Grove always wore "an exquisite nosegay in his coat." Assemblyman Samuel W. Backus was then "well and favorably known as the gentlemanly agent of the Oregon Steamship Company." He was "smart, sprightly, intelligent; neither tall nor robust." John A. Hicks was "a young man of intelligence; and by industry and application will make his mark in the future." The only newspaperman in that Legislature who is still in harness is John Paul Cosgrave, then of the Globe but now of the Chronicle. Cosgrave is described as "one of those bright luminaries who make rogues tremble by the shake of the pen more than warriors do by a thrust of the sword; of the class who, oft-times despised, are the controllers of society and the masters of millionaires."

Collaboration in the Woods

In the shaded recesses of the mountains of Mendocino county hard by the little hamlet of Longvale, two members of the Press Club may be noticed next month by the casual hunter or pedestrian, engaged in mysterious gesticulations and declamations suggestive of the mad house. The wondering hoot owl and the startled chipmunk will alike be treated to a display of the gamut of human emotions which these two strange humans will offer to the listening pines the while a long suffering stenographer hurriedly plucks the words from the wood-scented air and converts them into the material form of lead and paper. Lest some member of the Press Club chance to stumble across this scene it may perhaps save him a shock to be warned that it is merely Pete Kyne, the short story writer, and Frank Morse of the Call trying to break into the playwright game, and that aside from this, there is really nothing serious the matter with them physically or mentally. For some months these two have been evolving a drama of western mining camp life based on a short story which Kyne has sold to the Saturday Evening Post. The possibilities of the story as a play were pointed out to Kyne by a well known theatrical manager who was enthusiastic over the dramatic situations presented. Kyne's work in the short story line is known to thousands of readers all over the country. The selection of Morse as a collaborator was due to his intimate knowledge of the mining camp life, the Call man having lived four years in the Nevada desert during the early gold days of that region. He was also president of the Princeton University dramatic association during his college days and collaborated with Booth Tarkington in a number of the plays produced by that college organization.

A Play Without a Villain

Our dear old friend Makepeace Thackeray achieved the novel without a hero when he wrote "Vanity Fair." Now Kyne and Morse are going to essay a play without a villain. There is to be no dastard in their drama. The emotions which will clash to make the dramatic action will be without exception emotions of a kindly or noble sort. The meaner passions that have been displayed in other plays will be absent. Every character will be "on the square" with every other character. This sounds like an attempt to dramatize an ideal existence which never was, but Kyne and Morse insist that the thing can be done. In fact, they say the thing is already done. Like Oscar Wilde, when asked about "Salome," they say their play is finished—all they have to do now is to write it.

It Was Not Sheridan

No, omnivorous reader, it was not Sheridan who made the remark which I have just assigned to Oscar Wilde. I am aware that you saw it attributed to Richard Brinsley in a recent interview one of our dramatic critics had with May Tully, but that was a slip. Sheridan didn't write his plays so methodically. If he did they would probably have been produced on time. I recall reading somewhere that he sat in the wings at Drury Lane and wrote the last half of the fifth act of "Pizarro" while the company were actually playing the first act. Needless to say, the performance was not a howling success—neither was the play.

Fair Maid—I wonder what causes the flight of time?

Brilliant Young Man—It is probably urged on by the spur of the moment.

"Did her wedding go off without a hitch?"

"It did, indeed! The man she was going to marry did not show up!"

Truly Noble

Fair Millionaire—Oh, Vladimir, they say you are a fortune-hunter, and are only marrying me for my wealth. Tell me that this is not true.

Lord Dedbroke—Why, my dearest, I would marry you if you were penniless.

Fair Millionaire—Prove this, my own Vladimir, and I shall be absolutely happy.

Lord Dedbroke—Settle the whole of your vast fortune upon me, leaving yourself destitute, and I will wed you in the face of the whole world.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Wedding Pictures

All the guests who were present at the wedding breakfast of Mrs. Malcolm Whitman are to be presented with a picture of the feast. It will be remembered that the only pictures taken on that day with the exception of a few unsatisfactory ones surreptitiously obtained at the expense of great exertion and ingenuity, were those ordered specially for Mrs. Whitman and taken by a professional photographer. She is having duplicates made and will present every guest with a copy. One enterprising photographer on that day had secreted himself carefully in the bushes and was walking out of the grounds with dozens of beautiful views when a burly policeman grabbed him and exposed the plates to the sun.

A Tribute to Mrs. Whitman

Speaking of these wedding pictures, I had an interesting talk the other day with the photographer who took them. He paid Mrs. Malcolm Whitman a high compliment. "I have taken the pictures," he said, "of a great many women who occupy assured places in society and of a great many more who are still struggling for a footing. Mrs. Whitman is the sweetest, the gentlest, the most considerate, the least self-conscious of them all. When I went to the wedding to supervise the taking of the pictures she treated me as nicely as any of the wedding guests. Her attitude was very different from that of many whom I have photographed. The climbers are the worst. They always insist on considering me a servant, a little more advanced than a waiter but not nearly as important as a groom. And they are exceedingly hard to please. Some in fact are never pleased—at least they never admit it. Believe me, a photograph gallery is the place to study human nature. And if you knew what I know, your opinion of some of our so-called prominent women would be changed."

The Whitmans Return

The plans of the Malcolm Whitmans have been a source of uncertainty to the bavardes. It had been announced that they would sail for Honolulu last Wednesday, but instead the "Mishawaka" was switched around the bay to San Mateo on its arrival from the North and the newly-weds went to visit the Templeton Crockers at Uplands, the latter having also abandoned their idea of returning to Honolulu. The Whitmans brought trophies of the chase from the McCloud River country where the bridegroom shot deer and the bride caught rainbow trout from the country club preserves. A generous supply of venison was sent to the Armitage Orphanage in San Mateo, and the mountain trout was distributed among the bride's friends, some of whom inspired by her enthusiasm decided on a trip to McCloud. Last Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Gus Taylor, the Fred McNears and several others made up a party which left for a stay at the McCloud country club where they will shoot and fish for two weeks. The women of our smart set are going in for hunting and fishing this year, and at the Weber Lake Country Club Mrs. Josiah Howell has established a record for herself among fair Izaak Waltons.

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MRS. WILLIAM MILLER GRAHAM
The distinguished chatelaine of Bellosguardo who enlivened Santa Barbara society this week with an entertainment consisting of tableaux vivants.

Mrs. Miller Graham's Tableaus

"For her own person, it beggared all description." So spake Enobarbus in "Antony and Cleopatra" when he was describing that wonderful day on the Nile when Cleopatra in her barge of state had her momentous meeting with Antony. We all know the celebrated picture of that barge wherein the Egyptian queen reclines amid silks and rugs while lovely slaves agitate the languorous air about her with peacock fans. It is a beautiful picture. And yet I could not help gasping when I learned that it was to be reproduced as one of the tableaux vivants in the entertainment given at Montecito by Mrs. William Miller Graham. For, if you remember, the costume which Cleopatra wears in that picture is the same that Lady Godiva wore on her celebrated ride through Coventry and that Venus had on when she arose from the sea. The painter of that picture believed that Cleopatra's beauty when unadorned was adorned the most. So he refrained from marring it. Now, how the deuce was that difficulty gotten over in the tableaux? I am curious to learn. Of course the lady who took the part of Cleopatra could not be expected to stick closely to the painter's interpretation of the scene. Or perhaps I have picked the wrong picture. It seems a queer picture to pick out for tableaux. The next thing we know they'll be giving us "Phryne before the Judges."

The Dixwell Hewitts Home

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt are home again after a delightful trip to Europe. This, I think, was the first time Mrs. Hewitt made an ocean voyage in many years. Ever since the memorable occasion when she started to the South Seas, (she was Kate Clement then), on Baron Fithian's yacht and left the jolly party suddenly at Honolulu to return to San Francisco by liner, Mrs. Hewitt has had little enthusiasm for sea voyages. But she enjoyed her recent trip exceedingly. Mrs. Hewitt is keenly interested in the engagement of Dorothy Williams to young Pinkard, the news of which greeted her when she left the steamer in New York. She and Dorothy Williams are first cousins, Mrs. Clement, Kate's mother, being the sister of Williams of Kimberley diamond fame. Mrs. Hewitt is one of his favorite relatives. On one of his visits home, some twenty years ago, he brought her a splendid solitaire diamond which he had set in a ring for her. Kate pretended that it was an engagement ring, and extracted a lot of fun from the situation before the truth was discovered.

Mrs. Martin Very Busy

Since her return from Stag's Leap where the Walter Martins have been keeping open house, Mrs. Eleanor Martin has plunged with renewed vim into her favorite social occupation of giving elaborate dinners. Mr. and Mrs. Whitman of Brookline were the guests of honor at one of these delightful affairs, and Miss Janet von Schroeder at another. Baroness de Rosenzweig and her pretty niece Rosita Nieto were in town to be present at the latter function. It is safe to say that Queen Eleanor has not given a single dinner while these charming Mexicans have been in town to which they have not been invited. When Mrs. Martin takes a fancy to anyone she never does it by halves. We found that out in the case of Mrs. Carroll Buck and later, in the case of Mrs. Henry Ferguson.

Temporary Widowhood

This is the season when most of our prominent matrons are what may be called, for want of a better designation, temporary widows. In other words, this is the time when all the prominent men in town take a vacation which they cannot share with their wives. I refer to the migration, first to the Family Club Farm down the peninsula in lovely Portola Valley and afterwards to the Bohemian Club Grove on the Russian River.

"Djer-Kiss"
PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS"
Sa finesse fait du Djer-Kiss le parfum de la femme difficile. —Kerkoff, Paris
TRANSLATION: "It's refinement makes Djer-Kiss the perfume for the particular woman."
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Alfred H. Smith Co., 25 West 33d St., New York

"The Flight of the Stork" and the Bohemian grove play come close together this year. The former took place last Saturday and the latter will be presented next Saturday. A great many of the men who left the Family Farm on Sunday tarried in town only long enough to say "howdy" to their wives and families and then hied them to the Bohemian Grove. Some of the temporary widows are a bit disconsolate, but these are in the minority. Most of them have their own clubs to solace them, and don't mind the absence of their hubbies for a fortnight or so.

The Newhalls, Society Farmers

So enthusiastic have all the Newhall family become over country life since taking the huge fraternity house at Palo Alto that generous Papa Newhall is scouring the county for suitable grounds for a handsome country home. Miss Marion wishes the family to abandon the palatial city home entirely and to devote their time to country life exclusively. Any day Mrs. Newhall and Marian can be seen speeding down the county road with real estate men looking over vast estates. Miss Marion is studying seeds. She boasts that their country place will produce every known variety of vegetable. Then there are to be, according to the same pretty enthusiast, every berry, every fruit and every flower that will grow in our section. Chickens galore and all other kinds of poultry are to make the estate look like a Rostand dream. She insists that she will personally superintend and care for all these things, with some assistance from her mother. The enthusiasm of the family has extended even to Mrs. Newhall and to the only son and heir now here on his vacation from Philadelphia. But I wonder if it will last? The huge fraternity house which the Newhalls have been occupying contains some eighteen bed rooms with an equal number of baths. During the residence of this hospitable family it has been filled to overflow all during the season. But Stanford College opens in the middle of August and the house must be vacated. The Newhalls will go to Santa Barbara for the balance of the season.

To Take the "Roosevelt Cottage"

Mrs. Russell Wilson will be the next tenant of the Roosevelt cottage, as the house in Pacific avenue that for nearly two years sheltered the Teddy Juniors is destined to be known. Mrs. Wilson will take a personal interest in the picturesque garden that was the pride of young Mrs. Roosevelt who transformed the formal lawn in front of the house to a charming place of flowers and trees. The front door of the house is set in a frame of flowering vines and ivy that were planted and trained by Mrs. Roosevelt. Mrs. Wilson's former home that she sold a few months ago to the Sydney Vanniman Smiths of Berkeley is covered with Japanese ivy on the California street frontage. It is a handsome residence built by the late Russell Wilson twenty years ago and there the two daughters of the household, Emily and Charlotte, were raised. The marriage of Charlotte Wilson and George Cadwallader was celebrated there, and many other entertainments in the regime of Mrs. Wilson who is still an indefatigable hostess and will doubtless entertain a great deal in the Roosevelt cottage next winter.

The Adolph Spreckels Palace

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Spreckels will take possession of their palace on the crest of Washington street hill sooner by several months than they expected. The house that faces Lafayette Square has been two years building and is one of the best constructed residences in the city. Even the floors, as well as partitions, are of reinforced concrete. The one drawback to the mansion is lack of space about it and this, I am told, is a source of regret to the owner who made every effort to secure adjoining property. Before purchasing the corner of Washington and Octavia Mr. Spreckels negotiated for the Holliday property across the street, but the price demanded for the land that fronts on Gough street was $450,000. Mr. Spreckels' offer of $400,000 was refused as was one of $350,000 made a few years ago by W. J. Dingee who afterward purchased the L. L. Baker residence at Washington and Franklin, now the Borel home. An attractive feature of the Spreckels mansion is a circular observatory at the back from which is secured a view of four counties and the ocean. Marin county, the hills of Contra Costa and Alameda with San Francisco county are spread in panorama, and from the front of the



Photo, Boye

MISS KATHERINE MacADAM

Who has just returned from a summer outing at Castella where she was the guest of Judge and Mrs. Weller. She is helping to entertain her friend Mrs. Earl Shipp (Anna Weller) who is here from Annapolis.

house the hills of San Mateo are seen with Santa Clara visible through glasses. Thus a view of six counties is commanded by the Spreckels house as by the Irwin mansion a block beyond. The Spreckels home will be completed in the Fall and ready for occupancy next Winter.

Ruth Casey's Wedding

Invitations to the marriage of Miss Ruth Casey and Arthur Brown have been issued in the names of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beaver, the latter of whom is the aunt of Miss Casey. Mrs. Beaver and the late Mrs. Casey were daughters of Millionaire Pierce of Santa Clara where the Pierce ranch was one of the richest in the valley a few years ago. Another sister is Mrs. Frank Madison. Their mother died years ago and "old man Pierce" married a second time, the daughter of the second marriage being Miss Mildred Pierce who is touring Europe preparatory to her debut. The Casey-Brown wedding will be a home affair on September 8 at the Beaver residence in Webster street. The bride's handsome cousin Isabel Beaver and her closest friend Helen Ashton with whom she recently spent a year abroad, will be the bridesmaids. The young couple will live in San Rafael where Ruth Casey was raised and where she has been occupying the family home this summer.

A SUMMER COURTESY. A box of candy sent to friends in the country. Geo. Haas & Sons' candies can be mail or express from any of their four stores.

Miss Sprague Prepares

Miss Isabel Sprague is making frequent trips to town from Menlo Park where the Spragues are domiciled for the summer, to select her trousseau. The date of her marriage to William Henry Pool of New York has been set for September 19 and it will be a country wedding at the Sprague summer home. Among the attendants will be the bride's cousin Janet Von Schroeder who has been her chum since childhood. Isabel Sprague's father, the late Mervyn Donahue, was a brother of Baroness Von Schroeder. Miss Sprague assumed the name of her step-father at her mother's second marriage. Young Pool has just purchased an estate in Virginia with a handsome mansion and famous hunting preserves, and the young couple intend to live there the year round with frequent visits to New York. Pool is heir to a two-million dollar estate in New York and his bride-to-be is wealthy in her own right, so they will be sufficiently supplied with this world's goods.

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GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

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The Passing of a Pioneer

The late James Carolan whose death occurred in Santa Barbara last week was a familiar figure in San Francisco for many years, and one of the few surviving pioneers who came around the Horn in '48. He landed in San Francisco early in the year 1849 and went to Sacramento to engage in mercantile pursuits that netted him a comfortable fortune. Carolan counted the late Charles Crocker among his intimate friends in the early days of Sacramento where Crocker was a pioneer merchant before his connection with the Union-Pacific. For many years on the anniversary of his arrival in California Carolan gave a dinner at which a few old friends were present with members of his family. The fiftieth anniversary was made a gala occasion three years ago at the Frank Carolan home in Burlingame. Last year at the family residence in Buchanan street the last gathering occurred and there were present the Frank Carolans, Mrs. William Timlow (Evelyn Carolan) of New York and her children, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett (Genevieve Carolan), Miss Emily Carolan, Herbert, and Edgar Carolan who came from London where he makes his home. Decorating the center of the table on these occasions was a model of the ship that bore the host on his voyage around the Horn. The destruction of the old Carolan residence in California street in 1906 caused the loss of many mementos of pioneer days. Mrs. Timlow and Edgar Carolan of London arrived a few days ago for a visit to their widowed mother who was accounted the beauty of her day in Sacramento, and remains a strikingly handsome woman.

Hernan at Coronado

Mr. J. J. Hernan is now back among his host of friends in California, having on the first of this month assumed the management of the Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach. Many will recall the fact that Mr. Hernan was connected with this famous hostelry for several years under Mr. Ross. He afterwards was connected with the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, and from here went to the Brown Palace Hotel, Denver. For several months Mr. Hernan has been manager of the Hotel Baltimore, Kansas City. This post he resigned to accept the position of manager for the Hotel del Coronado. His strong personality and uniform success have won for him this latest acknowledgment of his ability.

For the Fastidious

In San Francisco, dining-out is more or less of a habit. The desire for a "change" lures many that are confirmed stay-at-homes. It isn't so much the satisfying a craving of the palate that beckons the diner-out as it is the desire to humor the whims and fancies of the moment. The close observer, however, will notice an entirely different class of people at that most popular of all cafes—Tait's. Here dining is enjoyed because the palate is pleased and satisfied. There's a "way" in which the food is cooked that seems to "touch the spot." I am not speaking from a hungry man's standpoint. Anything satisfies real hunger. My remark is based on the opinion of the "picker"—the most fastidious and exacting of epicures. Eating is a real pleasure at Tait's. The novel and high-class amusement heard and the artistic and unusual decorations are of secondary importance.

In the Social Spotlight

Society from San Francisco to Los Angeles is booked for the coming six or eight weeks at Del Monte, and the experienced ones have long ere this sent in their requests for suites. The prizes for the golf tournament are magnificent this year, and no doubt the Southern lady golfers will compete with those representing the North, as well as such assiduous golfers as E. S. Armstrong and Dr. D. P. Fredericks who always have a match with two representative players on each side. Dinner parties and dances are given, prizes are awarded and everyone reluctantly returns to their city life feeling that Del Monte is the one satisfying spot they know of. Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Stanton are at Del Monte again. Mr. Meyerfeld and the newspaperman are persistent followers of the bewitching little sphere. Mayor and Mrs. Rolph gave an exceedingly pleasant dinner at Pine Lodge the other evening to some friends, including Miss L. Gibson and her brother L. E. Gibson of Hobart, Tasmania who are touring the United States. The surprise of the pleasant evening was the illuminated table decorations, and the beautiful combination of colors. The Mayor's motor brought the guests back to the hotel and they returned to their summer home near the Lodge.

John B. Harrington of Portland accompanied by his family arrived in San Francisco during the week. Mr. Harrington is a guest at the Hotel Victoria. Mrs. R. Catton and Miss Mary Catton of Honolulu arrived from Honolulu and are guests at the Victoria where Mrs. Catton's son, A. A. Catton, makes his home. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reinstein of Boston, Mrs. M. M. Fitzpatrick and her daughter from Albany, New York, and Miss Eudora Hay of Worcester, Mass., are Eastern visitors who are making the hotel their headquarters. Mrs. D. M. Carman of Manila is established at the same hostelry for an indefinite stay.

Recent arrivals at Castle Crags Farm inclue: from San Francisco—M. S. Birnbaum, A. H. R. Schmidt, Mrs. E. Ward, Albert Anderson, H. S. Clark, H. H. Scales, Mrs. N. N. Storrs, J. B. Low; from Oakland—W. D. Houston, Walter N. Gabriel, Geo. A. Dow, H. K. Defendorf, Miss Grace Laymance; from Berkeley—Mrs. W. Irving, Miss Irving, Miss Bayard, Mrs. H. F. Wrampelmeir, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Barber, J. E. Holbrook; from Sacramento—A. Baunheim, Miss Edith Baunheim, Bertha Lais, Bertha Whipple; from Los Angeles—Mr. and Mrs. George Renwick, L. Metzler, Miss Rose Gordon; from other places—Mrs. A. A. Bird, Salt Lake; Hanella Moore, Alameda; H. I. W. Syz, Switzerland; M. B. Boyd, Ventura; F. Byrn, Dunsmuir; Harold F. Blum, Martinez; Mrs. M. O. Ryan, Miss Evelyn Ryan, Glendale; R. J. Pierce and son, Santa Clara; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Wollman, Sausalito; Rowland Chapman, Ross; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dorn, Dr. L. E. Carter, San Diego; Mrs. Leslie F. Rice, Piedmont; Thomas Bates, Mrs. L. M. Kneeland, Chicago; M. A. Grant, W. H. Chase, M. A. Tremper, Edward Hedstrom, George Weihlem, surveyors for State Highway Commission.

The pine log cabins at Castle Crag Farm have housed more than one hundred guests during the past fortnight. Dancing each evening, after a day devoted to fishing, swimming, riding and tramping, offers diversion for the guests, an unusually large number of whom have sought the picturesque resort this season.

Col. and Mrs. Geo. H. Pippy motored down from their home in San Mateo for a few days and recreation at the Casa Del Rey. Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Deal and Mr. P. B. Ormoil have been guests at the Casa. John G. Glasser, William J. Glasser and Miss C. B. Glasser are recent arrivals from Grass Valley. Commodore and Mrs. Picker took apartments during yacht week. Mrs. W. M. Stevenson of Mill Valley and her family are guests and will remain during the month of August. Captain and Mrs. Manson, Mr. and Mrs. Fennimore, and W. T. K. Gibson were among the week-end arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Heise and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hyde, motored down from Berkeley. Dr. H. R. Oliver of San Francisco, W. Boardman, Thomas Addie, and A. G. Van Nuys all well known San Franciscans went down to spend a few days salmon fishing. Commodore W. H. Hogg, of the Corinthian Club has been a guest. This makes the twenty-second summer he has spent at Santa Cruz. Dr. and Mrs. Howard Morrill and Dr. and Mrs. Brunn as well as Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Coffey have been down. Mrs. T. J. O'Hara and Miss White are spending some time there. Mrs. A. J. Magoon of Honolulu, Miss M. Magoon, and Mr. E. Magoon and Mr. M. Magoon are guests. Mr. J. Lishman and Mr. Seigler motored down from San Francisco and are the guests of Mrs. W. H. Emerson. Mr. and Mrs. John Martin of Ross, and their guests Mrs. G. R. Williams and Walter Martin have been there for a few days. Mr. Herbert Law and his friend P. C. Huntington have been fishing there. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Sayre with their family are there for the summer. They are from Madera.

"So you suspect that men are quicker of judgment in practical matters than women?"

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Men have heeded the warnings of the newspapers and quit buying gold bricks, but women continue to marry for money."

"Why do you call this new tire of yours the Mexican?" asked Slathers. "Is it made of Mexican rubber?"

"Oh, no!" said the inventor. "I call it that because it is capable of innumerable revolutions without wearing out!"

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Gossip of the Theatre

Hackett and Tynan as Co-Stars

At the Columbia on Monday night, August 5, the co-star engagement of the Hackett season will take place with James K. Hackett and Brandon Tynan appearing in the principal roles of the new play "The Melody of Youth." This is the Brandon Tynan comedy in three acts which the author has been rehearsing for some weeks with the Hackett forces and which gives promise of proving an exceptionally attractive work. Its scenes are laid in Dublin and the Wicklow Mountains and a powerful cast will appear in the various roles. It will be its first presentation on any stage and Hackett has prepared for it a superb scenic equipment. James K. Hackett will appear in the role of Paul Knox described on the program as a Calvinistic minister and Brandon Tynan will be seen as Anthony Beresford, a young student of divinity, fresh from college. E. M. Holland will have the role of Henry Sly, a rich society man of Dublin in the Thirties. The leading feminine role will be played by Lily Cahill and Will R. Walling will also be in the cast. Olive Oliver, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Charles Lane, Elizabeth Stuart and Eva Vincent are among those cast in the new Tynan work. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

"Patience" and "The Pirates"

The Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Company with De Wolf Hopper, Blanche Duffield, Eugene Cowles, George MacFarlane, Arthur Aldridge, Kate Condon, Viola Gillette, Arthur Cunningham, Alice Brady and Louise Barthel announce a change of program for Sunday evening when "Patience" will have its turn at the Cort. This opera will be sung on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday night and at the Wednesday matinee. On Thursday night "The Pirates of Penzance" will be given production to remain for the rest of the week.

"The Hold-Up" at Pantages

Things are humming at Pantages this week, crowded houses being in evidence every afternoon and evening, the current bill just seeming to hit the popular fancy, including, as it does, Fred Ireland and his limber-limbed Casino Girls, presenting "High Lights of Dear Old Broadway"; El Barto, the amusing and mystifying "conversational trickster"; the Four Flying Valentinos, aerial marvels; Willie Ritchie, the promising young lightweight, in "Fun in a Gymnasium"; Wood's Animal Actors, in a problem comedy playlet, and other bright features. The program prepared for the week commencing Sunday afternoon contains an ideal array of vaudeville, headed by Taylor Granville's sensational scenic offering, "The Hold-Up," described as a genuine thrill from beginning to end. The act carries six stage hands of its own and the effects of slow moving freights and whizzing passenger trains are said to be surpassed by none, whether presented on the legitimate or the vaudeville stage. The freight propelled by its own steam is a wonderful piece of stagecraft, to say nothing of the "Limited" dashing across the stage at the actual speed of sixty miles an hour. "The Hold-Up" will be presented by Percival Lennon and capable support. The four Janowskys, one of whom is of the gentler sex, will offer the refined gymnastic entertainment which has wone them fame all over Europe. M. Bankoff and Lulu Belmont, agile Russians, will present a series of international dances. Wilhelm, an original and talented impersonator of famous composers and musicians of note, will appear with his imperial yacht orchestra, one of the finest musical organizations in vaudeville, appearing in eight different roles and giving a half hour of high-class music. Howard and Dolores, the gentler member of the duo appearing as "The Rag-Time Model Girl," will offer a novel and pleasing entertainment and the "All Star Trio," composed of three young men with phenomenal voices, are expected by the management to create a sensation. Bert Lennon who impersonates several well-known actors, making up for his characters in full view of the audience, and Sunlight Pictures, showing a variety of exclusive subjects, will complete a varied and interesting bill.

Bessie in "A Royal Family"

Bessie Barriscale's fourth and final week at the Alcazar begins next Monday evening with the first stock-theatre production in San Francisco



BERTHA KALICH

Who will appear in "A Light From St. Agnes" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

of "A Royal Family" in which she will be aided by the full strength of the regular company and a number of specially engaged players, among the latter being Howard Hickman, a former Alcazar favorite. No more appropriate vehicle for the dainty star's farewell appearances could have been chosen, as the principal character, originated in this country by Annie Russell, bears all the traits to which Miss Barriscale's art, temperament and personality are best adapted, and in it she will be no less captivating than she was as Juanita or as Trixie Dupre. Indeed, it will enable her to repeat some of the most charming phases of both those roles and introduce others with which her clientele is less familiar. Mr. Stanley, too, will be seen to excellent advantage in a part demanding treatment different from that exacted by his current impersonation. "A Royal Family" was written by Captain Marshall, the celebrated English playwright, and had a long and prosperous run in London before Charles Frohman transplanted it to America and directed Miss Russell's three consecutive seasons as its central figure. It is a fantastic comedy in three acts, all of the scenes being laid in the capital of Arcacia, a mythical European kingdom. Sumptuous staging is called for and will be provided. There cannot possibly be an additional extension of Miss Barriscale's engagement at the Alcazar, as Laurette Taylor is booked to open a brief starring season there Monday after next in "The Girl in Waiting."

Mme. Kalich at the Orpheum

The Orpheum program for next week will be the means of introducing to San Francisco audiences Madame Bertha Kalich, the great emotional actress who took New York by storm by her marvelous portrayals of the principal feminine roles in "Kreutzer Sonata," "Fedora," "Monna Vanna," "Cora," "Sappho and Phaon" and "The Unbroken Road." Although a stranger here, her fame is well known, for since the advent of Bernhardt and Duse no actress has created as big a sensation. Madame Kalich has selected for her vaudeville engagement an intense one-act play entitled "A Light From St. Agnes" which she has staged with great accuracy and care. She has secured for her support those sterling artists John Booth and John Harrington. Lydia Nelson and her boys and girls who have only just come to this country will present an English dancing novelty. Miss Nelson is an accomplished solo dancer and her young associates are clever and nimble. Between their terpsichorean efforts the quintette sing two songs written especially for them. Chick Sale, a clever comedy protean actor, will appear in his decidedly original and novel conception of "a country school entertainment" in which he reveals a versatility that is remarkable. In the twinkling of an eye and without the aid of make-up he presents youth and old age. Mr. Sale has made an emphatic hit in all the principal cities of the East and has scored heavily in the theatres of the Orpheum Circuit. Kathi Gultini, famed all over Europe as "the lady juggler," a pretty and vivacious little Viennese, will perform remarkable feats with a finesse and daintiness that are said never to have been equalled by any of the sterner sex. Next week will be the last of Marguerite Haney and company in "The Leading Lady"; Pauline Moran, the clever and versatile singing comedienne, the Empire Comedy Four and Mrs. Louis James in "Holding a Husband."

A Story of "Our Bobs"

"Fighting Bob" Evans, during his last stay in Washington, was one evening a guest at a house where he met a number of the younger set of the capital.

As the admiral was leaving he chanced to pick up from the floor a very dainty handkerchief, edged with lace. He was gravely inspecting this "trifle light as air," when a rather effeminate-looking young man hastened forward to claim it.

"Your sister's, no doubt," said the admiral, as he handed it over.

"Oh, no," said the young man, "it's mine."

Evans scrutinized the young man closely. "Would you mind telling me what size hairpins you use?" he asked after a pause.

Hairrowing

"Look here," said the guest, "things around here are just about as rotten as they make them. When I went to lunch today I found hair in the ice cream, hair in the honey, and hair in the apple sauce."

"Well," exclaimed the genial proprietor, "the hair in the ice cream came from the shaving of the ice. And I suppose the hair in the honey came off the comb. But I don't understand about the hair in the apple sauce. I bought those apples myself, and every one was a Baldwin."

Little Trot

By Andre Lichtenberger (From the French)

Trot was playing on the beach. Behind mummie's house there is such a pretty little beach, quite a tiny one. Trot is allowed to play there alone—only he must not go too near the sea. Besides, Jane stays in the garden and every now and then takes a peep at him. Trot had his spade with him. He had made an enormous hole and an enormous mountain, almost, but not quite, as high as those big rocks that lie all day as if asleep near the sea.

"Come and have your lunch, Master Trot," and Trot got out of the hole to receive a roll of bread and a piece of chocolate from Jane.

He went back to his mountain. It is not very comfortable to eat standing up. Better change the mountain into an armchair. Trot sat down again, his legs in the hole. He nibbled away at his chocolate with his sharp little teeth. You could make quite pretty designs on it with them. It really was rather amusing.

Who was that? A shadow fell in front of Trot. Trot looked up. It was a little boy! He was very dirty and dreadfully ragged. His face and hands were quite black. There were ugly little red spots under his nose. Trot raised his spade threateningly.

"Go away!"

The little boy rubbed his eyes with his elbow; he went a yard or two away, then sat down on the sand opposite Trot and stared at him.

Trot went on munching and stared back. Here was someone Jane could not wash from head to foot every day. What a lucky boy! And yet—after all, Trot was a little gentleman. Of course it is a bother to be washed, but one must be clean. How ugly this little boy was.

"You really are dirty, aren't you?"

The little boy raised his eyes, then dropped them again and began giggling in a silly way without replying. He let the sand slide from one hand to the other. But this did not seem to amuse him much. He never once left off staring at Trot, who was just finishing his roll of bread.

Trot looked at him attentively. He noticed that the boy's glance was fixed on the roll.

"Rolls are very good, aren't they?" said Trot, as he crammed the last bit into his mouth.

The boy gave a sad little grunt.

"Have you had your lunch?"

The little boy stared at him with amazed eyes. Trot repeated his question:

"Have you had your lunch?"

The little boy shook his head.

"Well, I suppose you will have it soon?"

The little boy looked down. He filled his hand with sand again and went on with his old occupation, once more shaking his head.

"I don't believe you are going to have any lunch."

The little boy did not reply, but Trot knew he had guessed the truth.

"I expect you were bilious yesterday?"

The little boy opened his eyes wide. The word "bilious" did not belong to his world. But he shook his head.

"Did you have a stomach-ache?"

The head-shaking still continued.

"Or perhaps you were naughty?"

Still silence.

"Well, why did you have nothing to eat?"

The little boy scratched his head with one hand and rubbed his nose with the other. He then made a series of quite unintelligible sounds.

"Didn't they give you anything?"

Once more he shook his head.

"Why didn't you ask your mother for something?"

"I did ask her."

"Then why didn't she give you anything?"

"There was nothing in the house."

This information sounded absurd to Trot. What would be the good of larders and pantries? If you opened one in the hall or kitchen you could see any amount of nice things. So that could not be true. The little boy was telling stories. His mother had said there was nothing in order to punish him. Trot said in a very stern voice:

"You must have been naughty. What did you do?"

The little boy simply looked at him with dazed, rounded eyes. Trot grew impatient.

"Perhaps you were greedy, or rude, or made your governess angry, or did not learn your lessons?"

Nothing but a head-shake.

"Were you disobedient?"

The child's lips trembled.

"I do what I like. No one tells me nothing."

Whatever did this mean? Trot began to grow angry.

"Well, then, why did you get nothing to eat?"

Once more the child replied wearily:

"There was nothing in the house."

So it really was true. Trot was overcome with surprise. Was such a thing possible? Was it true that a mother could really have nothing to give her little son to eat?

"Then you are hungry?"

There was no mistaking the answer in the little boy's eyes.

"If I had known that I would have given you my roll, because I really was not at all hungry. But I have eaten it all, you see."

The little boy nodded his head resignedly; he quite understood.

Trot reflected a moment, then he asked a difficult question:

"Why was there nothing in your mother's pantry?"

"We haven't a pantry."

This was really extraordinary.

"But what about the larder?"

"Father is out of work. Mother is ill in bed with a little brother. So there ain't much to grow fat on."

What a rude way to talk. Trot knew he ought not to listen to badly brought up children. He felt quite sure he ought to go, but curiosity prevailed.

"Why doesn't your father buy you something to eat?"

"He hasn't any money."

Well, here at last was a good reason. And yet Therese often bought things without money; she told them to put them down to mummie's account.

"Tell them to put it down to the account."

The child shook his head. He did not understand. He began playing with the sand again.

Trot felt dazed and almost frightened. There were actually children who were quite good, and yet their mothers had nothing to give them to eat. What could God be thinking of? Was it really possible? Trot began his questions again.

"Does your father ask God each day to give him his daily bread?"

Once more the little boy did not understand. Trot repeated his question.

"I don't think so."

Trot sighed. So here at last was the explanation; and it was really very serious.

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"Do you mean to say your father does not say his prayers?"

"I don't think so."

"He never talks to God?"

"I don't think so. At least only when he's angry."

"What a funny time to pray. What does he say then?"

"He says 'God Almighty,' and he makes a fearful row."

Trot meditated. That could not be a good prayer. Mother had never taught him one like it. Perhaps it was only for grown-up people.

"Well, how do you yourself pray?"

The little boy laughed slyly, but did not reply.

"Tell me how you pray."

The little boy went on chuckling. At last he jerked out:

"It's all lies about God."

Trot was overwhelmed with horror. All lies about God! The good God to whom his little mother taught him to say his prayers every evening, who took care no harm came to daddy when he was on the sea, who gave Trot his daily bread, and not only bread but cake and chocolate and all sorts of goods things besides. Trot went crimson in the face.

"You are very wicked. And God is quite right not to give you anything to eat if that is the way you thank Him."

"What is there to thank Him for?" asked the little boy.

The question rather puzzled Trot. The little boy was right—if you are wicked and very miserable you do not want to pray to God. You feel angry with everybody. Trot had already moved a step or two away. He thought for a moment, then came back.

"Listen to me. If you do not pray, then of course God cannot hear you. If you ask Him for something to eat, He will give it to you, but you must ask Him.

The little boy looked doubtful. He did not quite believe what Trot had told him. But, after all, it could not matter much asking. You never know what may happen. Only the other day, when he had been begging, someone had given him a penny.

"Where is God?"

It was not easy to answer this question, and Trot's reply was a little confused. God was everywhere, particularly in the churches. You could not see Him, but you had only to ask for something to get it, Trot explained.

"Tonight before you go to bed pray God to send you a big roll of bread tomorrow, and you will get it."

"Where shall I find it?"

"Oh, on the table with your cocoa. You won't have any cocoa? Well, then, on the mantelpiece."

"Then father would take it. I would rather God put it here in the hole near the cliff. I could come and find it."

Nothing could be easier; it was not the usual thing for God to do, but He would not mind making an exception of the little boy. He must only explain it all to God and tell Him the place—so everything was settled now.

But the little boy still seemed doubtful. What was the matter?

"I don't know how to say it to God. I don't know Him."

Trot sighed patiently. What a stupid little boy he was. Never mind—now he had begun Trot would go through with it. He knelt down.

"Do as I do."

The little boy tried to do the same.

He tumbled on his nose.

Trot grew angry. At lat he got him properly into place.

"Fold your hands."

After several unsuccessful attempts, the hands were folded. But how dirty they were! God would certainly not be very pleased with him.

"Say after me: 'Dear God, I am very hungry.' Well, go on."

The little boy made several little grunts; listening very carefully you could make out "God" and "hungry," and all the time he wiggled like an eel.

"Keep still. 'I am very hungry. Please put a big roll of bread for me tomorrow morning in the hole by the cliff, where Trot has left his spade. Amen.'"

Trot got up well content. That was the way to pray. He went off nodding patronizingly to his pupil.

Trot was very thoughtful all the evening. How glad the little boy would be tomorrow. Trot had unlimited faith; nevertheless a doubt arose in his mind.

"Mummie, God always gives us what we ask for, doesn't He?"

"Always, sonnie, if it is something reasonable and we really mean it."

Trot was reassured. It was surely quite reasonable to ask for some breakfast, and as for really meaning it—well, Trot remembered with what hungry eyes the little boy had watched him eat.

Trot slept soundly. He dreamt of great piles of rolls, big as the horns of a cow or the tusks of an elephant, which God was heaping up before the poor little boy. He ate and ate until he could eat no longer. God always brought him more. He laughed and was happy. His cheeks grew red and fat. Trot was delighted and very proud.

"Good-morning, Master Trot. I hope you have slept well?"

Jane washed and dressed Trot. Perhaps the little boy ought to ask God to wash him and give him some new clothes as well. All the time Trot was being dressed he could think of nothing else. He was longing to see the little boy's face when he found the roll. How warmly the sun shone. That was so that the roll would not get wet.

Trot swallowed his cocoa in two seconds; he stuffed his roll into his pocket to save time.

"May I go on to the shore for a little, mummie?"

"What a hurry you are in today, dear. Well, it is really a lovely morning, so run along. When your governess comes we will call you."

Trot rushed off. He ran straight to the cliff. What would God's roll be like? It ought to be shinier and much bigger than a baker's. Trot began to feel rather envious. He put his hand in the hole. He looked in. He grew pale with misgiving. There was nothing there.

He looked again. Could it be true? Perhaps God had dropped it on one side. Trot looked all round. Nothing anywhere. He looked in all the other holes near the cliff. Still nothing to be seen. What could it mean? In a minute or two the little boy would be there, and when he found nothing he would say again that it was all lies about God; he would think Trot had deceived him, and he would be so hungry.

Oh dear, oh dear, how dreadful it was! Of course God had been too busy, or He had forgotten, or the rolls had been burnt—that had happened once at home. All the same, a burnt roll would have been better than none at all. Whatever could he do?

Trot was distracted. His legs seemed to give way beneath him when he saw in the distance the little boy racing towards the cliff, his face lit up in joyful anticipation, his mouth positively watering for the feast. Trot felt chilled to the bone. Somehow he must save the situation. Mechanically he put his hand in his pocket. What luck! His breakfast roll still lay there untouched. He drew it out and quickly put it in the hole.

The little boy sat on the ground comfortably munching. Trot stood up and looked thoughtfully at him. He realized all at once that he was very hungry himself. It seemed very hard to watch his breakfast disappear so quickly. But he could not help feeling glad when he thought how grateful God ought to be to him for repairing His oversight.

The little boy swallowed the last crumb.

"Was the roll very good?"

"Rather. But all the same God never sent it. I saw you put it in the hole."

This was indeed a blow. It was true, too. No use denying it. But suddenly Trot's face cleared, and he answered triumphantly:

"Yes, but you see it was God Who told me to put it there."

And he ran off, hungry but victorious.

Lady (at fashionable ball)—Do you know that ugly gentleman sitting opposite to us?

Partner—That is my brother, madam.

Lady (in confusion)—Ah! I beg your pardon. I hadn't noticed the resemblance.

Crusty Patron—By George. But I'm glad to see you back! Was the strike settled?

Waiter—What strike, sir?

Crusty Patron—Oh, come now! Where were you since you took my order?

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Nothing of importance occurred in the stock market the past week. With important bankers and big operators out of the city over the week only small business was transacted by the floor traders who evened up their shorts and longs looking forward to more important events the coming week. Such matters as the quarterly Steel report, the decision of the arbitration committee on engineers' wages, the Government crop report, Taft's campaign speech and other minor matters will come up. Hence the quieting down of the market at the close of the week was to be looked for. Politics should be ignored, temporarily at least, on the assumption that sanity will prevail among the people in their choice of the coming President. Subject to the usual crop scares and temporary political influences we believe there is coming slow improvement in security values and prices and that the market can be bought on declines from such influences.

Wheat—It has been a long time since the wheat trade has witnessed such an anomalous condition as has been presented from day to day for the last two weeks. Reference is made to the rapid and serious decline in the price of wheat in the face of fast disappearing supplies. The statistical situation thus far this crop year has rarely, if ever, made such a strong exhibit, but in the opinion of the trade all this counts but little compared with the belief that the Northwest is about to raise the largest spring wheat crop in its history. This idea has been enlarged on and fostered by crop experts, so that every day the prospective yield is increased. It has even been asserted that the Government crop bureau has underestimated the spring wheat. All these reports may prove true, but it appears that the Government with its eighteen thousand paid crop reporters besides many thousands of others who are not paid, has better facilities and can give a more accurate estimate of the crop of this country than three or four individuals can, however able or experienced they may be. The present depression is based too much on a sectional viewpoint of the wheat situation. If there is a more abundant spring wheat production than usual, let it be considered by the side of the enormous loss there has been to the winter wheat crop, and the practical exhaustion of interior reserves in this country and every country. We can see no reason for any permanent decline in wheat values and we believe a little time will demonstrate that the present depression has afforded an unusually favorable time for an investment in this cereal.

Corn—The corn market has suffered along with other grains, but there has been very substantial reason for a decline in the price of this cereal. Values, in the first place, started from a very extravagant plane, and the basis that caused those high values had been removed by a good hay production and abundant pasturage. Moreover, the very high values that prevailed at the time of spring seeding had naturally caused a large increase which was further augmented by the loss of so much winter wheat acreage, a part of which was planted to corn. But whatever the coming crop may yield, it does not provide for immediate consumption. This is a condition which has been evidenced for some time past by a consumptive demand that absorbs current receipts and has reduced the stocks at visible supply points to such meager proportions that it has checked the decline and caused a sharp rebound in prices. The market is on a fairly healthy basis and favors the investor, especially for December and May deliveries.

Cotton—There was a steady advance in cotton the past week, with the final figures at the close of the week at the best prices on this upward movement. The principal factor early in the week was the continuation of heavy rains throughout the eastern and southwestern part of the belt along with numerous reports of damage said to be caused by caterpillars, army worms and other insects too numerous to mention. The rain finally ceased and the attention of the trade was called to the drouth in Texas and Oklahoma with high hot winds reported from many sections and reports that the cotton plant was small and shedding. A number of crop experts in the Southwest kept sending in damage reports and a good many of these reports were sent abroad, which caused an even greater advance in Liverpool. Local statisticians were out with their estimates prior to the Government's estimate which varied from 81 to 75 and there was strong feeling that the Government would make its estimate about 74. Shorts were kept on the jump and were the principal buyers, although there was some very good investment buying early in the week. The market is a very big affair and prices fluctuate rapidly on almost any kind of news. The spot demand has kept pace with the rise in futures and there is said to be a very good demand in the South for the best grades of cotton. Exports continue large and already 10,500,000 bales of last year's crop have been taken abroad. The week-end figures were also construed as bullish, spinners having taken 168,000 bales for the week against 104,000 last year. There was a fair decrease in the visible supply. The market has had such a big advance that we do not care to advise the purchase at this level and believe it would be the best policy to operate on the short side.

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FINANCIAL NOTES

The passing of a sugar tariff bill by the United States Senate has had a good effect on the market for sugar stocks. Although details of the bill have not as yet been forwarded and some doubt clouds the issue, nevertheless it is felt by sugar interests that the new bill is entirely satisfactory and will settle the question of sugar tariff for a long time to come. It is expected that President Taft will sign the new bill. All the listed sugar issues reflected the better feeling, advancing from one to two points.

The balance of the market was practically unchanged.

Great Western Power 5 per cents were particularly active. Large blocks sold at between 88 and 88¼. The common and preferred stocks of the company were not traded in the past week.

Pacific Gas and Electric stocks were strong. The common sold at 66½ and the preferred at 94. The latter will be ex-dividend this week.

Associated Oil sold rather freely at 43½, about the same as last week's level. The rest of the market leaders were unchanged.

There has been a decline in German and British Government securities. This is attributed to the elaboration of the policy of naval expansion by Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Business on the New York Stock Exchange has been poor, owing largely to the fact that the summer vacation season is at its height. This fact has of course affected trading in San Francisco and elsewhere.

The Chinese in Los Angeles are said to have raised $35,000 in cash and much more in promises as a starter for a $300,000,000 loan to the republic to prevent it from "falling into the clutches of money mad foreign powers." It will take a long time to get the rest of that sum.

Matron—Would you like to come in and see our class cooking in paper bags?

Gay Old Buck—Thank you! But if it's all the same to you, I'd rather see them cooking in pink tights.

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

The Open Shop town is a prosperous town. There is no exception to the rule.

The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

MUSINGS OF THE GENTLE CYNIC

Virtue is its own reward, and many a man who sticks to the right gets left.

When a bank selects a runner it doesn't always pick out a fast young man.

Sometimes a man can utilize his mistakes as a by-product of experience.

No man is a hopeless fool so long as he hasn't been fooled the same way twice.

Some of us are so unlucky that just as we feel we are getting to the top the bottom drops out of things.

It is the common lot of man not to get an uncommon lot.

The man who always says just what he means may be an admirable character, but he wouldn't shine in the diplomatic service.

Many a man's best friends are those who know him least.

Some people won't even lend their moral support without charging interest for it.

Even when they have nothing to do some people don't seem able to do it satisfactorily.

Practice makes perfect. The more fault a man finds, the more expert he becomes at it.

There's a difference between being useful and being used.

The fellow that shoots off his mouth doesn't always hit the mark.

Even the high flyer has to come down to earth sooner or later.

The trouble with a good bit of reform is that it is badly in need of reforming.

Some people get so accustomed to looking on the bright side that they can't see the other side at all.

The Pugnacious Rodent

A certain roysterer who had been to his lodge, and stayed so late that he could scarcely repeat to himself the password, "Dinwaffel a Struddel," meaning "Bar the door, brother," as he let himself into his suburban lodgings, thoughtfully carried a bottle up to bed with him, lest peradventure he felt drouthy between hades and breakfast. But in unsteadily withdrawing the cork, a great deal of the precious liquor escaped and slopped over the carpet, whereat the sport, with a familiar household oath, bothered no more about it, but connected with the feathers. Hours later he was awakened by a slight rumpus in one corner of the room, and, striking a light, he espied a mouse—the small but ferocious animal which strews its path with fainting women—standing in a defiant, even in an approved pugilistic, attitude on unsteady legs, with its back to the wainscot. Clearly it had partaken heavily of the lost liquor, and had gained Dutch courage, for it cried as it let drive with a left and right.

"Now where's that bully of a black cat that's got so much to say for himself? Let him come on!"

Madame Hermet

(Continued from Page 8.)

very little hope, Madame, and George expects you.'

"Then he went away.

"Two hours later when the lad, who felt himself dying, called for his mother again, the priest returned, went to her room, and found her still on her knees, still crying and repeating continually:

"I don't want to—I don't want to. I am too afraid—I will not.'

"He tried to persuade her, to console her, to induce her to come. But all that he accomplished was to cause a nervous crisis, which lasted very long and made her scream aloud.

"The physician, who had come again toward evening, was told of her cowardice and he declared that he would certainly bring her whether of her own free will or by force. But, after exhausting all sensible persuasion, he caught hold of her by the waist in order to carry her to her son, and she took hold of the door and cramped her hands to it with such force that it was impossible to free them. Then when she was released she fell at his feet, begged his forgiveness, and accused herself of being infamous. And she called out: 'Oh, he will not die—tell me that he will not die. I beg you, tell him that I love him, that I adore him.'

"The boy lay in his death agony. When he realized that his last moments had come he entreated that they would bring his mother to him that he might bid her farewell. With that kind of presentiment which the dying often have he had guessed everything, had comprehended everything: 'If she does not care to step in here, beg her, please, at least to come onto the balcony of my window so that I may see her and at least bid her farewell with a look if I cannot embrace her.'

"The physician and the priest again returned to the woman: 'You are running no risk,' they assured her, 'for a pane of glass will be between you and him.'

"She agreed, covered her head, took a bottle of smelling salts, advanced three steps onto the balcony and then, sudenly, she groaned and hid her face in her hands: 'No—no—I will never be able to brave it and to see him—never—I am too much ashamed—I am too afraid—no—I will not.'

"They tried to drag her along, but she held on to the iron railing with both hands and uttered heartrending cries, so that the passers-by in the street raised their heads.

"And the dying boy waited, his eyes turned toward the window. He waited to see for the last time the beautiful countenance of his mother, which was so sacred to him.

"He waited long. The night came. Then he turned to the wall and spoke no more.

"When day dawned he was dead. And the day after that she was mad."



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERNARD ALFRED DOBBAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, deceased.

CAMILLE JOSEPHINE DOBBAS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3rd, A. D. 1912.
A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS

By Ernest Dowson

Bearded, with tawny faces, as they sat on the quay, looking listlessly at nothing with their traveled eyes, I questioned them:

"We have adventured," they said.

"Tell me of your travels, O mariners, of that you have sought and found, of high perils undergone and great salvage and of those fortunate islands which lie in a quiet sea, azure beyond my dreaming."

"We have found nothing. There is nothing saved," they said.

"But tell me, O mariners, for I have traveled a little. I have looked for the woman I might have loved, and the friend we hear of, and the country where I am not. Tell me of your discoveries."

One of them answered:

"We tell you the truth. We are old, withered mariners, and long and far have we wandered in the seas of no discovery. We have been to the end of the last ocean, but there was nothing, not even the things of which you speak. We have adventured, but we have not found anything, and here we are again in the port of our nativity, and there is only one thing we expect. Is it not so, comrades?"

Each raised a hand of asseveration; and they said: "We tell you the truth: there are no fortunate islands."

And they fell into their old silence.

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY

Why should a dog be blamed for growling over his food? He may merely be imitating his master.

There are various grades of success. Even the man with the wheelbarrow may feel that he is in the push.

In spite of the fact that everything is going up, the impecunious poet rejoices in the fact that pens, ink, and paper remain stationery.

Some people will even quarrel over the question of which one is the more amiable.

You can take some things apart to see how they are made, but a fortune isn't one of them.

Some people can drop a quarter in the collection plate in such a way that it will make more noise than a five-dollar gold piece.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 43,036; Department No. 10.

LOU ETTA WILMOTH, Plaintiff, vs. HOWARD WELLINGTON WILMOTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Howard Wellington Wilmoth, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LIPPMANN SACHS, Deceased—No. 16,663, N. S.; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Sachs and Albert Baruch, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Lippmann Sachs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lippmann Sachs, deceased.

MARY SACHS,
ALBERT BARUCH,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Lippmann Sachs, Deceased.

Dated: July 13, 1912.
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 7-13-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,026; Department No. 10.

LUCILE V. LARM, Plaintiff, vs. G. LARM, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: G. Larm, Defendant.

You are hereby Required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's Wilful Desertion and Habitual Intemperance; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 27th day of April, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

McGOWAN and WESTLAKE, Attys. for Plaintiff,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-1-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WINIFRED McGOWAN, also known as WINNIFRED McGOWAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Messrs. Lent & Humphrey, Room 428 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased.

THOMAS J. McGOWAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3, 1912.
LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for said Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

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Jill—The newspapers.

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Letters

Lowrie's Prison Book

Donald Lowrie's book "My Life in Prison" makes interesting reading, though the average reader will need a new definition of crime and criminals before he can come into complete sympathy with the writer. According to his creed a man who only robs or commits a murder or two is not a criminal, but an unfortunate who, wanting the things another has, takes "direct action" to secure them and gets caught. It is not his fault. Society, if it does not want him to do these things, should see that he has all he needs without the exertion. To put him in the penitentiary does no good. It does no good, either, to punish him for infractions of prison discipline, so what's the use? We have been hanging "murderers" and imprisoning "thieves" almost since the world began and still we have them among us, so it is full time that we learned wisdom and let the harmless creatures alone. With all due deference to Mr. Lowrie, there is no great harm in reminding him that it was not modern society that framed the Decalogue. Fire has burned and water drowned and the law of gravitation has brought about fatalities since the world began. It has not "done any good," but for all that, the laws of nature are not likely to be changed, and the next incautious climber is apt to be dashed to death, the next inexperienced tamperer with fire burned just the same as if the first example had been efficacious. Moreover, when we stop to consider the delays of the law and the multitude of technicalities and twists that intervene before the modern criminal can be immured, the chances are that he has sinned many a time and milder methods have proved inadequate before he is finally sentenced to imprisonment. Hanging murderers does not prevent more murders, it is true, but it prevents the specific murderer from committing a second offence. Imprisoning thieves does not put an end to robbery but society knows that while any specific thief is locked up his activities are checked. The law-breaker appears to be convinced of his own cleverness, and he puts his wits to work, not to see how he can make an honest living but how he can thrive illegally without being caught. The mistake he recognizes is not the wrong action but the slip which led to his detection. There is no doubt that being penniless and out of work has led many a man to commit theft, but back of that the question still remains, how does it happen that he is penniless? Perhaps twenty-five cent cigars is the answer. In the residential sections of this city hardly a day passes but housekeepers are importuned for something to eat, and it is notable that if the applicant be a middle-aged man or of foreign birth he will ask if there is not a lawn to mow, a cellar to clean or firewood to break up in exchange for food, some serviceable article of clothing or a small sum in coin. On the other hand, a young man, muscular, well nourished and comfortably clad, of the modern "student type," invariably begs without a pretext. He wants the reward, not the labor, the salary, not the job. Much of what Mr. Lowrie writes has long been obvious to all but professional politicians. All our public institutions save orphan asylums, insane asylums and hospitals, should be self-supporting, with as few salaried officials as will suffice to maintain discipline and up-keep. Inmates should have at least a share of their earnings handed to them at their discharge, and a good supply of wholesome and well prepared food should be furnished. Comfort and cleanliness should be first considerations, and mechanical skill encouraged, but coddling and petting and spoiling generally should be repressed. There is no reason why prison discipline should be made more lax than that of honorable service in the army and navy. All public institutions should be divorced from politics and pull and special favors abolished in toto. Unnecessary harshness and inhumanity should receive no countenance. But all the time it is to be borne in mind that the inmates of penitentiaries are not children to be coaxed and inveigled into keeping the straight path but full grown men with abundance of experience, having behind them all that school and church and home could do for them. They have been put on honor by life and have proved unworthy. It is a poor, mean-spirited spy and traitor who will spoil an ex-convict's chances when he is honestly trying to make good, but just the same, it is part of the punishment of the transgressor that he has to face just that probability and that in the competition for favors the man who has not fallen, even though it is only because he has not been put to the trial, yet has the advantage. Otherwise, where would be the merit in honesty and uprightness? Mr. Lowrie's book would have made a great sensation but a short while ago. As it is, we have been surfeited with books of a similar character, all bent on showing up the virtues of the condemned and the iniquities of the honest and law-abiding. The kind of a prison, or rather sequestration, which he recommends would be very nice, so nice, in fact, that the rest of us would find no objections to living in the stately seclusion, with board, lodging and amusements assured, some money to jingle in our pockets, as much entertainment as was good for us and all criminals locked out. In view of some recent developments, perhaps the most interesting chapters in the narrative relate to the career of Sir Harry Westwood Cooper while he was at San Quentin, and he, it will be remembered, was one of those found worthy of liberation on parole. It may be a matter of simple statistics that only fifteen per cent of the paroled break their liberty, but it is nevertheless a fact that every day in the week one or more of them commits a new crime. Fifteen per cent sounds like a small number but fifteen per cent of how many? Notwithstanding all the sentimentalizing over the hardships of prison life, as long as the "victims" are so ready to risk another term, it will be hard to convince the majority of the plain people that the penitentiary is really such a horrible place. Even the author was not satisfied with one trial of it. Mitchel Kennerley, publisher.

Tennessee History

"Notable Men of Tennessee" has been compiled and arranged from the notes and writings left by Judge Oliver P. Temple of that State and embraces brief biographical histories of all the noteworthy statesmen and politicians from 1833 to 1875, the period before, during and after the Civil War. Judge Temple was born in 1820. He lived to be eighty-eight years of age, and he knew personally and more or less intimately every man of importance in the affairs of Tennessee from his late boyhood until his old age, nearly three generations. Of more enduring value than the biographical data are the side lights cast on the history of a troubled period, the causes which led up to the secession of the State, the status of the large body of union men whose homes were within her borders, and the impassioned oratory of the old-time political campaigns. Though an active participant in affairs Judge Temple shows himself to have been of a calm and judicial temperament, not only willing but anxious to present a fair case for his opponents. Besides such notables as Horace Maynard, Meredith P. Gentry, William C. Brownlow and Andrew Johnson, citizens of Tennessee, there are pen pictures of Andrew Jackson, General Winfield Scott, James K. Polk, Baillie Peyton, Felix Grundy, John J. Crittenden, William C. Preston, John C. Calhoun, Zacchary Taylor, Henry Clay, General Brooks, Joseph E. Johnson, General Hardee, General Garland, Albert Sidney Johnston, General Harney and General Sam Houston, Daniel Webster, Robert Tooms and Thomas H. Benton. Cosmopolitan Press, New York.

The Literary Life

Thomas Hardy who is now well past his seventieth year, recently received the gold medal of the English Literary Society. One of his pertinent and practical comments on awards to literary people is that it is a pity they come too late in life to be of any use in stimulating production. It is a singular truth that few, if any, of our really great authors have been trained to the literary life. Usually they have been engaged in some unliterary occupation as a means of livelihood and their writing has been the occupation of hours of hard-earned leisure. The boys and girls who write real nice compositions from the pedagogical standpoint, with every word correctly spelled, every comma properly placed and every sentence neatly rounded off will easily take rank in high schools and colleges. It is those who can put so much of life and living into their work that we forget all the grammatical and rhetorical formulae while we devour their creations, that make their mark. Thomas Hardy was an architect, W. D. Blackmore a horticulturalist, Eden Phillpotts a government clerk and Joseph Conrad a sailor. Gilbert Parker has followed half a score of occupations and it would be easier to say what Roger Pocock has not been than what he has. George Ade is the champion corn grower of his district, Arthur Train, Robert Grant, Charles Majors, Frederick Stimpson and a host more are lawyers. A. Conan Doyle, S. Weir Mitchell and C. W. Doyle were all physicians, and there is an appreciable number who, like our own Jack London and John Masefield, were trampled under foot and knocked hither and yon, beaten on the forge of life until the metal that was hidden in them glowed hot.

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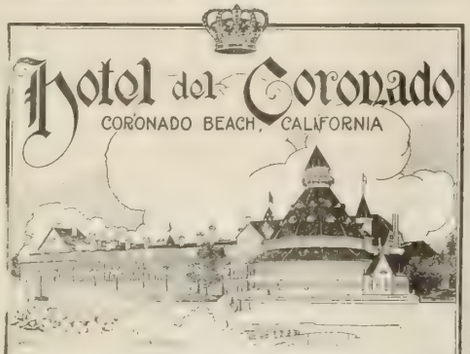
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Los Angeles office, 432 South Main street.

Pity Our Angry Governor!

Concerned for the dignity of the commonwealth, earnestly we beseech the Call to let Governor Johnson alone. Sincerely we plead in his behalf as well as the State's that he be given time to assuage himself. A humiliating spectacle is our normally charming Executive when in a state of eruption. Soused in choler, his intellectuals on a jag, the froth of rage bubbling at his lips, the while he shrieks like a wild-eyed son of one of the Furies, the Governor excites our profound compassion. When a man gets that angry he permits himself to be seen as through a microscope. It is too bad that the Governor should have given rein to his passion and so perfect an imitation of the wild ass of the desert. Let us hope that when he comes to his senses he will realize how important it is to beware lest the fire kindled for his enemy consumeth himself. Let us hope, too that he will see that what the Call did to him wasn't half so bad as what the Bulletin did. The Call provoked him, set the mob to work in his mind to riot on his reason, but the Bulletin exposed him in his brutishness to all the people. When the Governor drooled his weak venom he was transported by rage, he was acting on impulse, he was not capable of reckoning the enormity of the performance. When the crazy effusion was received in the Bulletin's office the nature of it was at once apprehended. In the circumstances it would have been the part of friendship to hold the "copy" and communicate with the Governor rather than permit him to stagger headlong into print. He should have been advised to wait for the return of philosophic calm, and to act upon second thought. But the Bulletin took no thought of the Governor's interest. Deliberately the Bulletin called public attention to the Governor in one of his most unhappy intervals. The Bulletin's conduct savors of the treachery of a friend. For surely no intelligent person can read what the Governor wrote without feeling sorry for him. It reminds one of nothing so much as the ravings of John McCullough on the phonograph. As one reads the frenetic iteration of abusive language, the vindication of self by vulgar imputation against the other fellow, there looms before the mind's eye the figure of His Excellency in a state of collapse, his head rolling from shoulder to shoulder, his arms limp, his eyes protruding, his tongue the only member alert and that incoherently dictating the haphazard sentiments of a soggy spleen. Surely the Bulletin was not blind to the impression which the Governor's outburst compels.

The Fatal Defect

We are reminded by Governor Johnson's lapse into police court billingsgate that history is repeating itself. Frequently we are told that there is a similarity between our times and the period preceding the French Revolution. This is very far from the truth in more than one respect. In France it was a monarchical era that preceded the Revolution, and the manners of the people were manners peculiar to that form of government. We are living under democratic rule, and our manners are those which have been universally acknowledged to be peculiar to democracies; that is our manners are somewhat coarse. We are sticklers for shirtsleeve diplomacy; there is more of vulgarity than of elegance in our ways; we are lacking in urbanity, in all the qualities indeed that make the charm of the higher kind of civilization. These peculiarities have become the more pronounced of late because of the drift toward a simpler democracy. Our public men finding it advantageous to cultivate the favor of the mob, appeal rather to passion than to reason. Everywhere the demagogue is aping the Bull Moose, borrowing his vocabulary, emulating his ferocity. And so if we wish to find in history manners similar to those of our own day we must quest them among the Romans who were contemporaries of Cicero. Then was democracy approaching the catastrophe. Then did public men create monstrous caricatures in the forum to attain the ends of faction. Charges of vile practices were the staple of partisan argument. Monstrous debaucheries were the common reproach on the Latin hustings. No man escaped who stood in the way of another's ambition. Cicero himself, renowned for his system of ethics, tossed about atrocious libels at random. Even Caesar was the victim of calumny. Such were the manners of the time that Cicero advised in his justification of the artifices used in debate the employment of all kinds of misrepresentation that wore a plausible air. So Governor Johnson might cite Cicero for authority in justification of himself had he not neglected the desideratum of plausibility. Defect of probability, according to Cicero, is the one thing that degrades a calumny, and that is the fatal defect in Governor Johnson's imputation against Phil Francis. In the Ciceronian philosophy you may ascribe the foulest lust and abominable propensities to any opponent, but you must first ask yourself the question, Will it take? Now obviously Governor Johnson omitted the query, else he would have restrained himself. He cannot have been unaware of the futility of his calumny. A man who spends his time in the circumambience of a sexless hypocrisy, lulled by the soprano notes of the dubious sycophants who hymn his praises, must be able to perceive the absurdity of impugning the essentially balanced masculine virility of an editor with all his parts and powers complete, who has lived all his life in the light of day beloved and respected by the best citizens of the many communities to which his nomadic spirit has taken him. Governor Johnson's malevolence has played him a scurvy trick. Intent on bespattering a critic with calumny he has achieved nothing but nastiness. He reminds us not only of Cicero but of Oscar Wilde, for it turned out to be somewhat significant that in the days before his downfall Oscar strove to prove that rollicking Bill Shakespeare addressed his passionate sonnets not to a woman. It was a case of the habit being father to the thought. But let us not be uncharitable. When we study history rightly we judge men not by their conduct but by their times; and Governor Johnson happens to be a public man at a time when democracy is rampageous. He is no worse than poor, misguided Cicero, who experienced the equity of retribution, since in his declining years a horrible calumny was visited upon himself, one that was shocking to his parental grief, involving as it did a member of his own household whose death he was mourning. It is sad to reflect that we are living in just such times. Even in those degenerate days judges were subject to the caprice of the mob, and so terrible a machinery of oppression as the Roman judicial system when terrorized by demagogues has never been equalled, not even in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

The Ruef-Pardee Controversy

The controversy between Abe Ruef of San Quentin and George C. Pardee of the Johnson administration is of public interest because of the official position now occupied by the former Governor. But the public may lose sight of the important question involved. The important question is not whether Abe Ruef was received as a guest

in the home of Pardee when the latter was Governor-elect of the State. Admitting that Pardee did entertain Ruef at the family fireside on a Christmas day in the long ago, the incident is of the dead past. Repentance is denied to none of us. In the bad days agone Pardee was a practical politician. He practiced politics according to the custom of the times. Since then it has been vouchsafed to him to see the light. Like many a practical politician turned out of office by a heartless machine he realized that thenceforward his activities for the advancement of the greater good should be conducted in the guise of a reformer. Since then his motto has been "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not." And with his great heart of fire burning with zeal for good government he has been leading the glad hope of righteousness into the breaches of corruption, his paramount purpose being to restore politicial control to the people. Of late reform and Pardee have been synonymous terms. So the question at issue between Pardee and Ruef has nothing to do with the past. The question at issue is one of veracity. The public have the right to know whether their servant, the reformed practical politician, is still addicted to one of the salient vices of his early career. Technically speaking it is a case of the word of a convict against that of a man who has never been convicted of a felony. Technically the advantage is on the side of the former Governor. But Ruef has corroboration after a fashion. This we learn on the authority of the Bulletin, an organ of the Johnson administration, which for more than one reason should be disposed to shield the administration against scandal. Then also there is the circumstance of lack of motive. Why should Ruef go to the trouble of lying about Pardee? There are others he might be inclined to embarrass whom he has treated with apparent fairness. Pardee being identified with the administration to which Ruef looks for favor, discretion if nothing else should have restrained him from telling the story of his Christmas visit. The only hypothesis on which we can account for falsehood on Ruef's part in this particular matter is that an intrigue exists in administration circles against the former Governor. And these are times in which you never can tell.

The Great War Scare

Notwithstanding the sweet and gentle influence of our peace propagandists Germany and England appear to be getting closer to a bloody mix-up every day. It is no ordinary war scare that agitates the peoples of those countries. There is nothing in the nature of a vital dispute between them. There is simply a drift toward a crisis. Both in Germany and England the masses and the classes "feel it in their blood," as the saying is, that they must have war. There is more of portent in this state of affairs than there would be in a dispute over territory or even in a controversy involving a question of honor. In Europe there have arisen conditions similar to those that existed in the ancient world when Carthage and Rome struggled for supremacy. Between Germany and England is the question, which shall be permitted to obtain the upper hand. Each is fearful of the growing power of the other, and neither can afford to keep on anticipating the other's accumulation of strength. The problem between them is to be solved only by disarmament or war, and there is no talk of disarmament except by the peace propagandists who are hardly more influential than they were in the days just before the rise of Napoleon. It is this European war scare, by the way, that is depreciating the securities of both England and Germany. British Consols are lower than they have been for eighty years. The main cause of the depreciation, says the London Statist, which is always a sober paper, "is the universal belief at home and abroad that war is inevitable." The Statist hopes that so dire a calamity may be averted, but affirms: "It would be mere hypocrisy to pretend that the opinion is not strongly felt all over the world that war between the two countries may be postponed, but sooner or later is sure to come." It would certainly be a ruinously costly war not only to England but to the world.

The Brieux Plays

Our attention has been directed to "Three Plays by Brieux" with a preface by George Bernard Shaw in the hope of convincing us of the error of our judgment with regard to fiction with a purpose. Singular as it may appear Brieux's plays we regard as in a measure confirmatory of our views. For Brieux writes plays with a purpose, and they are not good plays. George Bernard Shaw pronounces Brieux the greatest dramatist France has produced since Moliere, but Shaw is not papal authority on the subject of the drama. Shaw recognizes but one school of drama—the Ibsen school. Shaw and Brieux are not only of the same school, they are of the same temperament, of the same intellectual bent. They write plays of much the same kind, which, if judged by the accepted standards of criticism must be found to have defects in common of the same general character. The criticism to be made of these plays is that they do not precisely answer the purpose for which plays are primarily written. A play ought to express certain ideas through a successful use of the conditions of the stage. It ought to represent life through the medium chosen for expression. It ought to hold our interest as a drama not as a treatise. Now the criticism to be made of the Brieux plays is that they are essentially argument in the form of dialogue and nothing more. This is especially true of "Damaged Goods," a play that has occasioned a great deal of discussion. This is a three act play, the first act of which introduces only two persons, a doctor and the man diseased who produces all the complications that make the story. The conversation between these two men is all there is to the first act. This may not be bad art, but at least it indicates an exiguity of ideas. The fact is the play has but one element which is entirely pathological. But the theme is not so bad as the method, which makes for paucity of interest, and evolves characters that are not human beings, that are nothing more than the propositions of the playwright's syllogism. And this is what is called intellectual drama! We do not quarrel with a drama because it is of the intellectual variety or because it has a thrill only for persons of scientific temperament. Ibsen, Sudermann and Hauptmann have written "intellectual dramas" that are worth while, but theirs are dramas that appeal to the emotions as well as to the intellect, and these playwrights have exhibited something of cunning and subtlety in the touches by which they arouse human interest. In Brieux the instinct of the dramaturge has not been fully developed. He is chiefly a pamphleteer with a consuming desire to arouse the general conscience to a sense of terrible truth. Unfortunately he is not successful in the drama, lacking as he does the knack of sending his lessons home to the bosoms of men. He would have us pause in the merriment of existence to listen to stories of ugly, horrifying phases of life, but we don't pause. We don't give Mr. Brieux a hearing. Is it because of his theme? Not at all; it is because of his method. The most repugnant of all the themes handled by Brieux was handled by Ibsen, and Ibsen has been heard and will continue to be heard. But after all, what's the use? Reformers may rail and reformers may write, but there will continue to be a mixture of good and bad in human affairs, and in the long run it will be found that the idealists who seek to beautify life are nearer than the realists to the truth. But as Dumas pere observed Heaven produced one great drama, the drama of the world, and mankind has been hissing it for thousands of years. Perhaps the hissing is part of the scheme of things.

His Grouch

The reporters say the Colonel had a grouch in Chicago. When the Colonel finds himself surrounded by such intellectual lightweights as Ben Lindsey, the E. P. E. Troy of Denver, Gifford Pinchot, Medill McCormick, Chester Rowell and sweet-scented Jimmy Garfield, and thinks of yesteryear when Elihu Root, Cabot Lodge and William Howard Taft were his chief counselors there must come over his mind like a picture flashed in the darkness a swift but merciless review of the things that might best have been left undone. That grouch must be chronic.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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Varied Types

LXXXVI—MAJOR A. S. ROWAN

By Edward F. O'Day

"In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. . . . . Some one said to the President, 'There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can.' . . . . By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land."

Omnivorous yet gentle reader, do you remember the words? Have they lodging in some chamber of your brain? They have not? 'Tis not surprising. Even literature runs through the mind nowadays like water under a bridge, and these lines are mere printed stuff, not literature. Besides, they were written thirteen years ago—and by Elbert Hubbard. Yes, dear reader, your forgetfulness is easily excusable.

Nevertheless, the lines have had some vogue. Their modest author, that shrinking violet Fra Elbertus aforesaid, will tell you that they have been published some millions of times. Pressed a bit, he will even admit with a blush of native pudency that they have been translated into many foreign languages.

Perhaps you begin to remember something about "A Message to Garcia?" How it was published in the Philistine in March, 1899? And how George W. Daniels, the general passenger agent for the New York Central Railway, read it? And how its platitudes appealed to him as just the right sort of advice to give his many employes? And how he ordered umpty-ump thousands from Elbert Hubbard and had them distributed? You don't remember all this? Well, never mind. "A Message to Garcia" is not as important as the First Folio of Shakespeare, and one may lay claim to some literary knowledge without having its history at one's ungual phalanges.

Much more important than the Elbert Hubbard screed is the man who inspired it by carrying the message to Garcia. The "fellow by the name of Rowan" is living in San Francisco. He is Major Andrew S. Rowan, U. S. A., retired. Without him there would be no "Message to Garcia." And without "A Message to Garcia" and the circulation which Daniels obtained for it, there might be, horrible thought! no Elbert Hubbard.

I visited Major Rowan for the purpose of talking to him about the memorable trip which made him famous and put Elbert Hubbard on the map as a writing man. I found him in the den of his beautiful home on the western slope of Russian Hill. His window commands an entrancing view of the Bay and of the Ocean. But Major Rowan was not entranced by the play of light on the white buildings that crown Alcatraz. He was bending over a map which he is drawing for his history of Mexico. The man who carried the message to Garcia was carrying a mountain contour through a bit of country that presented as many difficulties as the jungles of Cuba.

"You are the man who carried the message to Garcia," I said almost accusingly.

Major Rowan threw down his pen, pushed aside his compasses and threw up his arms. The frown of the cartographer melted into a smile of resignation.

"Like the lady when proposed to," he answered, "I don't deny the soft impeachment."

"Tell me about it," I entreated.

"It's a long time ago," he parried. "and I've been very busy since then."

"Nevertheless," I insisted, "you must submit to the penalty of your greatness."

"Well, if that's the case," returned the Major with mock-solemnity, "I suppose there's nothing to do but comply.

"In April, '97, I was a lieutenant in the War Office at Washington. The War Department wanted to send an agent to General Calixto Garcia to find out what co-operation the United States forces might expect from the Cuban insurrectos. Someone suggested my name to President McKinley. I'm not sure who it was, but it may have been Senator Proctor of Maine. He had been Secretary of War, and he knew me in the War Office. So I was chosen to carry the message.



MAJOR ANDREW S. ROWAN

"I knew General Garcia was somewhere in the interior of Cuba waging guerilla warfare on the Spaniards, but as to the exact location of his camp I had no information. There was nobody to tell me anything about it. I took the message, received my instructions, which were to find out all I could about the military possibilities of Eastern Cuba, and went from Washington to Jamaica.

"In company with Gervacio Sabio, a commandante of the Cuban navy, and a few men, I sailed for Cuba from a bay at the northern end of Jamaica on April 23. We had a small fishing smack and it was a voyage of one hundred miles. We were on the open sea for twenty-two hours, and although I had to lie on the ballast bowlders I managed to sleep well. Our chief fear was that we might be overhauled by one of the Spanish patrol boats along the Cuban coast. Our plan was, if we were hailed, to hoist the French flag. If, in spite of that, the coast guard insisted on boarding us we were to give them a volley with our rifles and revolvers and trust to fortune for the rest. You see, my companions were filibusters, and I was a spy.

"Fortunately we eluded the patrol boats and landed in a reef-locked inlet in the district of Portillo. It took us five days to reach General Garcia's camp. In that time we traveled two hundred miles across the broadest and wildest part of Cuba. I've never seen worse country than that. Mountain and jungle, cactus thicket and river. We were in the saddle all day and all night, except when eating or sleeping, and we slept in hammocks.

"Finally I found Garcia in camp at Bayamo. I gave him my message, made a short statement of my business, and was given a glass of rum and invited to breakfast. By nightfall the return despatches were ready. General Garcia asked me if I could return that night. I said I could.

"On my return I was accompanied by two officers and three sailors. After four days of hard travel we reached the north coast at Manati. There we took an open boat again. We were five days on the sea, and had the melancholy pleasure of watching Admiral Sampson's fleet bound for the bombardment of San Juan, Porto Rico. But unfortunately the fleet didn't see us. We lived on baked sweet potatoes and water. How long we might have remained on the sea traversing what is called 'the tongue of the ocean' is problematical, but finally some niggers in a sponging boat took us aboard and we landed at Nassau in the Bahamas. On May 11 I reached Key West.

"The first thing I received there was a letter from my little seven-year-old girl."

Here is the letter which greeted Rowan: Dear Papa—I am wearing my hair braided. Look out that the Spaniards don't catch you. Hurry and come home. The cherries will be ripe by the time you get here. With love and kisses, Elizabeth Rowan.

When Major Rowan returned to Washington General Miles recommended that he be made a lieutenant-colonel, saying that he had "brought most important and valuable information to the Government." Miles added: "This was a most perilous undertaking, and in my judgment Lieutenant Rowan performed an act of heroism and cool daring that has rarely been excelled in the annals of warfare."

I asked Major Rowan about the information he gathered on the trip.

The whole campaign in Cuba was based on the information I brought back," he said. "As a result of it General Shafter and his command met General Garcia west of Santiago. The whole campaign against Santiago de Cuba was based on my observations. This fact is not generally known. I was talking to General McClernand

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Perspective Impressions

William Randolph Hearst has not bolted the Democratic party. He's scuttling it.

Dr. Jordan hasn't opened his mouth for a month. Must have lockjaw.

Death took his Sabbath toll of joyriders as usual last Sunday.

A Sacramento minister attacks women for wearing "tight-fitting, loose-fitting and no-fitting garments." In the name of our common mother Eve, does he want them to dissemble their charms in fig leaves?

Now that Mr. Hearst is urging Dr. Wilson to shoot the Democratic platform full of holes we know that the great editor has the doctor's interests at heart.

Supervisor Koshland says somebody is grafting in the Public Works department. Tut! Tut! Koshie, old boy, no scandal please. Graft, with "Mission Jim" on the job? Behave yourself.

From the figures supplied by Phil Francis we infer that the barometer of State expense rises in equal pace with the improvement of the moral atmosphere at Sacramento. Governor Johnson is a reformer who boosts the budget.

A man in Washington who has been holding a communication with a friend in hell, says that Satan looks like Napoleon. Perhaps the Corsican has "come back" and conquested another throne.

Woodrow Wilson dismisses Prohibition with the dictum that it is a moral, not a political question. This is a new kind of sidestep. The chief aim of government is a moral one, and every scheme for the improvement of the people of a nation is political as well as moral. It's immoral for a statesman to dodge questions that are loaded.

The Call tells us of a man in Palo Alto who has a rooster that crows the Star Spanged Banner. Before or after?

One objection to the recall is that there are so many damphools and I. W. W.'s in the world.

Another case of "direct action" in Los Angeles: Jewelry lifted by a thief in the home of Rebater Earl. Perhaps that thief is the collector of a conscience fund. At any rate he ought to have a fellow feeling for the man who hopes to steal the Taft electors.

The Colonel is in favor of government regulation of everything but the sidereal system.

When the Bull Moose finished spieling his Confession of Faith it was in order for somebody to ejaculate "Shovel!"

The resolution of the Chamber of Commerce to take the water front out of State politics is an insult to Governor Johnson which must not be permitted to go unrebuked in Johnsonian terms.

Villa Florida

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

He who had been an emperor, and was the lineal descendant of the last prophet that the world has known, had been deserted and dethroned, and lived with the remainder of his household in three small villas on the hill beyond Tangier. In the same way that the whole world goes out to greet the conqueror—that is when he has conquered—so does it shrink from vanquished men as deer shrink from a wounded stag. "From the fallen tree all men cut firewood," as the proverb says; but when the wood is cut they leave the trunk to moss and rot, deserted in the woods. As fear guards vineyards more than do the walls, so sympathy really anoints a king more than the chrism oil, and usually it is more readily bestowed on kings in exile, dethroned, supplanted, or in some way or other fallen from their high estate, rather than on those monarchs who in their cotton-velvet robes and tinsel crowns sit in the full glare of the footlights on the stage.

So having known him in the heyday of prosperity in Fez, the Commander of the Faithful, a man so holy that the mere virtue of his presence brought a blessing, and when his will was law to millions, I took my horse to ride and visit him in the days when the silver cord of majesty was loosened, and when the golden bowl of popularity lay shattered by the puddle, and men shot out their lips.

The steep, paved road led upwards between gardens hedged round with cypresses. On every side houses of Europeans had crowded out the low thatched huts and the white cubes of masonry which a few years ago had been one of the chiefest features of the place. Jews perched on monstrous pack-saddles housed in red flannel, clattered and chattered on the path, followed by brawny Moors who trotted patiently behind, cursing them underneath their breath. Parties of tourists, seated on donkeys, their faces dyed bright scarlet with the sun, rode past, casting their patronizing glances on the "pooah Moors" and yearning in their hearts to turn them into component parts of the great scheme of life that makes us all adorers of accomplished facts, leaving us stripped and bare of all revolt against the meanness of our lives.

The cypresses beside the path gave out their spicy scent and shed their dry and withered cones upon the ground. The eucalyptus, with its balls of blossom, looking like clots of foam against the dark metallic leaves, stirred in the light west wind, making the strips of hanging bark rattle against their trunks. White poplars, just bursting into leaf, a maze of mystic white, so light and feathery that they appeared as if they must have been transferred straight from a screen made in Japan, replanted, and then by some botanic miracle endued with life, to bring the illusion of the North into the southern air in which they seemed to float, stood here and there in clumps. I passed the little saint house, which with its fluttering white flag and gnarled old olive trees stands at the roadside, and branching off into a muddy lane, whose mouth was guarded by a small thatched hut in which sat several dilapidated Moors in dingy rags, began to splash through pools of water and through mire so sticky that at each step my horse's feet sounded as if gigantic corks were being drawn from bottles, as he struggled through the mud. The track led up between high fences made of canes, with boughs of kermes-oak and of lentiscus thrust through the spaces where the canes were tied, forming an impenetrable screen and shutting off the household of the dethroned sultan from the gaze of infidel and faithful alike, as effectually as did the palace walls in Fez. As it ascended, the path grew narrower, and by its side, squatted on stones, sat groups of Moors, with their long white selhams all daubed with mud, waiting about upon the chance of being wanted to do something, just as they waited outside the palace doors in Fez or at Marakesh when their lord was king, and all apparently as insolent and as contented with themselves as when his word was law.

The stuccoed gateway of the ill-built modern house bore the legend "Villa Florida" on a slab of marble, which was stuck crooked on the pillar of the gate, and showed the same words painted underneath, in letters rather larger than the slab, in the same way as in certain pictures of Velazquez you see the drawing of a previous pair of horse's legs looming up through the paint, as if to show the painter of the horse was mortal after all. On each side of the gateway high tufts of canes waved in the wind, and a great clump of aloes stopped a hole where the fence ended and the masonry began. The mud, the wind, the scorching winter sun, the look as of a house in Arizona or in Western Texas, built by the Mexicans and left to be the incongruous dwelling of some incoming family from the north, produced an air of desolation, compared with which an Arab tent of camel's hair stuck down upon the sand, might have looked homelike and an abode to which a man could have become attached.

The ill-fitting door, to which a Spanish knocker, formed like a hand in brass, was roughly nailed, though firmly locked, yet gave a vista through its cracks of a deserted garden, in which geraniums run to wood straggled about in beds of rosemary, and orange trees which never had been pruned, sprang from great masses of white broom.

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Correspondence

The Culture of Berkeley

Editor Town Talk, My Dear Sir: We hear a great deal about the culture of the Berkeley people. Since I came to live near the University of California I've been regaled with many tributes to the esthetic nature of the townsmen and gownsmen. I don't mingle in Berkeley society, so my opportunities of observation are circumscribed. Practically the only chance I have to observe my fellow-Berkeleyites is during the half-hour of music on Sunday afternoons at the Greek Theatre. I am sorry to say that, taking them in the mass, Berkeley people have not a highly cultivated musical taste. I base this statement on observations made during the half-hour of music. That half-hour of music is to me the greatest of Berkeley institutions. I never miss it. But unlike a great many other Berkeleyites I go to enjoy the splendid music. They seem to go to chatter, to flirt, to crochet and to give the babies an airing. Badly brought-up youngsters run around the Greek Theatre amusing themselves and irritating the small minority of genuine music-lovers. And the chatter is maddening. Let me cite a typical instance, one of many. One Sunday I sought a seat high up in the Theatre where I fondly imagined I would be alone, for the late-comers usually sit close to the stage. I was listening to a wonderfully rendered Movement by Tschaikowsky when three fat women entered noisily and sat right behind me. They were oppressed by the heat and told one another so, giving details of their discomfort which might have pleased Zola but which disgusted me. Then one of them turned her attention to the very capable young woman who was at the piano and remarked: "Gee, I'll bet she can play ragtime fine!" Then this fat Berkeley esthete glanced at the program and said: "Oh, she's going to play 'Old Lavender.' That's a rag. Gee, I'll bet it will be fine!" I could stand it no longer. I rushed from the Greek Theatre, went home, took down my portfolio of Hogarth and enjoyed the engraving of 'The Enraged Musician' as I had never enjoyed it before. Mr. Editor, in many libraries both here and abroad they display large signs with the warning word "Silence." Why not hang some of these signs in the Greek Theatre until the manners and the taste of Berkeley people improve?

Sincerely yours,

—J. W. von Goethe Schmidt.

A Point That Is Pointless

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Your correspondent "Amicus Curiae" makes the point that your correspondent who signs himself "A Lawyer" erred in saying that Judge Lawlor instructed the jury in the Ruef case that Gallagher was not an accomplice of Ruef. Judge Lawlor, in my opinion, should repudiate the friendship that inspired the letter of last week, for it seems to me that the purpose of that letter is to mislead, to make it appear that the Ruef case and the Coffey case are manifestly not on all fours, when as a matter of fact they certainly seem to be. "Amicus Curiae" deftly took advantage of what was probably a slip of the pen. It is true that Judge Lawlor did not instruct the jury that Gallagher was not an accomplice of Ruef. It is true that he instructed the jury that Gallagher was an accomplice of Ruef. But the question in the Ruef case was not whether Gallagher was the accomplice of Ruef. The question was whether Furey was an accomplice of Ruef, and Judge Lawlor instructed the jury that they were not accomplices. In the Coffey case the situation was somewhat different because Gallagher did not stand in the same relation to the defendant as he did in the Ruef case. Gallagher was the chief witness in the Coffey case. He testified that he offered Coffey a bribe and that Coffey agreed to accept a bribe. The attorneys for Coffey claimed that as Gallagher and Coffey were accomplices, to convict Coffey corroboration of Gallagher's testimony was necessary. Judge Dunne decided that the man who offered a bribe and the man who accepted a bribe in the circumstances of the case were not accomplices. Six of the seven justices of the Supreme Court decided that Judge Dunne erred; that in the circumstances of the case Coffey and Gallagher were accomplices. Now in the Ruef case the charge was that Ruef offered a bribe to Furey, and the theory of the prosecution was that it was offered through Gallagher. Ruef's attorneys claimed that Furey was an accomplice of Ruef; in other words that the man who agreed to receive the bribe was the accomplice of the man with whom he bargained to have the bribe accepted. Of course Judge Lawlor instructed the jury that Gallagher was an accomplice of Ruef. Nobody pretended that they were not accomplices in this transaction. But Judge Lawlor instructed the jury that Furey was not an accomplice of Ruef, and that consequently his testimony did not need corroboration. Ruef's attorneys have always insisted that this instruction was erroneous on the principle of the Coffey case. So you see that the point made by "Amicus Curiae" is in reality no point at all. I feel justified in making this assertion since I know that my view is the view of Justice Angelotti, who, it has been publicly stated, in his letter to Governor Johnson in behalf of Ruef, informed the Governor that the Ruef case involved precisely the same question on which the Coffey case was reversed. Justice Angelotti did not sign the Coffey decision, but it is to be presumed that he knows what it means.

Yours truly,

—A Friend of Justice.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

A Cure for Diabetes

A cure for the deadly disease of diabetes is reported by the scientists of the Metchnikoff Laboratory of Bellevue Hospital, New York. It consists of a liquid—the culture of the Bacillus Bulgaricus—which is taken from three to five times daily for a few months. Many cases have responded readily to this treatment. The bacillus was isolated by Metchnikoff himself. Its action is very simple. The way to cure diabetes is to introduce a sufficient amount of lactic acid into the intesines. The trouble has been that the hydrochloric acid in the stomach always converted the lactic acid long before it reached the intestines. But the Bacillus Bulgaricus has the peculiar characteristic of being able to swim through the hydrochloric acid of the stomach, pass through pancreas and liver and enter the intestines where it creates a large amount of lactic acid.

Maximillian's Widow

Most people have forgotten Carlotta, the widow of Maxilmillian, the Emperor of Mexico who was shot in Queretaro in 1867. But she is still alive. After years of a darkened mind she now enjoys fair mental health, but she is seventy-two years old and cannot live much longer. She occupies a chateau near Brussels. Her brother King Leopold was devoted to her, and saw to it that she was humored in her vagaries. She has always demanded the homage of an empress. She receives visits from her relatives, and is delighted with presents of flowers. She plays cards and is always allowed to win. She loves her piano, but performs only the compositions she learned as a girl. There are no mirrors in the chateau. Once she saw her reflection in the glass and shrieked "No! No!" After that all the mirrors were removed. Her estate is valued at $12,500,000, a large portion being invested in England.

New Commandments for Women

A new gospel of feminine violence is preached by Valentine de Saint-Point, a French poetess, who is a grandniece of Lamartine. The nature of her ideas may be gathered from a few extracts culled from her "First Manifesto of the Futurist Woman": "Humanity is mediocre. The majority of women are neither superior nor inferior to the majority of men. Both are equal. Both deserve the same contempt. Every woman should possess not only feminine virtues, but virile qualities . . . The man who has only male force without intuition is but a brute. But in the period of feminism in which we live the contrary exaggeration alone is salutary. The brute must be held up as model. The real women are the Furies, the Amazons, Semiramis, Joan of Arc, Jeanne Hachette, Judith and Charlotte Corday, Cleopatra and Messalina; the warriors who fight more fiercely than males, the lovers who stimulate, the destroyers who, breaking the more feeble, help selection by arrogance or despair, the despair which makes the heart render its whole. Feminism is a political mistake. Feminism is a cerebral mistake of woman—a mistake which her instinct will make her recognize. Woman must be given none of the rights claimed by the feminists. To give them would bring about none of the disorders desired by the Futurists, but on the contrary an excess of order. Let woman regain her cruelty and her violence, which make her persecute the vanquished, because they are vanquished, to the point of mutilating them. Cease preaching that spiritual justice to which she has vainly tried to submit. Women, become once more sublimely unjust, like all the forces of nature! Be the selfish and ferocious mother, who jealously guards her young, holding them by all that is called right and duty, while they are physically in need of protection."

Poems About San Francisco

LII—THE SUNSET GUN

By Eloise Davis

(This pretty set of verses by Eloise Davis is taken from the files of Sunset Magazine where it was published in June of 1912. The name is not a familiar one, but the writer shows considerable facility.)

Just at the silent hour when languid day,
Flushed with the stress of labor, slips away,
Through flaming, wide-spread portals, to a world
Where all the flags of light are closely furled—
Just at this still sweet hour, when shadowings fall
Along the hills in a gold and crimson pall,
And spell-bound ships that sentinel the bay,
Immovably guard the path of fleeting day,
Then, San Francisco, fling your farewell, as
The warning booms from rocky Alcatraz!
Take one last look at day's resplendent face,
And greet the dim-clad shade that comes apace,
For, e'er the first low boom melts in the air,
And answers peals from Angel Isle, out there,
The glory slowly drifts from hill and sea,
And mist-gray veils fold o'er protectingly.
And, as from Black Point and Presidio
The echoing knell of day rolls to and fro,
Then twilight claims all space, and day is done,
When hushed the voice in each grim sunset gun.

The Spectator

The Atonement of Joe

Long before the Bohemians started for their grove to sit in judgment on the Redding-Hadley opera, the overture was heard in Post street and then followed the anvil chorus. Alas, these are degenerate days in Bohemia. No longer do men go to the Midsummer Jinks to be amused. They go to the Midsummer Jinks to defy the poet of the occasion to make good. The poet of the current occasion is Joe Redding, versatile Joe, masterly musician among lawyers, great lawyer among musicians, and a poet nowhere but in Bohemia. Joe is in for the panning this year, which perhaps he anticipated when he called his opera "The Atonement of Pan," for last year he was the pan artist and this is the year for his atonement. "Let me at him," says Porter Garnett. "Huh! The Atonement of Pan? Why Pan is dead, and Joe doesn't know it. Doesn't even know he was sick. Bring on your naiads and oreads. I'll read one of Joe's Natoma lyrics and put 'em in a panic." Thus we see that Joe's brain-child is approached in true club spirit. And of course sympathy is with Mr. Garnett, author of the "Emerald Knight" of last year. Nobody was so free with his criticism of the Garnett poetic prodigy as Joe. Joe took it as a personal affront. Talked of ejecting Garnett from the grove for perpetrating such a nightmare at a time when gentlemen were in their cups. And for no other purpose than to retrieve the reputation of the club he resolved he'd do the thing himself for this year. Consequently "The Atonement of Pan."

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Why the Chorus?

To return to the anvil chorus in Post street. Its strains were heard as soon as the printed announcement of Sire Redding was received. Be it understood that for years the Bohemians have looked forward with great pleasure to the annual announcement. For many years they had reason to be proud of the annual announcement. It was always a masterpiece of wit, a literary tour de force. This year they were disappointed. Sire Redding's announcement hasn't a gleam of wit in it. It is nothing more than a piece of pedantic didacticism. Joe has fallen into the same error that enmeshed Mr. Garnett.. Mr. Garnett presumed to instruct the Bohemians as to the essential elements of a grove play. Joe has given them an essay on mythology. He tells them what mythology is. He tells them several things that the average school boy is presumed to know. For instance: "The philosophy of it (mythology) is essentially the same as that which underlies all human effort to comprehend the spiritual force, the Superior Intelligence, which permeates all things animate and inanimate, and dominates the universe." Joe gives them a definition of religion, thus: "Religion is the recognition of that Supreme Intelligence, no matter in what manner we make profession of our faith." Now the Bohemians object to being lectured in this fashion; especially those Bohemians who practice the arts in Sansome and Battery streets. Most of them have read Bulfinch, and they know as much as Redding does about mythology. Hence the anvil chorus.

The Awful Atonement

What "The Atonement of Pan" is about is a secret. In all probability it will prove good stuff, for after all Redding has talent and Hadley exudes music. If I were asked to guess what it's about I should say that it deals with that little escapade of Pan's in the woods on the occasion when he had a warm caprice for Syrinx. You will remember perhaps that Syrinx was a very attractive damsel, "fashioned for all ecstacy," and that Pan had a regular Don Juan crush on her. He had asked her to the tapestry room several times, but she told him nay. When he saw her this day in the woods she was to him a phantom of delight, and he smiled on her. She knew what was up and she fled. He gave chase. She ran to a stream, and the water nymphs made her vanish just as he reached out to embrace her. So instead, and wholly unintentionally on his part, he embraced a bunch of weeds by the brookside. This rashness he atoned, but how? Mercury told Argus the story, and at the close Argus was snoring and Mercury cut off Argus' head, quenching the light in his hundred eyes. That was Argus' atonement. Let us hope that nobody snores in the grove.

Just a Piece of Heartlessness

"The graft cases," said Attorney Bert Schlessinger, addressing His Honor Judge Lawlor, "are corpses, and the mourners have long since ceased to mourn." Mr. Schlessinger is somewhat inaccurate. There is life in one of the cases and Judge Lawlor will not permit it to become extinct till the end of his political campaign. Judge Lawlor considers it to his interest to keep one of the higher-ups in jeopardy. Thus does he advertise the unyielding, inexorable nature of justice as symbolized in his ineffable person. The Glass

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case has potentialities, and Judge Lawlor has a vested interest in them. Of course there is not the slightest chance of his ever again convicting the man whom he once unjustly convicted, but that is not a consideration of any importance—to Judge Lawlor. With the case hanging fire Judge Lawlor can do things, as, for example, what he did the other day. He had Mrs. Halsey haled before him to question her regarding the whereabouts of her husband. Mrs. Halsey would have responded to a subpoena, but a subpoena does not strike terror to a woman's heart; not so effectively at any rate as a bench warrant in the hands of a policeman in the middle of the night. So Mrs. Halsey (who is in poor health) was so frightened that she bordered on nervous prostration. Poor woman! No crime is charged against Mrs. Halsey. Her only offense is that she is the wife of a poor wretch, not even a higher-up, himself half dead and alive for several years owing chiefly, perhaps, to the indictments hanging over his head. But Mrs. Halsey, being a wife, cannot, as Judge Lawlor very well knows, be compelled to give testimony against her husband. Nevertheless she could be made to serve Judge Lawlor's purpose. By the deft use of Mrs. Halsey Judge Lawlor got some space in the newspapers. Thus we see that the graft cases have a punch left in them. And so, by the way, have the women of this community. Those of them that are capable of sympathizing with Mrs. Halsey may make that punch felt on election day.

The Bulletin's Views

The Bulletin, I am pleased to see, is in favor of the dismissal of the Glass case. The Bulletin thinks that Glass has suffered enough. The Bulletin has made many professions of tenderness of heart of late, but they don't ring true. Perhaps it is because of the discordant sentiments that accompany them. In the very editorial, for example, in which the Bulletin tells of the suffering of Glass and urges the dismissal of the indictments against him, it affirms him to be a felon and says he will always be known as such. Now this is not true. Because a man is convicted of felony before Judge Lawlor it does not follow that he is a felon. As to Glass it remains to be proved that he is a felon. So why stigmatize him as a felon? But my purpose is not to excite sympathy for Glass, or to discuss the irrelevant consideration of his guilt or innocence. My only purpose is to direct attention to the Bulletin's clumsiness of insincerity. The Bulletin doesn't want the Glass case dismissed because it is hopeless, or because the defendant has been sufficiently punished, or because, as it says, the prosecution has served its purpose inasmuch as it has induced many reforms. The Bulletin wants the Glass case dismissed for the benefit of Abe Ruef. That's all there is to the Bulletin's vociferations. The Bulletin wishes to picture Abe Ruef as a sort of martyr with a faded halo. The Bulletin wishes to argue that Ruef is the only man who has suffered as a result of the graft prosecution. The Bulletin has been saying this right along, and it isn't true. And it will not be true even though the Glass case be dismissed.

Punishment In Its Variety

The Bulletin regards imprisonment as the worst punishment that can be visited on a man. It is the least punishment that can be visited on some men. There are chains that men forge for their fellows that fret and cut men's souls. Such chains may not canker men's bodies. There is a tyranny of obloquy and hatred, a moral coventry more oppressive than the stern solitude of the dungeon. No man has compassion in his heart who forges such chains and practices such tyranny. And so we cannot be impressed by the sentimental protestations of a newspaper that daily tears the heart-strings of men and that employs such a man as Ruef to keep alive the hatreds of the graft prosecution. It would be easier to sympathize with Ruef were he not a party to the scheme of revenge. By writing the story of his political career he is guilty not only of petty meanness but of a blunder injurious to himself. For while it serves to humiliate the objects of the Bulletin's and Phelan's hatred, it serves also to bear out all that was said of the graft prosecution by its critics and denied by its animating spirits. Ruef himself has confessed that he sought to put the supervisors under a blanket graft contract as soon as they took office. He has made it plain that business could not be done with the city except through Abe Ruef. From his own story it is clear that he was the inspiration, the ruling spirit, the cause of the whole enormity, and that if moral justice only had been demanded, the kind of justice most favored by reformers, he would have been deemed above all others immeasurably deserving of punishment. But as a matter of fact Ruef is not the only person that suffered as a consequence of his wickedness.

The Glass Tragedy

Indeed Ruef has suffered much less than others. If we contrast the two men before the catastrophe—Glass and Ruef—their relative positions, their reputations, their instincts and characters, and if we consider what happened to both of them we shall see that Ruef's punishment is trivial compared with the colossal affliction visited upon Glass. Louis Glass is today a man broken in spirit and shattered in health. There is a pathos in his experience that overpowers even the most bitter feeling of revenge. He has passed through the vale of bitterness and tears. In the days of his imprisonment he saw his beloved wife languish under the burden of grief that was upon her. He saw her slowly sink into the grave. Has the Bulletin's dandy San Quentin correspondent ever spent any time in the Gethsemane through which Glass is passing? Is the man who lightly tells of his misdeeds and aggravates them by playfully rubbing salt into the wounds that he helped to afflict capable of conceiving the nature of the tragic grief that swells within a tortured soul?

Other Tragedies

The Glass tragedy is not the only one justly to be attributed to the wickedness of Abe Ruef. There was also the Haas tragedy and there was the Biggy tragedy and the Walter Cope tragedy. Great was the mental torture of Cope, president of the Bar Association, when he found himself involved in the graft scandal. Like others upon whom shame was brought Walter Cope suffered in body and soul, and he had not the recuperative power to withstand the shock. So Ruef is not the only victim. Indeed he is not even the only prisoner. One of the Claudianes brothers, who, according to the Bulletin was employed indirectly

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Taxes for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1913, to be pro rated.

by Ruef to dynamite the Gallagher home is in the penitentiary under a life sentence. Now the point of all this is that it would be better for Ruef's friends to wipe away their crocodile tears, forswear their cant, and be frank and honest in their efforts in his behalf. The truth is, and they know it, a monstrous piece of injustice was done when Ruef was sent to the penitentiary without a hearing in the Supreme Court. Also they know that if Governor Johnson had the courage of his convictions and the magnanimity of an oyster he would set Ruef free. But instead of urging Johnson to vindicate the institutions of his country; nay, demanding that he repair a manifest wrong, they are lickspittling him in the hope of getting a parole.

Discovering a Poet

Judging from what we have seen during the past week the discovery of a new poet is chiefly important for the kudos it bestows on his discoverer. The heralding of a new star on the horizon of song ceases to be significant in itself. The question is, Who saw it first? and much sweat bedews the brow of a busy claimant as he strains after the honor. Clark Ashton Smith, the young poet of Auburn, burst with all his effulgence upon an unprepared town last Friday morning. It was no mere accident that young Smith effulged at one and the same time from one weekly and three daily papers. The story of the irruption of journalistic encomiums may be found interesting. It is a story embodying a comic element such as George Meredith would have reveled in. It happened that Town Talk last week bought and paid for a poem written by young Smith entitled "The Abyss Triumphant." This was in no wise remarkable. The editor of Town Talk had had his eyes on Clark Ashton Smith for many months. The promise of the youth was pointed out to readers of this paper many months ago when George Sterling, in an interview, declared that he was destined to achieve fame and submitted one of his effusions to prove it. That was, I believe, the first poem by Smith ever given to the public. So the eyes of the editor of Town Talk, as I have said, were on Smith, and he was very glad to give the readers of this paper another sample of Smith's handiwork, expressing at the same time an estimate of his poetical abilities and announcing that A. M. Robertson was preparing to publish a volume of his verse. Through newspaper channels it came to the ear of Boutwell Dunlap, an Auburn man, that the young poet was to receive this publicity in Town Talk. It seems that Dunlap had already supplied the newspapers with pictures of Smith and data concerning his writings. He lost no time in communicating to the morning papers the fact that they were about to be "scooped," so to speak, by Town Talk. They in turn lost no time in rushing Smith's picture and specimens of his poetry into print. And they were careful to credit Boutwell Dunlap with having discovered him.

A Compliment to Town Talk

The action of the morning papers can only be construed as a compliment to Town Talk. This paper does not ordinarily enter into competition with the dailies in their own particular field of news. In literary matters, however, it is wont to be much in advance of them. But evidently they did not care to have it said that Town Talk had been the first to hail the new poet. Whatever glory there was to be in the discovery all the dailies were eager to share. They were given their opportunity by Mr. Dunlap, with such impartiality, however, that whatever glory was attached to the heralding of Smith had to be split three ways. In the race for this particular honor they finished neck and neck. No one of them scooped the others, even in the detail of mentioning Boutwell's Dunlap's name.

The Real Discoverer

Dunlap, the papers were unanimous in declaring, was the stargazer who first put his glass on the new star. As not infrequently happens, the newspapers were unanimously wrong. It was not Dunlap but George Sterling who discovered Clark Ashton Smith. Smith himself said so a few days ago. He said that Dunlap had not discovered him until Sterling spoke of him several months ago to a Town Talk interviewer and gave Town Talk one of his poems to publish. Smith added that it looked as though Dunlap was trying to claim whatever credit there was in the matter without having any right to do so. The testimony of the young man is interesting. Perhaps more interesting than important. The question, Who discovered Clark Ashton Smith? is never likely to convulse the literary world, except with laughter, and there has already been a good deal of laughter about the matter. This is not a reflection on Smith or his really splendid verses. Poets need no sponsors; their verses are no better or worse because this rather than that man first acclaimed them. In fact poets sometimes suffer from the sort of treatment to which Smith has been subjected. It seems too bad that the appearance of booming should attach to Smith's matriculation in the college of poesy. And it is funny to think that all the booming came to Smith simply because the fact that Town Talk was going to publish one of his poems came to the ear of an outsider. The ill effects of this sort of thing may be judged from the following

Letter From Ambrose Bierce

Editor Town Talk, Sir: In a single day of last week all the daily newspapers of San Francisco

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published long eulogistic articles on the genius and work of young Clark Ashton Smith, the poet of Auburn. Some of them have repeated their raptures with further quotations from Mr. Smith's verses to justify the transports. That all these writers should be persuaded to see the light at once is obviously more than a coincidence, yet I think it does not imply the interested activity of a "press agent"—only the zeal of some fool friend more concerned for the glory of a discoverer than for the good of the discoveree. I call this "team work" and its instigation pretty "raw," and having myself a good opinion of Mr. Smith, his verses and his possibilities, am sorry to see him thrown to the lions of reaction from so many hands—one might almost say from several sides of the arena at once.

In nearly all these eulogies I find myself credited with praises that I never uttered. One paper has me affirming Mr. Smith's "extraordinary genius," another "declaring" that his poems are "no way inferior to those of Keats," and so forth. These falsehoods have doubtless a common origin in the mind of the fool friend herein before mentioned but to me unknown.

Several weeks ago I had from a correspondent a manuscript copy of Mr. Smith's "Ode to the Abyss." It seemed to me uncommonly good work for so young a poet as I understood him to be, and a promise of better work to come. So I commended it—in just what words I do not recollect, but if I said any of the things recently attributed to me I beg my correspondent to cover me with shame and confusion by quoting them from my letter—and filing the letter in proof.

My correspondent is Mr. George Sterling.

Sincerely yours,

—Ambrose Bierce.

Oakland, August 6.

Short's Candidate for Vice-President

Otto Irving Wise, attorney of San Francisco, met Frank Short, attorney of Fresno, in front of the Palace Hotel the other day. "You look rather sad, Frank," said Wise. "I feel sad," returned Short. "What's the matter?" asked Wise. "I am sad because I am not a delegate to the Bull Moose Convention in Chicago," explained Short. "Wha-at! You!" exclaimed Wise. "After all you've written and said about Roosevelt?" "Yes," rejoined Short seriously. "I should like to be a delegate because I have a candidate for vice-president." "Who's your candidate?" asked Wise suspiciously. "Kermit Roosevelt, just to keep it in the family," said Short as he moved away.

A Hall of Fame for Natives

The Native Sons and Daughters of California, I learn from the daily press, are going to have a hall of fame in their new building in which to perpetuate the memory of those human specimens of the fauna of our State who have done much toward increasing its glory. This is a good idea, and doubtless it is Mr. Phelan's, for that assiduous aspirant to fame is chairman of the Hall Association, and he is full of good ideas. Besides with a hall of fame accessible Mr. Phelan may get into it with both feet. The only suggestion to be made respecting the project is that very stringent rules should be adopted touching eligibility. In that spirit of enthusiasm that goes with all new projects the native sons and daughters may be disposed to rush matters. Against precipitancy I would warn them. This is all the more important because, it appears, living persons are to be admitted to our pantheon. The reason perhaps is that California is so young it has not had time to produce many illustrious persons. The most illustrious names identified with California are the names of persons whose parents didn't have sense enough to make them eligible to the N. S. G. W. It is California's glory that they found her and that she discovered them. Now it is a bit risky to admit live ones to a hall of fame. They may be dead ones before they die. Or they may sink ingloriously into the grave. The real temple of fame is in the necropolis, and the flame on its altars, as somebody has said, is kindled by the ashes of the dead.

The Eligible List

How few are the names of our illustrious native sons and daughters may be seen by glancing at the eligible list published in the Examiner. Also from that list it is to be seen how much need there is of caution in admitting live ones. It includes some of the literati who have scored in the magazines. And two of them I believe—the Irwin brothers—are not natives. All of them will probably be crowded out of the magazines and forgotten long before the end of the decade. Denis O'Sullivan is in the list. And though he hasn't been dead long the natives have forgotten how to spell his Christian name. There are some artists in the list, not one of whom is as well known as "Tad," the cartoonist, whose name isn't mentioned. There is a Miss Klumke in the list. Never heard of her. Singularly enough the Klumpke sisters are not included, though all of them are really illustrious. Indeed the Klumpke sisters are the most famous of all native Californians. Herman Scheffauer is to be admitted, but let us hope that the discovery will be made that his name is not "Scheuffeur." Doubtless it will be made as he dedicated a volume of verse to Mr. James D. Phelan, a circumstance in itself sufficient to get him sculptured for the hall.

The Big Fellows

This eligible list ought to be revised and

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amended, and the names of some of our really great men should be put in it. What's the matter, for instance, with William R. Hearst? If greatness is to be measured by achievement surely Hearst should head the list. And aside from his success and influence as a journalist he has contributed much to the glory and fame of California by his gift of the Greek Theatre. Let us hope that the hostility of a single native son, however rich, will not accomplish the exclusion of Hearst. We have another famous native son, one more famous than any man whose name appears in the list of eligibles. I mean of course John Hays Hammond. And we have also such famous men as James J. Corbett, Bill Lange, Hal Chase and General Jim Smith. We have not gained much military glory, but our strong suit is in athletes. Let us honor the men who have done things, who have figured often in front page stories and on the bulletin boards. Was it not Corbett that dimmed the glory of Boston? Didn't Bill Lange make the world forget Kelly and Anson?

Entertaining Stars

The fact that this is off-season for social affairs may account for it. Perhaps the fact that wifie is at Del Monte or Castle Crag or Santa Barbara or Santa Cruz and that poor lonesome hubby just has to find some sort of diversion to solace him for his better half's unaccustomed absence may have something to do with it. Anyway, whatever the reason, the theatrical stars glittering their brief candlepower in this vicinity have profited by the general dullness in society. The men about town have been giving them the time of their lives. Don't mistake me. I refer not only to the women but also to the men of the theatre. And when I say "stars," I am speaking gallantly, not using the argot of the press agent. What I mean to convey is that all sorts of footlight favorites, of low as well as high degree, have been rushed well nigh off their feet during the past week or so. It has been a giddy round of dinners and suppers, dances and club affairs. And the wonder is that after all of it, the Thespians were able to do justice to their parts. But no doubt they are more or less used to it. After all, staying up till the wee sma' hours to have a good time can't be more distressing than making the one-night jump from tank to jay town.

Some Specifications

That Mrs. Whiffen has been entertained a great deal in a quiet way goes without saying. Like Ethel Barrymore, Annie Russell, Maude Adams and a few others she has friends of long standing among our prominent people, and is always entreated hither and thither for luncheon, tea and dinner. Then there is Brandon Tynan. Brandon is the son of an Irish patriot, a fact which our prominent Irishmen were not slow in appreciating. They gathered together one day and lionized him. Then one night Bill Lange, otherwise "Merrylegs," gathered together a lot of the boys at Tait's and gave a dance in honor of Marguerite Haney and other interesting women of the Orpheum and the Cort. That was a gala occasion indeed.

At the Bohemian Club

All the actors in town who belong to the Lambs Club were bidden to the Bohemian Club another night for dinner and a feast of soul. De Wolf Hopper told some of his stories and recited "Casey at the Bat" with such feeling that some of his auditors dissolved in tears. James K. Hackett came late but excused himself by exhibiting the manuscript of Tynan's new play which he had been studying. Hackett told how much he loved San Francisco and told it in such a way that everybody believed him. Ed Holland made one of his characteristically modest speeches. He compared himself to the little pieces of furniture in a room, the bits which help the general effect without being important in themselves. Brandon Tynan gave an imitation of David Belasco in which there was much about art for art's sake. "I love art," he represented Belasco as saying, "but alas! I can't keep the money away from the box office." Another story he told in the Belasco manner concerned a beautiful young girl whom David discovered, full of temperament and native ability. "I was going to star her, but Raymond Hitchcock stole her from me." David Warfield led up to a recitation with an old gag. "I was at a prizefight the other day," he said, "and the fighters got into a clinch. They clinched so long that somebody shouted 'Recite something!' So I recited." Then Dave gave the Bohemians James Whitcomb Riley's "I have nothing at all to say." It was quite an evening all through. Joe Redding was in high feather and said nice things about everybody. George Richardson, the president of the club, just back from the European tour, elicited groans when he looked at Holland and punned: "I traveled through his namesake two months ago."

And the Press Club

Finally, to cap the various entertainments, the Press Club on Tuesday night gathered together all the stage people who had been separately entertained and gave them a jinks garnished with crab Newburg, cold meat and beer in the stein. All the members of the Hackett company were there. So were all the members of the Gilbert and Sullivan company down to the last chorus man. Bertha Kalich was bidden from the Orpheum, and so was beautiful Marguerite Haney with her company of playdoodle artists. The entertainment included a farcical get-off on "Pinafore," "The Grain of Dust" and "The Bishop's Candlesticks" acted by members of the club. Hackett and Hopper were invited to criticise it and rose to the occasion with some admirable satire at the expense of our dramatic critickins. Then there was a sparring match between two "white hopes" which filled the girls of the chorus with delight. But the feature of the evening came unexpectedly when Hackett offered to dance. Peeling off his dinner jacket and shedding his shoes he did a Spanish gyration in his stockings which was hailed with wild delight. Of course De Wolf Hopper contributed some of his stories. One was an elaborate description of the ovation to Cardinal Farley on his arrival in New York. "Every loyal Irishman in the city was on the street to do homage to the cardinal," he said, "and every Jew in New York was there selling cardinal buttons to the Irish." When the jinks was over, the jinks room was cleared and everybody ragged till the sun began to dispel the mists in Market street.

A Pageant for the Fair

If Charles C. Moore, president of the Exposition company, has one hobby in connection with the World's Fair, it is the pageant hobby. Moore is strong for big spectacles, and if he has his way there will be pageants here in 1915 which will rival the Indian Durbar. In line with this idea, F. R. Benson, that member of the celebrated Benson family who has devoted his talents to the stage, is coming here to prepare a pageant which will tell the story of the triumph of Anglo-Celtic civilization. Benson was to be here as the guest of the Bohemian Club in time for the grove play, but found it impossible to leave England because



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the great Shakespearean pageant at Stratford-on-Avon demanded his undivided attention. Benson was interested in the World's Fair by a former Californian who now resides in London. I refer to H. C. Hoover who graduated from Stanford in the nineties, and is now a well known mining engineer. Hoover and Frank L. Brown of the Exposition directorate went to Stratford to see Benson and outlined the project which they wanted him to undertake. He became enthusiastic at once. The pageant will probably begin with the development of free institutions under the Anglo-Saxons. Then will be shown the Witenagemot, Magna Charta, the convocation of the first Parliament and other incidents until the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers. There will be American Indian scenes, the advent of the Spanish conquistadores, the Spanish Missions, the Argonauts, the rush across the mountains during the gold fever and the foundation, destruction and rebuilding of San Francisco. San Francisco history will thus be made to cap the climax of centuries of development. Truly a proud position for our city to occupy.

What Benson Plans to Do

Benson recently told in London how the idea of the pageant was broached. He said: "The beginning was at Stratford-on-Avon. We were holding the usual celebration this year, and two California gentlemen, who made the pilgrimage to Stratford, approached me. They talked about the 1915 exhibition and said they wanted it to be something more than a show of canned goods on shelves. They wanted to get an idea into that exhibition, and thought I could help them. Well, we went over the various points, the opening of the Panama Canal, the hundred years of peace, the making of California, and the rebuilding of San Francisco after the earthquake, and my American friends gave me the hint I wanted. 'All these achievements,' they said, 'have been made possible because we, like you, are of the Island race. The things you pride yourselves on, your great wars, victories, freedom, and love of home —all these are ours as well as yours, and the wall is down that parted our fathers. Young Americans no longer begin the study of history at the year 1760. The great story of England from the beginning is put before them. We have heard the voice of America, and that voice is the call of blood.' That was the hint I got, and I am going to make the San Francisco pageant of 1915 the story and picture and celebration of the history, work and triumph of the great Anglo-Celtic race. When Mrs. Benson and I go to San Francisco, we shall work with the directors of the exposition and the Bohemian Club. They have raised between them something like $40,000 to make the celebration a worthy one. Between their energy and business capacity, and what they are good enough to call the artistic talents of my wife and myself, we hope to make the pageant, beyond all comparison, the most magnificent show that has ever been seen, and we hope that by it the feeling of friendship, or kinship rather, between the two branches of the great family may be strengthened and rendered more cordial and more intimate. Let Englishmen and Americans see manifested before them the great fact that they are all one people: let each nation be convinced that it shares in the achievements and victories of the other." All very well, but how about our splendid German-Americans, Italian-Americans, French-Americans and others?

The Great Reconciler

The terms of four of the judges of the Superior Court expire this year. All are candidates for re-election, and there are several other contestants for the places. The indications are that Judge Thomas F. Graham will receive the highest vote, for Judge Graham has earned for himself the respect and admiration of the whole community. Behind Judge Graham is enthusiasm of the kind that goes with a rush. This was made evident the other night at the meeting held by his friends, men and women of all ranks, professions and lines of endeavor. The leader of the movement to keep the Great Reconciler on the bench is William F. Humphrey the popular president of the Olympic Club and one of the leaders of the bar. Associated with him are such men as Rabbi Nieto, John J. Barrett, Dr. Thomas Shumate, Hiram Johnson Jr., P. S. Bergerot, Samuel B. Pauson, Arnold Calegaris, Dr. Marcus Fredericks and Samuel Rucker. Among the notable women who have taken a deep interest in Judge Graham's campaign and who wish to see him lead all candidates are Mrs. Lovell White and Mrs. John S. Phillips.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

When Jim McNab Sat on the Floor

When James McNab called on Mrs. Vanderbilt he sat on the floor. This seeming breach of etiquette was required of him as the story is told. Why James McNab called on Mrs. Vanderbilt is neither here nor there. It was a visit of official inspiration that sent him from San Francisco to Long Island in the interests of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Mrs. Vanderbilt and her sister Mrs. Oelrichs own property at Harbor View that in time will be real estate. For the present it is water to be reclaimed from the bay. The Fair sisters agreed to lease the property to the Exposition but no satisfactory contract could be made at long distance, so James McNab went to New York to call on Mrs. Vanderbilt. It was not an easy thing to do. James McNab was referred to lawyers who were evasive when he persisted in a determination to see Mrs. Vanderbilt. Finally he appealed to Clarence Mackay. Nothing easier, declared Clarence Mackay, than to arrange an interview with Mrs. Vanderbilt. One was arranged and the California commissioner presented himself at the front door of Mrs. Vanderbilt. She was not at home, the butler said. Again James McNab appealed to Clarence Mackay. A mistake, no doubt. Clarence Mackay would arrange again for the reception of James McNab.

Like Two Turks

This time Mrs. Vanderbilt was at home. McNab was led to a drawing room in the Vanderbilt mansion and waited. In the course of time his hostess appeared and greeted him cordially. She shook hands with James McNab, said a few agreeable things of California and then suddenly sat on the floor, at the same time inviting James McNab to sit down. There were no chairs, but a few flat pillows were strewn on the floor. It was clear to McNab that he was expected to sit on one of these, Oriental fashion, and he did the best he could. The interview proceeded, hostess and guest facing one another like two Turks. When it was satisfactorily concluded James McNab mystified at the manner of his reception once more appealed to Clarence Mackay. "Why that," said Mackay, "is the way King George received native princes in India. It's the latest from the other side." Further, McNab learned, it was a popular custom in the New York smart set where a requisite skill is acquired by long practice and through the cultivation of slenderness of figure. King George was a faithful pupil of Indian instructors before he attempted the cross-legged attitude at the Durbar. With no instruction to his credit, and a figure of portly proportions McNab is justly proud of having acquitted himself well in the presence of Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Why the Presidio Was Lost

Great is the mourning among the men and women who have done their golfing on the Presidio links and their flirting on the piazza of the Presidio golf club. The stern decree of an unsympathetic Secretary of War has, at one fell stroke of the pen, deprived them of their principal interest in life. We have heard much of the executive order which exiled the golfers from the Presidio links, but the real reason for that dreadful ukase, that thunderbolt from the blue, has not been told. A silly pretense has been maintained throughout the imbroglio to the effect that the golfers were trenching on the convenience of the soldiers. Of course that is nonsense; the Presidio is big enough to accommodate both the men who shoulder arms and the enthusiasts of both sexes who swing their clubs. The real story of why the Presidio was lost to the golfers is very simple. It is none the less credible because it came to me from a golfer who chuckled over the mix-up—but then this golfer who is my informant belongs to the Ingleside Club.



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MISS ALVETA HAMBERGER

A charming girl of whose musical ability Alexander Heyneman has spoken in very complimentary terms. She is going abroad to study.

The Intrusive Golfer

The story goes, and I give it for what it is worth, that a choleric Scotchman who lives near the Presidio was in the habit of indulging in his national game on the Presidio links, although he had not gone through the formality of joining the Presidio golf club. However, to his credit be it said, though he used the links he did not attempt to trespass at the club house. But the members of the club resented the choleric Scotchman just the same, and there were many complaints. Finally the secretary of the club was emboldened. He bearded the intrusive golfer, and told him the links were maintained by the Presidio Golf Club, pointing out delicately that the stranger's name was not on the club roll. "This is Government property, ain't it?" demanded the choleric Scotchman. "It is," admitted the secretary. "Then I'll play goff on it as much as I dom please," snapped the Scotchman, calculating his next shot. The secretary was in despair. But he happened to meet a fire-eating major who is stationed at the Presidio and likes a few holes of an afternoon. "I'll fix the interloper," said the wrathy major. So the man of Mars went after the choleric Scotchman who was still at his game. "Get off this course," commanded the major. "Go to Tophet," said the Scotchman. The major nearly had a fit of apoplexy. "If you don't get off at once," he yelled, "I'll order out a troop of cavalry and ride you off." The Scotchman looked at the major, saw that he meant business, swallowed his choler and left the course. But he had his revenge. He wrote a letter to the Secretary of War. As a result of that letter the Presidio golf course became a thing of the past.

The Divorce Dinner

Wild and wooly though we San Franciscans be, we have had some success in elaborating the delicate art that refines its technique at the dinner table. It is true that we have not quite approximated decadent Newport, for the weird effects produced on blase nerves by the entertainment of scrubbed monkeys and pet lapdogs have never been experienced here. Still, some of our feasts have been more than recherche; they have been bizarre, exotic. Once or twice in my experience there have been dinners worthy comparison with the board Trimalchio spread for his gaping friends. We have known the Lucullan grandeur many times. The cloying luxury of that banquet spread for Thais (you may read the particulars in Anatole France) has been carried to the verge of surfeit by our exuberant gastronomes. The classic spread to which Peregrine Pickle sat down was a Lenten collation to the Rosenstirn appendix dinner. The solid comestibles that covered the mahogany of Father Prout when Sir Walter Scott dined on Watergrasshill are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the Hawaiian esculents dished up by George Rolph around a plashing pool at the Bohemian Club. The jolly suppers of the Knights of the Screw

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beloved of Philpot Curran were hurried snacks to Charlie Hanlon's famous feed at the Cosmos Club. And we have had cosy sittings in upper rooms of discreet French restaurants (the public knows nothing of them) which out-heroded the memorable Seeley affair. Yes, we have held up our end in the matter of dining. But now we are to add another string to our bow, to nick another notch in our gun, to add another rose to the prandial garland of our epicurean reputation. We are to have a divorce dinner.

The Origin of the Idea

The divorce dinner is not the child of any society hostess' brain. It was not conceived in the Greenway circle or brought forth in the novelty-hunting purlieus of Burlingame. Some bold spirits in these inner sanctuaries of the elect may follow suit, for there is among our social aristoi plenty of material to work on for such a function. But the credit for the inspiration which will soon be embodied in a divorce dinner belongs to a member of the Press Club who is too modest to permit the use of his name. Never mind. It will come out later. As well might Brillat-Savarin attempt to go unheralded down the ages. The flash of genius which made the divorce dinner possible came to this brilliant soul while a few choice spirits were sipping Scotch in the Press Club red room one afternoon. Be it known that there are many divorced among the pencil-pushers of local newspaperdom. Cupid has smiled upon them for a while, only to pluck out his arrows from their bleeding breasts and send them to the temple of reconstruction where Judge Graham is high priest. Some have been to Reno, some merely as far as the local courts. Some have made the journey once, some several times. Some have final decrees; some only the interlocutory instrument which holds love in leash a slow-moving year; some have had to be content with the half-way slitting of the Gordian knot of marriage known as a separation a mensa et thoro. But taken together they are a goodly throng. All this was idly talked of at the club when suddenly the genius of the occasion excitedly cried out: "Let us have a dinner for divorced members! Let us feast the lost souls wandering aimlessly like unburied dead on the hither bank of Styx!" Immediately the plan took shape.

The Matter of Precedence

When the divorce dinner of Press clubmen takes place the amenities of precedence will be scrupulously observed. Those who are not actually divorced but only separated, more in sorrow than in anger, from their erstwhile better halves will sit below the salt. Those who are held in bond of interlocutory decree will have inconspicuous position. Those who have been ground to meal in the divorce mill only once will wear white ribbons. Those who have been twice flouted by the divinity of the grand passion will be distinguished by red ribbons. And those who have been to the altar and to the courts three times, who have thrice heard the strains of Lohengrin and thrice listened to the voice of law, will sport the blue ribbon of supreme distinction. Careful inquiry has proved that no member of the club has exceeded that mystic number. The decorations of the table will be symbolic. There will be crushed orange blossoms and a hint of sagebrush to suggest the Mecca of matrimonial misfits. On the place cards Cupid will appear, no longer blind, weeping over a quiver of barbless arrows while Venus hastens to encourage him with the cheering message, While there's life there's hope! The music of the feast will be an original composition in which the strains of Mendelssohn's march will mingle bewilderingly with the raucous notes of "The Battle Cry of Freedom." But I must not tell too much. I have a list of the guests, but the time to publish them has not yet come.

Prestons at Heidelberg

Mrs. E. F. Preston and her handsome daughter-in-law Mrs. Frank Preston, the former Mrs. Frank Norris, who have been touring the world are pleasantly established in Heidelberg where they plan to remain several months and probably throughout the winter. Little Miss Jeanette Norris, daughter of the famous novelist is attending school in Palo Alto in her mother's absence and spends much time with her paternal grandmother in this city. She is an exceptionally bright child of whom some unusual achievement in art or letters is expected. "Portola Hall," the beautiful country seat of the Prestons at Woodside has been occupied during the summer by the Schillings of Oakland who have had the young Rudolph Schillings for their guests since the latters' return from Europe. Mrs. Rudolph who was the beautiful Alexandra Hamilton is not taking an active part in society being still in mourning for her brother whose death occurred while she was abroad on her wedding trip.



Photo, Dassonville
MISS MARIE GIORGIANI
The talented organist and choir director of St. Mary's (the Paulists).

A Talented Organist

One of the most talented of local musicians is Miss Marie Giorgiani, the organist of old St. Mary's Church which was formerly the Cathedral and is now in the charge of the Paulist fathers. The music at this church is one of its notable features. Church choirs in this city are not kept up to a very high standard, and the one at St. Mary's is therefore a very agreeable exception. Miss Giorgiani was formerly organist of the Paulist Church in New YorkCity. She is a most enthusiastic musician, and ranks high among our local teachers. She has many friends among music lovers, and also in charitable societies to which she gives much of her attention.

Off on a Jog Down State

Mr. and Mrs. George Hatfield started off this week on a driving tour down south, a rather unusual trip these days of motor cars. They have

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taken a horse and buggy and have mapped out a very promising route. Mrs. Hatfield was formerly Miss Elizabeth Nevin, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Nevin. She and George Hatfield startled society last year by eloping to San Jose where they were married. Mrs. Hatfield was still in her teens and attending school at the time. Both Hatfield and his wife took a course last year at Stanford. They have been living at Palo Alto since their marriage. And now, perhaps to show their contempt for the motor-maniacs, they have hitched old Dobbin to the chaise and are off on a sort of belated honeymoon.

Golf Tournament at Del Monte

The annual fall golf tournament, an event looked forward to by our classiest golfers, will take place on the splendid links of the Del Monte Golf and Country Club beginning September 7 and ending September 14. The prizes are, if possible, even more elegant than usual. There are a large number of them, and they are now and will be on exhibition in the windows of Shreve and Company for the next ten days. Any time you pass there you will find golfers devouring them with their eyes. Special rates have been made for golfers at the Hotel Del Monte and at the Pacific Grove Hotel which is under the same management. Those who wish details about these rates should communicate at once with Manager H. R. Warner. The Southern Pacific offers a one and one-third round trip ticket from all points in California. All tickets will be on the receipt certificate plan. The sale of these tickets begins on August 28 and they are good for return up to and including September 26. There is no doubt that the tournament is to be a great event. There will be scratch play competitions for the Del Monte championships for men and women; handicap match play competitions for the Del Monte cups for men and women, with trophies for winners and runners-up; trophies for lowest scores in qualifying rounds; additional flights for each sixteen men and eight women, with trophies for winners; trophy for winner of defeated eight in second flight; also mixed foursomes, consolation handicaps for men and women, a team match for northern and southern California, bogey handicaps, tombstone event, driving, putting and approaching contest for men and women and such other contests as the committee may arrange. The finals in the men's championship flight will be played on Friday, September 13. Should there be a sufficient number of entries in the women's qualifying round, sixteen instead of eight will qualify in the women's championship flight which may run the final of this flight to Saturday. The committee consists of the following members of the Southern California Golf Association: Mr. Sumner P. Hunt, Los Angeles Country Club, chairman; Mr. Edward B. Tufts, Los Angeles Country Club; Mr. Raymond Hornby, Redlands Country Club; and the following members of the Northern California Golf Association: Mr. Vincent Whitney, S. F. Golf and Country Club; Mr. Percy Selby, Burlingame Country Club; Mr. H. Spens-Black, Claremont Country Club.

Amateur Championship

The men's amateur championship of the Pacific Coast Golf Association which is open to any amateur player, will be held over the same course from September 16 to September 21 inclusive. The winner of this tournament will be the amateur champion of the Pacific Coast for the year 1912 and will receive the gold medal presented by the P. C. G. Association. He will also have his name inscribed on the Championship Cup, which will be held for the following year by the club from which the player enters the tournament. A Silver Medal will be presented to the runner-up. Also medals to the other two semi-finalists. A cup will also be presented to the player making the lowest score in the qualifying round.

The Dog Show at Santa Cruz

Entries closed Monday, August 5, for the Santa Cruz Dog Show. More than one hundred trophies have been offered and with James Mortimer, the premier dog expert of the country, for judge, the success of the show is assured. The dogs of Mrs. Malcolm D. Whitman (formerly Miss Jennie Crocker) will not be entered for competition. Additional prizes have been posted by Miss Alice Wilkins, Mrs. E. F. Brown, Miss Jean Forgeus, the Bulldog Breeders' Association, John Martin, Warren Porter, Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mrs. C. J. Lindgren, Col. Walter Martin, Judge Caroll Cook, Harry Hastings, Charles Conlisk, Mrs. J. F. Herman, Mrs. D. T. Murphy, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Mrs. Hal Biggs, Mrs. H. F. Anderson, Mrs. Norman J. Stewart, Leon L. Roos, Mrs. W. W. Stetheimer and others. John Martin is president of the Santa Cruz Kennel Club, under whose auspices the show will be given. August 15-18 are the dates for the golf tournament at Santa Cruz. August 16-17 the Bench Show of the Santa Cruz County Kennel Club takes place on the boardwalk. August 24 the auto run from San Francisco will be a big event. Then comes September with the San Jose Elks and friends who will be at Casa del Rey on the first and second. From September 2 to 9 the Fraternal Brotherhood hold their big outing there. On these latter dates Fred Swanton plans to have a festival or feast of lanterns. On the bay in front of the Casino all boats which will enter will be decorated with lanterns. The Beach Company will give prizes for the best decorated boats. The beach front will be lined with lights, and the buildings will be decorated with lanterns. There will be special floating fireworks, something new. There will be a ship fifty feet long from which fireworks will be displayed and on the final night this ship will be burned, making a very pretty appearance.

An Art In Its Perfection

It is a significant and noteworthy fact that Tait's was the cafe chosen to give the son of the first president of the new Chinese republic an idea of how a modern American restaurant was conducted. The gentleman in question and his large party had lunch there last week. It seems that every distinguished visitor to San Francisco is taken to this popular cafe. The place has a reputation of knowing how best to cater to particular patrons. Catering to a medley of temperments and pleasing all is an art that is not to be under-rated and the Tait management has it down to perfection.

The Triumphant Nickel

"My friends," announced the perambulating preacher after a vain appeal for a liberal collection, "here is a parable." He produced two coins, a quarter and a nickel, from his pocket and held them up before the assemblage.

"These two coins fell a-talking one day. Said the quarter to the nickel, 'Oh, you're a poor thing! I'm worth five of you.'

"'That may be,' replied the nickel, 'but there's one respect in which I beat you easily.'

"'What's that?' asked the quarter contemptuously.

"'Why,' replied the nickel, with much complacency, 'I go to church far oftener than you do!'"

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Twentieth year opens August 27, 1912. For catalogue and specific information, address

W. A. SHEDD, Head Master



THE BEAUTIFUL PRIZES TO BE CONTESTED FOR IN THE DEL MONTE GOLF TOURNAMENT.

An Actor's Play

By Theodore Bonnet

Not all plays are seen to advantage when first exposed to the footlights. Ever so many rehearsals may fail to reveal all the defects of a play. Frequently it is not till the public is admitted to a performance, till the effect of a play on strangers in the mood to be entertained is observed, that an author is able to make a satisfactory diagnosis of the case in hand. And until the author, after that first performance, uses his blue pencil and makes alterations, it is almost impossible for the critic to do more than state his impressions. Many a critic has been bored on the first night of a play that subsequently proved a success. Of course a play may have certain defects which it is impossible to remedy, and these are not hard to perceive. Not of this impossible kind is Brandon Tynan's "The Melody of Youth" which had its premiere at the Columbia this week. Those who are in the vein for it—for sentimental comedy—will find much that is fascinating in the play. And I am inclined to the opinion that many theatregoers are in the vein for it. Certainly they are in the vein for the comic operas of the Victorian era; then why not for sentimental comedy that brings us back to the earliest of our idealized impressions. Brandon Tynan's ideals belong to a generation bred on the novels of the Duchess. His is a style of drama that fell into desuetude about the time the Baldwin went up in smoke. It has a rococo quaintness about it; but after years of long-visaged study of sociological problems in the theatre "The Melody of Youth" delights by its freshness, its ingenuousness, its simplicity, its sentimentality. There is an atmosphere almost idyllic in it. But it is a comedy that appeals rather to the unsophisticated than to the blase. The triangle is the old familiar one of two men and a girl. One of the men is a rake and the other a model of austerity. The latter is the hero, and unfortunately he is also a divinity student. Worse than that, he is a Catholic divinity student, and therefore inclined to a life of celibacy. There are many people on whose sensibilities it will jar somewhat, the idea of a young man who conceives himself to be divinely called to a life of celibacy yielding to the fascinations of a flirtatious young woman. Moreover the idea is more suitable to farce than to romantic, sentimental comedy, as the divinity student does not lend himself easily or gracefully or convincingly to the role of passionate wooer. However Mr. Tynan handles his theme with delicacy and discretion. He made the one mistake of indulging a passion for rhetoric. On the first night there were many echo-haunted phrases that delayed the action without improving the element of suspense. An author hates to rob the world of the beautiful thoughts that he has given utterance to in language that he has neatly polished, but the exigencies of the theatre are inexorable. The boiling-down process is tragic, as doubtless Mr. Tynan will confess now that he has compromised with his Muse. I hope that what pruning he has done has had little effect on the part of Cathleen Linnet, for one cannot see too much of dainty Lily Cahill. Whatever the genre best suited to this young woman's talents, "The Melody of Youth" certainly goes as though it were written for her. As Cathleen Linnet she is a sort of refined Clorinda Wildairs in the bud. She comes into the play like a wave o' the sea and she seems the very incarnation of temperament. It is vibrant in the lyric rapture of her voice. It pervades her supple, pliant figure. It nestles in the meshes of her silken hair. It flashes in the glance of her eye. It transforms her into a palpitant ethereality radiant with the power of love. As you may see, I should rather write of Miss Cahill than of the play. But I must not fail to mention the star Mr. James K. Hackett, though in this play he generously appears to be doing nothing more than supporting the sprightly Irish lass of Dublin town. It's a minor role that Mr. Hackett has, yet such is the power of his art that he lifts the part into conspicuous prominence. And it's by no means a Hackett part. In this play the darling of romance is seen as a Calvinist clergyman, a character part which he plays like the Private Secretary suddenly vested with a backbone. If the author of the play intended Anthony Beresford for the leading role, he failed to bring it up to the mark. Mr. Tynan is the hero, and he gets the sympathy of the audience, but he is not the most interesting figure in the play. But it was enough for him to do to write the play, and anyway he gave us Cathleen and he gave us Mrs. Elizabeth Hilperty, a genuine representative of the old sod with the Celtic passion for funerals, obituary notices and happy deaths. In this role Mrs. Vincent wrings the full value out of every line, and, by the way, there are many excellent lines in the play. Mr. Tynan has wit, and he makes Irish bulls with something of the deftness with which Chesterton makes paradoxes.

"Patience" the Delicious

By Edward F. O'Day

If anything more delicious than "Patience" has been seen in San Francisco during the past twelvemonth I should like to know its name. In its music, vocal and orchestral, in its acting, now and then serious but most of the time comic, in its principals with their splendid voices, in its chorus with their fetching costumes and their fetching faces, in every detail from start to finish "Patience" was an uninterrupted delight. Between the acts I heard a man who said he had seen the premiere of "Patience" directed by the composer declare with vehemence that the production at the Cort was neither Gilbert nor Sullivan. That man will never know how near he came to being assaulted by some who overheard his words of hostile criticism. The enthusiasm was so great that nobody wanted to listen to adverse criticism. The delight of the audience manifested itself in repeated demands for encores, and the singers must have been just as enthusiastic as the audience, for they responded to every demand with smiling alacrity. There were undoubtedly a great many at "Patience" who had heard the opera before, and there were just as surely a great number to whom it was new. But fortunately no previous knowledge of the score or the book was necessary to complete enjoyment. The splendid singers of this company enunciate so clearly that nobody has difficulty in following the lyrics line by line and thus combining the pleasure that flows from the sweet melodies with the joy of turning the inimitable Gilbertian wit over and over in the mind. It is not often you hear men and women in the theatre laughing at the words of a lyric, but the rare experience becomes almost a commonplace during the performance of "Patience." I have heard De Wolf Hopper criticised for mugging and clowning the part of Bunthorne. The criticism seems unjust. The time has gone by when the part of Bunthorne may depend for its laugh-provoking powers on the satire it embodies. The esthetic cult is as dead as a door-nail; so that, while the broad satire is still funny, a comedian may with perfect propriety lard his part with grotesque actions which Gilbert did not intend. De Wolf Hopper does this, and some of the most devoted Gilbert-Sullivanites of my acquaintance insist that he is the best Bunthorne in voice and comedy they have ever seen. So I suppose he is amply justified, despite the captious critics who insist on quarreling with their risibles. When have we had a more charming opening scene than that which shows the twenty lovesick maidens mooning and moaning before Castle Bunthorne? They were visions of pink and white loveliness, their charms deftly set off by the beautiful gowns designed for them by Melville Ellis. The man whom they could not siren is not worthy the name of man. It would be hard to say which was the most attractive in voice and person, Viola Gillette's Angela, Alice Brady's Saphir or Louise Barthel's Ella. They all seemed very lovely in their soft colorful draperies, but when they sang they had to share honors with tuneful Kate Condon who sacrificed her charms to the demands made by the part of Lady Jane. When Patience appeared a murmur of pleasure swept over the audience. "What a peach!" you could almost hear everybody saying. Blanche Duffield is a peach indeed. Those black eyes and that smile of hers would inspire a greater poet than Bunthorne. But she is more than a mere beauty; she sings superbly, taking the high notes as by divine right of queenly conquest. I am afraid that even when Arthur Cunningham sang his lively "Heavy dragoon" song we were all wondering when the lovesick maidens would return to feast our eyes; but still we noisily expressed our opinion that Arthur sang the song with great spirit, despite his cold. And then came De Wolf Hopper in his irresistible makeup to read his "precious nonsense" poem and to sing his song. It was all admirable. Too bad one cannot go through the two acts and enthuse in detail. The duet of Patience and Angela as sung by Miss Duffield and Miss Gillette was one of the gems of the piece. So was the duet of Patience and Grosvenor which gave George MacFarlane his first opportunity to let out that fine voice of his. In the second act Kate Condon had her chance in the opening song. Then MacFarlane scored again with the "Fable of the

Magnet and the Churn." Miss Duffield flashed another gem in our delighted eyes when she sang her ballad "Love is a plaintive song." And when De Wolf Hopper and Miss Condon gave their duet, the audience insisted on repetition after repetition. Eugene Cowles took his share of the applause when he bore the burden of the trio sung by the Duke, the Colonel and the Major; and again in the quintet with Angela and Saphir. He only succeeded in satisfying the audience after many repetitions. And so on to the end, not forgetting the duet of De Wolf Hopper and George MacFarlane which embodied in a few topical stanzas the only departure from the text. A great show all through, a show that sent you away regretting it was over but wreathed in smiles of complete satisfaction with what you had received.

"The Bishop's Candlesticks"

By Edward F. O'Day

What higher praise can be given to this splendid offering than to say that it was veritable Hugo? For adequate description of the Convict, the Bishop and the Bishop's Sister as portrayed by James K. Hackett, E. M. Holland and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen one must go straight to Les Miserables, to those wonderful opening chapters which lay the foundation for that master tragedy. How else delineate the marvelous make-up of Hackett's Jean Valjean but in the language of the novelist? "It would have been hard to find a passer-by more wretched in appearance. He was a man of middle height, stout and hardy, in the strength of maturity; he might have been forty-six or seven. A slouched leather cap half hid his face, bronzed by the sun and wind, and dripping with sweat. His shaggy breast was seen through the coarse yellow shirt; he wore a cravat twisted like a rope; coarse blue trousers, worn and shabby, white on one knee, and with holes in the other; an old ragged grey blouse, patched on one side with a piece of green cloth sewed with twine. His stockingless feet were in hobnailed shoes; his hair was cropped and his beard long. The sweat, the heat, his long walk, and the dust, added an indescribable meanness to his tattered appearance. . . . He was hideous. It was an apparition of ill omen." Hackett was all of that. He was the Man with the Hoe turned beast. Crime and misery and indescribable suffering leered from his evil eyes. He was ferocious, a gorilla let loose, a brute babbling almost inarticulately. You shuddered to see him. You were appalled that such a thing could have an immortal soul. You would have said that such a soul could not be saved, could not be worth the effort of saving. You would have said that were it not for the Bishop, the Bishop as brought to life by E. M. Holland. He was Hugo's Bishop, the good Monseigneur Bienvenu beloved of the people of D———. Hugo's words describe Holland perfectly. "His person was admirably moulded; although of slight figure, he was elegant and graceful. . . . His conversation was affable and pleasant. He adapted himself to the capacity of the two old women who lived with him, but when he laughed, it was the laugh of a school boy. At times he made use of gentle raillery, which was almost always charged with serious ideas." Holland studied those words. He realized the picture of gentle simplicity which they paint. We must go to Hugo again to describe Mrs. Whiffen, the Bishop's Sister. "She fully realized the idea which is expressed by the word 'respectable.' Her whole life, which had been but a succession of pious works, had produced upon her a kind of transparent whiteness, and in growing old she had acquired what may be called the beauty of goodness. . . . What had been thinness in her youth had become in maturity transparency, and this etherialness permitted gleams of the angel within. She was more a spirit than a virgin mortal. Her form was shadowlike, hardly enough to convey the thought of sex—a little earth containing a spark—large eyes, always cast down; a pretext for a soul to remain on earth." These beautiful descriptions of the Bishop and the Bishop's Sister Hugo with superb art has placed in terrible contrast with his inexorable itemizing of Jean Valjean's degradation. His intention was carried out scrupulously by Hackett. Alone Jean Valjean would be horrible enough, but in juxtaposition with the two saintly souls portrayed by Holland and Mrs. Whiffen he is almost overpowering. The effect of the little drama is tremendous, even on callous theatregoers. The ferocity of the wild animal from the galleys, his beastlike hunger, his frenzies of suspicion, his laughter, like the laughter of the damned, his irresistible impulse to steal, his dumb wonder at forgiveness and his final surrender to the influence of the Bishop's sanctity—these are all so vividly presented that Hugo's fiction lives for us as it never lived before in the pages of one of the most compelling books ever written. To see Hackett, as the sketch nears its end, gaze in inarticulate amazement at the kneeling Bishop, to watch the dawn of human understanding struggling with the fogs of his stricken brain, and then to see him lower himself clumsily, first to one knee and then to the other while the hands that have never been clasped in prayer swing helplessly like the paws of a brute is to carry away a picture that can never fade from memory.



WILLIAM BURR and DAPHNE HOPE
Who will appear in "A Lady, a Lover and a Lamp" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Gossip of the Theatre

Introducing Laurette Taylor

Laurette Taylor's season at the Alcazar, beginning next Monday night, promises to be a red letter period in the history of that playhouse. No actress has come to San Francisco with better prospect of being warmly received, for her Broadway triumphs and more recent capture of Los Angeles, where she has just concluded an engagement that broke all box office records there, have fired this city's theatregoers with eagerness to ascertain for themselves the secret of her rapid rise to national prominence. They desire to sit in the presence of the captivating personality and witness the unique acting methods of which so much has been written by this country's foremost reviewers. Hence the unprecedented advance sale of seats for each of her performances next week. "The Girl in Waiting," a comedy by J. Hartley Manners, is to be the medium of Miss Taylor's introduction as an Alcazar magnet. It has never been presented here, but New York aand Chicago have warmly commended it and pronounced her work in the title part a feast of delicious fun. In the cast with her will be Forrest Stanley, the complete roster of Belasco and Mayer's players and a number of specially engaged people. All the scenes of "The Girl in Waiting" are laid in England, the audience being conveyed from London to Devonshire and back again. There will be only one week of "The Girl in Waiting," as the terms of Miss Taylor's contract necessitate her first presentation on any stage of "Barbaraza," a play of modern Greece, on Monday, August 19. This work also came from the prolific pen of J. Hartley Manners who will personally supervise the preparations for its premiere.

"The Melody of Youth" Next Week

The fourth week of the James K. Hackett season at the Columbia begins with the performance of "The Melody of Youth" on Monday night, August 12. The three acts of the play are now in good form and since the opening night have undergone some material changes making for the betterment of the work. The final performance of "The Melody of Youth" is announced for Saturday night, August 17. There will be matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The Wednesday matinee will be given at bargain prices. On Monday night, August 19, Hackett sur-

rounded by a fine cast will appear for the first time on any stage in Booth Tarkington's new play entitled "A Man on Horseback." This is a new four act work with scenes laid at Fortress Monroe and while dealing with American notions of today in business and politics, has a strong love interest.

Attractive Bill at Pantages

The attendance at Pantages is unusually good this week, the bill being of a particularly attractive sort. Another carefully prepared program will be offered on Sunday when San Franciscans will have an opportunity of laughing at Frank Bush who is easily the best story teller and character impersonator on the vaudeville stage. He has a style absolutely his own that has successfully kept him before the public for a great many years. The Tokio Miyako Troupe, the first Japanese to play the Pantages circuit, are said to present the most astounding gymnastic act on the road, one of the little brown men particularly distinguishing himself by ascending a twelve-foot ladder on his head without the aid of his hands. Mr. and Mrs. William Morris who are well and favorably known on the legitimate stage and who are taking a little "flyer" into vaudeville, will offer their jolly playlet "The Lady Down Stairs," abounding in bright lines and amusing situations. The Three Madcaps, English acrobatic dancing girls, will go through some hurricane terpsichorean evolutions that are said to be as graceful as they are unique. The Clipper Quartet, good singers who couple their harmonies with no end of good, clean comedy, will appear for the first time here. The Mayers, a lively singing and dancing couple, will continue to enliven proceedings. A special feature will be an International Cake Walk, under the direction of Gertrude Eulalie, in which couples representing the most important nations will have a good old-fashioned competition, such as has not been seen here in many a day. The cake walk will be beautifully costumed and pranced to particularly catchy music. Sunlight Pictures will complete the bill.

The Last Week of Gilbert and Sullivan

The fourth, and what must be the final week of the engagement of the Gilbert and Sullivan organization starts at the Cort with Sunday night's performance of "The Pirates of Penzance." This will be the last presentation of this popular Gilbert and Sullivan opera. On Monday and Tuesday nights "The Mikado" will be the bill. The production of this opera during the first week of the engagement created something approaching a furore. Popular "Pinafore" will be given at the Wednesday matinee and on Wednesday and Thursday nights, while Friday is to be given over to satirical "Patience." The engagement will terminate with the matinee and evening performances of Saturday, August 17, when "The Mikado" will be repeated. De Wolf Hopper, Blanche Duffield, Eugene Cowles, George MacFarlane, Kate Condon, Arthur Aldridge, Viola Gillette, Arthur Cunningham, Alice Brady, and Louise Barthel will be seen in the same roles interpreted by them in the previous productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan masterpieces. On Sunday night, August 18, comes "Baby Mine," the great Margaret Mayo laugh-maker, with Marguerite Clark and Ernest Glendinning in the cast. It will be remembered that this merry comedy dedicated the Cort last September.

Reed Is In Charge

Carl Reed, John Cort's private secretary, is officiating as acting manager of the Cort Theatre during the absence of Homer F. Curran, the manager, who is now East on his vacation. Although a young man, Reed has attained an enviable position in the theatrical world. His rise has been rapid. Reed is manager of the Moore Theatre of Seattle in addition to being Mr. Cort's secretary. He is also in charge of the box offices of the entire Cort circuit and devotes considerable of his energies to that part of the business. Reed will remain here till the end of the month.

"A Chip of the Old Block" at the Orpheum

W. H. St. James who will be remembered for his acting with Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby" and as the Squire in "Way Down East" will appear in a comedy playlet by Byron Ongley entitled "A Chip of the Old Block" at the Orpheum next week. Mr. Ongley is the author of "Brewster's Millions" and co-author of "The Typhoon." In his latest effort he is said to maintain his high reputation and to present a most amusing character. Mr. St. James will have the support of John Moore, Walter Jenkins, J. C. Davis and Laura Dacre. Charley Case, "the fellow who talks about his father," will be a droll feature. Quite a while has elapsed since his last visit here but he is remembered as one of the most enjoyable of monologists. William Burr and Daphne Hope, immense favorites at the English music halls, come with a clever, melodious and enjoyable skit "A Lady, a Lover and a Lamp." They are excellent singers and amusing comedians. Among the songs introduced is "Into Dreamland" which made a big hit in the London vaudeville theatres. Martin Johnson's wonderful South Sea Island Travelogue will be exhibited for the first time in this city, and its engagement is limited to one week. Mr. Johnson was the only man that left San Francisco with Jack London on his famous little "Snark" and remained for the entire voyage, spending two and a half years among the islands of the South Pacific making photographic records of their uncivilized inhabitants. His travelogues depict cannibals, their wars, worships and tribal life, hunting mammoth crocodiles and turtles, catching flying fish, dances of the headhunters, the midgets of Borneo, savage methods of warfare, tropical vegetation and fruits. Next week will be the last of Chick Sale in his comedy protean entertainment; Lydia Nelson and her boys and girls and Kathi Gultini, "the lady juggler." It will also be the final week of Bertha Kalich in the one act drama "A Light from St. Agnes."

Skeptical Dolly

A little girl came to her father one day and said her dolly was very sick.

"Send for the doctor," suggested the father.

"I did, but he couldn't help her," said the child.

"Give her a drink of water," again suggested the father.

"I did, but she couldn't swallow it," said the child.

"Well," said the father, "I guess you will have to try Christian Science."

"I did," said the child, "but she couldn't swallow that, either."

"I am quite surprised, Mr. Meeker, at your wife's knowledge of parliamentary law."

"She? Great Caesar! Hasn't she been speaker of the house for the last ten years?"

St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal.

Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Department of Arts and Letters, Civil Engineering, Commerce, and High School Department. BROTHER ZENONIAN, Registrar.

Fall term begins September 5, 1912.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783

Monday, August 12th, Fourth Week of the

JAMES K. HACKETT

Season

Last Six Nights—Two Matinees
Mr. Hackett Presents and Himself Appears with

BRANDON TYNAN

In Mr. Tynan's New Play
"THE MELODY OF YOUTH"

Bargain Matinee Wednesday, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Monday, August 19th—Fifth Week of James K. Hackett Season. First time on any stage a new play by Booth Tarkington entitled "A Man on Horseback."

Pantage's Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Week of August 11th
EXCEPTIONAL ATTRACTIONS!

Frank Bush, World's Foremost Story Teller; **Tokio Miyako Troupe**, Astounding Acrobats; **Clipper Quartet**, Original Singing Comedians; **The 3 Madcaps**, English Dancing Girls; **Mr. and Mrs. William Morris**, presenting "The Lady Down Stairs," **The Mayers**, Singing and Dancing Comedians; **Sunlight Pictures** and
INTERNATIONAL CAKE WALK

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.

Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

Orpheum

O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF BERTHA KALICH in "A LIGHT FROM ST. AGNES"

A GREAT NEW SHOW

W. H. ST. JAMES and PLAYERS in Byron Ongley's Comedy Playlet "A Chip of the Old Block"; CHARLEY CASE, "The Fellow Who Talks About His Father"; WILLIAM BURR and DAPHNE HOPE in "A Lady, a Lover and a Lamp"; MARTIN JOHNSON'S TRAVELOGUES, Wonderful Stories and Pictures of Savage Life in the far off South Sea Islands (One Week Only); LYDIA NELSON and HER BOYS AND GIRLS; KATHI GULTINI; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES; CHICK SALE, Comedy Protean Entertainer.

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

CORT

Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460

Fourth and Positively Last Week of the
GILBERT & SULLIVAN FESTIVAL CO.

De Wolf Hopper

Blanche Duffield	Geo. MacFarlane
Kate Condon	Arthur Aldridge
Viola Gillette	Arthur Cunningham
Alice Brady	Louise Barthel

Eugene Cowles

Tonight and Sunday—"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."
Monday and Tuesday—"THE MIKADO."
Wednesday Mat. and Night and Thursday—"PINAFORE."
Friday—"PATIENCE."
Saturday Matinee and Night—"THE MIKADO."

Coming Sunday, August 18th—"Baby Mine," with Marguerite Clark.

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455

Monday Evening, August 12th, and Throughout the Week,
LAURETTE TAYLOR,
Forrest Stanley and the Alcazar Company, in
J. Hartley Manner's Delicious Comedy,

THE GIRL IN WAITING

Its First Time in San Francisco.
Prices: Night, 25c to $1.00; Matinee, 25c to 50c.

Next: Miss Taylor in the First Presentation on Any Stage of "Barbaraza," a Play of Modern Greece.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The week in Wall street closes with sentiment optimistic as to the future and a general buying movement in the high priced or standard securities. There has been a continuance of fine growing weather for crops throughout the great agricultural districts of the country. This has acted as an important stimulant to trade everywhere. The steel business indicates a heavy tonnage in bookings every day at advancing prices. The copper market, while temporarily dull, shows a firm tendency. The Government report on cotton would indicate about 13½ million bales and while the percentage was somewhat lower than looked for, rains in Texas since have greatly improved the situation. Railway reports of the Pennsylvania and New York Central for June were exceedingly gratifying, making up the heavy losses incurred by the anthracite strike in April and May. The political stiuation appeared to be overshadowed, temporarily at least, by the crop and business outlook. In the closing day of the week there was profit taking in the more speculative issues like Reading, Union Pacific and Steel which gave the market a heavy appearance. This setback may extend somewhat further early next week, but the market is in a bull position and we anticipate higher prices the coming week.

Wheat—The wheat market the last week has settled down to a more stable basis than that which prevailed for some time previously. Values have steadied somewhat and the market is beginning to resist bearish influences. The decline was a drastic one. Even the temporary reactions were of short duration and the investment buying which it was natural to expect appeared to be overawed by the private estimates that have been made of an enormous spring wheat production. The opinion now seems to be thoroughly crystallized that the Northwest is to harvest the largest crop of wheat in its history, that the outcome of the yields in the Southwest is in excess of the early estimates, that the crop as a whole will be far ahead of 1911, that there will be a liberal amount for export and that prices must go to an export basis and remain there until the surplus wheat is disposed of. This seems to be a fair exposition of the prevailing sentiment that exists in the wheat trade at the present time, and it is a complete reversal of the opinion that prevailed a month ago. It remains to be seen what the final Government figures will show the total yield to be, and with the army of investigators the agricultural bureau has at its command the estimates from that source will be far more reliable than from any private examination. As far as the spring wheat crop is concerned, the acreage is considerably smaller than last year, for the simple reason that every product that grows out of the soil has paid the farmer better than it did to raise wheat, and he quite naturally turned his attention to whatever produced the most money, the same as is customary in other occupations.

Corn—The freaky action of the corn market indicates that climatic conditions are having an important bearing on prices. The crop is late, of uneven growth, and in sections of the country the soil is too dry. But in so wide an extent of territory the conditions cannot be expected to be uniformly good every year, and we are of the opinion that the crop as a whole is doing well at the present time, and gives promise of a good yield. The receipts are light, present supplies are small, the consumption is good and this is a source of confidence for holders of the September future, while December and May at the present discount appear to be on a fairly sound investment basis.

Cotton—The following is the result of replies received from our seven hundred paid correspondents from every State in the cotton belt and covers the condition of the crop. Cotton appears to have done well during the week in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas and Louisana, which territory last year produced 30 per cent of the total crop. In Oklahoma and Texas which produced about 35 per cent of last year's crop deterioration was rapid and marked. In the States of the Southeast reports are mixed, but on the whole are of a rather unsatisfactory tenor, rain being needed to promote continued growth and fruiting in a plant that that has been rendered sappy by an excess of moisture in the past. Light rains fell towards the week's close in the Atlantic States, affording some measure of relief, but it is evident that unless there are further showers complaint of plants stopping growth and shedding fruit will become numerous if not general. Up to this date no important decline has been sustained, the past two weeks having been a period of improvement in these States but apparently the maximum of good has been received from dry weather and the turning point reached. There is much small late cotton in every part of the belt and where in some instances the better cotton is doing nicely, the young plant is not making progress. The rains in Texas were limited both in area and in quantity and the relief was inconsequential. The deterioration that has set in is being checked in a few sections only. The crop needs moisture from North Carolina to Texas.

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WALKER'S MANUAL FOR 1912

The 1912 edition of Walker's Manual of California Securities and Directory of Directors has made its appearance in uniform binding with previous editions. It contains particulars of a large number of companies which were not given in the 1911 edition and additional information concerning those previously presented. This has been made possible without greatly increasing the bulkiness of the volume by a change in the general style of the book. Added features are numerous maps showing the properties of leading corporations and a section showing the high and low quotations of the securities dealt in at the Los Angeles Stock Exchange as well as the range of price on The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange. Another new addition is devoted to Los Angeles bonds. This manual is becoming more popular every year. Business men and the public in general have come to look upon this work as a necessity. For the investor it is a mine of information.

Nuts to Crack

Conscience isn't responsible for all the cowards in the world.

A fellow can't be expected to hold his job if he can't even hold his tongue.

The discretion that is the better part of valor is sometimes merely lack of nerve.

Peace at any price does not appeal to a woman. She wants it at bargain rates.

Some people won't believe heaven exists until they get a souvenir postcard from there.

A man never fully realizes how many faults he has till he gets a wife to point them out to him.

We always prefer a friend who is close-mouthed rather than one who is close-fisted.

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Villa Florida

(Continued from Page 6.)

The path which led up from the gate to the decaying villa through a wilderness of flowers was bordered on each side by peeling vases in red stucco, which stood dejectedly, like sentinels set up to guard a palace where the king was dead, and then forgotten on their post. It finished at a flight of stairs, broken and with great tufts of weeds springing out from the cracks between the steps.

Mysterious voices parleyed in whispers, and now and then an eye peered through the interstices between the planks, and a soft rustling in the path showed that the household of the sultain kept a close watch over the safety of their lord. As I stood holding to a bunch of canes to stop myself from slipping down into the mud, my eyes fixed on the gate, steps hurrying down the path behind me made me turn and almost fall into the arms of a fat, white-robed secretary, who came as delicately as did Agag, to ask me for my card. Long did he look at it, holding it upside down for greater ease in the deciphering. Then, asking me what my name was, he wrote it down in Arabic, asked me if that was right, again surveyed my card, the wrong side up, and quietly withdrew. Ten minutes passed, a quarter of an hour, and then the gate before which I was standing was opened cautiously and once again the secretary appeared. This time he bore a European notebook bound in shiny cloth, and once again he enquired my name, asking me, when I had told him, if I was sure of it, and once again wrote it down carefully and once again withdrew. Two or three soldiers, with the long side-locks that the men about the sultan always wear, came down the lane, springing from stone to stone like cats, and every one of them enquired my business and my name. Half an hour passed, and, just as I had turned to go, the gate swung open suddenly, and three or four soldiers, rushing out, seized hold of my right hand, and all vociferating that Mulai Abd-el-Assiz waited for me, advanced at a quick walk.

Under a group of almond trees just bursting into flower there stood a figure robed in white, at sight of which the attendants all withdrew, leaving me to advance, bareheaded, and salute the man who once had been a king. He knew me instantly, motioned to me to be covered, with a gesture that the Tsar of Russia migh have envied but never could compass, answered the usual formal compliments, and then stood silent, with a smile that showed his firm white teeth, whilst I as delicately as I could, touched on the mutability of fate, in Arabic quite destitute of grammar, saying not what I wished to say, but anything I could.

I floundered on, looking upon the ground, not to embarrass him with the recollection of himself in other times; and then, looking up for a moment, saw the tears standing in his eyes, and for the first time remarked adversity had set a seal as of nobility upon him, that he had aged, and lines had crept about the corners of his mouth. He met my eye a moment, thanked me, said "It was ordained," took my hand for a moment, carrying his own an instant to his breast, smiled again sadly, and withdrew towards the house. As I looked after the white gliding figure with its flowing robes I saw him as I had seen him first, in far Marakesh, riding before a cloud of horsemen, on a white horse, under the scarlet umbrella, revered by thousands as an emperor and as a saint; young, hopeful, the Commander of the Faithful; but not so noble as he had stood with the regality of adverse fortune on him, under the almond trees.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

about it only the other day. He said he hadn't realized that my observations decided the place for landing the American forces. He is writing a book on the Cuban campaign, and he said that what I told him would make certain changes necessary."

"How did Elbert Hubbard come to write about your journey?"

Why, it seems that on Washington's Birthday in '99 Hubbard said to his son Bert, 'It's all very well to celebrate George Washington, but why not celebrate someone who distinguished himself in the Spanish-American war?' And Bert replied, 'Well, take that fellow Rowan.' Then he told his father about me."

"You know Hubbard?"

"We are great friends. He visits me when he comes to San Francisco."

"What do you think of his writings?"

"Oh, I think he's enormous. He's one of the most agreeable writers to most readers we have today. And I imagine his influence must be great."

Naturally Major Rowan couldn't say less about the writer who swore by the Eternal that his statue should be cast in bronze and placed in every college of the land. No doubt he feels himself under a sort of obligation to Hubbard for celebrating him. But to my mind the obligation teeters the other way. If there were no Johnson where would Boswell be? If there were no Rowan and no George H. Daniels, even the Major, skilled cartographer that he is, would find it hard to pick out East Aurora on the map.

Bobby—This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat.

Mamma—Why, dear?

Bobby—Because the book says, "Having lighted his pipe, he sat down on his chest."



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IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Mrs. H. H. McGowan and their son Harry Jr. of Paraiso Hot Springs entertained as house guests over the week-end the following: Mrs. W. J. Barnett, Miss Ysabelle Arguello, Miss Anna O'Neill, Miss Camilla Arguello, Miss Inez Marion, Miss Blanche Cauhape, Harry Lee Flood, Miss Lenore Barnett, Miss Jean Fottrell, Wm. L. Fottrell, Miss Emily Fottrell, Miss Louise Queen, Geo. B. Lyle, Chas. P. Knights, Geraldine Flood, Robt. J. Flood, Fina Mero, Bourdette Hartmann, Geo. Nelson, Edw. O'Neill. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Barnett of Waldo Point and came from the ranch of Miss Ysabelle Arguello near Monterey where they were guests for a week. Mr. E. J. Weimar and family motored from Fresno to Paraiso.

Miss M. E. Schaeffer and Miss Helen L. Crandall of Fresno are at the Victoria for a month's stay. Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Davis of Weehawken, N. J., and Mrs. John Baker Jr., of Chicago are Eastern visitors who are making the Victoria their stopping place during a trip to San Francisco. Miss Helen Dillon, Dr. D. T. Tasker and Miss S. Kernon are a trio of Los Angeles guests. Miss C. Hazard and Miss D. O'Brien are up from Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Garner of Butte, Montana, Mr. and Mrs. Ray B. Thorpe and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Riddle of Merced are among the week's arrivals. Miss Farnsworth of Visalia is a guest during a stay in town.

The approach of the opening of the deer season is the signal for a gathering of hunters at Castle Crags Farm where much of the best hunting of the year is obtainable. C. B. Gould, Dr. Geo. C. Pardee and other nimrods are planning to be in the field early at Castle Crags. A fancy dress party which transformed the Castle Crgs social party which transformed the Castle Crags social season for the hundred or so guests on Thursday last. Paper dolls and French beauties, sailors and soldiers, and all the residents of fairyland were there in smart new clothes and having the merriest time ever.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Talbot, Miss Talbot, W. C. and Eric Talbot are guests of Mrs. H. Darneal at the Casa Del Rey. The party motored down from San Mateo for the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. James Doolittle of San Mateo are also guests. Mr. Doolittle is the manager and proprietor of the well known Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wertheimer have taken apartments for a few weeks, registering from Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes and Dr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Martin make up a very delightful party who are again visiting Santa Cruz, registering at the Casa del Rey. Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein, Master Edgar and Miss Edith Goldstein are there for the month of August. Mr. B. H. Henderson and Rufus G. Smith, prominent oil men from Bakersfield who are occupied with big things in that vicinity, have joined their families and will remain the rest of the season. Mr. and Mrs. John F. Deal, child and maid, and John F. Deal Jr., registered from Santa Barbara.

The major portion of society about the bay spent last week at Del Monte and most of its members will remain until after the golf tournament, with frequent excursions to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco. Mr. C. B. Alexander and his family will spend much time with friends and return around the 15th. The young ladies have many pleasant parties given in their honor on each trip to the coast, and they also find the golf course of Del Monte very fascinating. The fishermen of Monterey bay had better tie their laurel wreaths on extremely tight, as fishing for salmon is very popular with the fair guests of Del Monte. The other day Mrs. George Newhall, Miss Flora Low, Miss Eleanor Morgan and her sister Mrs. M. K. Davis caught 190 pounds of the deep sea beauties, and all their friends were invited to partake. Many launch parties are being made up for the next few weeks. Among the recent departures of summer visitors no one will be missed more than the charming Miss Dorothy Williams who, with her father Mr. Gardner F. Williams and sister Mrs. W. W. Mein, have been golfing, swimming and motoring. The young ladies are excellent swimmers and enthusiastic golfers. Mrs. Mein is giving up her home in San Francisco and will live in New York City. Miss Dorothy and her father expect to spend a portion of this year in London.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 43,036; Department No. 10.

LOU ETTA WILMOTH, Plaintiff, vs. HOWARD WELLINGTON WILMOTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Howard Wellington Wilmoth, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ, Atty. for Plaintiff, 45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LIPPMANN SACHS, Deceased—No. 16,663, N. S.; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary Sachs and Albert Baruch, Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Lippmann Sachs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Lippmann Sachs, deceased.

MARY SACHS,
ALBERT BARUCH,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Lippmann Sachs, Deceased.

Dated: July 13, 1912.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 7-13-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WINIFRED McGOWAN, also known as WINNIFRED McGOWAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Messrs. Lent & Humphrey, Room 428 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased.

THOMAS J. McGOWAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3, 1912.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for said Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERNARD ALFRED DOBBAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, deceased.

CAMILLE JOSEPHINE DOBBAS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3rd, A. D. 1912.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Administratrix, No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

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Letters

Pocock's "A Man in the Open"

Perhaps there has never been a writer better equipped for the telling of such a story as "A Man in the Open" than its author, Roger Pocock who has led an adventurous life and experienced every variety of open-air existence with the accidents thereunto pertaining, from the Arctic Circle to the Southern Capes. The story begins in frozen Labrador with the early, disjointed recollections of a little "Liveyere," the child of a strictly pious Nova Scotian mother and a half-breed Scotch father, fisher, trapper and hard worker. Jesse was the only survivor of a considerable family, and at ten years of age his father was killed in a hunting accident. The mother, easily won over by specious words and shore-piety, handed the infant over to a sea captain "for his keep," which was wretched. So he ran away. Five years of such comfort as a sailor lad may enjoy on what he calls a happy ship were the prelude of a wreck in which home, friends and possessions were all lost, and at fifteen, alone and penniless, he began a new career of adventure as a stock hand in Texas. Big unsophisticated boy that he was, at nineteen, pretending to worldliness lest any should suspect him of innocence, he became the victim of a rough joke which turned out more seriously than its perpetrators had dreamed and the dead and buried ghost of which was to arise long years later. The scene next shifts to British Columbia where our hero, Jesse Smith, never having acquired the modern vice of money-grabbing, is living the life which pleases him on a land claim which he is conducting as a horse breeding ranch, and meanwhile acting as cargador for a pack train into one of the neighboring mines, and gaining a reputation as a dangerous lunatic at large because of a kindly interest and tenderness for all helpless things which induces him to protect the wild animal life around him. In the wilderness is another couple likewise living the simple life according to their interpretation, a pair of operatic stars. Lionel Trevor "looked like a god as Parsifal, sang like an angel, and had Europe at his feet," excellent reasons for Kate's marrying him. But when the voice failed and vice took its place, when the exile into the balsam woods which was to restore him to his kingdom converted him into a drunken maniac and ended his career in a violent death, it was perhaps inevitable that his widow and the nature-man should marry without loss of time. The real story begins here. All that precedes is but the prologue. At first everything is serene, but in the course of a year or so disasters follow fast on one another. First of all comes a band of cattle rustlers, outlaws from the United States who, in addition to the trouble which they inevitably bring, establish a line of communication with Abilene. A woman supposed to have been dead and buried for ten years or more comes airily upon the scene to claim and disgrace a name, to disrupt a household and to bring havoc and destruction not alone on Jesse Smith but on every inhabitant of the district, not one of whom seems to have strength of character enough to deal with her, even if it were only in the manner of a wild cat. Fire and sword would have been mild inflictions, battle, murder and sudden death but incidents in comparison, and the seventeen-year locust a blessing. Kate Trevor, Jesse Smith's wife, who of course had no choice but to return to her own people in England when her predecessor arrived in full flesh, was the one who, with clear sight and some ready money, cleared away the wreckage, and a providential death put the rocking ship on an even keel once more. Mr. Pocock is a man of too much experience to have fallen back on the popular plea for Polly, "never had no chance." It might answer in the case of a negative drifter who followed the path of least resistance, and would be equally colorless whether "virtuous" or the other thing, but the Pollys, who find initiative and strength for so much active harm could, if they would, pull themselves out of the slough and keep others out of it too. The story is presented in an odd and original way. Jesse Smith, it goes without saying, is a man without book-learning. Most of such formal education as he has acquired was gained from the captain of his ship before his fifteenth year. The manner of his life has left his views untrammeled by conventions, and he is free from the vices of meanness and littleness. Wisdom and knowledge he has, and with them understanding and large-hearted kindliness and toleration. The first chapters of the story are set down by this unbookish man, but later the narrative is taken up by Kate, his wife, a product of city life and the crowded world and books. Again it falls into the hands of the man who, so absolutely alone in the world, has taken up the quaint notion of writing long and familiar letters to his dead mother, and once more, at the end, it is Kate who rounds out the tale. Though it is the women who pull the strings of the action, it is the men who really count, not only the hero himself, but the minor and incidental characters. There is a justice court trial conducted before one of the least of the territorial officials which is a model of dignified proceedure if it is devoid of technical phraseology, and may throw some light on the amazing difference there exists between the respect shown to law on this side of the line and the other. Roger Pocock writes comparatively little friction, but he has his magazine well stored. From Bobbs-Merrill.

A Book Lover's Year for 1913

A calendar of fifty-four leaves, giving a rare collection of portraits of the great authors of classic and English literature, with selections of literary gold from their writings, will truly be a "Book Lover's Year." The Impressions Calendar for 1913, now in preparation by Paul Elder and Company, is to present portraits in mezzograph engravings of such authors as Stevenson, Hardy, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, Bronte, Macaulay, Scott, Boswell, Johnson, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante and other great writers. The quotations have been carefully selected, avoiding those that are over familiar. The calendar is to be issued in the artistic manner that distinguishes all the work of the house. It is to be published at the very moderate price of 75 cents net.

AUTO NOTES

For 1913 The Thomas B. Jeffery Company announces the Cross Country model in five different body styles, all on the same chassis, embodying the new unit gasoline and electric motor.

The body styles include the five-passenger Cross Country at $1700; four-passenger Cross Country $1700; the Cross Country Roadster $1650; the Sedan for four passengers, all enclosed, $2500; the Gotham, a five-passenger limousine with two extra cab seats, $2750, and a special touring body for five adults and two children $1900.

The new unit gasoline and electric motor, a feature quite in advance of the day, combines two widely used and thoroughly known power principles; one, in the 38 horse power, four-cylinder Cross Country engine, the other in the commonly used electric motor generator.

To start you merely press a button. Press another—the lamps are lighted. At the instant you press the starting button the electric motor starts.

As the gasoline engine is an integral part it is turning also at a rate of 200 revolutions per minute. There is no faltering or doubtful turning effort. It is quick, positive and continuous. After the explosions start the electric motor automatically changes into an electric generator and is creating and storing electrical energy for future use.

The construction and operation of the motor generator is practically fool proof. In the most exacting tests and even with severe abuse the engineers have been unable to injure it. The entire device is thoroughly dependable; so simple that a woman who does not care to know about its construction can expect the same success with it as an electrical expert. The only attention required is the addition of distilled water to the battery.

The color of the 1913 Cross Country is light Brewster green; its wheels are 36x4 inches and it has a 120 inch wheel base. The car is trimmed in nickel with body, fenders and fillers of black enamel. Flush dash lamps add greatly to its appearance. Ten inch upholstery is a new feature.

The Cross Country is the most popular car the Jeffery factory ever produced. The sales increase for the past year has been 126 per cent.

His Preference

"A traveling company of more or less merit is going to play Sappho at the Op'ry House tonight, at ten, twenty, and thirty cents admission," remarked the Old Codger, with his usual pessimistic acridity. "But I guess I'll just stay at home and smoke in comfort and look at the corset advertisements in the fashion magazines."

A well-known comedian met a fellow actor the other day in Herald Square.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "Anything to do this evening?"

"Nothing special," replied the other.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

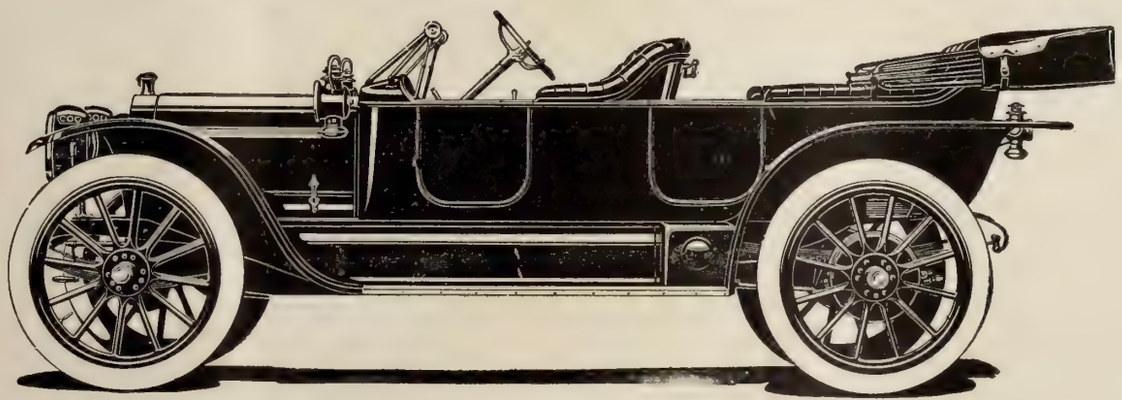
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TOWN TALK

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The Octopus Still In Politics

Last week we made this observation: "The resolution of the Chamber of Commerce to take the water front out of State politics is an insult to Governor Johnson which must not be permitted to go unrebuked in Johnsonian terms." When the editor of the Bulletin, alert to testify his devotion to the man who has it in his power to free Ruef, read his Town Talk promptly he took his cue. "What is behind this strangely sudden demand that the harbor of San Francisco be transferred from the State to the municipal government?" is the question pregnant with subtle innuendo, which the Bulletin asks. "For a great many years," says the Bulletin in tones vibrant with suspicion, "the harbor was maladministered by the Southern Pacific political bureau, through officials who represented the corporation instead of the people. During that time neither the Chamber of Commerce nor any of the persons now agitating a transfer of the harbor from the State to the municipality advocated such a change." Obviously Mr. Jaggers scents a mouse. He reminds us that the present commissioners, men of high character, have compelled the Octopus to pay adequate rentals, and finally he comes right out and tells us that W. F. Herrin inspired the resolution of the Chamber of Commerce. Thus we learn that the Chamber of Commerce, the leading commercial body of the city, though it has been fighting the Pacific Mail, is nevertheless subject to railroad influence. The Octopus then is not altogether out of politics. The implication of course is (though probably the Bulletin didn't intend it) that Mayor Rolph and W. F. Herrin are close up, for why should Mr. Herrin prefer Rolph to Johnson as director-general of the fat pickings on the water front? What has Mr. Rolph to say of this imputation? And what have the gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce to say? The gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce will go right on like good dogs eating out of Mr. Crothers' hands and filling his purse.

The State Press Bureau

"There are thirteen newspapers," says Phil Francis, "which Johnson has in pay. Their editors all draw salaries from the State and are appointees of the Governor." Which goes to prove that Governor Johnson is wise in his generation. Every great ruler in the world's history has appreciated the importance of cultivating public opinion through the medium of writers. The Roman emperors employed poets for touts. In the days of chivalry rulers had their bards to sing their praises. What Racine did for Louis XIV, Bacon for Elizabeth, Dean Swift for William III and the Earl of Berkeley, Deacon Pillsbury and his crew are doing today for Governor Johnson. The Governor is true to his paramount principle—that a man must eat. He makes no exception in the case of the humble sycophant of the tripod. Is he to be censured for his kindly attitude toward the friendly press? Let us hope not. Assuredly the wisdom of his attitude is not to be questioned. It was vindicated in this State in the long ago, in the days when the railroad maintained a political machine on stuff rather than on bluff, when the managers of the machine were more concerned for its success than for a personal record for economy. If that old-time policy had been maintained perhaps the editors now engaged in booming Johnson would still be enjoying the caresses of the Octopus and perhaps no member of the Johnson family would ever have conceived the idea of kicking the railroad out of politics.

The Colonel and the Higher-Ups

To how many of our readers has it occurred that we are in the midst of a national graft prosecution? The suggestion that such is the case will strike the average man, we are sure, as novel, extravagant, preposterous. Yet the fact is that were it not for a national graft prosecution the Colonel wouldn't be running for President; there wouldn't be any money to finance his campaign; there wouldn't be any organized opposition to the President among the short-sighted, selfish plutocrats of the effete East. The most enthusiastic backers of the Colonel are representatives of the National Cash Register Company, which owns a whole town in Ohio. Seven of the officers of that corporation are under indictment, are being prosecuted by the Administration. The prosecution of other big interests is the inspiration of the activities of the McCormicks of the Harvester Trust, the Munseys, Hannas and Perkins's of the Steel Trust. In this situation viewed in all its aspects and bearings, what a fund of material either for a comic opera or for the long-expected Great American Drama? Consider that the hostility of which the President is the object is due wholly to his zeal in carrying out one of the Colonel's policies, a policy that the Colonel employed as a tom-tom. Consider also that the Colonel who was in ardent sympathy with our own little graft prosecution deprecates the one conducted by the President, and that he has for a running mate one of the hired attorneys of our celebrated municipal drama, and that both of them are dependent for a campaign fund on the higher-ups of the trusts. Consider, also, that most of the honest, conscientious units of the Bull Moose party are worshipers of the Colonel because they regard him as the alarm clock of the national conscience. Now the only difficulty about inventing a plot to make the situation in all its ramifications understanded of the people is that a problem must first be solved—whether to appeal to the sense of humor by low comedy or to stir indignation by tragic drama; in other words, whether to imitate Ibsen in "A Friend of the People," or Moliere in his comic exposures of the most hateful springs of character.

The March of Civilization

But a short time ago many good people in this country and in England were in a state of holy horror induced by reports of the terrible cruelties inflicted on the natives of the Congo by heartless and sordid subjects of his Catholic Majesty of Belgium. Recently they were again shocked by news of similar atrocities in the Putumayo rubber district of Peru, where Catholicity is the established religion. But it turns out that Putumayo is remote from the zone of governmental influence, and that the barbarous system of peonage under which the native race is rapidly becoming extinct is conducted exclusively by Englishmen and Americans. Thus are we reminded of the teachings of history with respect to the white man among the aborigenes. It doesn't matter which of the six and thirty jarring sects he belongs to, there is no brand of Christianity that mitigrates his lust for gold or softens his feelings to the advantage of his heathen chattel. The twentieth century Anglo-Saxon Protestant in Putumayo is just as inhuman a taskmaster as was the Spanish Catholic conqueror of the Incas four hundred years ago. If we are to take religion into account for the enormities of the faithful of any church then we must indict all Christianity. And as a matter of fact from

the purely materialist standpoint Christianity has been a curse to the heathen of all lands. Moreover its influence has not been keeping pace with the general progress of civilization. Whatever of beneficence there is in its influence was felt by the natives of this hemisphere in years long past. And it was first felt in Peru as the direct result of the humane intervention of a Catholic ecclesiastic. In view of what is now occurring in Peru it is interesting to dip into the annals of that country, to read what was written by Prescott, a Protestant historian, of conditions in the Sixteenth century. "At all times," he says, "the courageous ecclesiastic has been ready to lift his voice against the cruelty of the conqueror and the no less wasting cupidity of the colonist. In reading the blood-stained records of Spanish colonial history, it is but fair, and at the same time cheering, to reflect that the same nation which sent forth the hard-hearted conqueror from its bosom sent forth the missionary to do the work of beneficence." It is a curious commentary on civilization that notwithstanding the progress it has made, the century of the Spanish Inquisition was the century in which the spirit of Christian philanthropy won its greatest triumphs, achieved the realization of its noblest ideals, in the New World. And the commentary becomes all the more striking when we reflect that it was a monarch of the Inquisition who made the realization possible, and that it was induced by a Dominican bishop, a representative of the order that founded the Inquisition. The name of Las Casas, Bishop of Chiapa, is too little remembered by those who celebrate the glorious deeds of the heroes of philanthropy. Long before Lincoln an emancipation proclamation was made in the New World, and Las Casas was its author. It was because of the insistent appeal of Las Casas that Charles the Fifth called a council of State at Valladolid in 1542 to consider the outrages against the Indians of Peru. Before that council Las Casas appeared and maintained for the first time in history the proposition that the Indians were by the law of nature free; that as vassals of the crown they had a right to its protection and should be declared free from that time and forever. The good Bishop's argument comprehends, as Prescott tells us, the substance of all the propositions that have been since urged by the friends of humanity in the same cause. From the lips of that Dominican of the sixteenth century when the fiery tribunal of the Inquisition was in its most active operations fell sentiments of the loftiest morality. His pleadings touched the heart of the king, and thereupon was published in Madrid an emancipation proclamation, which, a few months later, was made public in Peru, where it created a panic and was received with groans and hisses. Great has been the advance of civilization since the days of Las Casas, but the Indians of Peru are not aware of it.

Change and the Colonel

Gently, with something of academic urbanity, as befits a resident of Berkeley town, we are reproached in a letter printed on another page with inconsistency for our attitude toward Colonel Roosevelt, the reason being that we at once affect a distaste for democracy and the suspicion that it is the Colonel's design to destroy our democratic form of government. This reproach gives us pain, but not because we are jealous of our reputation for consistency. Nowadays to be judiciously inconsistent is to be popular. Men rise above the herd by their scorn of consistency. They achieve eminence by self-stultification. To be consistent is to be shamelessly reactionary, absurdly old-fashioned, ridiculously confirmed in a faith that is bosh. No, we do not dread to be thought inconsistent or even illogical. But it makes us wince to find that we have failed to make ourselves understood even in perspicacious Berkeley. Patience we humbly crave while we try again. We have not a distaste for democracy as contrived by the Founders, the essential principle of which was not that every man should be on a level with every other, but that every man should have the privilege of being what God made him. That kind of democracy we had for many decades. If it was not an ideal form of government, at least it was tolerable. The only objection to that form of government, to democracy of any kind, is that the tendency is irresistible toward a democratic despotism, which is the worst form of despotism that can be conceived. And to that we are drifting today. Nay, even now we are experiencing it. How much of real liberty is left to the citizen of the United States? Liberty consists in the power of doing what is permitted by law, and law making in this country is a continuous performance, the consequence being that a sovereign of this country has less freedom of action than a subject of the German Emperor. And besides we have our press, which is free to tyrannize over the citizen. A free country is one in which not only the life and property of every individual, but his reputation also, which may be dearer to him than both, is secured to him by efficient laws. In this country where the press is all powerful the character of any member of society may be traduced at pleasure in the public prints without redress and without the possibility of an adequate retraction. This is democracy. And Colonel Roosevelt is for giving us more of it, for making the moulders of public opinion more powerful, for making the weight and importance of an individual as compared with the mass sink into greater and greater insignificance. Yet the Colonel knows that democracy devours itself, that the more you extend its principles the more easily they snap. We believe that the Colonel would like to attain to imperial distinction, and though we know that a constitutional monarchy would be more tolerable than a government by recall, initiative and referendum, we dread the period of transition. Besides we are convinced that Colonel Roosevelt has not the genius to become either a Cromwell or a Caesar. The Boulanger of his day, his talent is for tearing down, not for building up. Never in his life has he exhibited any constructive ability. As to the suggestion of our correspondent that the Colonel's pride of record would deter him from bringing on a convulsion, it reminds us of an observation of Macaulay's: "No men occupy so splendid a place in history as those who have founded monarchies on the ruins of republican institutions. Their glory, if not of the purest, is assuredly of the most seductive and dazzling kind. . . . Their designs shine with a double light, the last and dearest rays of departing freedom mingled with the first and brightest glories of empire in its dawn. The high qualities of such men lend to despotism itself a charm drawn from the liberty under which they were formed and which they have destroyed." Nobody can doubt that the Colonel flatters himself that he is possessed of those "high qualities."

Municipal Ownership

The Examiner is publishing a series of articles designed to show that the experience of certain Coast cities proves that municipal ownership of public utilities is a good thing. It was not long ago that the Chronicle conducted a similar and more thorough investigation the result being far from gratifying to the propagandists of municipal ownership. The Chronicle investigation was conducted by Charles Remington, a gentleman somewhat less skilled than Mr. E. H. Hamilton, the Examiner investigator, in the use of words and phrases, but gifted with a talent for assimilating facts and figures. Mr. Remington's report, now in pamphlet form, is accessible to such persons as may be interested in knowing what it has cost the taxpayers of fifteen communities in this State to have public utilities managed by hungry and incompetent politicians. Town Talk, having no passion for current-stemming, has no advice to give on the subject of municipal ownership. It is evident that the people have determined to be indulged in their crotchets, and municipal ownership is one of the many devices by which bureaucracy is to be strengthened and intrenched. But by way of intellectual diversion let us consider how the signs of the times in San Francisco indicate the ripeness of the community for municipal ownership. For lo these many months a municipal street railway has been in course of construction in this city. The politicians have had a corking time on this job, and some day they will finish it. Many months ago we bonded the city to build a garbage plant. And some day there is going to be something doing with that plant—if the politicians ever get it in operation. Not long ago we issued bonds for a civic center which was to be one of the features of the city in 1915. Watch it grow. The other day that intellectual giant of the city's law department, Master Percy Long, was exhibiting something of the enthusiasm of a hen proudly conscious of an egg on her person. It

developed that Percy had discovered a strategic reservoir site among the Mission hills, and that he was about to delight some real estate owners by starting condemnation suits, when it was learned that competent engineers, privately employed, had rejected the site as utterly impracticable. The other day Mr. Marsdon Manson was separated from the public crib after thirty years of service and after serving for years as a topic of comment in the columns of Town Talk. It appears that in the case of Mr. Manson to be discovered was to be lost, and Mr. Manson is now lost to the city. But Mr. Manson was long the pride of the city. The protege and pet of that other intellectual giant Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Manson piloted us along the road to municipal ownership. He was the great Hetch-Hetchy booster, and mainly through his recommendations we became committed to that colossal project which involves the construction of a tunnel through seventy miles of granite. Feasible enough is the Hetch-Hetchy project, but by far the costliest that could have been conceived. We are committed to it because the newspapers of San Francisco, which constitute one of the reasons of our unfitness for municipal ownership, approved it from the beginning on the recommendation of incompetent officials. If our newspapers were always intelligently edited, always edited in the interest of the taxpayers, and never for the purpose of wreaking petty revenges and playing to the labor union gallery, the prospect of municipal ownership would not be such a fearful thing as it is; but unfortunately our newspapers are no better than our politicians. Even now the newspapers are not dealing squarely with the people in reference to our water problem. They have not and will not tell the truth about the Hetch-Hetchy blunders. They do not tell the truth about Spring Valley. The truth about Spring Valley is that it has not a supply of water adequate for the growing needs of San Francisco; that at the present rate of increase of our population we shall be in danger of a water famine by 1915. Something must be done and done quickly to get sufficient water for this city. The Spring Valley owners are doing nothing to that end because they are expecting to sell their plant to the city; and with the passion for municipal ownership and for cinching public utilities' corporations raging in the public breast, they will be delighted to get it off their hands. Let us hope that with Mayor Rolph attending strictly to business the abuses of municipal ownership may be minimized.

Correspondence

A Charge of Inconsistency

Editor Town Talk, Sir:If democracy is such a bad thing as you apparently think, and Roosevelt in your opinion is striving to give us a monarchy, why not be consistent by supporting the greatest living American? You are such a great lover of consistency in others that when I consider all you have said about the sinister ambition of Mr. Roosevelt I wonder whether you really believe that he is of the Caesarian type of man. And I wonder also whether you really believe that a man with his sense, with his pride of achievement, with his record as a statesman, would deliberately prove himself to posterity an ingrate and a scoundrel.

Respectfully,

—A Reader.

Berkeley, August 10, 1912.

The Motor Snob

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Please allow me space for a word or two on a subject to which I have given much thought—The Snob and His Automobile. If Thackeray had lived this brand of snob in his infinite variety would have been given a very large chapter. What I want to say about him particularly is that he's an insufferable nuisance, and that there is one kind of inequality which I shall hail with glee—the inequality between the snob with money and the snob without money. The snob without money is more abominable than the other. He's the fellow who can't afford to keep his machine in a garage. He keeps it at home, and he disturbs the whole neighborhood with his eternal chug-chug. Seems as though he wants you to realize that he has one. He runs to the grocery in the auto. In time of course the man who rides in his business auto in the Park on Sunday will be on a level with the butcher who used to take his Sunday outings in his meat wagon. Then you will be able to distinguish between the two kinds of autoists. When we have a motocracy then the upstart with his machine will know how to behave with it. He won't be so insufferably obtrusive and so noisy. And then, too, you won't see men going to their offices and shops in touring cars. There will be an auto for pleasure and an auto for business. An automobile etiquette is something we very much need. Don't you think it about time to be giving some advice on the subject?

Sincerely,

—A Straphanger.

A Protest from a Rolphite

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I went to a moving picture show the other night, and while I was enjoying myself an usher gave me a handbill. It described the members of the Essenay Stock Company operating at Niles, California. The leader of this company of moving picture actors and actresses, I found, was G. M. Anderson. I had heard of G. M. Anderson before. He's the manager of a fighter called Soldier Elder, and I have seen him referred to as "the millionaire photo actor." But in this handbill he was listed as "the most photographed man in the world." Mr. Editor, that's a proud distinction. By the number of times your picture is taken your importance in the world can be estimated. The oftener you face the camera the greater your prominence. This is the day of photography, and he is an obscure individual indeed who is not snapshotted from time to time. Yes, it is a proud distinction which the handbill claims for G. M. Anderson. But I must file my protest. He is not entitled to be called "the most photographed man in the world." That splendid distinction belongs to Mayor Rolph. As a great admirer of Mission Jim I've kept track of the number of times he's been photographed. The figures would appal you. I fear you wouldn't believe me, so I won't give them. But you have my assurance that no matter how many times G. M. Anderson may have faced the lens, Mayor Rolph has him beaten. Honor to whom honor is due. Hence this protest.

Respectfully,

—M. Anthony Strothers.

The Spinster Rebuked

San Francisco, Cal., August 8, 1912.

Editor Town Talk, Sir: If "A Spinster" thinks that she is still living in an age of Bacchanalians, it would be well to wake her up and inform her that she lives in an era of Christian decency. Perhaps it would also be well to inform her that there is such a thing as modesty, though she may not be aware of the fact. If she had but a grain of that virtue, she might be able to change her name. All that I have to say to "A Spinster" is this: "Assume a virtue if you have it not, and in time it will become your own."

Sincerely yours,

—Abraham N.

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I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. (Measure for Measure).

Divorce reform seems to be on its way to Reno, shouting the battle cry of decency.

Between earthquakes and Italians the sick sultanate stands small chance of an early convalescence.

"In every village there will arise some miscreant to establish the most grinding tyranny by calling himself the people."—Sir Robert Peel. And by making a noise like a bull moose.

"When we reached Chicago we found assembled there a convention such as never before assembled in the nation."—Governor Johnson. Nor anywhere else outside of heaven.

The Newport society women who are making war on evil ought to remember that housecleaning should begin at home.

Now that Morse Stephens has quit his university extension work he'll have more time to devote to his History of the Earthquake and Fire.

A journalist is a man who lies with equal facility whether abusing the living or praising the dead.

We used to call it a roorback, but as that is a word of limited significance let us enrich the vocabulary with "roosevelt" and inflect it for general use.

Shades of Nettie Craven and Jim Fair, look down (or up) on Charley Wheeler battling for the Lord!

Michael Casey seems to have as many relations as Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.

The most notable achievement of the Bull Moose convention was the utter squelching of the wild ass of the desert.

Interesting to observe how many lawyers with a past are wearing bull moose horns for a disguise.

There is a lot of honest fanaticism on its marrow-bones before an idol that has its tongue in its cheek.

Come to think of it if we lose Hiram we shall get Wallace. Between two such blessings how difficult to choose!

The Rev. F. Dornblazer, chaplain of the Bull Moose convention, prayed to God to raise up the right man to lead the party. But of course he knew that even God wouldn't break the slate.

The Strangler

By Charles Foley (From the French)

In the outskirts of the town, the prison, with dormer-windows yawning like sightless eyeballs, was dozing. Within its iron sides the burden of work breathed heavily, like a death-rattle heard in a nightmare. Through the narrow courtyards, through the paths for making the rounds, through the gardens, the sun poured his dull light in a pale flood. Tragedy hovered there in the sinister and mournful silence of the noontide.

Liline, the jailor's little daughter, was playing hopscotch in her garden, a garden which seemed beautiful to her because, between the dark walls, in the dark earth, it had three red geraniums and a well. Careless, light-hearted, knowing nothing of the crimes which were being expiated all around her, Liline fluttered in the sunshine like a golden butterfly.

Suddenly, behind the wall, she heard a stealthy, grating sound, and she turned her eyes toward the half-open door on the pathway. With the slow suppleness of a cat, a man dressed in gray linen leaned to the right and then to the left, peered all around him, then noisely leaped into the garden and as noiselessly reclosed the door and shot the big inside bolt—a bolt placed so high that Liline could not reach it even upon tiptoes. This done, the man's breast swelled with a great sigh of deliverance.

Liline was quite intimate with some harmless and submissive prisoners who were employed in cleaning the prison, and she looked at this one without any surprise, though she did not know him. In his linen clothes, soiled by soot, with his pale fat face and his greenish eyes, the pupils of which had the slyness of a cat, the little girl thought him ugly. He had bare feet and enormous, knotty hands, with the ends of the fingers flattened. He stretched himself with the delight of a wild beast outside his cage, and, seeing nobody near him except this frail little girl, with a yawn which showed all his wolfish teeth, he laughed long but silently, for everything which he did seemed wadded with silence.

But Liline, already skipping at hopscotch, without taking further notice of the man, was pushing along her stone.

The man moved toward Liline. She, staggering and seeing only her stone, clutched the man's blouse, without any ceremony. He opened his hands, two hideous paws, ready to seize the little one's white throat. She lifted up to him her clear, unconscious eyes and said in a coaxing tone:

"Move back a little! My stone is against your foot, and if I kick it I shall hurt you."

The clutching fingers unbent. The man moved back. Liline kicked the stone beyond the goal and cried joyfully:

"It is there! I've won! Now let us both play. Do you want to play at being gardener?"

She ran to a corner of the walls, picked up a spade and brought it to him:

"There! I will let you have the spade! You see I am very kind."

At sight of the sharp, bright edge of the spade the man's eyelids blinked. He wavered in a fierce recoil and stammered in a harsh voice which could not speak without seeming to tear the words:

"I don't want to! No, no! I don't want to touch that!"

"Well, you are not good!" Liline said, poutingly, as she took back the spade. "There are men a great deal kinder than you who are always very glad to play with me! There is Grelu. Grelu is good, I can tell you! He helps papa. They let him go, like you, and he does everything that I ask him to do. If it doesn't amuse you to dig, let us play at something else. Do you want to water the flowers?"

She again pulled his blouse, confidingly:

"Come this way. There is the well. You must draw the water. I can't do it all alone. The well is very deep."

The man followed her stupidly. Without letting go his blouse she leaned on the margin of the well, bending her graceful little body over the dark opening.

"Lean down, too!" she said. "The bottom is just like a cake of ice, and you can see yourself there, quite plain. Do you see me! I can see you. Oh, how wicked your eyes look in the water!"

She still leaned down, and her little throat looked frailer, slighter than ever against that dark background.

The man, throwing himself backward, with his eyes convulsively shut, panted in a voice of furious distress:

"Don't lean! Oh, don't lean over that hole! It gives me the death-fever!"

Liline drew herself up with an amused laugh:

"There's no danger of my falling in while you are here!"

But as soon as she was standing up again, the man, without looking, pushed her away from the well, and so brutally that two little tears filled the child's limpid eyes.

"You hurt me!" she moaned. "I thought you were good and you are bad. Grelu never hurt me."

He watched her crying. Then, with an effort,

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Varied Types

LXXXVII—TIM McGRATH

By Edward F. O'Day

The late Jack Barrett of the Examiner was fond of telling a story about Tim McGrath. Tim lost everything in the fire of 1906 except a straw hat and a suit of clothes. As Tim himself would say, "there wasn't even a jingle in the pocket." So he was overjoyed one day when he rummaged in a mail barrel over in Oakland and found a wire from Tom Sharkey. Tim discovered Tom Sharkey when he was a sailor on the Philadelphia at Mare Island, so it was only right and proper that when the days of great trouble came the wealthy bruiser should remember the man who made him. In his telegram Sharkey invited Tim to draw on him. With tears of gratitude in his blue Irish eyes Tim brought the wire to Barrett in the Examiner office.

"Come around tonight at eight, Tim," said Barrett, "and we'll get Sharkey on the leased wire."

Promptly at eight Tim was back in the Examiner office.

"How much do you want to ask Sharkey for? Five hundred?" inquired Barrett as they entered the telegraph room.

Tim McGrath drew himself up to his full five feet four and threw out his chest with true San Franciscan spunk.

"Tell him to send me a rubber house. If we have another earthquake it'll bounce."

I recalled the story of the rubber house the other day when Tim looked at me in that bashful way of his and asked me if I had ever heard his philosophy.

"No, I haven't, Tim. What is it?"

"Any dead fish can float down stream, but it takes a live one to go up."

Tim is a live one, sure enough. He used to make lots of money in the prosperous Sharkey era, but he was a careless liver like nearly all connected with "the game," and he spent it as fast as it came in. But all that is changed. Six years ago Tim married Gertie Emerson of the renowned team of Hope and Emerson that used to delight us in the palmy days of Fischer's. It is a happy marriage, and it has given Tim a sense of the responsibilities of life which he has never once forgotten. The careless ways are gone, but the inimitable native wit remains.

"What is your ambition in life?" I asked him.

"To develop a white hope," he answered.

"Do you think you ever will?"

"I've got him now," he replied. "Haven't you heard of brave Charlie Horn of the Mission? That guy is so vicious that when he puts his man away and comes out of the ring I'm afraid to take my share of the gate for fear he'll swing on me."

"How does he stack up with Jack Munro?" I asked, rather maliciously.

Tim's innocent face was haunted for a moment by the ghost of a smile, but he didn't answer. The name of Jack Munro had sent him back to the land of memories.

"How did Jack Munro happen to knock Jeffries down at Butte?" I went on.

"Why, Jeff hit Munro in the nose, Jack's nose bled, and Jeff slipped in the blood."

Then Tim pondered a minute.

"Say," he finally asked, "did I ever tell you about the time I took Munro to Chicago before his fight with Jeff in Mechanics Pavilion?"

"You never did." I prevaricated. "Fire away."

"Well, as you probably remember, after that Butte business Munro went to Philadelphia and licked Sharkey. Poor Tom was all in. Then Munro came to San Francisco and Jimmy Coffroth signed him to fight Jeff. But Jeff hurt his knee and the fight had to be postponed. So I asked Crawford (Tim's pronunciation of Coffroth) if I could take Munro East for boxing exhibitions.

"Jim told me to go ahead. 'But if anybody knocks the big stiff down, nail him to the floor and come home alone.'

"We went to Chicago, and I billed the whole town, offering a thousand dollars to any man who would stand up before Munro for four rounds.

"The first afternoon when I arrived at the arena I nearly fainted. The whole messenger force, all the waiters in town and a gang of heavyweights were all there waiting to go on. When I saw Jack Root, Marvin Hart, Jack Johnson, Billy Stift, John Wille and Big Jack McCormick, the man who put McCoy out in an exhibition bout, I knew what would happen to Munro.



Courtesy of the Call.

TIM McGRATH

"Right away I remembered what Crawford had told me about nailing Jack to the floor. So I rang up Lou Houseman, the sporting editor of the Inter-Ocean, and asked him to send me a wrastler at once. He brought a wrastler over. I announced to the crowd that Jack's muscles were a little stiff from the long journey and I thought it would be better for him to wrastle that afternoon instead of putting on the gloves. And he was a bum wrastler at that.

"That night Jack wrastled again. Afterwards I went to the newspaper offices and asked the boys to tell the heavyweights not to be afraid, because Jack would be lenient with them. The boys asked me if he was any good. I wasn't trying to put anything over on the papers, so I told them that I had whipped him twice myself on the way to Chicago.

"Well, the heavyweights stormed the newspaper offices trying to get on with Jack, but we stalled along with the wrastling all week. We got eleven hundred out of the gate without putting on a glove. Then I brought him back to San Francisco safe and sound.

"Jack went into training at Sheehan's for his fight with the big fellow. While he was training Crawford told me I was losing my pep as a booster, so I had to do something. One good foggy morning I had Jack jump off the end of the Olympic Pier. Miles Brothers happened to be there. They took some pictures which were shown at the Orpheum for a week and got us a lot of boosting. It was kind of accidental, but it shows you an accident will help out."

And there wasn't the suspicion of a wink as Tim said it.

"The night before the fight," Tim continued, "I put tanbark around the training quarters so Jack would rest easy. But I passed his room toward morning and he was looking out the window, counting the stars. You see he was getting a little bit worried.

"But he didn't really falter till just before the fight. He had a dressing room next to Jeff's with a thin partition between, and every time he heard the masseurs slapping Jeff he shivered. So I went next door and told Billy Delaney to soft pedal the noise.

"'What's the matter?' said Billy.

"'Why, you could file your way out of jail with Jack's back,' I told him. 'It's all goose flesh and pin feathers.'

"I went back to Jack's dressing room. There he sat with his head hanging.

"I lifted his head up and said to him, 'Cheer up, old boy, Jeff's as playful as a kitten tonight.' But just the same, on his way into the ring he kissed his brother good-bye. You'd think he was going to be electrocuted.

"I got him into the ring first. If Jeff had gone in first Jack would have beat it sure. When Jeff appeared I covered Jack's face with a towel so he wouldn't see the big fellow, but he got a peek at him and shivered again. To make matters worse Kid McCoy, Munro's sparring partner, announced that he would challenge anybody but Jeffries.

"Well, the fight started. Jeff feinted and Jack ducked. Then Jeff raised his hand and bent Jack's face like an oval pan. The gong saved him.

"When Jack was going to his corner, I tried to cheer him up. 'Jeff's good-natured tonight,' I told him. 'Yes, he's trying to murder me,' said Jack.

"In the second round Jeff hit him a couple of clouts and was about to put one in the pit of the stomach when Eddie Graney grabbed Jeff's hand and announced that he was the winner.

"Some of the crowd was pretty sore. One fellow that I had told Jack would win came up to me and said: 'Where did you get that big stiff? I thought you said he could fight?'

"'He was all right till Jeff put over that chance blow,' I told him.

"There was $32,000 in the house, and our share

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LIII—SAN FRANCISCO

By Paul McAllister

(Many people have expressed surprise at the number of poems about San Francisco already published in this series. Few knew that the city had been celebrated by so many singers. As a matter of fact, San Francisco has probably been the theme of more poems than any other strictly modern city. Of ancient cities Rome alone can rival it in this respect. The poems about San Francisco are not all in book form. Some of the best so far published have been dug out of old magazines and newspapers or copied from scrap books. There must be a great many on which the editor of Town Talk will be unable, without assistance, to lay his hand. People who know where these can be found or who possess them will be given proper credit if they will assist the editor in his search. The following verses were written by Paul McAllister who will be remembered as the leading man of the Valencia stock company. They were written on April 18, 1909, were first read at a Press Club Jinks and were afterwards published in the Chronicle.)

Fair city by St. Francis bay,
That bay itself a noble sea;
What is this tale they offer me
Of three brief years ago today?

I see the sun a-smile your hills;
I hear your hills laugh back again;
I list no raven croaking ills,
I see no downcast citizen.

And yet they say misfortune cleft
And smote you to your aching heart;
From kith and home your children reft;
Made mute the voices in your mart.

Your fanes and taverns, roughly razed,
Your robe of manses rent in twain,
And gripped you, stripped you, left you dazed,
Denuded, stricken, faint with pain.

And have you risen, city fair,
From blows that smote you sore as this
To deck yourself with courage rare;
To laugh and throw the world a kiss?

I see with wonder what you've done.
I marvel at the little time;
Amazing is the fight you've won
O'er Fate—a victory sublime.

The gods go grinding at their mills,
A milliard years to build a world;
You've girt yourself as swiftly fills
The breeze our starry flag unfurled.

Your lovely daughters debonair,
Entrance, bewitch and fascinate;
Your manful sons, courageous, yare,
Titanic splendors contemplate.

Pacific's warden, sun-crowned queen,
Who courted fortune, laughed at woe,
My city peerless, proud, serene.
With raptured brain and heart aglow

I kneel and kiss your garment's hem,
As every native child has done,
Alas, I am not one of them;
May I not be a foster son?

The Spectator

Fairies and Fireless Cookers

"Gods and goddesses, nymphs and fauns do exist," insisted Sire Joe in his announcement of the Bohemian grove play. "Children believe in fairies, and children are wise, for they have faith." All very well, Sire Joe, but there are no fairies in the Bohemian Grove. I speak seriously, not using the word 'fairies' in the frivolous sense which makes it a synonym for 'chickens' and 'flappers,' but applying it to the 'good people' who haunt the sylvan raths. There are no fairy raths, no fairies in Bohemian Grove. How could fairies disport in that wood consecrated to metropolitan luxury? The Bohemian Grove has been taken from nature and dedicated to artificiality. There is a carefully cultivated fernery in the center of its dining circle. There is a special tent where a barber presides over three chairs. There is a bootblack, Heaven save the mark! There is a massage tent. Private servants swarm through the camp. Portable bars serve the thirsty devotees of the trap shooting grounds, the archery grounds, the tennis court and the swimming pool. There is a swimming instructor and a bath house. There are private cooks for members too dainty to share the community cooking. There are dozens of pianos, a photographer's dark room. And as sure as there is a seacoast to Bohemia, there are fireless cookers! Could a fairy abide near a fireless cooker? As well ask Pan to pipe the music of "Natoma" on his oaten reeds. There may be fairies, Sire Joe, but they have fled the grove, just as they fled Ireland when the whistle of the first locomotive was heard in the Emerald Isle.

A Record Attendance

In point of numbers this year's was the most successful Bohemian jinks ever given. There were one thousand three hundred men in camp on the last two days. Of these nine hundred were members of the club and their guests while four hundred were camp servants of one sort and another. The number of servants tells eloquently of the luxury which has invaded the grove. But the Bohemians are used to good service, and refuse to dispense with it even when they go into the woods to list to Nature's teachings. This applies, among other things, to the satisfaction of their thirst. Eight bartenders were on duty in the grove twenty-four hours a day, and some of them complained that they had never been so rushed in their lives. The general opinion was that the grove play "The Atonement of Pan" was a great success. As usual Frank Mathieu's was the wizard mind that translated the beauty of verse and note into a masterpiece of sylvan drama. He was the genius behind the scenes. The actors acquitted themselves very well, although some were disappointed in David Bispham who was eclipsed by Dick Hotaling. The music was pronounced splendid, and Redding's book came in for a lot of favorable comment. It was a disgruntled Bohemian who said "The Atonement of Pan" was better than "Natoma" but not as good as "The Green Knight."

A Criticaster on Joe

Under the spell of a spectacle born in the pure sweet air, amidst murmuring trees, within sound of rippling waters, the Bohemians were affected as though ravished by the very genius of beauty. They had nothing but words of praise for everybody who had contributed to the success of the performance. But in the cold grey dawn of the morning after criticism lifted its harsh voice. For the carping critic was there, the critic who examines with microscopic minuteness, and with

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the air of the god who assumes the rod and presumes to shake the spheres. This critic was of the literary persuasion. Oracularly he pronounced "The Atonement of Pan" a great production—scenically and musically. Henry Hadley and Frank Mathieu in the opinion of this pundit were entitled to most of the credit, which causes me to suspect him of being a disciple of Porter Garnett. He was certainly a hair-splitter. He went so far as to declare that Joe Redding had butchered mythology to make a Bohemian holinight. He wanted to know what authority Joe had for making Pan the son of Penelope and Ulysses, why he made the Greek deities drink out of flagons instead of carchesia, where he got the idea that Eos had a passion for purity—a goddess who tried to seduce Cephalus, a married man. And then this criticaster took up the book, and with amusing preciosity undertook to prove that it was not up to the standard of grove literature. Listen to these lines, he said:

"This very tree, in protest, groaned and hung
Its stricken head; its limbs began to shrink;
Its rugged bark before my eyes fell off,
Exposed its bleeding heart, which with one sigh
Gave way. The noble tree had died from grief!"

"The noble tree really died of a broken heart," said the critickin. "I suppose that's poetry," he added with a sneer, "but it reminds me of the eyes that winked in the tail of Mrs. Browning's peacock." "I also find," he went on, "that Joe rhymes 'penalty' and 'deviltry,' that he has Zephyrus complaining of being 'bruised by a wound,' and that he improves on Shakespeare's 'Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay,' with these notable lines,

"'What is the carcass of the lion but stuff
Wherewith to fructify the violet?'"

And so the criticule went on till there was talk of throwing him out of the grove.

Redding's Capital Joke

The foregoing is a specimen of the criticism that betrays a lack of taste, that takes a pride and pleasure in nothing but defects, in the tarnishing of our faith in substantial excellence. And most of the criticism is absurd. If Joe Redding did improve mythology with modern arabesques it is to his credit. It shows he has inventive genius. Other poets have done the same thing. Sidney gave us an entirely new Arcadia. He improved on Ovid. And anyway the ideal of a masque is grace rather than greatness. Bacon considered the masque only as a spectacle, a show. The costumes, the colors, the lights, the scenes, the music, the dances, were all that the Elizabethan masque writers thought worth while. With them the poetry was a minor consideration. They held that the ideal element of the masque was a harmonizing of spectacle and idea. So if Joe didn't give us another Comus, at least he gave us his masterpiece, the best that was in him. And I think he deserves great credit for having played a joke on the rich Bohemians (Midas in his variety) whom he cozened into enjoyment of his spectacle. The joke is that he made his masque the atonement of Pan instead of the atonement of Apollo. Pan was an uncouth musician and when he had his contest with Apollo, the palm was given to the son of Jupiter and Latona. But Midas insisted that Pan was the better musician and he was immediately decorated with the ears of an ass.

Dr. Rosenstirn's Poem

After the play was over and Care had been cremated, the great annual spread took place. There were good speeches from all who had taken part in the production with the exception of Haig Patigian who sculptured the fine statue of Diana but was too bashful to acknowledge the plaudits he received. "His modesty," said Joe Redding, "shines through the opalescene of his genius." Then Doctor Rosenstirn got up to recite a poem called "In Bohemia." It wasn't a bad poem but it lacked, grievously it lacked, the wit which resides in brevity. When the doctor was about half way through Orrin Peck arose and caught the poet's eye. "Pardon me, Doctor," he said, "I must go away for a minute." There was a great roar of laughter as Peck withdrew, and the doctor became confused. He attempted to go on but skipped several stanzas and becoming conscious of his mistake stood stock silent. Then he produced the manuscript from his pocket and by the light of an electric torch which somebody kindly provided, hunted for his cue. He couldn't find it, so to make sure that he omitted nothing he repeated about half of what he had already recited. When Peck came back the doctor had just reached the point where he was interrupted, so Peck didn't miss any of the poem after all.

Joking the Bullmoosers

The low jinks on Friday night was presided over by Mackenzie Gordon. It consisted in part of a burlesque on the Chicago Republican convention. Elihu Root presided and gave orders for the operation of the steam roller. Hiram Johnson, Chester Rowell, Paul Bancroft and Charlie Wheeler were admirably impersonated, but the Bohemian who played Frank Heney with a gag in his mouth was the hit of the performance. Harry Perry sang the Puccini music, "I'm going down to Sacramento to see Johnson, the road agent" amid great laughter. Frank Deering placed Senator Cummings in nomination, and Seth Mann named Taft in a speech of such genuine fervor and eloquence that he roused enthusiasm, which peeved some of the Bohemians of progressive tendencies. Then Fred Berry who impersonated Hiram Johnson tried to make a speech but was run over by the steam roller. Among the other hits of the low jinks was a burlesque of David Warfield in "The Music Master" done by Dick Hotaling. Nobody enjoyed it more than Dave Warfield himself. Just to show his own powers in that line Warfield gave a capital burlesque of Tommaso Salvini in Othello. Then there was the "Lungland Quartet" announced by Gordon as coming from the University of Southern California. Their songs were interspersed with physical manifestations of their consumptive condition. In conclusion they gave their college yell, "We will get well! We will get well! Come to Lungland!" The Los Angeles Bohemians who have a camp called "Lost Angels" didn't relish this number very much.

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Taxes for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1913, to be pro rated.

There are twelve of these "Los Angels," by the way, and they boast that they have spent $18,000 on their camp. The prettiest number of the low jinks was John Teller's chorus. This chorus sang from a stage and the voices blended beautifully with the voices of two quartets hidden somewhere in the grove. Teller signaled to these hidden singers by electric light and the effect was that of disembodied voices echoing the music in the circle.

Glory Is Fleeting

Mayor Rolph enjoyed himself at the jinks despite the fact that Charley Field gave him cause for grave if not melancholy reflection. Field had been listening to the conversation of two waiters. One of them, evidently an old-timer at the grove, was informing the other about the celebrities present. Seeing an old gentleman with whiskers standing all alone the dispenser of information remarked, "That's Dr. Taylor. He used to be Mayor. He ain't got no friends no more." Charley Field lost no time in telling the story to "Mission Jim." For Charley is a philosopher who believes that, in the midst of merriment, especially when one's star is at its zenith, it is well that one's spirit should be chastened.

Grove Socialism

"Look at that! Can you beat it?" said one Bohemian to another in the grove last Friday night. The second Bohemian turned and surveyed the scene. It was not a remarkable scene at all. Merely George Sterling, the poet, and Herman Whittaker, the novelist, sitting at a table with Jack London and listening attentively to what Jack was saying. The second Bohemian remarked that he didn't see anything strange about that. "You don't eh?" snorted the other. "Well, just listen to what Jack London is saying. He's talking Socialism and glorifying the I. W. W.'s. And he does that with a bottle of champagne before him! I've heard of parlor Socialism but this beats it!"

Forest Conservation

He was a Bohemian of analytical tendencies, a Sansome street philosopher who had read and inwardly digested Porter Garnett's wondrous preface and all else appertaining to the grove plays. "Running through all the grove plays," he expounded, "is the idea of the saving of the forest. Thus, in the 'Hamadryads' by Will Irwin Meladon, the God of Care, was crushed and the forest saved from his depredations. In Charlie Field's 'Cave Man' the rain came to save the forest when man had set it ablaze through his ignorance of the devastating effect of fire. And so on through all the plays. The saving, the conservation of the forest is the central theme." He paused to let the idea sink in. "Huh," said Clarence Ward, the architect who had given ear in silence, "I suppose next year's play will be written by Gifford Pinchot."

Hero to a Novelist

After reading Mrs. Atherton's novel "Julia France and Her Times" I feel like nominating the Hon. James D. Phelan for a niche in the Native Son's Hall of Fame. If Mr. Phelan isn't a hero to the general, he's a hero to a lady novelist, which is certainly more of a distinction than being a hero to his valet. Besides Mrs. Atherton is no easy person to suit in the matter of heroes. The types she favors are an uncommon lot, men of large nature, cultured, with strong passions and a zeal for life. How accurate are her perceptive faculties may be judged from her choice of Mr. Phelan as a hero. Of course Mr. Phelan as her ideal in her new novel is somewhat elaborated, if not highly colored; so much so that I shouldn't know him were it not for the circumstance that he's described as a rich man and a leader of the San Francisco graft prosecution. If that were all, he might be either Mr. Spreckels, or Mr. Phelan, but I'm not to be deceived by the name Tay, though it's the thing the Irish put sugar in. Daniel Tay is precisely what Mr. Phelan must look like to any woman who believes in him and takes him seriously as a reformer, and Mrs. Atherton holds our bachelor millionaire in high esteem. Listen to him talk:

> The whole country was aghast at our exposures, business was almost dead, capital refused to come our way; the poor old city that had been wrecked by the most fearful natural calamity of modern times—$500,000,000 went up in smoke—seemed to cry out against us for holding her down, to beg for a chance to limp out of her bog. But we looked ahead, convinced that there could be no permanent prosperity for San Francisco until the sore was scraped to the bone and sterilized.

Reads just like one of Mr. Phelan's campaign speeches. After briefly reviewing the great fight for purity and personal political pull Daniel Tay exclaims: "I really want with all my soul to be of use to my country; to be one of the few that are willing to work for her unselfishly, to leave a decent name behind me. It is thankless work fighting the majority, battling for an ideal nobody wants, to be the butt of the press, accused of sordid motives, balked at every turn. . . . Many a man that has started out with the loftiest and most selfless ideals loses courage, shrugs his shoulders and falls back." Surely this must be James idealized as in a mirror held up by himself after making up for the occasion.

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A Valuable Acquisition

Charles Sweeney, the millionaire who has forsaken Spokane to make his home and invest his plenitude of ready cash in San Francisco, is a valuable acquisition. It was largely on acocunt of his wife that Sweeney brought his household gods and his strong box here. Mrs. Sweeney was in the habit of visiting friends in this city, and the oftener she came the more she fancied our climate and our people. So she finally induced her husband to make San Francisco his home. The first thing Sweeney did was to lease the old Occidental Hotel site in Montgomery street for a skyscraper. He obtained from the Burke heirs a lease of fifty years with the option of buying at the end of that time. Sweeney has lots of money lying idle and will embark in other enterprises. For the past three or four weeks he has been negotiating for the purchase of the magnificent John D. Spreckels mansion at Laguna street and Pacific avenue. Spreckels rarely occupies the place and is reported willing to sell.

Another Settler

Another millionaire who has concluded to spend the rest of his life in San Francisco is E. B. Gage of Arizona. Gage made a fortune in mines and railroads down in Arizona. Then he went into the banking business, gradually disposing of his other holdings until at the present time nearly all his wealth is concentrated in his banking interests in Arizona, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Gage is a fine old character. He was passionately devoted to his wife who died suddenly some time ago. Just before her death she expressed a desire to have her husband build her a new home. It was the last thing she asked of him before her unexpected passing. To fulfill his promise and to honor her memory Gage built a magnificent home in Tucson, but never occupied it. Gage is a great friend of Henry T. Scott. They are the croniest of cronies and meet several times a day to talk things over. When you see Gage in the St. Francis in the late afternoon he is waiting to have a cocktail with Henry T.

Purely Personal

Captain Leale of the good ship "Caroline" told De Wolf Hopper at the Press Club last week that he was the first Dick Deadeye that ever tied a bowline knot in true nautical fashion. "The best compliment I've ever received," said De Wolf all smiles.

Alas! Fame is fleeting! The Call refers to Henry Hadley, the author of the music for "The Atonement of Pan" as "William R. Hadley." Vanity of vanities and all is vanity!

Valets are none too common in this wooly West of ours, but Templeton Crocker has one, and so have James V. Coleman and Dan Hanlon.

Charles Fascination Hanlon is the only lawyer in town who has a cocktail named after him. Charlie says it's a good cocktail.

You may not believe it, but there is a gardener in this city named Jean Plante.

Key Pitman's Campaign Fund

Key Pitman of Nevada who is sojourning across the bay was the Democratic candidate for the United States Senate against the late Senator Nixon. Pitman was handicapped by the fact that Nixon and Tasker Oddie, who was running for Governor, combined their forces during the campaign, but just the same he made a very respectable showing against the millionaire banker. George Wingfield supported his old business partner Nixon as a matter of course, and that had much to do with his success. Wingfield and Pitman have always been friends, but Wingfield told him quite frankly that he would do everything he could to beat him, a situation which Pitman accepted gracefully. Pitman spent all he had on that fight and came out of it in straitened circumstances. But things have changed. Pitman is now the logical candidate against Senator Newlands, as it seems that Wingfield will not allow himself to be lured into the race. And fortune has so smiled on Pitman that he will have a plentiful campaign fund.

The Stock Soared

Pitman had large holdings in Tonopah Merger, but they didn't do him much good while the stock was selling around twenty-three cents. A few months ago, however, Tonopah Merger took a sudden shoot and didn't stop advancing until it had reached a dollar forty. At that figure Pitman sold out enough of his holdings to clean up $86,000. He still holds one hundred and one shares, and as the stock may take another skyrocket flight any day he is in a very comfortable position. That $86,000 he calls his campaign fund for the next United States Senatorial fight. He is an announced candidate, and will undoubtedly give Senator Newlands the battle of his career. George Wingfield will probably enter whole-heartedly into his canvass as he is anxious to beat Newlands whom he doesn't like.

The Pan-Pacific Bureau

A letter from Secretary of State Knox addressed to the secretary of the Pan-Pacific Congress at Honolulu and forwarded to the Convention League of this city promises Federal recognition and assistance in the matter of establishing a permanent Pan-Pacific Bureau in San Francisco with yearly Congresses. The purpose of the Bureau and Congress would be to afford a clearing house for all ideas and plans toward the development and exploitation of the countries of the Pacific. It would tend to make San Francisco the center of such development. The Convention League arranged some time ago for the holding of the third Pan-Pacific Congress in San Francisco in 1913, two initial meetings having taken place in Honolulu, where Mr. Wood first interested the Pacific countries in such a representation. Secretary of State Knox was interviewed on the matter at the time of his visit here and his letter is a result of that interview, the question having been fully gone into in the Department of State. Should this Bureau be established here, it will bring big business to San Francisco.

A Rising Sculptor

Over at the University of California everybody is praising the bronze bust of Professor Hilgard which is soon to be installed in the Agricultural College. The sculptor, Ralph Stackpole, is said to have done a splendid piece of work in portraying the fine features of the former dean. From what I am told this same young sculptor will be heard from one of these days. He is only twenty-six years old, and came here not so long ago from the wilds of Washington. He demonstrated his ability about a year ago in New York. In the Metropolitan Museum one day he read a notice

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of a competition in sculpture. There was only a week remaining in which to submit work, and he did not think it wise to compete. But some hours afterwards, while walking down Broadway, he was struck with the beauty of the face of an Italian newsboy. He induced the boy to pose for him and submitted his bust in the competition, calling it "David." He took first prize.

Stanford and the "Movies"

The talk was of moving pictures. "Edison may be entitled to the credit of inventing moving pictures," said White Hat Dan McCarthy, "but Senator Stanford had the right idea without knowing it long before Edison began his experiments. About 25 years ago Stanford had a dispute with another horseman who laughed when the Senator said that at times a trotting horse had all four feet off the ground at once. There was a wager, and Stanford set about proving his case. He hired about twenty-five photographers to come to Palo Alto with shutter cameras. He stationed them at different places along his track and drove a trotting horse past them. They all got pictures of the trotter. When the pictures were developed and printed some of them showed the trotter with all four feet off the ground. Senator Stanford didn't know it, but right there he had hit on the principle of the moving picture."

A Policeman's Joke

Captain Colby of the Potrero police district bids fair to earn the reputation of being the department's star joker. Last week he sent to the Board of Supervisors a requisition for two Rapid Safety filters. "We need these filters very badly," he wrote. "The water is very bad in the Potrero, and our patrolmen are getting sick from it." And the city fathers, instead of sympathizing with the plight of "the finest," merely chortled at the notion of a policeman drinking enough water to become indisposed.

Woodrow the Rhymer

Woodrow Wilson is experiencing the disadvantages as well as the advantages of his position as a candidate for the Presidency. To say nothing of political worries, some of his well-meaning but blinded friends have been digging up the doggerel he used to write in simpler days. The samples published indicate that there is no danger of a poet getting into the White House, for Wilson is not a poet. For instance:

'Twas in the gloaming, by the fair Wyoming
That I left my darling many years ago;
And memory tender brings her back in splendor,
With her cheeks of roses and her brow of snow.

But where in thunder is she now, I wonder?
Oh, my soul, be quiet, and, my sad heart, hush!
Under the umbrella of another fellow
Ah! I think I see her, paddling through the slush!

A Dramatic Centre

It looks as though San Francisco is going to become quite a centre of dramatic activity from now on. We've had one new play tried out here this season, namely Brandon Tynan's "The Melody of Youth" and next week we are to have two more, Booth Tarkington's "A Man on Horseback" and Hartley Manners' "Barbaraza." Following "Barbaraza" at the Alcazar will come "The Winning of Eve," another new play by the prolific Manners. And I understand that Hackett is going to try out a new play by Milton Royle before his season is over. In the profession of acting a city where new plays are tried out for the first time is called a "dog town," as the plays are supposed to be "tried on the dog" before submission to a more important audience. There are several "dog towns" in the neighborhood of New York, and for some time now Los Angeles has been entitled to that dubiously complimentary designation. San Francisco is pretty large to be used as a "dog town," but actors and managers like to get our judgment on a new play; they think that San Francisco's verdict is of considerable importance.

Naming a Play

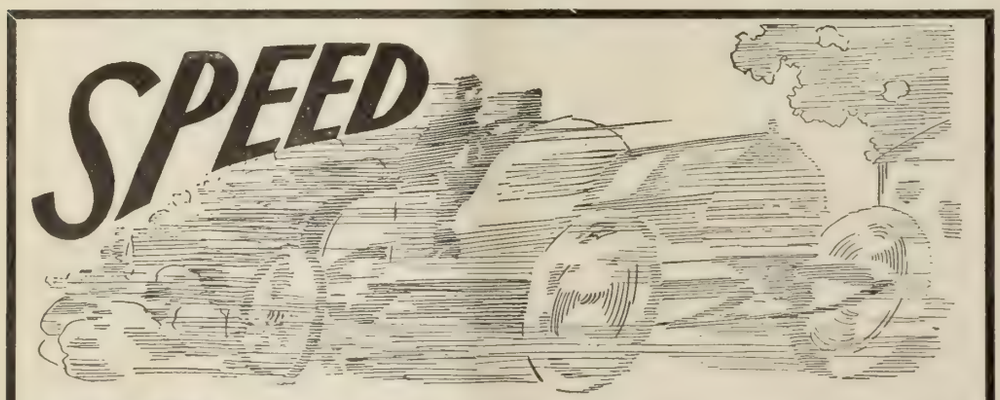
I notice that Booth Tarkington had to change the name of his new play by the substitution of the indefinite for the definite article. It seems that there is already some sort of unproduced musical show called "The Man on Horseback." Brandon Tynan had considerable difficulty naming his new play. At first he was going to call it "The Temptation of Anthony." But it was decided that that name might give offense to church people. Then Tynan thought of "What That Wily Sex Can Do," which is a line from one of Tom Moore's early love songs. That was discarded as too long, and "The Melody of Youth" was the final choice. By the way, Tynan was pleased with the reception of his play and says that he derived many good ideas for its improvement from the criticism in the papers. He has gone back to New York to play the title role in "Queed," a play just written by Winchell Smith from the novel of the same name, but hopes to put his own play on in New York later.

The Death of Kohler

The fact that Henry Kohler, the millionaire brewer of St. Louis, is dead has started the local friends of the former Margaret Craven speculating about her plans for the future. Margaret Craven was the daughter of Mrs. Nettie Craven, and was a school teacher like her mother. She was a very beautiful girl, and when she put down the ferule to join the Frawley company at the old Columbia she found many admirers. One of these was Henry Kohler who laid his heart and his fortune at her feet. She left the stage to marry Kohler, and went to live in St. Louis. Now that he is dead, some of Margaret's old friends think that she will go back on the stage. But others say that she is wrapped up in her little boy and that she has outlived the lure of the footlights.

The Celebrating of Johnson

Governor Johnson having become a man of national reputation is now figuring as a "personality of note" in the magazines. It will be instructive for Californians to read these magazine write-ups. It is from the magazines that we get our impressions of our great men who have broken through the crowd. To what extent the magazines may be depended upon in their highly colored pen portraits of the ephemera of politics may be judged from what they tell us about men whom we know. So if you know Governor Johnson, his antecedents, his early career in Sacramento and San Francisco, his current political connections and his so-called reforms, read the magazine panegyrists. Read, for example, Current Literature for August. Current Literature was once a conservative magazine, edited by men of education and discernment. For some time its general susceptibilities have been on a par with those of George Sylvester Viereck, the poet, who had a hand in its make-up. Governor Johnson is described in Current Literature as a statesman who began at the top. As a matter of fact





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Governor Johnson is a politician who began at the bottom and knows politics from the ground up, as anybody will tell you who lives in Sacramento. Current Literature quotes approvingly P. C. Macfarlane, who wrote of Johnson in the Metropolitan Magazine, and who told that old story about the volunteering of Johnson to prosecute Ruef when Heney was shot. "I don't want any fee," said Johnson. That observation was the thing that revealed his patriotism. But nothing did Macfarlane tell of the fees that Johnson did get when the people thought he was inspired by nothing but love of the city. Nothing is told of the Dalzell Brown case. Indeed nothing is told but what contributes to a halo. In conclusion Current Literature quotes approvingly The Outlook which describes Johnson as a "Progressive in a hurry," as a man who doesn't pay any attention to the speed laws as laid down by our fathers," and who is "not to be deterred by the constitution." All of which is accurate enough, but fancy a man of intelligence admiring that sort of statesmanship! I wonder if the editor of Current Literature really admires the Progressive in a hurry or whether he is merely catering to the voracious appetite of the public for flubdub.

The Story Was Too Funny

"Dick" Wheelan is a raconteur of such sure aim that the point of his story never misses the funnybone. When he ran for sheriff he made no speeches; he just told funny yarns. And the humor of them elected him. "Dick" would rather tell a funny story that eat; even illness cannot stem the flood of his humor. He was seriously ill recently in the McNutt Hospital. He kept the nurses in roars, and as he got better his stories improved in mirthful quality. When "Dick" was convalescent his nurse used to bring him an eggnog at one o'clock in the morning. One morning while he was sipping the eggnog "Dick" thought of a particularly funny story. He told it to the nurse. She laughed, she screamed. She couldn't stop. Finally she went into hysterics. "Dick" had to summon assistance. The nurse's condition was so grave that she had to be put to bed. After that experience "Dick" was careful to tell that particular nurse stories only mildly provocative of laughter.

The Russo-Japanese Alliance

One of the most significant things happening in world politics is the cementing of a close friendship based on interest between Russia and Japan. This new alliance is fraught with tremendous import to the United States, for Russia and Japan agree that this country's Far Eastern policy is opposed to their interests. They look at this country with apprehension. Commercial and industrial penetration of the Far East is the policy of America. It would be a successful policy if Russia and Japan kept apart, but they have combined to thwart it. The abrogation of the treaty between this country and the czardom and the demand that Russia modify her passport law in order to admit American Jewish citizens had a great deal to do with bringing Russia and Japan together.

Dyspeptic Philosophy

We never realize how fast sound travels till a popular song has made a hit.

What's the use of having money if you don't know how to enjoy it? But, on the other hand, what's the use of knowing how to enjoy it if you haven't any money?

It's a good plan not to find it necessary to square the circle of your acquaintances.

Death stared a woman in the face. "You don't seem a bit afraid," said Death. "Oh, we get used to being stared at," replied the woman.

Even the cannibal may realize that beauty is only skin deep.

About the time our parents stop spanking us, Experience takes up the job.

Happiness is merely getting what you want, and forgetting what you don't.

Keep your happiness in circulation.

Even a poor excuse may have some rich relations.

Every man is the landlord of his castles in the air.

Even the weight of his own dignity will sometimes carry a man under.

Nothing is so bad that it couldn't be worse. Even the long-winded bore might have an impediment in his speech.

A woman is just as apt to wonder why a man swears when he gets mad as a man is apt to wonder why a woman weeps.

Many a girl is fond of sports—till she marries one.

If the pot called the kettle black, what would it think of the fireless cooker?

There may be nothing new under the sun, but any tradesman can offer you something just as good.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and others thrust themselves upon it.

Good wine needs no bush, and a gold brick needs no hod-carrier.

No woman is so economical as to want to make her wedding dress do twice.

The self-made man always seems to have paid particular attention to his vocal organs.

Hard words become harder still when you have to take them back.

Exceeding Instructions

Fresh from the lecture on politeness, the street car conductor went on duty resolved to extend courtesy to all. From the car barns down to Haight and Market he put his resolution into effect. He assisted the feeble and heavy laden, he smiled serenely under unmerited abuse, and he hurried no one unduly. At Jones street he noticed that a woman in the middle seat was preparing to leave the car at the next corner. The child beside her was too big to cause her any particular trouble in alighting, but the conductor had been pleased with the way the woman smiled upon the child, so he hurried forward to help.

The woman stepped down first, and the conductor with one sweep of his arm set the child down beside her. His signal to go on was followed by a scream, then another, and another.

"Boo, hoo!" howled the boy, and "My child! Bring my child back here!" cried a woman in the car. Half a block further along the car stopped. Soon the woman who had alighted and the boy who had been pitched into her arms caught up.

"For goodness sake, take him," said the woman. "I don't want him. He isn't mine. I only just smiled at him."

"The time will come," thundered a Suffragist orator, "when women will get a man's wages."

"Yes," sadly muttered a man on the rear seat—"next Saturday night."

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Miss Flood, Designer

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood are building a home in this city which will cost more than a million dollars. I am told that when it is completed it will rank in splendor with the Phipps and the Clark places in New York. It won't be finished for a year or so yet, but when the Floods finally occupy it they will have the distinction of living in one of our very finest homes. And who do you suppose has designed this new home? Who but Miss Jennie Flood? Jennie Flood has a natural talent for artistic furnishing, a talent which she has brought to a high point of cultivation by long study of the standard works on ornament and design as well as by close observation and repeated experiment. It may not be generally known that Jennie Flood designed the old Flood mansion. That beautiful brownstone palace which is now the home of the Pacific-Union Club was built according to her ideas. From the bronze railing that surrounded the grounds to the mansard roof it was all her doing. And now she is directing the building of a second Flood mansion. Just now, I believe, she is working out the details of a magnificent ball room. That means that she is attending to every detail of its decoration. Some of the orders she has sent East have made the New York dealers marvel, so elaborate, so costly and so beautiful are the effects which Jennie Flood is bent on producing. One of her innovations, by the way, is to have the rooms for the servants on the mezzanine floor. She thinks that this will be the most convenient place for them. Mrs. James L. Flood has the greatest admiration for the artistic taste of her talented sister-in-law and gives her carte blanche in everything.

Dejected Initiates

I happen to know two men who joined the Presidio Golf Club a short time ago. Hardly had they paid their seventy-five dollar initiation fees when an inconsiderate Secretary of War put the club out of business by ordering the golfers from the Presidio links. The result is that these two men are feeling pretty blue. They don't relish the idea of throwing seventy-five dollars away. They are inclined to be sore, but they don't know just whom they should be sore at. The Secretary of War is far away. They might just as well be sore at the United States Government as at him. The officers of the club are near at hand. But these two golfers are not prepared to charge the officers of the club with the loss of their money. How did the officers of the club know what was going to happen? So the disappointed golfers are in a peculiarly irritable state of mind. They feel that they are baffled of the indignation which is their just due. Meanwhile there is little consolation in the thought that while the links are gone the club house remains. The club house may remain, for it is not on Government land. But what's a golf club house without golf links? Perhaps some other golf club will extend courtesies to my poor defeated friends. In common justice they should get some sort of fun out of those seventy-five dollar fees.



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MRS. GEORGE E. MANNING

One of the many recent brides who before her marriage was Miss Keenan.

As to the Club House

Just what will be done with the cosy club house is a mooted question. Should the War Department remain obdurate the building which stands just without the pale, will be removed to the neighborhood of the new links, which are not yet selected, for while there is life there is hope and the Presidio golfers still figure on the rescinding of the order of expulsion. Some years ago there was a similar situation when a disgruntled nonmember, having been ordered from the links, protested to Colonel McClernand, then in command at the Presidio. The Colonel was requested to order the club from government property. This he declined to do on the grounds that the golfers did no damage to the government property and were in no way interfering with the military occupation. The man who believed he had a grievance several weeks ago, however, presented his case at Washington and sealed the doom of the club, it is feared.

Candy for Her Vacation. It will add to the pleasure of her stay in the country. Can be sent by express from any one of George Haas & Sons' four candy stores.

Our South African Fortunes

The fact that Major Sidney Cloman, one of the most popular men in the service, is to have charge of the Exposition guard, serves to remind me that California has her share of fortunes made in South Africa. The connection may not seem clear, but it becomes so when we remember that Mrs. Sidney Cloman (who is, if possible, more popular than her husband), was the daughter of Victor Clement. Victor Clement was one of the men who dug himself a fortune out of the golden soil of the Dark Continent. His is one of the names one immediately associates with those stirring times when John Hays Hammond was laying the foundation of his fortune and risking his neck in the hurlyburly of anti-Boer politics. Most of the Californians in South Africa made their money out of the gold mines. That was the case with Victor Clement, Mrs. Cloman's father. It was true of Hays Hammond and of his partner Captain Robert Mein. It was true also of Ernest Wiltsee and of Gardner Williams, though the latter was largely interested in the diamond mines too. These Californians have never become entirely dissociated from South Africa. W. W. Mein's name is one as well known in the gold diggings as that of his father Captain Mein or of his father-in-law Gardner Williams. And young Williams is the general manager of the De Beers Diamond Company.

Mrs. Huntington's Plan

It has frequently been said that Mrs. Collis P. Huntington has a feeling of bitterness toward California on account of the way her husband, the great railway man, was treated here during his lifetime. I doubt whether this feeling is still in existence. Time has a soothing influence on such hurts, and no doubt Mrs. Huntington has ceased to harbor resentment. In fact I have been told that Mrs. Huntington would be glad to give San Francisco some sort of memorial in honor of the man who did so much for California and San Francisco. It would be natural that such a memorial should take the form of an art gallery on the site of the old Huntington-Colton mansion on Nob Hill. Mrs. Huntington is passionately devoted to art. She is a connoisseur, and has a great collection of paintings. In the old days when she was here with her husband she used to haunt the galleries, and the dealers had great respect for her powers of discrimination and sense of values.

Her Tastes Are Quiet

Mrs. Huntington is an interesting figure among American women. Her name scarcely ever appears in the lists of those present at smart set functions in New York and her charities are not widely heralded. Indeed she enjoys none of the limelight prestige of other women of great wealth.

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I am told that she cares nothing at all for publicity. She derives no enjoyment from being pointed out and stared at as one of the richest widows in the world. Her life is a quiet one, although she appears in society when the fancy takes her. Mrs. Russell Sage is one of her intimate friends and she also enjoys the friendship of the Goulds. Her adopted son, Archer Huntington, has very quiet tastes too, and at one time intended to follow a literary career. He married a charming New York girl who was not identified with ultra-smart set circles, but had literary ambition.

The Old Home

Mrs. Huntington never spent much time in the Nob Hill mansion, and its destruction was no personal loss to her. Before the fire of 1906 she had removed the most valuable paintings and works of art to the Fifth avenue palace and the California street residence had been closed for several years. It is not widely known that the two great palms that guarded the entrance to the house with the ruins of a marble lion that had rested in their shade were afterward removed to the grounds of H. E. Huntington's Los Angeles home. The palms are installed in an Italian garden seemingly none the worse for their bath of fire, and the lion is a picturesque ruin near by.

A Jinks at Ross

While the Bohemians were enjoying the low jinks in the grove last Friday, the wives of a number of them had a high jinks at Ross. The novel affair took place in the open air of the moonlit hillside, and some of the most prominent women of the San Rafael and Ross sets were present. There were songs and instrumental numbers, stories and dancing. The dancing was the feature. It was sylvan dancing, as befitted the scene, and it was so good that the name of the dancer belongs in the list of Californian dancers which includes Isadora Duncan, Maude Allan and Violet Romer. There's no need of mentioning it, however, as she's a modest girl with no stage aspirations. The whole jinks was so successful that it will be repeated next year.

Tots in Moving Pictures

I dropped in to see a moving picture show the other night and had an unexpected treat. In one of the pictures there were three children riding horses, and I recognized them. They were little Helen Tallant and little Madeline and Eileen Frank. And right well they rode too! With as much grace and ease as some of our older girls who are proud of their horsemanship. It seems that the moving picture people have been taking pictures in the neighborhood of Mission San Jose where these youngsters are spending their vacation. They saw the little girls riding and asked permission to put them in the pictures. The permission was granted. So there you are! Little Helen Tallant is the daughter of Mrs. F. W. Tallant, formerly Helen Landers. The little Frank girls are the children of Mrs. Albert Frank, formerly Mattie Ehrman.

Imitating the Crockers?

Are Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt taking a leaf out of the social notebook of the Templeton Crockers? It looks a bit that way. The



Photo, Moore and Clark

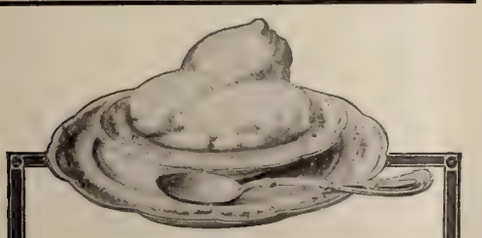
MISS DOROTHY BERRY

Who leaves this month for an extended tour abroad in company with her mother Mrs. Jessie Patton Berry.

Cornelius Vanderbilts are to give an Oriental Ball this month. It will be remembered that the Templeton Crockers gave an Oriental Ball. Mrs. Vanderbilt has asked her guests not to wear Chinese or Japanese costumes, but to go to Turkey, Arabia, Persia and India for their inspiration. Mrs. Templeton Crocker did the same thing. If Mrs. Malcolm Whitman goes to the Vanderbilt ball (and no doubt she has been invited), she will probably wear the costume which she had made for her sister-in-law's dance. She also wore it to the last Mardi Gras and was greatly admired in it.

Miss Carlisle's Paintings

Miss Mary Helen Carlisle, the charming artist who was in our midst last Winter, has attracted a great deal of attention in London with her paintings of California gardens. The critics are enthusiastic, and divide their praises between the beauty and freshness of the subject matter and the very successful artistic methods used by Miss Carlisle. They speak of our flowers as shown in these pictures for all the world as though they knew them at first hand. Our wild mustard, our poppies, our lupins and other blooms have a great fascination for them. Miss Carlisle is showing the glories of California hillsides and California gardens to people who will yield to their lure. She is doing the most effective kind of promotion work.

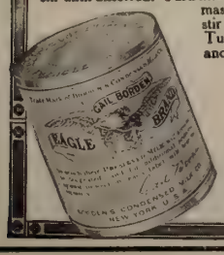


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For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

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The Kohls at Bar Harbor

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl who have been described by some of our bavardes as motoring through the chateau country of France this week have been in America for the past three weeks, sojourning for the greater part of that time at Bar Harbor. Mrs. Godey of Washington, D. C., the mother of Mrs. Kohl, is with them. Bar Harbor is a popular resort for Washington people and the diplomatic set is well represented there every year. Truxton Beale is another Californian who has been there. He was with his son at the Beale cottage where the Russian Ambassador and his wife, formerly Nellie Beale, have been visiting. Young Beale makes his home with his other aunt Mrs. John R. McLean of Washington and has not visited California since his childhood. His father goes East every year to spend a season with him at Bar Harbor.

The Lantern Feast at Santa Cruz

One of the features of the lantern feast to be given at Santa Cruz at the beginning of September will be a series of tableaux vivants posed by very graceful young ladies on a float in the bay which will be illuminated by spotlights. On Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 7, 8 and 9 there will be an entertainment in front of the Casino and on the boardwalk worth going a long way to see. For the lantern feast thousands of Japanese lanterns will be strung over the water reaching from the dome of the Casino to the ends of the pier and raft. There will be beautifully decorated row boats, launches, yachts. There will be water fireworks and mid-air fireworks. Battleships will be shown in action. Two bands will discourse national airs, war music and popular tunes. There will be lantern parades on the boardwalk and daylight fireworks on Sunday and Monday. There will be a lantern ball on Monday night. Take it all in all, and it will be the greatest event in Santa Cruz annals. Undoubtedly a great throng will be there.

A Popular Manager

Hotel del Coronado is to have a new manager in the person of John J. Hernan who takes charge this week. Mr. Hernan comes from Hotel Baltimore, Kansas City, directly, but for years was familiar to all the patrons of the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver. He is one of the best known hotel men and one of the most popular and will make Hotel del Coronado more popular than ever. He passed through the city yesterday, only stopping briefly to shake hands with his numerous friends.

Judging Cafe Service

First-class service in a cafe can't always be judged from an efficiency standpoint. That service is perfect that creates a sympathetic atmosphere. To be known as a liberal "tipper" may get one the utmost in efficiency and obsequiousness but this kind of service is not as satisfying as that which interprets and understands. To "know" your party applies to cafe service just the same as it pertains to salesmanship, or anything that appeals to the mind. It is in this connection that the service maintained by the Tait-Zinkand Cafe deserves well merited praise. There one seems to be "sized up" as it were and every temperament and disposition is thoroughly pleased. This popular cafe has as good a service as there is in the United States.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Batchelder and Miss Kittredge Batchelder of Menlo Park accompanied by Miss A. M. Stovall of San Francisco, spent a portion of last week at Del Monte on their way home from Santa Barbara in their big touring car. Another motoring party was that of Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older, Mrs. E. B. Nobbes, with J. Lincoln Steffens of New York, who stopped long enough at Pebble Beach Lodge for a charming luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. Alex. R. Baldwin with the children, motored from San Francisco for a week end visit. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Foss of San Francisco were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs at Del Monte last week.

Dr. A. P. Giannini, vice-president and manager of the Bank of Italy, who, accompanied by his wife and children and his mother and sister, left Paris about a month ago for a tour of Switzerland and Austria, has been staying in Berlin, preparatory to leaving for a trip to Russia.

The Misses Waldeck, prominent socially in Milwaukee, are guests at the Casa Del Rey for a short stay. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chapman of Detroit are there for the week end. Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Cunningham of Reno are registered. Mr. and Mrs. J. Wentworth with their sons John and Hant Wentworth are making an indefinite stay. Mr. J. G. Anderson, a prominent real estate man from Seattle is registered with his wife. Mr. S. N. Hyman, a prominent jeweler from New York, is a guest. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Frost, prominent Portland people, who are making their first visit to Santa Cruz, are registered. Mr. William Coffin is a guest with his wife. Honorable John N. Georin, former United States Senator from Oregon is again visiting Santa Cruz, and is a guest at the Casa Del Rey. Dr. Carl Murray, a prominent practicioner of Sacramento, is a guest. Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Batten Jr., with their family are spending a few days in Santa Cruz registering at the Casa Del Rey. Mr. I. Liebes, a prominent San Francisco business man, is registered with his wife.

Recent arrivals at Castle Crags Farm include: from San Francisco, Mrs. L. R. Ellert, Miss Fannie Martin, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, H. B. Chase Jr., Cutler Paige, Mrs. T. G. Gillespie, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Beatrice Vrooman, George Staeb, L. Lindner, Miss Estelle C. Nance, Gordon Hewson, F. Gearing, Mrs. R. L. Hague, Miss Addie Stevens, Miss Dorothy Ritchie.

State Senator W. A. Sutherland and Mrs. Sutherland with their young son are up from Fresno for a week's stay in town. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria. Mrs. E. B. Clapp and her daughter are registered for an indefinite stay. Mrs. W. B. Dean of St. Louis is in San Francisco and is a guest at the hotel.

The dream of the best dressers is realized in our offerings.—Vogel's, Ladies Tailor—420 Sutter Street.



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Gossip of the Theatre

Laurette Taylor in a Manners Play

Miss Taylor baffles. Now you get her and now you don't. She is the despair of the classifier. She doesn't fit into any sort of groove. It would be easy to tabulate the leading lady in her far from infinite variety, but Laurette would not be an item of the schedule. She must be listed alone, for she's in a class by herself. A woman's actress is Laurette. The girls will love her. "Such a dear!" will describe their attitude. I watched one of them Monday night. She was typical Alcazarese. She hung on Laurette's words, her face one smile, her eyes agleam and her gloved fists clasped at her breast in breathless ecstacy. Often she laughed out loud. "Isn't she sweet?" she said not once or twice but many times. And Laurette is sweet. The girls will adore her for her way with men. The men will admire her for her acting. Her bag of tricks is plentifully garnished. An odd little laugh serves her time and again. It is unfailingly effective. A little twist of the head, a big twinkle of the eye, a comical shifting of the hands—these recur frequently. They are part of a comedian's personality. They fit nicely into the Hartley Manners play. "The Girl in Waiting" is described as a comedy. But it isn't that. It's a farce disguised as a comedy and trying to behave as a well-conducted comedy behaves. It is not quite successful. The situations are admirable farce situations, but the action is too slow for farce. "The Girl in Waiting" needs speeding up. No doubt Laurette Taylor would speed with it. She takes the leisurely situations in a leisurely way. But she insists on talking with a brogue. No doubt a holdover from "Peg o' My Heart." But why drape a brogue on an English girl? There's a big cast in "The Girl in Waiting," and a mighty good cast too. I wonder what visiting leading ladies like Laurette think when they find actors like Charles Ruggles, Burt Wesner and Louis Bennison and actresses like Viola Leach and Beth Taylor waiting to support them? It must be a gratifying experience. It can't happen many places. But it's the rule at the Alcazar. There's always a Ruggles halting there a while on his way to Broadway; always a Viola Leach playing a different part every week and outacting many a visiting star. Laurette has probably found out that we're proud of the Alcazar. I think in a short time we'll be very strong for Laurette. She has taken root in our esteem.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Hackett in Tarkington's New Play

The fifth week of the James K. Hackett season at the Columbia will open on Monday night, and the occasion will be made notable by the first presentation on any stage of a new play by Booth Tarkington. It is called "A Man on Horseback." The author of "The Man from Home" is said to have furnished Hackett with one of the most brilliant examples of modern stage literature ever brought out in this country. The play is written around a United States Senator who stands for honesty, purity and reform. Having broken up a gang of grafting politicians and put some of them in jail, he incurs their enmity. The gang do everything in their power to interfere with the good work of the Senator but his straightforward purpose prevails and with apparent ease he overrides all obstacles. The scenes of the drama are laid at old Fortress Monroe. There is a strong love interest which intermingles in a most effective manner with the dramatic story of modern politics and crude business methods. Mr. Hackett will appear in the role of the Senator and will have about him in the cast such capable people as Frazer Coulter, Frank Burbeck, Charles Lane, Fred A. Sullivan, Vaughan Trevor, Daniel Jarrett Jr., Al Watson, Frank Wyman, Vera McCord, Lily Cahill, Eliane Innescort, Wilda Marie Moore, Mable Inslee, Fred A. Sullivan and others. Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

European Novelty at Pantages

Cheerful, chuckling audiences are filling Pantages this week, the stories of Frank Bush, the incomparable anecdotalist and impersonator, being the talk of the town. Other acts on an interesting bill are the International Cake Walk; Mr. and Mrs. William Morris in their clever little sketch, "The Lady Down Stairs"; the Tokio Miyako troupe of Japanese acrobats; John P. Rodgers, the popular basso; the Three Madcaps, English acrobatic dancing girls, and the amusing and melodious Clipper Quartet. A program well worthy of consideration has been prepared for the week commencing Sunday afternoon, headed by Jewell's Manikins, a great European novelty. A miniature stage is shown with tiers of boxes filled with well-dressed first-nighters who applaud vigorously and the show presented is of a vaudeville nature, with the death of Cleopatra as a concluding feature. Miss Lillie Jewell is the manipulator of the manikins and she is a perfect mistress of her art. Francesca Redding, a talented actress who has scored many a success in San Francisco, will present, with competent support, "Honora," a jolly little comedietta abounding in funny situations and bright dialogue. Max Witt's Southern Singing Girls, four pretty girls whose excellent voices blend perfectly, will be heard in the familiar old songs of the Sunny South as well as in more recent popular numbers. The Southern Girls dress becomingly and have made a big hit all along the circuit. Williams and Wolfus, a lively young couple who offer a unique turn entitled "Piano-Funology," also come highly praised. Williams is a deep-dyed-in-the-wool comedian who keeps the piano busy, at the same time distributing a parcel of jokes that seems to be just about what vaudeville audiences want. A series of sensations will be presented by Cunning, known all over the world as "The Jail Breaker." He allows himself to be manacled by officers of the law, using their own irons, thrown into a steel cage which is carefully sealed and makes his escape in no time. A dainty offering will be that of Elise Schuyler, a singing comedienne who made a big hit in the support of James T. Powers and who gives a delightful little entertainment very much out of the ordinary. Hathaway and Mack, a whirlwind dancing duo who dash through a sensational specialty, and Sunlight Pictures, showing current events, will complete the bill.



MRS. GENE HUGHES

Who will appear in the comedy playlet "Youth" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

"Barbaraza" and Laurette Taylor

Laurette Taylor's versatility will be given ample scope for exhibition in "Barbaraza," the new play by J. Hartley Manners which is to be given its first presentation on any stage next Monday evening at the Alcazar. She appears as an old woman in the prologue and a young girl throughout the succeeding acts. It promises to be a startling physical metamorphosis. Rehearsals have shown that the temperamental transformation will be made complete by the art of the actress, which is equally convincing in both of the widely different characters. This is the most daring flight yet undertaken by Miss Taylor whose fame has largely been acquired through her success in risky ventures. Essentially a comedienne, her two roles in "Barbaraza" invite almost tragic treatment, but she manages to lighten them without impairing their serious intent or even hinting at incongruity. How she can do this may be readily understood by anyone acquainted with the annals of Broadway, where her originality of conception and unique acting methods elevated more than one role from comparative insignificance to stellar bigness. Nor is the play itself entirely in accord with modern stage conventions. In its construction Mr. Manners ignored most of the set rules observed by his contemporaries and previously by himself. He harked back to the drama-building style of twenty-five years ago, when three acts were not tamely written to emphasize a "big scene" at the conclusion of the third and a fourth act was not added to bring the inevitable "happy ending." "Barbaraza" might be likened to "Fedora" or "La Tosca" in its many surprises and persistent presentation of a strong human passion. Its dominant note is revenge—the irrepressible yearning of an untutored Greek peasant girl to be the instrument of dealing death to the slayer of her parents. So profoundly is she obsessed by this desire that even love fails to weaken it. She suspects all people, worships inanimate nature, preserves her secret, bides her time. It is not a character consistently adapted to laugh-getting, but Miss Taylor will make some of its phases legitimately amusing. She is the only woman in the cast, and supporting her will be Forrest Stanley, Will R. Walling (specially engaged), Louis Bennison, Burt Wesner, Charles Ruggles, all the other male members of the regular Alcazar company and a number of extra players. As the scenes are laid in Greece, picturesque staging and costuming are assured. Incidental

to the action are a chorus of Greek soldiers and other innovations contributory to atmospheric effect. There is no possibility of "Barbaraza" being retained longer than a week, as "The Wooing of Eve," a new comedy written for Miss Taylor by Mr. Manners, must be presented on Monday evening, August 26.

"Silent Humorist" at the Orpheum

If W. C. Fields who heads the new bill at the Orpheum would eliminate every semblance of jugglery from his performance he would be entitled to a position in the van of comedians. For this reason the appellation "the Silent Humorist" is particularly appropriate to him. His game of pool is a classic in pantomime. Fields has just returned from an extended European tour of phenomenal success. He was to have appeared at the "special command performance" given for King George and Queen Mary of England, but his Orpheum contracts compelled his return to America. Mrs. Gene Hughes and her company will appear in Edgar Allen Woolf's play "Youth." Mrs. Hughes achieves quite a triumph as a rollicking grandmother and is well supported by Addie St. Alva, Adele C. Potter, Betty Schwartz and Bruce Elmore. The Van Brothers, Joe and Ernie, will introduce their skit "Can Jimmy Come In?" which is a combination of harmony and comedy, next week only. The comedy is developed chiefly through the natural ability of Joe Van whose quaint humor and amusing acting are really inimitable. Both men are expert musicians and play popular selections on the zither, saxaphone and other instruments. Venita Gould, a clever and attractive girl who mimics with accuracy the most prominent stage celebrities of the day, will appear in an act entitled "Twelve Minutes with the Stars." Among those she imitates are Anna Held, Emma Trentini, Madame Nazimova and George Cohan. Miss Gould is one of the few impersonators who before presenting an imitation gives a private rehearsal of it to its original. The Bradshaw Brothers, tumblers and contortionists, will also manifest their skill. They hail from the English music halls where they are great favorites and are now making their first tour of this country. Next week will be the last of William Burr and Daphne Hope; Charley Case and W. H. St. James and his company.

"Baby Mine" at the Cort

Margaret Mayo's comedy "Baby Mine" dedicated the Cort Theatre. It returns to the Cort Sunday night for a two weeks' engagement. "Baby Mine" depends not on buffoonery, but on ludicrous situations for its humorous action. As a laugh producer it is said to be the greatest success the stage has ever known. Miss Mayo confesses that she got the idea for "Baby Mine" from a newspaper clipping stating that thousands of husbands are fondling babies not their own. The records of the Chicago foundling hospital bear out the assertion that hundreds of strange infants have been and are constantly being palmed off on unsuspecting so-called fathers as their legitimate offspring. With this basic idea, Miss Mayo has fashioned one of the funniest plays of recent years. "Baby Mine" proved an unmixed delight when it was here last September, although Miss Clark, one of the principal members of the cast, was missing on account of illness. This time we shall have her at the head of the company, investing the part of the fibbing wife with the rare charm that is her portion. Ernest Glendinning, the original "husband" of the piece, who was here before, is in his old part. His achievements at the old Alcazar where he was leading juvenile for a number of seasons, are too well known to need mention. The selection of Miss Clark and Mr. Glendinning for their respective parts could scarcely be improved upon. Both are young, attractive and in every other way especially fitted to the roles devised by Miss Mayo. The New York cast will be seen in addition to the two players noted, and the production continues under the direction of William A. Brady, which is a sufficient guarantee of its character.



MARGUERITE CLARK
The dainty actress who will be seen in the Margaret Mayo comedy "Baby Mine" at the Cort.

J. M. Barrie's Amendment

J. M. Barrie is always a quiet man. Even in a theatre which is housing one of his plays he has more the manner of a modest understudy than of the author of the piece. But his speech, if laconic, is to the point.

They were rehearsing "Peter Pan" at the Duke of York's when Barrie came and stood in a corner of the stage. An actor who took a prominent part caught sight of him and conceived an idea. Trotting over to the playwright he made a suggestion somewhat in these terms:

"Say, Mr. Barrie, I have been playing my part now for so many years, might I not be featured on the program during the next tour as a reward, a sort of cordon bleu, don't you know?"

"Featured?" said Barrie.

"Yes," said the actor. "Can't I have the word 'and' before my name so that the program will read 'and Mr. Blank?'"

"Why not 'but'"? replied Barrie without moving his eyes a hair's breadth from their steady, far away gaze out into the dark, empty auditorium.

"Every husband ought to make his bride a regular allowance from the start," said Senator Depew at a wedding reception in New York.

"This is but just," he continued, "because from the start every bride finds that she must constantly make allowances for her husband."

AMUSEMENTS

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Monday Evening, August 19th, and Throughout the Week,
LAURETTE TAYLOR,
Forrest Stanley and the Alcazar Company, in
the First Presentation on Any Stage of
BARBARAZA
A Play of Modern Greece by J. Hartley Manners
Prices: Night 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee: Thursday, Saturday, Sunday.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783
Beginning Monday, August 19th,
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Bargain Matinee Wednesday, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00
Fifth Week of the
JAMES K. HACKETT
Season and First Time on Any Stage of
"A MAN ON HORSEBACK"
A New Play by Booth Tarkington.
"Pomander Walk" is coming.

Pantage's Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week of August 18th
A SHOW TO THINK ABOUT!
Jewell's Manikins, Europe's Greatest Novelty; Francesca Redding and Co., Presenting "Honora"; 4 Southern Singing Girls, in Songs of the Sunny South; Williams and Wolfus, Piano Eccentrics; Elsie Schuyler, Singing Comedienne; Cunning, "The Jail Breaker"; Hathaway and Mack, Whirlwind Dancers, and Sunlight Pictures.
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"Do you think, young man, that you could give my daughter all she asks for?" questioned the father grimly.

"I—aw—think so, sir," murmured the lover, "she says she wants only me."

Suicide

By George Maurevert (From the French)

San Romano! What a heavenly place! Here one fully understands the words of Flaubert, "There are some places in this world so beautiful that one has a desire to press them to his heart." What a pity that San Romano resembles an exquisite fruit whose taste is so bitter that we dare not eat it with impunity, since it causes death.

Unfortunately, the joyous peace that lies over the scene does not reign within the hearts of the people. On every side you meet sorrowful faces from whose lips these strange words seem to fall, "Oh, had I only placed it upon seven! The accursed rouge! Ten times in succession it won and I played noir!"

They pay little or no attention to the scenic beauty of San Romano. They are Oedipus in the struggle with the Sphinx Zero. The earth to them seems but as a gigantic roulette and the sky a slate of trente et quarante, for this is the Kingdom of Mammon, the Residence of the Demon Chance.

I, also, was a subject of his for a few months, lost a small fortune and became somewhat gray. One day, I wakened with only twelve francs in my pocket, and I owed the landlord fifteen. So I examined my pistol carefully and made sure that it was well loaded with six bullets, for these would certainly suffice to blow out a brain like mine.

I opened the window. "My last morning" was glorious—the heavens, azure blue; the waves, a shimmering green; and the air heavy with the fragrance of the orange and the violet. I strolled down to the shore so as to once more breathe in the refreshing salt air; then I took a short walk and found that I was hungry. Before returning to the hotel, I bought a paper, the "Anti-San Romano," a sensational weekly edged in black like a mourning letter.

During breakfast, I hastily turned the pages. The heading, "Suicides of the Week," drew my entire attention to it. "Here will also my death be reported within the next few days," I thought without much emotion. I even had a desire to thank the writer of my obituary in advance.

One notice, marked with a heavy black cross, attracted my attention and I read, "Yesterday, the body of Joshua Jacobson, an American, was found hanging from one of the palms that grow upon the terrace. The sum of three thousand francs was in his pockets—naturally!"

Joshua Jacobson, I had know him well—I might say that we had gambled away, side by side, one franc after the other. During the previous evening in the Casino, where he had lost his last penny, he had grasped my hand with much feeling, had looked sadly into my eyes and smiling, said in a low voice, "I am ruined, utterly ruined! Farewell, my friend—" and went out and—hanged himself.

Still, how was it possible that three thousand francs had been found on him and what the devil did that "naturally" mean?

After a few moments, light began to dawn upon me. How stupid not to think of it at once! Of course the proprietors of the Casino had had the money put into his pockets so that we should not think his suicide due to his losses. That was self-evident. Then I began to wonder how much money would be placed in my pockets if I should carry out my intentions and take my life near the Casino. I think I had lost as much money as Jacobson. And then—suddenly an idea rushed into my head faster than the bullet I had intended for it. Excited, but with a light heart, I continued my breakfast. Then I went to the landlord, told him that I would pay him his fifteen francs that evening, "provided," I added, with a sad smile, "that I am still alive."

"My dear sir, we trust you implicitly."

"Then," said I, "please lend me one hundred francs until this evening. I am expecting money from Paris."

"Certainly."

I spent the afternoon on the beach where, after careful deliberation, I planned the various steps of an advantageous suicide.

That evening at nine, I donned my best fitting dress-suit, tied my most elegant cravat and went to the Casino. I made it quite evident I risked my last coin and should have been greatly chagrined had I won. I lost, and assumed first a troubled, then an angry, then a meditative mien.

An attendant, who knew me, became interested in my fate. In low, sad tones, I told him of my ruin. He sympathized with me and sought to comfort me.

"You can still have your traveling expenses home, for the Casino makes it a point of honor to—"

"The way that I go needs no ticket," I interrupted with deep earnestness.

He looked at me, amazed. "You are not in earnest. You are not going to be a fool, I hope."

I remained silent and turned my back on him. Looking about carelessly after several minutes, I noticed the attendants of the Casino watching me. Towards eleven, the crowd of players arose. I went out among the last, hanging my head and looking thoroughly crushed.

The night was glorious. The moon bathed forest and sea in a flood of light. In the distance, I heard violins. Deciding quickly, I directed my steps towards a great bush of rhododendron not far from the Casino, a place that seemed a fit setting for the joke I had planned. My hasty preparations were carried out in the presence of a marble nymph that seemed to smile, then—crack, crack, two shots rang out! I fell, not without care, upon a bench and waited. Voices in the distance came nearer and near, and shadows fell across my closed eyes.

"My God, it is he!"

"How awful, pierced with two bullets!"

Then the voice of the attendant whom I knew, "Hurry! hurry! before anyone comes. Oh, the rascal, couldn't he have done this somewhere else?"

He bent over me and I felt that he slipped something into my pocket.

I almost choked. I groaned twice, slowly opened my eyes, raised myself with great care and looked in astonishment at the crowd. Unconcerned, I took my hat and my still smoking pistol and arose.

The crowd looked on with increasing astonishment. They stared at me as if I were some strange animal.

"This is unheard of!" I said angrily. "One can't even kill himself without causing a sensation."

The attendant who knew me came toward me enraged. "My dear sir, I would—well, you—?" he stammered, confused. "What do you mean by this farce? I shall have you arrested for disturbing the peace."

"Disturbing the peace!" I repeated bitterly. "That is well said; that will become the watchword of the season." And I walked away, dignified but inwardly laughing at the crowd of people who had gathered out of curiosity.

I returned to my hotel and paid my debts out of the three thousand francs earned through my suicide.

The Bank made repeated efforts to collect the money from me, but it never entered my mind to return it, for I considered that it had been legally given to me. Furthermore, I believe that three thousand francs is not too large a fee for a suicide.

To vex them, I lived high for a few days upon the money and then went to Paris. Subsequently, I have heard that the sum bestowed by the Casino of San Romano has been considerably reduced.

Names of Cloths

Muslin is named from Mosul, a city on the banks of the Tigris; cambric from Cambria, a town of France. Gauze is probably derived from Gaza in Syria, although some authorities hold to the Hindu "gazi," meaning thin cloth.

Baize, which is commonly thought of as being of green hue, was named from its original color, a reddish brown. The word is really the plural of "bay," and the color is that of the horse which is known as "bay." A form of the word is common in many tongues.

Damask, quite obviously, is derived from Damascus.

Silk and serge are both derived from the Latin Seres, meaning the Chinese. These fabrics were first imported from that portion of Asia which is now southern China.

Velvet is from the Italian velluto, meaning woolly, this from the Latin vellus, a fleece. Vellum is a derivative of the same root—a pelt or hide.

Bandanna is from the Indian word meaning to 'bind or tie," and has reference to the manner of tying knots in the fabric to prevent the dye from reaching every part thereof. In this way spots are left white and a rude pattern remains in the cloth.

Alpaca comes from the animal of the same name in Peru. It is of the llama species and its wool is used to manufacture the fabric employed in the making of summer garments.

Calico got its name from Calicut, a town in India, once celebrated for its cotton cloth.

The Cost of Beauty of a clear, fresh skin and of a matchless complexion, is the low price of the soap, famous for its purity and good results—

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Fall term begins September 5, 1912.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Apart from some weakness in the technical position of the market which does not affect values though it may influence prices temporarily, the undertone is strong and the outlook unusually hopeful. Good crops of all small grains are assured, and the outlook for the late harvest for corn and cotton improves daily. The street is not worrying about the tariff or politics in general. It has even lost its dread of Congress working some mischief. It has forgotten there is such a thing as the Stanley bill.Business is expanding on all sides and there is more of it in sight for both railroads and industrial corporations than ever before in this country. Coal shipments are enormous, and they go ahead of expansion in manufacturing. The Reading railroad reported that coal movements had assumed enormous proportions, and this business is shared by all the other coalers. Local traction shares were more active in contrast with the general market and Interboro issues rose sharply. Steel stocks looked well to speculators on glowing stories of new business, but some of the minor issues benefitted more than did United States Steel. International Harvester joined them and served to show how little attention is being paid to what Congress is saying and doing. Canadian Pacific made another new high record without any help from London. It is causing sleepless nights for those who have been selling it on the theory that it is out of line with the general market. So are its earnings out of line with those of most of the roads and it has in reserve a gold mine in the shape of unsold land worth nearly $90,000,000. Other transcontinental rails were firmer and higher on restricted sales and even Missouri Pacific rose nearly a point on a fine statement of current earnings. Money was slightly easier in spite of the approach of the crop-moving season and the active demand for commercial accommodations incidental to the general revival of trade. Western banks are said to be in a good position to finance the early stages of the crop movement. Prices on the stock exchange have not been inflated in a way that calls for serious locking up of money. Sterling exchange is still.

Wheat—The wheat market was weak and declining throughout the week, the operators being chiefly impressed by the reports from the Northwest. Spring wheat was favored with the best kind of weather for putting the finishing touches on a crop that progressed steadily from the time of seeding. Many times it was on the eve of damage from black rust and just escaped through favorable turns in the weather. It was scarred in spots, but so slightly that, according to the crop experts, the ultimate outcome, from all present appearances, will be the largest crop the soil of Minnesota and the Dakotas ever produced. The movement to the market of the southwestern winter wheat has been so enormous as to prove the bountifulness of the yield, for it is being marketed this season under no pressure of reciprocity, which was said to be the cause of heavy selling by farmers at the corresponding time the year before. That kind of wheat is now estimated at forty-seven million bushels more than it appeared to be one month ago. Spring wheat is more plentiful than it was in 1911. In Europe last year's wheat appears to have been thoroughly consumed. The importing countries are in immediate need of supplies which they cannot obtain from their home crops because of harvesting being delayed there by wet weather. It will take a long time in the moist climates of those countries to dry the grain sufficiently for milling purposes, and they will in the mean time need large quantities of dry foreign wheat to mix with their own. They cannot at this moment get anywhere else what they need of that description in sufficient quantity and as quickly as from this country, and that they have been and are still taking it freely from here is seen in the recent daily sales for exports. That demand in all probability will fall off in time, but it can almost be depended on to last for another month, though in gradually diminishing volume after about the middle of August. Of course, much will depend on the price remaining at this level, although their immediate necessities might compel foreigners to follow a moderate rise.

Corn—The feature of the corn market has been the strength in the cash market which has in turn been reflected in the September option. While receipts have been moderate the demand is good and there is little if any accumulation at the primary markets. The distant futures have been under pressure and have declined owing to the more favorable outlook for the growing crop. The Government figures were about as expected, showing a crop of around 2,800,000,000 bushels. Rain has fallen generally in all the corn States and while the crop is said to be anywhere from one week to a month late barring an early frost it looks as if we shall have a big corn crop. May corn at these figures does not look high but when everything else is taken into consideration, namely the large oat crop, the enormous hay crop, (in fact all kinds of forage crops are large this year), the demand for corn will not be as great as in previous years and it looks to us as if 50 cent corn will look high a little later on.

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Cotton—The week was a very favorable one to the crop, progress in growth and fruiting being noted in all important cotton States, and in many sections the advancement has been marked. Complaints of deterioration were received from parts of central, southern and southwestern Texas where little or no rain has fallen in several weeks, but with this exception the improvement was universal. Generous rains fell in all districts save those noted and supplied moisture when most needed. With local exception the precipitation was not heavy, and there were only a few complaints of excessive moisture. Temperatures were lower and the plant was relieved of the strain of both drought and heat. The subnormal temperatures did not continue long enough to affect the crop adversely. In States east of the Mississippi river the plant for the first time this season is fruiting and growing rapidly. The development seems to have been nearly all that could have been expected, but it is worthy of note that the plant is still quite small over large areas and cannot under any conditions mature to full crop. The crop is nearly all "laid by" and fields are generally clean. With the supply of moisture now in the soil growth for the next two weeks should be rapid, and unless there is a marked excess of rainfall the plant will set much fruit. Cotton is opening very fast in southern Texas and very slowly elsewhere, open bolls in most places being a rarity. The cotton caterpillar has entirely defoliated some fields in southern Texas and is reported as far north in that State as Quitman. Boll weevils are decidedly more numerous in Mississippi but there is little complaint elsewhere.

The Strangler

(Continued from Page 6.)

as if something melted in his voice, he said, gently:

"Don't cry, little brat, don't cry! I didn't mean to hurt you, upon my word! Only don't touch the spade or lean over the well! I won't push you any more."

She smiled through her tears, consoled at once.

"Then pick me some geraniums and I won't cry any more."

He picked the flowers; he awkwardly handed them to her. She took them, and with a pretty gesture fastened the red bouquet to her frock, against her snowy little throat. She said gaily:

"Isn't that pretty, against my white skin? It's as red as blood!"

The man buried his livid face in his big, knotty hands so as not to see. Trembling, he moaned like a wounded animal:

"Take off the red! Take off the red!"

Liline threw away the flowers, and her eyes again filled with tears. When the man opened his eyes he no longer saw the red flowers upon the snowy throat. Then he bent down toward her, tried to smile, with a strange grimace, and softened his voice, burnt by corrosives.

"Don't cry any more. It is all right now—now that I don't see red. And I'm going to be good—like Grelu. But don't cry, little one! I don't want you to cry any more."

Bending down, with a sheepish submission, he timidly caressed the fine, golden hair with his big, knotty fingers. All at once there was a sound of mad galloping upon the road. Haggardly the man lifted himself up, sprang away, and hid himself in a corner of the garden. Somebody shook the door and an anxious voice cried:

"Liline, are you there?"

"Yes, papa!"

"Open the door for me! Open it at once!"

"I can't! You know very well that the bolt is too high for me!"

"How did you shut the door?"

"I didn't do it, papa. It was he who shut it."

"Who is that?" said the terrified voice.

"He—the prisoner. I don't know his name."

There was a cry of anguish. But Liline turned quietly, as if to tell the man to answer, and was astonished to see him backed up against the wall drawn together like a bull about to charge.

"No, no," she said, vexed, "don't look at the flowers or at the well, and don't pick up the spade, as all those things make you bad!"

Outside they were shaking the door with desperate thrusts of their shoulders. Then Liline tripped lightly over to the man, took hold of his blouse again and said coaxingly:

"The door ought to be opened for papa! You promised me to be good, like Grelu—and, the very first thing, you must put down the spade or else I'm going to cry!"

Livid, with his whole body shaking, the man looked into the clear eyes raised to his. There were two tears in those eyes. Then he moaned heavily like a conquered beast, and threw down the spade. Liline glided her little hand into the man's great, rough paw, and led him toward the door. She began to skip again and said gaily:

"You see, I'm too little! You must draw the bolt yourself!"

He raised his hand, hesitated for a second, then suddenly, with a single movement, he drew the bolt.

There was a rush of three keepers, who threw themselves upon the man in gray linen and overpowered him, while a fourth man, the jailor, seized the little girl and drew her feverishly to his breast. But when Liline saw that they were all fiercely pushing the man whom they had bound, driving him to the prison with kicks and blows, she began to sob:

"Papa, I don't want them to beat him! He has been playing with me. I can assure you that he is not a wicked man. Papa, I don't want to have them beat him!"

The jailor shrugged his shoulders impatiently and said:

"Be quiet, little goosey! That's the Strangler!"

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

was $5,700. As Jack was a union miner we paid him off at the rate of four dollars a day."

Tim pondered again.

"At that," he said, "Jack Munro had it on Mexican Pete."

"What about Mexican Pete?" I queried.

"Mexican Pete was matched to fight Jeff once, and I was hired to train him. He trained out at Jim Carr's place at the end of Sutter street. The conductors and gripmen used to hang out there. Big Joe Kennedy was Pete's sparring partner. One day while they were sparring a conductor said to me:

"'Which one is Mexican Pete?'

"'The black fellow,' I told him.

"'Why don't you have him get sick and let the other fellow take his place?'

"That was sort of discouraging. Besides, it was the time of the Spanish-American war and I had to get the Mexican a flag of truce so he could run through the Presidio.

"The fight took place at the Olympic Club. Before Pete went into the ring he was very nervous. He looked as though he wasn't going to make it, so I got him a bottle of brandy. After Pete had drank several jolts of the brandy he asked me for a knife. He wanted to stab Jeff.

"What Jeff did to him was a shame. After they packed Pete out and laid him on a table Jeff went to take a plunge and when he jumped into the tank he shook the building. Immediately Pete came out of his trance and jumped off the table.

"'Don't be afraid, Pete,' I told him; 'it's all right. The big fellow's not coming back after you.'"

"Speaking of Jeffries," I interrupted, "was there anything in that story that Jeff thought the Reno fight was fixed until the last day or two?"

"Nothing in it," said Tim. "Who could have fixed it? Sam Berger might sell somebody a necktie, but there was nobody to pull off a big event."

"Pardon me, madame."

"For what?"

"I inadvertently jabbed my eye into your jeweled hatpin."

George Ade, at the recent Lambs' gambol in New York, objected to the extravagance of the modern wife. "It is true that the married men of today," he ended, "have better halves, but bachelors have better quarters."



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WINIFRED McGOWAN, also known as WINNIFRED McGOWAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Messrs. Lent & Humphrey, Room 428 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased.

THOMAS J. McGOWAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3, 1912.
LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for said Administrator, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

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Alcohol in Mythology

The poet had just written "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

"What a jag for Argus," we commented.

Herewith he decided we lacked the poetic temperament.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,652; Department No. 7.

MAE J. RINEY, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3d day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

O. J. FRITZ, Atty. for Plaintiff.
428 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LINEHAN-ARENDT CO., Plaintiff, vs. F. S. DOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: F. S. DOW, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

DONAHUE & GALE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 8-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 43,036; Department No. 10.

LOU ETTA WILMOTH, Plaintiff, vs. HOWARD WELLINGTON WILMOTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Howard Wellington Wilmoth, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ, Atty. for Plaintiff.
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERNARD ALFRED DOBBAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, deceased.

CAMILLE JOSEPHINE DOBBAS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3rd, A. D. 1912.
A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Administratrix, No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

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Letters

Whitewash for Joaquin Murietta

In these days of the Apologists, when every tyrant, criminal and malefactor of whom history makes record can claim his champion to explain, excuse and vindicate his course of conduct, the only wonder is that Joaquin Murietta has been left so long neglected. However, thanks to Carl Gray, he too can now take his place amongst the white-robed throng of patriots and wear his halo with the other rehabilitated sinners. Beyond the mere fact that for years Murietta led a bandit horde of murderers and horse thieves that terrorized California in the early days, nothing definite seems to be known of him. No authentic and uncontradicted account of his birth or early youth appears to be extant; descriptions of his appearance do not corroborate one another, and accounts of his death vary in regard to time, place and manner. It is within the bounds of probability that he and his band have been credited with a full share of the wild doings of other outlaws, but there is no doubt that during the years of his activity he managed to establish a reign of terror over the State. According to Mr. Gray's conception, Murietta was of noble descent if obscure birth, a gentle, high-minded, scholarly youth dedicated to the service of the church from birth, a devoted son and a privileged protege of one of the fathers at the Santa Barbara Mission. Father Ferrara, however, believed that it was a mistake to immure all the brightest minds within monasteries, and quietly, imperceptibly but surely he directed the boy's attention towards the secular life. When he reached the age at which he was to have departed for Mexico to pursue his theological studies he was unwilling to go, and his objections were abetted by the priest, notwithstanding the remonstrances and tragic prophecies of the mother, that no good would come of robbing the church. Senora Murietta proved herself a true prophet, for ere long her favorite son found himself in jail with strong circumstantial evidence against him to back up an accusation of horse stealing, and, escaped from the calabosa, he eloped with the charming daughter and sole heiress of one of the southern dons, so that between the criminal charge hanging over his head and the wrath of the outraged parent, Southern California furnished no refuge. With his bride and his friend he betook him to the foothills near San Francisco where, living an ideal life and working a placer claim, they were accumulating the means which would enable them to escape to Mexico, when a band of Americanos headed by a renegade Englishman, discovered their retreat, killed the friend, left Murietta for dead, and worked their will upon the defenceless woman. On recovering from his injuries Joaquin Murietta set about avenging the wanton injury done him. The band of outlaws which he collected about him, and the inaccessible retreat which they guarded are described at some length, as likewise the yearly celebration of their leader's birthday, a grand public fiesta, but as far as the reader is enlightened, the worst of their depredations might have been no more than robbing a hen roost. Though the sub-title is "A Tale of Old California," except for a few historical and geographical names and a little bad Spanish—one never knows whether to blame author or proof reader for that—the scenes might as well have been laid anywhere else. It is an ugly trait of the much lauded New England conscience that the descendants of the godly Puritans have never been disabused of the idea that the earth is theirs and dark-skinned natives of any nationality have neither rights, laws nor customs which these lordly invaders are bound to respect. Nevertheless, when Murietta turned from a law abiding and God fearing youth to a bloodthirsty bandit, it was on account of the injury done to his wife, so it is a bit disillusioning to have him accumulate two more before his end. Mr. Gray tells us that the robbers' roost was illuminated by tallow candles set in old tomato cans, which raises the query why, when all the products of the earth are canned, and combinations and variations of them add to the number, no one, by any possibility, ever sees anything besides a tomato can. However, if the author had consulted his grandmother just there, she would have been able to tell him that not only was the whole canning process a vision of the far future in the days of Murietta, but the human stomach was on distant terms with the "love apple." Better men than Murietta were content to stand their candles, when they had any, in gobs of their own grease. Despite its faults, "A Plaything of the Gods" is readable, and there is a fine flavor of old time justice and morality in the idea that the misfortunes of the hero's life were due to the violation of the vow taken in his name. Sherman French and Co. of Boston are its sponsors.

Why He Was Sad

"No," declared the young man, with a touch of sadness in his voice; "it may be that some day I shall be happy, but at present it is beyond me."

His companions were interested.

"There is a girl I love dearly," he continued. "She would have me if I asked her, but I dare not. I really cannot marry and live on a thousand a year."

Consternation and pity were depicted on the faces of his friends.

"You can't marry on a thousand a year?" asked one. "Why not?"

"Why not?" echoed the youth. "Simply because I haven't the thousand!"

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XX. No. 1044 SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 24, 1912 PRICE, 10 CENTS



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TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Our Burden of Taxation

Town Talk has been a voice in the wilderness for some months crying out a warning against increasing the burden of the taxpayers of San Francisco. Now we rejoice that we are no longer a soloist. Comes the Chronicle with the observation that there is danger of taxing business out of San Francisco. There is also the danger of taxing poor people out of their homes. As the Chronicle says, we have found deficits in the garbage-plant fund, in the hospital fund and in the auxiliary fire department fund; also, "there is a leakage in the protection system of over 100,000 gallons a day, and water pumped to the top of Twin Peaks costs money." And this is not all, as the Chronicle may learn on investigation. It will be found in the course of time that the cost of the Hetch-Hetchy project will exceed the official estimate by about one-half. It will also be found that we have not raised half enough money to build the civic center. San Francisco is paying the penalty of an inordinate appetite for reform. It is a far cry from the halcyon days of Mr. Crothers to the bad days of Deacon Fitch; from the Charter in its efflorescence to the Consolidation Act in its expiring moments; but oh, for a little less of the current dispensation with its brilliant promise and bonded debt! and oh, for a little more of Boss Buckley and his dollar limit! Many years ago the people of Washington, D. C., after much bitter experience of purity of government recalled a boss whom they had driven into exile with their dithyrambic maledictions on his head. Who knows but that some day in the not distant future the people of San Francisco may pray for a recrudescence of Buckleyism! Boss Buckley gave us solid nines, but he also gave us eight years of Pond and Bartlet, the most competent mayors that San Francisco ever knew. He also gave away franchises—the rascal!—and San Francisco expanded under them and taxes never exceeded one dollar on the hundred, though it was in the bad days of Buckley that San Francisco paid off most of its bonded debt. Then came the Hon. James D. Phelan with his new Charter, and taxes began to soar. They have been soaring ever since. It is the good reformer who establishes the precedents that put money into the purse of the practical politicians. Every new precedent for the expenditure of money is a rat-hole in the dyke. The immoral jobholder is afraid to establish a precedent, but he has no hesitation in taking advantage of the precedents of his predecessors. This in brief is the story of municipal extravagance and incompetency.

Johnson's Solicitude for the Insane

Our contemporary the Call has become unreasonable in its animadversions on the Johnson administration. After complaining of the extravagance of the Governor's rule by proxy, the Call finds fault with his hired men for experimenting in economy at Napa. Now this is manifestly unjust. If we are to have economy in State affairs there is no safer place to begin than in an asylum for the insane. The reason is obvious. And if the economists have hit upon food as the thing to make less expensive to the taxpayers of the State, assuredly there are no guests of the State whose appetite is of so little consequence as those who are unable to appreciate good food and an abundance of cheer. In support of our position we refer our readers to that famous work the Physiologie du Gout of that premier gastronomer M. Brillat-Savarin. According to our esteemed authority, in his chapter on Gastronomic Tests, persons whose eyes remain dull, their faces expressionless, when a good dish is set before them are undeserving of having treasures of the culinary art lavished on them. In other words you might as well give a mad man bread and molasses, which is the staple of diet at Napa, as to set before him a large fillet of veal well larded with bacon and done in its own gravy. Again, the celebrated author of the delicious mot that the discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet, tells us that an appetite such as one gets from the sight of an enormous fowl stuffed to repletion with truffles, causes commotion in the whole alimentary system: the gastric juices become active and all the digestive powers are up in arms like soldiers ready for action, waiting for the word of command. As it is important that insane people should not be excited, it is evident that Lieutenant Neylan himself an epicure ever since he got attached to the public crib, is doing the right thing by the afflicted wards of the State at Napa. Neylan knows better than to threaten the Napa asylum with gout. Knows also, does Neylan, that when Governor Johnson coined the aphorism that a man must eat, he meant a man sound of mind and capable of appreciating cutlets a la soubise or a river pike smothered in a cream of prawns. In all the circumstances of the matter we are surprised that Governor Johnson should call the Call a liar while admitting that he knows nothing of the food at the asylum. He ought to defend his Administration on the ground of his tender solicitude for the insane.

The National Habit

Editorial blasts of indignation have been sweeping over the country ever since the great self-governing American flabbergullion heard the astounding news of graft in the New York police department. The newspapers have been roused to a high pitch of excitement by this tremendous scandal. It is evident that they regard it as extraordinary. Apparently there is a new thrill in it for the virtuous press. A stranger from a strange land reading what the newspapers are saying about graft in the police department of the American Babylon might receive the impression that corruption in municipal government is something exotic to this land of the free and home of the brave. And what the good citizens of New York are doing might deepen this impression. The good citizens of New York have resolved themselves into Vigilantes for the purpose of putting an end to corruption. The explanation of it all is that we are a preposterously optimistic people hopelessly addicted to cant. We are starting new eras of virtue every week. The wickedness that is exposed in the morning papers is abolished by their evening contemporaries. Of course the New York scandal is nothing more than a fresh manifestation of a national trait. But what is the use of letting ourselves be shocked by a daily occurrence? Why roll our eyes in horror at the commonplace? Why talk of extirpating what is ingrained? Doubtless the Vigilantes of New York are sincere enough, but they are merely a fresh supply of incipient reformers, of adolescent prophets of public righteousness, undertaking the time-honored mission of civic salvation. They will clear a few hurdles of holiness on the moral track, and some of them will thus qualify for political jobs and furnish the scandals of the next administration. So it goes. The reformer of today is the crook of tomorrow; not only in New York, but wherever the flag floats. Nor is New York the only city in the throes of a graft scandal. In Detroit, Atlantic City and half a dozen other communities there are men under in-

dictment for crimes committed in public office. If we had a temple to be closed only when virtue reigned supreme in public office it would have been wide open for twenty consecutive years. It is not pleasant to acknowledge to ourselves that corruption is widespread and continuous, but it might be better to come to a realization of the truth than to cultivate at intervals a serene sense of public trust well reposed or to waste time trying to make righteousness popular by statutory enactment.

Morality Without Religion

By this time even the most superficial of observers ought to be able to see that there is something fundamentally wrong with the state of society in this land where crooks and reformers, patriots and knaves, have become convertible terms. We are a hortatory people, much concerned about the public conscience, full of generous illusions and given to rhetorical praise of lofty ideals that have great attraction for the youthful imagination; but the sole object of our government is the gratification of the materialistic desires of the masses. Our leaders of public thought tell us our troubles are wholly economic in their nature, and that they can be reached by some vague governmental process designed to pass prosperity around; and these men by their very schemes of improvement seek to make wholesale dishonesty a public virtue. Now the widespread sordid dishonesty of public servants is not the most shocking of the political phenomena of our times. Much more shocking is the intellectual dishonesty of our leaders of public thought who are preaching the doctrine that might is right. We have reached a point where the most transparent humbuggery is sanctified by a label that represents it to be "what the people should have." Under the tutelage of men whom we accept as our moral guides, the people themselves by appeals to their selfishness are becoming accessories to enormous injustice, and they are building up a government that promises to be a colossal skin-game. The great standing policy of civic society is justice. It is the life, the essential of all good government, yet we are being taught to cast aside its fundamental principle of impartiality and make it wholly a matter of might. Assuredly there is something fundamentally wrong in a country where men are glorified for preaching dishonesty, where there is no rascal too vile to be made an outcast of society if he can get himself in the public eye in the guise of a friend of the people. Perhaps in the midst of our materialism we have parted company with the eternal inner fact of the universe. "In the center of the world-whirlwind," says Carlyle, "verily now as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God." Of this fact, strange as it may appear, the people of this country, steeped in plenty, enervated by a lust for pleasure, greatly need to be reminded. Perhaps it would be well for them to have it impressed upon them that religion is the spice essential to the preserving of life from corruption. Strong for morality are the people, and thus they seem to be a living exemplification of what has often been said,—that morality which is divorced from godliness, however specious and captivating to the eye, is superficial and deceptive. There is little of enthusiasm for religion in this country. To the masses of the people the spiritual world has no meaning. The dissemination of that greatest of all evils, "a little learning," has made men superficial and the masses sceptical. We have developed among us an individualistic gospel, a doctrine that every man should help himself and that if he fails it is his own fault. We have a lot of sanctimonious worldliness in the churches, but nowhere is there any concern for the deeper, inner nature of man. The soul is approached through the formulas of psychology, and morality is a matter of each man's conscience reinforced by the principle of expediency. We try to make men better by abating temptation. On the same principle we might try to make a child brave by rendering him ignorant of danger; or a man chaste by qualifying him for a job in a harem. Among a people where there is little reverence for God, how absurd to expect the institutions of the country to be held sacred! When honor and decency have no better recommendation than consideration of the general good it is not to be wondered at that individuals frequently deem dishonesty the best policy for themselves. And after all if man-made law has no higher sanction than the will of the majority, what is there in the nature of man to constrain him to obedience? Of course there will be a revival of religious feeling. At intervals the world forgets God, but God is never unmindful of the world.

Lincoln and Roosevelt—A Contrast

Nowadays the people think more of their idol than of their God, and their idol is Theodore Roosevelt. To him they look for the precepts of their morality. He is their light and their hope. From him comes the stimulus to all things pertaining to the welfare of the body; but of stimulus to spiritual improvement, nothing at all. Yet he insists on likening himself unto Abraham Lincoln. Between Lincoln and Roosevelt there was the essential difference between the faith of the Puritan which is confined to the head and the faith of the lover of God's handiwork which sanctifies the heart and warms the soul with sublime ideas and lofty conceptions. Between them there was also the difference of their times. In Lincoln's day there was still in this country much of the religious sentiment that is to be found expressed in nearly all State papers from the very foundation of the Republic, from the time of Washington, who so often invoked divine blessing, and who told the people that "reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles." Fancy a statesman of today giving utterance to such a sentiment! Or fancy a political orator telling the people in the language of Daniel Webster that he did not know what was to become of us as a nation "if religious books were not circulated among the masses and if the people did not become more religious"! The people of these times are too smart to take seriously the preachings of their forefathers. But when they hear the Colonel say that it's good to be good and bad to be bad they applaud with all their fists. They accept the sentiment as the Gospel of Theodore, who, in all his public career, has never had the generosity to acknowledge God except in Thanksgiving Day proclamations which custom required him to write. Let us observe how in his characteristic unwavering loyalty to self he marks the difference between himself and Lincoln. Let us consult Lincoln at random in a few of his papers. Accepting the nomination for the Presidency on May 23, 1860, Lincoln implored "the assistance of Divine Providence." In an address at Springfield February 11, 1861, he said, "Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him (Washington) I cannot succeed." In an address to the Legislature at Columbus, February 13, 1861, he said: "I turn and look to the great American people and to that God who has never forsaken them"; and again: "All we want is time, patience and a reliance on that God who has never forsaken this people." In his first inaugural address he said: "If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with his eternal truth and justice be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail"; also, "Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land," etc. In his message to Congress December 3, 1861, he wrote: "In the midst of unprecedented political troubles we have cause of great gratitude to God for unusual good health and abundant harvests." In a proclamation May 19, 1862, he wrote: "So much good has not been done by one effort in all past time as in the providence of God it is now your high privilege to do." In his annual message, December 1, 1862, he wrote: "While it has not pleased the Almighty to bless us with a return of peace, we can but press on, guided by the best light He gives us, trusting that in His good time and wise way, all will yet be well." Lincoln closed the Emancipation Proclamation with these words: "I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God." To James C. Conkling, August 26, 1863, he wrote: "Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in His own good time, will give us the rightful result." In his Gettysburg address he exhorted his hearers to resolve that the nation should have a new birth of freedom "under God." He closed an address at a Fair, March 18, 1864, with these words: "I will close by saying, God bless the women of America." And there were no votes by women in those days. Had we the space we could fill the page with similar sentiments from the lips and pen of Abraham Lincoln. Where are such sentiments to be found in the works of Theodore Roosevelt? The pres-

ent idol of the American people is typical of the people. He is a man devoid of spiritual insight, a man with an eye exclusively for externals, the very kind of man that has appeared on the earth at intervals in the world's history to scourge nations, never to lead them to great triumphs.

Colonel Facing-Both-Ways

The leading Socialist organ of the United States says that the Roosevelt platform "involving everything practically known as 'State Socialism'" will "attract thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands of voters whose ballots would have been cast for the Socialist candidate had Theodore not entered the field in this manner." Nevertheless the Socialist organ is not at all displeased. It says: "If we cannot immediately rend the capitalist system to pieces, we can force its champions to do the preliminary tearing and shredding of the rotten old system, and it is not altogether an unpleasant sign to behold." The Colonel has manoeuvred himself into a very happy position; he is acceptable at once to the Socialists and to their enemies. A curiously equivocal position is the Colonel's, and the anomaly of it becomes all the more interesting when we reflect that while the Socialists are for him, thinking it to be his purpose to tear the fabric of government to tatters, their enemies are for him being convinced that his plan is one of conciliation by deception. Mr. Charles Wheeler, ardent disciple of the man whom he likens unto Peter the Hermit, summed the matter up some time ago when he said it was necessary to save the country from Socialism by electing Mr. Roosevelt, as he was the only man able to gain the confidence of Socialists and Anarchists. But fully to appreciate the Colonel's bewildering versatility we must consider that notwithstanding his success as a political strategist there are thousands of people for him on no other theory than that he is not a politician. Indeed his most enthusiastic supporters are men and women who believe that he despises politicians. The Colonel is a wonderful man with genius for reducing a lie to practice. If he is not a politician, he certainly seems to bear out Shakespeare's definition of one—a man that would circumvent God. But with all his skill in the science of exigencies, in the art of cheating, in the business of double-dealing, how much more exalted a personage he would be did he take as much pains to be what he ought as to disguise what he is. And after all is not the popularity of the Colonel due as much to the perversity of a large element of the people as to his talent for deception? Human nature is the Colonel's coadjutor, for, as we know, "mankind in the gross is a gaping monster that loves to be deceived and is seldom disappointed." This is a circumstance greatly in the Colonel's favor, and there is the equally propitious circumstance that success in intellectual dishonesty is as much admired by the American people as any other kind of success. The very art of the demagogue has come to be admired among us. What is a political platform but a species of deception? And do we not applaud the ingenuity with which politicians construct platforms to cozen voters? This cheating has become so old a story that the Colonel to improve upon it calls his platform a "covenant with the people," and adopts it to the tune of the Doxology. Having made a virtue of insincerity, he takes to religion for the first time in his career, borrowing a shibboleth from the Bible to sanctify deceit that it may with propriety facilitate the violation of the most sacred obligations. Yet it is hard to say whether the Colonel is more admired for what he is than for what he pretends to be.

A Mortgaged Inheritance

By Anna Bunston

There is a land whose streams did wind
  More winningly than these,
Where finer shadows played behind
  The clean-stemmed beechen trees.
The maidens there were deeper eyed,
  The lads more swift and fair,
And angels walked at each one's side—
  Would God that I were there!

Here daffodils are dressed in gold
  But there they wore the sun,
And here the blooms are bought and sold
  But there God gave each one.
There all roads led to fairyland
  That here do lead to care,
And stars were lamps on Heaven's strand—
  Would God that I were there!

Here worship crawls upon her course
  But there with larks would cope,
And here her voice with doubt is hoarse
  But there was sweet with hope.
O Land of Peace! my spirit dies
  For thy once tasted air,
O earliest Loss! O latest Prize!—
  Would God that I were there!

Perspective Impressions

There is more monologue than Decalogue in the Bull Moose sermons.

Gibbon on the political situation; or what the historian may say of Teddy: "The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the provincials of Gaul; his moral virtues and military talents were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity." (Decline and Fall.)

We are getting tired of these Joans of Arc that bob up every week either in suffrage circles or in Mexican sham battles.

The acquittal of Darrow probably means that it is worse to deal with an informer than to bribe a jury.

David Starr Jordan standing in with the seal slaughterers? Nonsense! Prexy Dave loves the seals and hates their sordid destroyers. 'Pon his soul he does.

Gasoline having become one of the necessaries of life, the price is soaring, and many automobilists will have to put a second mortgage on their homes or else abandon the machine that occasioned the first plaster.

Another statue is to be erected in Golden Gate Park. After a while we shall begin cutting down trees to make room for the sculptures.

An attorney by the name of O'Connell has advised the Supervisors that if they purchase the Spring Valley system for $38,500,000 they will give the death-blow to the public ownership principle in San Francisco. That's the best reason we've heard yet for putting the deal through.

The press despatch from Reno to the effect that chanticleer has made himself a nuisance to the ladies of the divorce colony who have asked the authorities to interdict the crowing of the cocks was probably written by that droll humorist Sam Davis in the hope of inducing other wits to make appropriate remarks.

Judging from the devotion of Marjorie Moreland Nat Goodwin's ante-marital fascinations are as strong as ever.

Editor Earle predicts that Governor Johnson will be the Progressive candidate in 1916. Town Talk ventures the prediction that the leading Progressives will be fighting like cats and dogs before the end of 1913, and to vindicate its confidence in its power of vaticination will bet the price of a year's subscription against a fraction of the profits of Earle's sinning that the prophecy will come true.

The New York Sun says that the Panama Canal bill violates the spirit and letter of a treaty in which the honor and good faith of the nation are pledged; discriminates between citizens of this country, providing that some may use the canal and denying the privilege to others: seeks to confer on an executive commission the power to legislate. All of which is true, but why halt at treaty obligations, or the rights of the minority, or the Constitution, at a time when Progressiveness is in the air?

Correspondence

Politeness—An Englishman's Lecture

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Far away from my home I find that the habit which you Americans say is strong in all Englishmen is not to be shaken off. I must write to the press. As San Francisco has no Saturday Review I write to Town Talk. What I wish to talk about is the strange behaviour of people in your hotel dining rooms. I have noticed that when a person stops at a table to talk to friends, the friends rise to their feet and keep standing during the conversation. I have inquired about this because it makes me nervous to see people on their feet letting their food get cold. I have been told that it is an act of courtesy imported from Europe. If it has no other recommendation it should be discontinued, as no such practice is carried on anywhere in Europe unless it be by touring Americans. In London when a person visits at your table, if he is a stranger and is introduced it is but proper to rise for the introduction, but you all do not keep standing. You invite the visitor to sit down. It is perfectly proper to sit while talking to a standing friend, for you must assume that he would not be so boorish as to expect you to desert your meal to pay him a mere courtesy. The practice as I have seen it carried on in this city is distressing to observers who are made nervous waiting for the session to come to an end. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It is kindness or it may be fictitious benevolence in small things, or self-denial, or consideration of others. The courtesy I have been speaking of is none of these things. It is a stiff civility, which is never true politeness. It is not even good sense, and good sense is an essential of all forms of politeness. Pardon me for appearing to be didactic among people whom I am visiting. I know I write at the hazard of being suspected of presuming to teach manners to people whose manners are their own business. Perhaps I will be told that the essence of politeness is to do in Rome as the Romans do. My excuse is that I am told you are imitating the manners of Europe. I know you are not.

Respectfully,

—A Globe-trotter.

Mary Austin Explains

456 Riverside Drive, N. Y.,
August 12, 1912.

Editor Town Talk, San Francisco, Dear Sir: Never did I feel my typewriter—on which you will admit I am a fairly fluent performer—so fail me as on reading your interesting allegation as to the autobiographical character of my forthcoming novel, A Woman of Genius.

Of course I should like tremendously to be thought a genius, even bearing in mind that a genius is not in the least what the people who use that term oftenest, think it is; and I begin to believe that I must be if I can write a piece of pure fiction which the perspicacious editor of Town Talk can mistake for a personal confession. It is a great compliment, and I am trying to take it that way, but if you read the novel quite on to the end, as I hope you will soon have an opportunity of doing, you will discover several reasons why I shouldn't want the personality of the heroine confounded with my own. And besides, if I wanted to say I am a genius, I should say so right out—indirection not being one of the weaknesses I am charged with. But since I infer that you put the two things in opposition, I couldn't be a genius, for though I do not recollect that I ever made sixteen pies in a morning, I can bake very good pies, which would put me completely out of the running.

Moreover, if you will only stop to consider, it is a matter of personal advantage for readers to unite in squashing any suspicion of autobiography in a novel. Think what a lot of good reading you will miss if I feel beforehand that I am to be saddled with all the sins of my heroines!

All the rest is true I think, about my not writing any more about the desert, and about my coming home to vote the Progressive ticket and being jolly well pleased to get there.

Good Hunting to you!

—Mary Austin.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Aviation in the Sahara

The French have established a station on the northern edge of the Sahara near Biskra to study air flights in the desert, not only between neighboring oases but eventually, as they hope, clear across the great waste to French posts in the western Sudan. Their intention is to make a study of the best route across the desert by way of oases, to be used as stopping and supply stations. At each halting place in the Sahara repair shops and full supplies of aeroplane stores are to be maintained. Such an enterprise involves great problems. Some stations in the oases will be far apart and an accident might leave an aviator stranded in the desert eighty or a hundred miles from a place of succor. In such an event his case, the French admit, would be hopeless. They say that airships should not be sent on the journey across the Sahara except in groups of three. If such an accident occurs one or two of the airships would go on to the nearest station. The French are now maintaining as mounts at all their desert stations a supply of specially trained fleet camels, and with their aid relief could rapidly be taken to the scene of an accident.

France and the Vatican

It is being said in Paris and Rome that France may seek to re-establish friendly relations with the Pope. The report has been denied in Rome, but the story persists. It seems that France recognizes the need of Papal friendship. The Morocco missions, for one thing, are maintained by Spanish priests, and this is a source of embarrassment to the republic. France, too, is the traditional protector of Christians in the Orient. The fact that since the wave of anti-clericalism swept over French politics this protection has been discontinued has caused considerable loss of French prestige among Oriental and Mohammedan peoples. It is being said that Poincare, the French prime minister, is alive to the advantages which would follow some sort of friendly understanding with the Vatican and that he is eager to bring it about. So the pendulum may begin to swing the other way in France, and the Church may come back to her own.

Where Icarus Died

As Joe Redding, who has read his Ovid knows, Daedalus couldn't escape from the island of Crete because Minos kept strict watch on all the vessels. So Daedalus made wings for himself and his son Icarus, and they flew away. They passed Samos and Delos on the left and Lebynthos on the right. But Icarus flew too near the sun, the wax melted and his wings fell off. The poor boy was drowned in the sea. Daedalus buried him on an island which he called Icaria in memory of the lad. That was a long time ago. Today the island of Icaria or Nicaria, as it is also called, is one of the least important in the Aegean Sea. It is occupied almost solely by charcoal burners of Greek nationality. The principal town is Mesaria which has about two hundred houses. Turkish officials ruled the Greeks and exacted an annual triubte for the Pasha of Rhodes. But the other day the Greeks threw off the Turkish yoke and proclaimed their independence. They imprisoned all the Turkish officials. They could do this because Turkey is too busy fighting Italy to bother about a little place like the island where Icarus is buried.

Suffrage and Sex Questions

Attention is being called in the London papers to what Mrs. Humphrey Ward has designated the "dark and dangerous" side of suffrage. The suffragette societies are charged with lending their support to papers in which the conventional views of morality are ridiculed, sex war is encouraged and free love advocated. It has been shown that the "Free Woman," a paper which publishes many objectionable articles, has been indorsed by the suffragette societies. The nature of the articles in the "Free Woman" may be judged from their titles: "The Children of the State," "The Immorality of the Marriage Contract," "Comrade Love," "Problems of Celibacy," "Spinsters and Art," "Sex Equality," "Endowment of Motherhood," "Neomalthusianism" and "The Right to Love." Book shops devoted to the literature of the suffrage movement sell books which, it is said, are of such a kind that they cannot be quoted from in a newspaper.

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Varied Types

LXXXVIII—EDWARD CURTIS

By Edward F. O'Day

I was not exactly overwhelmed by surprise to hear that there were a lot of spurious masterpieces in San Francisco. I had suspected as much. Why not? The greatest expert in the world, Dr. Bode of Berlin, was fooled with a fake da Vinci bust. The utterers of counterfeits dupe Pierpont Morgan once a month. Even the great Henry E. Huntington paid fifty thousand for a Gutenberg Bible which was not a Gutenberg. So why shouldn't our unsophisticated connoisseurs of San Francisco, our ingenuous splurgers in art, our gullible esthetes who go blindly bargaining with open check books, why shouldn't they fall victims to the wiles of the gold brick operators? Most natural thing in the world. Not being a hunter of old masters myself I refrained from fainting with confusion when I learned that every private gallery in San Francisco and hereabout sheltered canvasses not worth their weight in tent cloth.

But I was a bit doubtful when I got the information from an auctioneer. Auctioneers are a race apart. Every man's hand is against the auctioneer at some time or another. His hammer never falls that it doesn't bruise a hundred itching fingers. His "Sold!" is never bellowed that it doesn't buy a score of animosities. And so, when an auctioneer impugns the intelligence of those who have sat before his rostrum, when he suggests that they don't know everything, the insulted will naturally protrude the nether lip and pass on, sneering:

"What does he know about art?"

Auctioneer Ed Curtis knows oodles about art. Auctioneer Ed Curtis has knocked down everything in his fifty years with the hammer from stallions to McGuffey's Fifth Readers. But art is the hobby of Major Curtis, (he's a "chiv" and they call him "Major" at the Southern Club).

Years ago in New Orleans bitter experience taught him that it was money in the purse to know about art. That was the time he received a picture as "lagniappe" and sold it for five hundred dollars to an expert who let Mrs. Potter Palmer have it for twenty-five thousand. It happened to be a Van Dyke, and the expert knew it while Curtis did not. But the transaction impressed upon him the desirability of knowing a masterpiece when it was stuck under his nose.

There are people in San Francisco who will insist that Ed Curtis is just as far away from art knowledge now as he was then. But I have a shrewd suspicion that they are the people who will be chiefly interested in the following little colloquy I had with him.

"Do you remember that loan exhibition at the Palace?" I asked him.

"Very well, indeed," he answered.

"All the pictures bore great names," I reminded. "Were they all genuine?"

Major Curtis has been judging pictures for many years. When he examines a picture he cocks his right eye and takes in the canvas with his clear blue left. Cocking that right eye has become second nature. But he sometimes cocks it in a wink, an auctioneer's facetious and drolatic wink. I'm afraid that's what he did when I asked that question.

"There were some villainous things in that exhibition," he said.

"For instance," said I.

"Well," he answered, cocking the eye again and tracing with one hand the graceful outward curve of one waxed mustachio, "there was a Corot painted by a local man."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

"Well," he said, cocking that eye again and fondling his other waxed mustachio with his other hand, "I met the man in question at the exhibition. He was standing before the Corot he had painted, admiring it.

"'You rogue,' I whispered, 'I am beginning to recognize your handiwork at sight.'

"And the forger laughed as he passed on to a Corot which Corot had painted."

Wild horses will not draw from me the name of the painter Curtis mentioned, or the name of the owner of the spurious Corot. Where ignorance is bliss I shall never interfere to bring foolish wisdom.

"But is that sort of thing common?" I demanded, seemingly much wrought up over the sorry condition of the dupes.

"Why," said Curtis, soothing his silver goatee, "the man who painted that Corot told me one day, not very long ago, that a certain art dealer in San Francisco gave him an order for half a dozen Keiths."

I was too shocked for words.

"But there is a law of compensation," continued Curtis. "This art dealer is frequently fooled himself. When he goes to Europe he brings back many spurious pictures, although he distrusts his own judgment and buys through a commissionaire. But he sells. Yes, he sells. He has a way of covering his customers with the slime of flattery. That makes it easier for him to swallow them.

"Speaking of art dealers, have you heard how Ferdinand Reis almost lost a fine Jules Dupre?"

"How was that?" I asked.

"It was when I was selling the Trumbo pictures," explained Curtis. "Mr. Reis who has an excellent collection, fancied a Jules Dupre with two cows in it. The dealer I speak of got up on a ladder to examine it. He got down and shook his head.

"'I didn't know Jules Dupre painted cattle,' he said with a sneer.

"'I've seen a dozen such in Europe,' Mr. Reis replied quietly. And he bought it for $1,100."

"Did Reis get it cheap?" I asked.

"The second greatest art expert in the world saw that Dupre in Mr. Reis' rooms at the Pacific-Union Club," was the reply, "and offered $10,000 for it.

"I refer to Professor Alfred Chatain, a pupil of Gerome, a member of the Beaux Arts, buyer for Gates, Morgan and Dickerman, for Glaenzer and Knoedler and, after Dr. Bode of Berlin, the best judge of a picture in the world. Chatain is my friend, has been ever since I sold him that Van Dyke in New Orleans for $500. That was the nucleus of his fortune. Today he is a millionaire.

"I induced Chatain to come here after the Trumbo sale to look at some of the pictures I had sold. Mr. Reis bought, besides the Dupre, a Van Marcke, a Charles Jacque, a Diaz and a Gerome. The Van Marcke and the Jacque Professor Chatain pronounced genuine. The Gerome was a picture of a lion and a lioness. Chatain said that the animals were the work of Gerome but that the detail of the painting had been done by a pupil. The Diaz was the only one about which I had had any doubt. Chatain pronounced it a forgery, but he said that it had been painted by Diaz' son-in-law who was just as good an artist and whose works commanded just as high a price as Diaz'."

"Were there any other bargains at the Trumbo sale?"

"Yes, John Martin bought a Henner for $750. Chatain authorized me to obtain it from Mr. Martin for $5,000, but of course Mr. Martin would not sell.

"While Chatain was here I took him out to the Park Museum to see Miss Spooner's Millet. You remember—the one which was stolen and recovered. Miss Spooner values it at $5,000. As you know, there have been questions as to its genuineness. When Chatain looked at it he said: 'Can you get it for me? I'll pay $10,000.'

"Of a supposed Correggio in the Havens gallery he said: 'It is not a Correggio, but it is worth $50,000.' But he would not tell me what it was.

"He is a peculiar man, Chatain. His ways are brusque, embarrassing at times. When he was here we were together in many drawing rooms where pictures were hung. He would often shudder as he looked at them and say with a grimace, 'Two cents a dozen.'"

The mention of the Park Museum brought to mind the Keith exhibition which is being held there. So when Curtis had finished with Professor Chatain I asked him about Keith.

"Keiths sell only in California," said Curtis. "Macbeth has plenty of them on sale in New York, but they don't sell. Did you know that the art jury refused to hang a Keith in the art gallery of the St. Louis Exposition? There has been talk of the Louvre buying a Keith. It is ridiculous. The Louvre wouldn't buy a Keith.

"Keith was not one of the great landscape painters. He couldn't hold a candle to any of the Barbizon men. He cannot be compared with George Inness or Homer Martin.

"Keith and George Inness were wood engravers together in a New York shop. When Inness was ill, about '92 or '93 I think, he came to California and was much with Keith. When he left, presto! Keith's style changed. It became Inness' style. A great painter doesn't change his style like that.

"Besides, Keith was too prolific. Thinking people have wondered how it was possible for him to produce so many pictures after the fire of 1906 when his studio was destroyed. I be-

(Continued on Page 21.)

Going Abroad?

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A Midnight Duel

By Pelle Molin (From the Swedish)

Along the crooked road across the Hastberget ran Salman of Nysvedjan in the dead of night. His practice of running through the wood, after the style of the Laps, was of advantage to him now; the road seemed endless, and he was in great haste. He had still a good distance to traverse to the village, and beyond that some five miles, before—

What was that? Dry twigs crackled as if under pressure of a heavy body.

—before he would reach, after a two hours' journey, the house of the sluggish, tight-sleeping woman he knew so well from previous experiences with her. Many an anxious husband had pounded on the walls and doors of her cabin, while the perspiration—sometimes cold from fear—ploughed light furrows down their rarely washed faces. Yes, she took such matters with professional indifference, turning over in the bed, and merely wondering which of the wives in the settlement required her services this time—

But what was that? A violent snorting disturbed the nocturnal peace of the wood.

Salman understood. However, he went on nimbly and buoyantly as before. Tonight he would not wait so patiently as upon former occasions. His wife was in great distress. A human life was at stake.

Hah! Well, now! An angry growl, that immediately became a fitful roar, sounded a few yards in front of him. Salman had understood a moment ago that a bear was in the neighborhood. But never did he guess it was so near, nor of that particular sort. He stopped short, thinking: "I'll give him time to cool off and run away."

Upon the sheet of broken twigs and dry leaves, the bear raised itself on its hind legs, showing its chalk-white teeth and an open jaw, red like blood.

"Is that the kind you are?" said Salman. With a cat-like leap he reached a branch, left over from the winter's wood-cutting, in the clearing. Then he glanced about, all awake, and ran on to a large fir. Something was amiss here.

With a great roar of fury the bear came straight toward him. This was going to be a serious business. Thank heaven, the fir was thick. It was worth money to an unarmed man. If only the quickness of his eye would stand by him, and his old sure foot—otherwise the game would be a bad one.

For the bear is not the slow, cumbersome, furry clod it is generally believed to be. In moments of rage its powerful legs force it forward in long, gliding leaps, much faster than it is possible for a muscular athlete to run. Then there is a crackling in the wood; twigs and broken branches snap under its feet; sticks seem to fly out of the earth and whirl about like so much shavings; small pines are bent down like straws. If it happens that the bear has a mission to perform with a lonely man in the wood, the mission is carried out in the course of two minutes.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

The settler had no sooner reached the fir than the bear was so close to him that he felt the swish of its body. But he stood there protected, straining his alert, light blue eyes of a mountaineer at the shaggy creature, ready to dart away from its embrace, ready to run around, always making sure to have the fir trunk between them during the dance that was about to commence. He felt the tendons of his knees standing out like whip-cords, and his hands on the trunk of the tree gave no sign of trembling.

Now the shaggy beast rushed on and made a semi-circular hop, missing its aim by a foot. The futile leap brought the bear to a short stop on the turf, into which its snout ploughed a little tunnel. Then a tumultuous roar—a cloud of turf scratched up as it wheeled around—and next the animal, blindly enraged, was on its feet again, hugging close to the tree. Seeing Salman edge away, it rushed after him. Unable to make its turns so sharp as Salman's, its body being too long, the beast spurted back and forth at sharp angles—turning abruptly, this way and that, like a scared pig. It tumbled about, collided with the tree, roared so that tons of crockery seemed to crash about it, and clawed the turf. Twigs crackled and small stones rattled and clicked.

The sun had gone down perhaps an hour ago, but it was still as light as in day time.

The bear's small eyes gleamed. The hair of its back lay close, smooth, slanting back. Its ears lay close to the head. There was something chillingly deliberate about the aspect of this rover of the wood. Without a moment's cessation, it chased the gaunt settler, leaping round and round, endeavoring to shorten its turns and plunge straight in upon the enemy, but invariably missing its aim, being forced now and then to spin around at a sharp angle. Salman's hands were hot from the steady friction against the rough bark of the fir tree. The chase had now lasted for about ten minutes—perhaps less, perhaps more. What might not happen before some one could come to his aid and end the affair—! And mother, fighting death at home!

"Help! Hallo! Help!" he shouted.

In the moment of quiet Salman heard the barking of dogs in the village. Would not a peasant awake under his sheepskin cover, rise and shoo at them, hear what was going on a mile away in the wood, and come to the rescue?

"Hello! Hello!"

The bear continued its manoeuvers. Who could understand such fury? Now and then it brushed against the fir, scraping its side, but Salman always managed to be some inches away, cool of vision, while the perspiration poured down his body in little rivers under his clothing. In the beginning he had dug big holes in the turf with his huge birch bark shoes; later he tore large furrows through it, and finally wore it quite down, so that he and the beast of prey now circled a path of naked earth. One of his shoes had loosened and become useless, while the other still clung to his foot, though torn enough to reveal two or three bleeding toes.

And mother, struggling all the evening with her burden, and waiting—waiting—!

The bear changed its tactics. Instead of continually leaping, it began to throw itself to this side and that, tumbling about, rolling, spinning around on its back, as bears are wont to do when they chase a hunter who happens to have taken up his stand by a tree, and whom they cannot reach or effectually attack by leaping on all fours. Then it threw itself alternately on its front and hind feet, during each leap pricking Salman with its keen, incensed little eyes.

The blood of the socager of Nysvedjan boiled; not because of any fear of the bear, but from a nervous sense of unrest about his wife, home in the cabin, with three weeping children about her, and expecting a fourth who—yes, it was hard to be alone and in the heart of the wood, far from men and aid in the hour of peril. God help him who was no better off!

The bear was rolling on the ground, and Salman, embracing the fir, crept around the trunk.

The bear broke out in a mad frenzy. Bits of cone and turf were clinging to its fur. Its hot body steamed. A titmouse chirped; what was the matter? Who could it be that had no time to sleep the little while the sun itself slumbered, this glorious summer night?

Now the monster sat down on its hind legs for a moment, but urged on by the rush of its heated blood, darted up again, and walked—walked—toward the tree, where it halted, all winded, panting, a few inches away from Salman. It looked as if it intended in this way to scare the unassailable one off from his barracks. Its jaw grinned half-open. In the cool night its breath grew visible like a faint mist. Salman now felt a cold chill run down his spine; it was as if the skin shriveled. Unconsciously he grabbed his jackknife—must he sacrifice his life in this weird game? The bear pushed its head close to the fir; two feet above it rested Salman's hand. Less than a space of ten inches separated the bear's jaw from the settler's body. If now he could strike the man down, shut him off from the tree, the rest would be but the work of a moment.

With his left hand Salman clutched the bark of the tree, aiming with his right for the bear's left eye. Like a flash he swung the knife down. A red, warm stream spurted upward along his arm. Then he felt a stinging ache in his shoulder, while the bear, dazed by the blow, bounced high into the air like a ball, with an abysmal roar. Salman noticed that his coat was torn and his flesh lacerated. He knew now that the game would not end until one of them lay stark and cold on the ground. Had the prospects of a peaceable settlement a moment ago been small, they were all vanished now. It was apparent that this was his life's most crucial instance. Now it was to be seen whether he was the Bear-Salman of old. One of their lives must be wiped out—but hardly the bear's in so unequal a battle. "'Tis not I who will be a widower tonight," Salman reflected. "'Tis mother who will be widow—mother, who is waiting for me."

The bear pranced like one possessed, frothing at the mouth; it hissed and shrieked. It ran no longer in semi-circles. It stood erect by the tree, snapping to each side at the settler. The bark loosened and fell to the ground in large strips under the regular beating of its claws.

Salman's togs received their portion of the flaying. His shoulder was half-naked and wet with blood, but the hand that grasped the knife moved perpetually, and was always ready.

What happened next took place in a dizzy round. Yet again the bear resorted to its tactics of tumbling, rolling, somersaulting, and similar flights in the higher gymnastics. Salman's eyes were blue and cold like the heavens of a frosty night. Not for a second did he turn his gaze from the pouncing beast, which was met when

(Continued on Page 21.)

Poems About San Francisco

LIV—SAN FRANCISCO

By Ina Coolbrith

(This poem must be one of Miss Ina Coolbrith's earliest efforts, for it was published in 1868. Miss Coolbrith, severely critical of her own work, has excluded it from her collected poems. It is taken from the California Scrap Book, a collection made by the indefatigable Oscar T. Shuck.)

Little the goodly Fathers,
Building their Mission rude,
By the lone untraversed waters
In the Western solitude,

Dreamed of the wonderful city
That looks on the stately bay,
Where the bannered ships of the nations
Float in their pride today;

Dreamed of the beautiful city
Proud of her towering height,
And strange as a flower up-springing
To bloom in a single night.

For lo! but a moment lifting
The veil of the years away,
We look on a well known picture
That seems but as yesterday.

The mist rolls in at the gateway
Where never a fortress stands
O'er the blossoms of Saucelito
And Yerba Buena's sands,

Swathing the shores where only
The sea-birds curve and pass,
And drifts with the drifting waters
By desolate Alcatraz.

We hear when night drops downward,
And the bay throbs under the stars,
The ocean voices blending
With ripple of soft guitars;

With chiming bells of the Mission,
With passionate minors sung,
Or a quaint Castilian ballad,
Trilled in the Spanish tongue.

Fair from thy hills, O City,
Look on the beautiful bay!
Prouder far is the vision
Greeting our eyes today;

Better the thronged waters,
And the busy streets astir;
Purple and silken raiment,
Balsam and balm and myrrh,

Gems of the farther Indies,
Gold of thy own rich mines,
And the pride and boast of the peoples
O beautiful Queen are thine!

Praise to the goodly Fathers
With banners of Faith unfurled!
Praise to the sturdy heroes
Who have won thee to the world.

That was a day to dream of—
That was a life we led,
Bleeding the veins of the mountains,
Draining the torrent bed,

Searching the dusky canyon,
Tracking the pathless glen—
The shot, the knife and the struggle
With savage beasts and men.

But blest is the rest that follows—
I thought of a labor past;
Blessed the homes we builded,
The peace and the rest at last.

And blessed indeed the winter
That nurses a smiling Spring
When hands that the seed have scattered
May gather the blossoming.

The Spectator

Ralston for Governor

"Billy" Ralston, United States Sub-treasurer, says he is going to run for governor just to show Hiram Johnson that the Johnsonian roar, the Johnsonian bluster and the Johnsonian vituperation have no terrors for him. It is Ralston's idea that many good men would run for governor were it not that Hiram Johnson has them "buffaloed" (or should we say "bull-moosed?") He thinks that these unspecified good men are afraid to face the music of Hiram's political band; that they hesitate to expose themselves to the sort of attack which Johnson made, for example, on Phil Francis of the Call. But Ralston says he's not to be intimidated by the sound and fury of the Governor. And he professes his intention of proving this by having a try for the next gubernatorial nomination.

The Demand on Lynch

In this connection Ralston tells a story to illustrate the method of doing politics followed by the present State administration. He tells the story on the authority of James K. Lynch, the vice-president of the First National Bank. When the State administration, through Senator Works, succeeded in holding up Ralston's reappointment to the post of sub-treasurer in this city, a great many of Ralston's friends rallied to his support and exerted in his behalf whatever influence they possessed in Washington. Among others James K. Lynch wrote a letter favoring Ralston's reappointment. When this became known, Superintendent of Banks Williams went to Lynch and asked him to withdraw that letter. The request was open to sinister interpretation. James K. Lynch is connected with three national banks. He is vice-president of the First National of this city and a director of the Citizens National Bank of Alameda and the First National Bank of Richmond. Of course the State Superintendent has nothing to do with national banks. But it happens that Lynch is also vice-president of the First Federal Trust Company of this city and a director of the Citizens Savings Bank of Alameda and the Richmond Savings Bank with which the Superintendent has a great deal to do. Lynch, however, refused to withdraw the letter.

The Horrors of War

Try as I may, I can't extract a thrill from this war of the Reds and Blues. Ruled by an umpire, it lacks the pleasant zip of a ball game where they sometimes threaten to kill that worthy official. A knife fight between two Juarez revolutionists scrapping for the overnight entries contains more tabasco. Such war would give General Sherman no excuse for profanity. It has no inconvenience but bunions, no glory but what is theoretical, no noise but the shooting off of teeth, as Mrs. Atherton would say. A case of ptomaine poisoning, a suspected attack of smallpox, a lack of drinking water—these are its sensational features. Its bloody defeats and its gory victories remind me of what Hookham Frere said of Walter Savage Landor's immorality: "Mere imaginary classicality, wholly devoid of criminal reality." It is to real war as shadow boxing to a finish fight, as a rowing machine to a varsity regatta, or as one of Louis Hoefler's Olympic hobbyhorses to a thoroughbred in a Garrison finish. The war correspondents may quote Kipling till the cows come home, but they can't dignify the Reds and Blues with the semblance of romance. War is not war without its captivating horrors; but there are no horrors here except the reports of the war correspondents.

Divergence of Opinion

One correspondent informed breathless noncombatants that the first great battle was imagined at Sargent. Another gave him the lie direct by stating that the first great battle was taken for granted at Morgan Hill. Still another set it down that the first great battle was theorized at Coyote. In the name of the fat warrior who subdued the rogues in buckram and routed the misbegotten knaves in Kendal green, where

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did that first great battle have its shadowy make-believe? If a first great battle is to be shammed, let us all sham it at the same spot on the map. This soft-visaged war with no wrinkled front to smooth baffles the correspondents, and their attempt to write lucidly only makes confusion worse confounded. And still the armies don't know they've been battling till they read it in the papers. But I suppose they're acutely conscious that they've been marching. Hay foot, straw foot will be splay foot, sore foot for many a weary day.

Napoleon of Morgan Hill

Have you read Chesterton's delicious fantasy, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill"? I'm reminded of a passage in it by this theoretical war:

"When you conceived the idea," went on Wayne dreamily, "of an army for Bayswater and a flag for Notting Hill, there was no gleam, no suggestion in your mind that such things might be real and passionate?"

"No," answered Auberon, turning his round, white face to the morning with a dull and splendid sincerity; "I had none at all."

There is nothing "real or passionate" about the armies of the Reds and Blues. It is impossible to pretend that San Francisco has been in danger; that the invaders have been advancing relentlessly from Monterey. 'Tis a battle of the manuals; it wouldn't get a rise out of that fiery castigator of "the valor of ignorance," General Homer Lea. Perhaps the only man who has taken it or himself seriously is Brigadier General Wankowski. But taking himself seriously is a habit with Wankowski. No wonder a war correspondent familiar with Chesterton dubbed him the "Napoleon of Morgan Hill." A proud title indeed. Morgan Hill has been the scene of many a battle—between incautious speeders and county constables. But as for Wankowski, he suffered no reverses there; didn't even have a syllable shot off his name.

The Correspondents Mutinied

The Napoleon of Morgan Hill had one exciting encounter. The war correspondents attached to his command were badly treated. They could get no tents, no beds. Worst of all they could get no news. Napoleon Wankowski censored their despatches. So they retaliated fearfully. For four days they left Napoleon's name out of the papers. Then in disgust they got up to leave. It was a mutiny. What did Napoleon do? Did he order the deserters shot? Not on your life! Not even theoretically. Napoleon capitulated. He sent aides and orderlies and ambassadors to entreat the war correspondents to stay. They stayed when he redressed their grievances. And then his name got into the papers again. It was a theoretical defeat but a practical triumph for Napoleon.

The Farmers Are Sore

The farmers in the territory traversed by the opposing armies don't think much of this theoretical war. Day after day they gathered from miles around to see the fun. They expected a sham battle, a spectacle like a wild west show. But they were disappointed. The armies were hidden in the hills. They fought their imaginary fights by long distance. The only booming was the booming of the umpires' voices. So day after day the farmers went home disgusted. They had been inveigled from their work under false pretenses. Why hadn't somebody told them? In their indignation they swore like the army in Flanders.

Napoleon's Right Hand Man

Napoleon Wankowski never saw active service, except in political campaigns; so while he was 'he theoretical head of the Reds, the real Red head was Captain Fuqua of the regular army. He taught the militiamen how to make their beds and save their feet and arrange their diet. He explained that when there is not enough water (and there wasn't) it should be used for drinking, not bathing purposes. So the rookies were grimy but not overthirsty. Fuqua was well liked by his soldiers. So was Colonel Bowen, in charge of the retreating force. He kept his men in fine shape. Their admiration was so great that they would gladly have died for him, theoretically of course. Thanks to Bowen and Fuqua, the militiamen learned a lot about military service. They were willing to learn. The regular army officers conceded that, and had high praise for Adjutant General Forbes who has been untiring in improving the morale of the militia. As for Napoleon Wankowski—well, there is talk of abolishing the rank of brigadier general of militia.

A Modern Crusader

"I come before you as a Crusader."—Hiram Johnson, opening the Bull Moose campaign.

Crusader? Hiram a Crusader? Must
We do him reverence for a sacred trust?
Is his lance consecrated by a vow
Which, registered in Heaven, bids us bow
Whene'er it flashes from his girded side
To smite the scoffer at the Crucified?
Has he put on the tunic of the Lord?
Does priestly blessing dedicate his sword?
Has he set forth in penitential mood
To risk his body for the holy Rood?
Have prayer and fasting nerved him for a fray
Destined to win him grace on Judgment Day?

Is he unselfish in his weary march
O'er plains where bones of other warriors parch?
Content, if Heaven wills, to share the fate
Of weaker soldiers, dead and dedicate?
Happy to wage the battle though he fail?
Willing to take defeat and not to rail
At fortune if it haps some brother knight
Garners the glory of the furious fight?

If I have not read history for naught,
Those old Crusaders in their battles sought
The glory of religion, not the chance
Their own beloved fortunes to enhance;
They fought and suffered with a pious zeal
To fix the world's eyes on a pure ideal;
They plied their weapons with no thought of self;
They burned to conquer, not for petty pelf,
Not for a greed of sordid golden dross
But for the exaltation of the Cross.

Crusader? Hiram a Crusader? Shame
On this shameless prostitution of a name!

Chester Ananiasing

Some weeks ago Mr. Chester Rowell took occasion to characterize as a malicious lie the story of his connection with the Santa Cruz convention. Thereupon I promised never to repeat the story and also to deal thereafter with the current activities only of the self-righteous Fresno editor. Now I observe that Mr. Rowell, discussing the testimony of former Governor Odell with reference to the Harriman contribution to the Republican campaign fund, says that the money was given to the New York State Central Committee for the benefit of Odell. "That is the substance" of the story says Mr. Rowell; also, "it has gone into history, along with the political era of which it was a part." Furthermore: "The political motive for revamping it now is too obvious to need comment." If Chester Rowell can approximate the truth in matters concerning himself no closer than when he gives what he says is the substance of the Roosevelt-Har-

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riman story he ought to be required to produce corroborative testimony in his own defense. The Roosevelt-Harriman story has been ingeniously bowdlerized since the death of the railroad magnate, the Colonel having elicited a sterilized version for future reference, but fortunately the facts have been preserved in something more substantial than airy tradition. The facts are to be found in Mrs. Annie Riley Hale's book entitled "Rooseveltian Fact and Fable," which was published in 1908, and which she dedicated "To the Galleries, to whom my hero has played so long and so successfully." Let us refresh our memories at this too much neglected fount of information.

The Insurance Graft Disclosures

It was during the exposure of the crookedness of the big life insurance companies in 1906 that the facts with reference to the financing of Roosevelt's campaign of 1904 were brought to light. Sworn testimony was given that the Equitable, Mutual and New York Life had contributed $150,000 to the Republican campaign fund, the same being the money of the trusting policyholders. Mr. Roosevelt made no attempt to disprove this testimony, though both Treasurer Bliss and Chairman Cortelyou of the Campaign Committee were alive and could have been summoned as witnesses. But Mr. Roosevelt, as Mrs. Hale tells us, was reported in the newspapers as "much stirred and grieved by the insurance disclosures." He "wanted to know" if there was not some way of restoring the money. And as Mrs. Hale says "this was immediately construed by a trusting public as fresh proof of that sensitive moral sense" accredited to Mr. Roosevelt. Mrs. Hale suggests that there was one man who might have been able to quiet the Rooseveltian feelings. Who, think you, was this potent man with the soothing influence? None other than Mr. George W. Perkins, chief angel of the Bull Moose enterprise.

The Generous Mr. Perkins

Let us here digress with Mrs. Hale, since it is precisely at this point that she throws some light on Mr. Perkins who has lately become a personage of much more importance than he was when Mrs. Hale wrote of him. George W. Perkins was formerly of the New York Life Insurance Company. He owned to contributing the insurance money to the Republican fund in a campaign year, "and justified it," says Mrs. Hale, "on the ground that it was better to do this than to allow the country to go to the demnition bow-wows under Bryan." Mrs. Hale adds: "This eminently patriotic view (in which Mr. Roosevelt doubtless concurred) was perfectly natural to men in the Perkins class; only, it did seem in the pious cant of their class, a trifle 'un-American' not to allow the innocent policyholders to choose their own method of going to destruction." This George W. Perkins, who is again trying to save the country was, according to an article in Munsey's in July, 1903, from the pen of a Roosevelt admirer, "one of Roosevelt's close friends and unofficial counselors, who could have almost any position in the power of the President to offer." "Quite naturally," says Mrs. Hale, "this close friend and unofficial counselor of President Roosevelt wanted to have him elected in 1904 and probably thought also that Parker's splashing around in impudent fashion about the 'interests' showed him to be as great a menace to the country as Bryan. And so Friend Perkins was again ready to lay the money of widows and orphans upon the altar of his country and his Rooseveltian friendship,—only of course, out of delicate consideration for the 'sensitive moral sense' of his Presidential friend, he kept the painful fact from him, until it was too late to do anything except grieve and wonder."

The Webster Letter

Now let us return to the Harriman story. In the spring of 1907 there came to light certain Harriman letters which had been stolen by an employe and sold to a New York newspaper. These letters corroborated the charge made by Judge Parker in 1904 that the trusts had contributed to the Roosevelt campaign fund. The first letter was dated December 5, 1905, which was long antecedent to the row between Harriman and Roosevelt. It was a letter written by Harriman to his personal friend and business adviser Sidney Webster, in reply to a letter from Webster warning Harriman against being drawn into politics. The Harriman letter contained the following startling information: "About a week before election, in the autumn of 1904, when it looked certain that the State ticket would go Democratic and was doubtful as to Roosevelt himself, he, the President, sent me a request to go to Washington to confer upon the political conditions of New York State. I complied, and he told me he understood the campaign could not be successfully carried on without sufficient money, and asked me if I would help them in raising the necessary funds, as the National Committee under Chairman Cortelyou had utterly failed of obtaining them, and there was a large amount due from them to the New York State Committee. We talked over what could be done for Depew, and finally he agreed that if found necessary, he would appoint him as ambassador to Paris. With full belief that the President would keep this agreement, I came back to New York, sent for Treasurer Bliss, who told me I was their last hope, and that they had exhausted every other resource. In his presence I called up an intimate friend of Senator Depew, told him that in order to carry New York, it was necessary that $200,000 should be raised at once, and if he would help, I would subscribe $50,000. After a few words over the telephone, the gentleman said he would let me know, which he did, probably in three or four hours, with the result that the whole amount of $260,000 had been raised. The checks were given to Treasurer Bliss, who took them to Chairman Cortelyou. If there were any among them of life insurance companies or any other like organization, of course, Cortelyou must have informed the President. I do not know who the subscribers were, other than the friend of Depew who was an individual. This amount enabled the New York State Committee to continue its work, with the result that at least 50,000 votes were turned in the city of New York alone, making a difference of 100,000 votes in the general result."

The Colonel's Explanation

Colonel Roosevelt now explains that the money raised by Harriman was for the benefit only of the State ticket in New York. The only defect of this explanation is its lack of plausibility. It is not likely that Mr. Roosevelt would put himself under obligations to Harriman and promise to look after Depew out of love of Governor Odell. If the State ticket was in danger, so also was the national ticket, as Mr. Rowell very well knows, being familiar with the aphorism, "As goes New York, so goes the nation." Besides, as Mr. Roosevelt told Harriman, the money was needed by the National committee to pay what it owed to the State committee. Moreover the checks were made payable "to Treasurer Bliss who took them to Chairman Cortelyou." All of

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which bears out the charges made by Judge Parker in the midst of the campaign, which the veracious Colonel characterized as "slanderous accusations." To be sure when the Harriman letter was published the Colonel denied the story in general terms. Mr. Harriman regretted the publication of the stolen letter but said he "had nothing to retract as to the statements therein contained." Mrs. Hale says: "The candid reader must determine for himself whether the letter carries the ring of truth, and what possible motive Mr. Harriman could have had for stating anything but his honest recollection of the transaction at a time when he could not have expected the letter to be made public." It is true that Harriman and Roosevelt were not on friendly terms when the letter was published, but the letter was a year old. The letter was written in December, 1905, when Harriman and Roosevelt were on terms of intimacy. According to Mrs. Hale, Mr. Roosevelt remained friendly with Harriman until the congressional campaign of 1906 when the railroad magnate refused a solicitation from Vice-President Sherman for funds to be used in New York. Shortly thereafter Mr. Roosevelt pronounced Harriman "a malefactor of great wealth" and began to prosecute and harass him.

The "Practical Men" Letter

The business of refreshing the memory of Mr. Rowell of Fresno is not yet ended. When the newspapers were discussing the Harriman letter in 1907 Mr. Roosevelt tried to make it appear that Harriman had taken the initiative in the negotiations for a bank-roll in 1904. He would have the public understand that he had "allowed" Mr. Harriman to come to Washington at his (Harriman's) own request. He made it so appear in a letter to Vice-President Sherman, which letter was given out as a means of vindicating the President. Harriman no longer squeamish about the sanctity of private correspondence gave the press the following letter received by him in Europe:

White House, Washington, June 29, 1904

Mr. Harriman: I thank you for your letter As soon as you come home, I shall want to see you. The fight will doubtless be hot then. It has been a real pleasure to see you this year.

Very truly yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Harriman also gave out the following letter, dated October 14, 1904.

My dear Harriman: A suggestion has come to me in a round about way that you do not think it wise to come on to see me in these closing weeks of the campaign, but that you are reluctant to refuse, inasmuch as I have asked you. Now my dear sir, you and I are practical men, and you are on the ground and know the conditions better than I do. If you think there is any danger of your visit to me causing trouble, or if you think there is nothing special I should be informed about, or no matter in which I could give aid, why, of course, give up the visit for the time being, and then a few weeks hence, before I write my message, I shall ask you to come down to discuss certain Government matters not connected with the campaign. With great regards,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The unregenerate who believe themselves familiar with Mr. Roosevelt's ways have characterized the suggestion of a discussion about "Government matters" in vulgar terms as "bait for a big sucker." Whatever it was it caught Harriman and made history which, I hope, Mr. Rowell of Fresno will never again distort or seek to depreciate for campaign purposes.

A Month of Gold

Down in Los Angeles the newspapers have been sending forth woeful lamentations mixed with unkind references to the Shuberts and William A. Brady, all because the De Wolf Hopper company of Gilbert and Sullivan opera singers stayed here four weeks and is giving Los Angeles only one. Los Angeles says Los Angeles is a great "show town," a better "show town" than San Francisco. Did not Laurette Taylor play twelve weeks to capacity in "Peg o' My Heart"? And so on. Of course the reason the Gilbert and Sullivan singers are only spending one week in the southern city is a perfectly sound one. Los Angeles is a low-priced theatre town. A two-dollar attraction does not enthuse the thrifty southrons. Laurette Taylor, experimenting with a new play, let the Angelenos in on the ground floor for fifty cents. That's one reason why her play ran so long. But the Shuberts and Brady are of the opinion that a two-dollar company could not risk more than a week in Los Angeles. It risked nothing during its four weeks here. The company did not play to less than $15,000 a week, and broke all local records for a four-week run by piling up a total of $64,300. Gertrude Hoffmann who had a wonderful engagement of two weeks here surpassed the figures of the Gilbert and Sullivan singers for the fortnight, but their triumph consisted in continuing to attract crowded houses for the full month. No wonder De Wolf Hopper and his whole company came down to the footlights at the conclusion of "The Mikado" on Saturday night and sang "Auld Lang Syne," the audience joining in.

The Brilliant Steffens' Idea

When Mr. Lincoln Steffens was a witness in the Darrow case he said, speaking of the McNamaras, "Their crime is not an individual crime, it is a social crime." This was pronounced a brilliant thought by the admirers of the professional agitator from Berkeley, who dote on Socialist patter. This brilliant thought, I find, was borrowed from Brieux, the French pamphleteer who is trying to reform France by means of unplayable plays. In his play "Maternity" he has a court scene representing a trial of a professional abortionist. Among the witnesses are several poor women who had been her patients. The argument of the playwright is that all were justified because of the state of society which makes it impossible for poor people to raise large families. The scene is characteristically French. All talk at once. The trial ends in a hubbub, in the midst of which counsel for the defense exclaims: "Their crime is not an individual crime, it is a social crime." A bright idea, thought Steffens. So he would excuse the slaughter of men by dynamite on the same principle on which Brieux would justify race suicide. On the same principle, of course, you can justify petty larceny, rape, or even Steffens.

Skepticism and Single Tax

We have all heard the classic story of Joe Leggett at the funeral. The story runs that when the clergyman finished the prayers for the departed soul he asked if any friend of the deceased wished to speak a few words of tribute. None volunteered, so Joe stalked to the side of the casket and said: "As nobody wishes to speak about our dear dead brother I shall take this opportunity to say a few words about single tax." As all San



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Francisco knows, Judge Maguire and Joe Leggett are cronies, two souls with but a single tax, two hearts that beat for Henry George. For years the "little giant" has cherished a secret ambition to emulate the funeral feat of his friend Joe. The long awaited chance came a few days ago at the funeral of Walter Gallagher. Walter Gallagher knew Henry George when the author of "Progress and Poverty" lived in San Francisco. That was the peg on which Judge Maguire hung his funeral oration at Walter Gallagher's bier. He discoursed single tax till everybody in Druids' Hall was nervous. Then he lightened his remarks with a few airy bits of agnosticism. He spoke of the hereafter, "providing," he cautiously explained, "that there is a hereafter, and I don't know if there is." And so on. Which reminds one of ex-Mayor McCarthy's sentence at the memorial services for Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in Union Square: "We are gathered here to do honor to the memory of Miss Julia Ward Howard who is in Heaven, we hope." Judge Maguire's funeral oration was calculated to please the late Henry George and the late Bob Ingersoll, but the mourners were not in sympathy with his mood.

It Was Not Murder

A honeymoon couple registered at the St. Francis a few days ago. During the night the groom telephoned from his apartment to the clerk: "The Chinese servant has taken my wife's Life." There was consternation in the lobby. Clerks, bellboys and the house detective rushed for the apartment. They poured into the room, breathless with excitement. "Where is the murderer?" they cried. "Murderer?" said the groom, while his bride looked on in wide-eyed amazement. "Who said anything about murder? The slant-eyed celestial who was in this room took the Life which I bought for my wife at the news stand. I want it back."

The Dream and the Awakening

Willis Polk made an eloquent speech at the dinner given by the World's Fair directors to the distinguished members of the architectural commission. It was a propitious occasion for eloquence. The architects, the artists and the sculptors had finished a three-day session which left them on the edge of brainfag, but their work had shown brilliant results and their minds were attuned to the note of praise. There was deep silence in the red room of the Bohemian Club as Willis spoke, silence occasionally interrupted by applause. Willis was at his happiest. He told how the architect detached himself from the sordid cares of the workaday world and plunged headlong into revery; how he sent his mind careering over the fields of imagination, plucking the flowers of fancy and weaving them into a garland of beauty; how he shut out the stress and turmoil of mere existence and fed his craving soul on the manna of the ideal; and how, while the layman asked that the dirt might fly and that walls should rise to show that the work was proceeding, the architect, wiser, closer in touch with the creative force and conscious that actual construction was the easiest of his labors, kept on dreaming, dreaming, dreaming. A splendid speech, and worthy the applause which rounded out its glowing peroration. Then arose President Charles C. Moore who simply said: "You architects are entirely welcome to dream away your sleeping hours, but I want to tell you that the alarm clock is set and when the alarm goes off you've got to get up and go to work."

Diana of the Bohemians

Haig Patigian's Diana is to be done in bronze. The virgin goddess that our foremost sculptor produced for "The Atonement of Pan" will soon be cast in the enduring metal and given a place of honor in the Bohemian Club. This has been decided by the art connoisseurs of the club who are immensely taken with what many of them consider Patigian's greatest work. The statue plays an important part in the Redding-Hadley drama. It stands in the vale of Arcadia sacred to the goddess of the hunt, and when Orion, the



JAMES B. DUFFY

Who will hereafter serve both as General Agent of the Santa Fe and Cabin Agent of a big steamship company.

mighty hunter, having profaned the holy wood by his revelry, deepens his guilt by offering violence to Flora, the arrow flies from the bow of the goddess and pierces him to the heart. All who have seen the statue are loud in praise of its beauty and anatomical accuracy. Louis Sloss took De Wolf Hopper for a flying trip to the Bohemian Grove just before the play, and when the comedian saw the statue he was delighted. "Patigian," he said, "she is so beautiful that I feel like going over and kissing her on the cheek."

New Steamship Agency

The trans-Atlantic steamship lines have their eyes on San Francisco. One of the largest of them is the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique which has appointed James B. Duffy of the Santa Fe its exclusive cabin agent in California. This company operates a great fleet of modern passenger steamers between America and France. It is under the supervision of the French government, and each of its steamers is an auxiliary of the French navy. In addition to bi-weekly sailings between Havre and New York it has a large line plying between Marseilles and New Orleans and another between Colon and France. Mr. Duffy hopes to induce the company to extend the Colon line to San Francisco. He will open a steamship department in the local Santa Fe office, and he will continue to represent the railroad company in the capacity of general agent.

An Opera for the Fair

The composer of an American, nay, a Pacific Coast, opera which will be produced during the Exposition, has been making a visit in this city. I refer to Mrs. Mary Carr Moore, the wife of a prominent physician of Seattle and the author of a grand opera called "Narcissa." Mrs. Moore is related to Mrs. Harriet Sherman and J. Haraden Pratt of this city, and has been staying with Mrs. Sherman. Her opera of "Narcissa" was given for four days in Seattle last year under the management of John Cort. Mrs. Moore herself conducted the orchestra of forty-four pieces. It is said that Andreas Dippel will produce it this season in the East, and John Cort has promised to give it in San Francisco during the World's Fair "Narcissa" is concerned with the coming of the first Protestant missionaries to the Pacific Northwest, and is founded on historical fact. Narcissa was the wife of Malcolm Whitman, the first missionary who reached Seattle, then a trading post, over the Lewis and Clark trail. The opera deals with their adventures and ends with their murder by the Indians. Mrs. Moore has spent years collecting the Indian songs of the Northwest, and has incorporated many of them in "Narcissa." The book of the opera was written by her mother Mrs. Sarah Pratt.

The Modesty of Teddy

"Do you know the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam?" asked a San Franciscan who has just returned from a business trip to Europe. The Spectator admitted that he did not. "Well," said the traveler, "there is in the Rijks Museum, as there is for that matter in most European museums, a register for distinguished visitors. While I was in Amsterdam somebody extracted from this book, and published in a newspaper, the following entries:

"Wilhelm, I. R., December 13, 1907.
Theodore Roosevelt, May 1, 1910.
Oscar, Prinz von Preussen, May 27, 1909.

"Nothing remarkable about those entries? Examine the dates. The Emperor William visited the museum in 1907. Prince Oscar was there in 1909, and inscribed his name upon the line immediately below his august father's signature Then came our modest Teddy a year later, and inserted his name in the space between. Can you beat it?" No wonder that Teddy is beloved by his unvulgar countrymen!

"Pa, what's a metrical romance?"
"Well, this month's gas bill is one."

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While Mrs. Atherton Was Speaking

Scene—Red and Gold Room, Palace Hotel.

Sweet Young Thing—But she said we were all oysters!

Suffragette Mama—Then be dumb while she speaks!

Mere Man—Which of the suffragettes is Tommy Hayden?

Wife with Lorgnette—Ssh! There must be men speakers at a meeting like this, and you shouldn't make fun of them.

Mere Man—I don't. I regard them with awe.

Sweet Young Thing—Why isn't Doctor Aked here?

Suffragette Mama—He may be for all I know.

Mere Man (sotto voce)—Not on your life! He'd be where we could all see him.

Sweet Young Thing—Such a jam! This is more strenuous than ragging.

Suffragette Mama—Susan, don't be vulgar.

Mrs. Atherton—Roosevelt, if I may use a vulgarism, is given to shooting off his mouth, or I might say, his teeth.

Mere Man—That's the stuff!

Sweet Young Thing—Mama, if Mrs. Atherton may use a vulgarism, may not I?

Suffragette Mama—Mrs. Atherton is a novelist, and as such may indulge certain liberties of expression.

Sweet Young Thing—Yes, I've read Patience Sparhawk.

Mrs. Atherton—The need for legislation in the matter of the white slave traffic did not appeal to Mr. Roosevelt.

Sweet Young Thing—What's the white slave traffic, mama?

Suffragette Mama—You're too young to know.

Mere Man (sotto voce)—Lord save the mark!

Wife with Lorgnette—William! You're talking too loud.

Mere Man—Your obedient oyster.

Suffragette Mama—Come child, Mrs. Atherton has finished.

Sweet Young Thing—I think she's a dear, but politics makes my head ache.

Wife with Lorgnette—William, you may take me to the court for tea.

Mere Man—A Scotch for mine. But shan't we wait for the men to speak?

Wife with Lorgnette—Certainly not. They're mere politicians.

Mere Man—Well, I'll be—Then what is Mrs. Atherton?

Wife with Lorgnette—A personage!

Sweet Young Thing—Mama, we'll stop on the way home and get "Julia France." But I do hope there are no suffragettes in it.

—The Stenographer.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Descendant of the Cid

What is the matter with our social arbiters? What ails our lionizers and our tuft-hunters? Where, oh where are the wits of our climbers? Here we have been entertaining a most distinguished nobleman, and nobody seems to pay any attention to him. He isn't incognito; he isn't uppish or retiring; he is extremely courteous, genial, sociable and democratic. He likes America; he is delighted with California; San Francisco charms him. And yet he has been allowed to go his way unheralded, unentertained, almost unnoticed. It's a shame. Let me present you, gentle reader, to the Marquis de Breviare, Baron d'Alaincourt. The Marquis is a lineal descendant of El Cid Campeador, the great Spanish national hero, the subject of the first great Spanish poem. But the Cid lived in the comparatively recent eleventh century, and the Marquis de Breviare can trace the ramifications of his family tree as far back as the year of Our Lord 500. Marquis de Breviare is his Spanish title. But he is also a French nobleman, his French title being Baron d'Alaincourt. The French Republic does not recognize the Napoleonic titles, but it accepts those which antedate the Revolution of 1789, and the Baron's goes way back of that. The Baron is not a millionaire, but he has three castles which he manages to keep up. He married a Philadelphia heiress, Miss Myra Alexander Dick. To add to his distinctions, he is a successful lawyer and has been in the diplomatic service.

He Chaperons Alphonso

One of the most interesting things about Baron d'Alaincourt is that he acts as official chaperon to King Alphonso of Spain when that monarch visits France. Alphonso likes Paris, so the baron's duties are not of a perfunctory sort. Princes are always chaperoned when they go to Paris. The attractions of the capital of the world are considered so tempting that it is thought necessary to prevent enthusiastic young royalties from making fools of themselves when they visit there. In the case of young kings the chaperonage is not so strict, but it is exercised just the same. King Manuel had a chaperon, but that did not prevent him from making a splurge with Gaby Deslys and other charmers. The Prince of Wales was in Paris recently, and was so closely chaperoned that the English and the French could not forbear commiserating him. He had not one but several chaperons. Among others there was a stern gentleman by the name of Hansel. Which made it inevitable for the Parisians to remark that the poor Prince would have had a much jollier time if there were less Hansel and more Gretel about his visit.

Honeymooning a l'Anglaise

Lieutenant and Mrs. Parker have been spending their honeymoon at the country home of a friend, down the peninsula, lent to them for two weeks. This lending of country houses for honeymoons is an English custom that was introduced into Washington when Mrs. John R. McLean lent her place to the Nicholas Longworths after their wedding. In New York the smart set bridal couples honeymoon at the Newport places of their friends, "loaned for the occasion" and this provides a full retinue of servants with the hospitality of the house that is conducted as though its mistress were acting hostess. It is a commendable courtesy among friends that has found favor. No longer do honeymooners sojourn at hotels to be stared at and commented upon. Had Lieutenant and Mrs. Parker followed the customary plan of taking a wedding trip to Del Monte or Santa Barbara, popular Miss Langhorne that was would have been besieged with attentions from her friends. The Parkers were a more than usually lucky bridal couple as they were given the use of the town house of another friend after their wedding. The bride left the Langhorne residence in her wedding gown with an evening cloak thrown over it instead of changing to her traveling suit which going to a hotel would have necessitated. This is another custom of English society.

How the Fire Started

Down at Santa Barbara the members of the swagger Santa Barbara Country Club profess to know all about the burning of their club house and the wounding and subsequent disappearance of Steward Kirchener. But they won't talk about it for publication, thinking that there has been too much scandal already. The story upon which most agree is to the effect that a very prominent member of the club went there to surprise his wife and her lover tete-a-tete. I have heard it said that he was quite correct in supposing that the amorous pair were in the club house. That it was his purpose to kill both of them is another matter on which there seems to be unanimity of opinion. But while he was making his way through the club on this murderous mission, so the story goes, Steward Kirchener heard him and went to see who he was, whereupon the angry husband hid in a store room. He was nervous and lit a cigarette to steady himself, throwing the match on the floor. There was excelsior on the floor and the match ignited it. At this moment the steward passed the door and the husband, mistaking him for his wife's paramour, fired two shots, hitting him in the arm and shoulder. The husband hadn't time, before making his escape, to extinguish the blaze. Hence the destruction of

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the club. Those who tell this story add that the husband induced the wounded steward to get out of the way until the affair should blow over? But will it blow over? It seems too nasty a mess for that; besides, too many people are talking, and the disclosures have already gone pretty far.

Mrs. Atherton's Cigarette

When Gertrude Atherton was in Chicago the multitudinous censors of that very provincial burg went into ecstacies of horror because she smoked on the porch of a country club. Other places other manners. Mrs. Atherton lunches nearly every day at a downtown cafe, and a cigarette has been the usual accompaniment of her demitasse. Have there been wild outcries? Have there been denunciations? Certainly not. If Mrs. Atherton wants to smoke after luncheon that is her privilege. We are not as narrow in such things as Chicago. Women smoke in the St. Francis dining room when they want to. A very charming young matron, just home from Paris, enjoyed her cigarette there the other day without molestation. It is only country folk visiting here that gasp at such a sight. For the sake of those who may search our cafes for a sight of Mrs. Atherton smoking, let me add that she has given up the habit within the last few days. She says it caused insomnia.

The McEnerneys Off for Europe

Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney left town this week for their annual European trip. As Europe is an old story to the McEnerneys, they go there not to travel but to rest. They will spend a few months at one of the watering places in Germany, and will then go to Paris and to London where they have many friends. Few Americans are better known than the McEnerneys in the literary set of London. They number among their friends the Chestertons, the Bellocs and the Meynells. Mr. McEnerney, by the way, is one of the few representatives of our bar who keeps in touch with the literature and politics of Europe. It is probably his taste for these things that gives him a breadth of vision and grasp of mind which one seldom finds among our professional men.

Edna Darch Arrives

The glory of California as a developer of song birds is about to be enhanced by Edna Darch. It is about seven years since beautiful Edna Darch left California under the protecting wing of Madame Calve. Calve said that Edna was destined to become one of the world's great singers. For several years she has been singing at the Royal Opera in Berlin. This winter she will join the melodic cohorts of Andreas Dippel and her much praised mezzosoprano will be heard in Philadelphia and Chicago along with the voices of Tetrazzini, Mary Garden, Dalmores, Scotti and others of worldwide fame. She returns to her own country with the brightest chance of being acclaimed as only America acclaims a native singer who reaches the topmost rank. Music lovers will remember the time that Calve brought Edna Darch to San Francisco on her way East. The great French cantatrice had discovered her in Los Angeles, and with that singular certainty in picking great though undeveloped voices which had made no mistake in the cases of Bessie Abbott, Geraldine Farrar and Lois Feurst, Calve declared through the local papers that her new protegee would one day eclipse all her former finds. There is an excellent chance that that declaration will be confirmed when Dippel's season opens in Philadelphia at the end of October.



Photo, Pierre Smith

MRS. PARKER F. WOOD

Who was formerly Miss Vera Seitz, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Seitz of San Rafael. The groom is a brother of Mrs. Melville Erskine who was Miss Mildred Wood.

Of Humble Origin

Edna Darch was born in Fargo, North Dakota in 1888, so she is now only twenty-four years old, a tender age at which to join the operatic company of such as Tetrazzini and Garden. Her father was of English birth and her mother a German. They were plain, hard-working people, and had two daughters, Edna and Florence. Edna was and is still a girl of exceptional beauty, of robust constitution, with remarkable throat development and dowered with a bright mind. The family moved to Los Angeles when the girls were quite young, and the father obtained work in a lumber yard. All the money he could spare from the household expenses went to pay for music lessons, Edna studying the piano and vocal music while Florence devoted herself to the violin. Once a wealthy rancher from North Dakota visited the family and gave Edna one hundred dollars for her music lessons. This small sum enabled her to study the piano with Herr Thilo Becker, formerly of the Conservatory of Leipsic. Becker heard her sing and introduced her to Miss Elizabeth Carrick, a talented English teacher of singing. Through these two teachers she was presented to Calve when the great prima donna visited Los Angeles. Calve was enthusiastic and eager to help. She left money in a Los Angeles bank to pay for the girl's tuition and insisted that she take up the study of French, German and Italian. The following year Calve took Edna to New York and placed her with the best masters. She showered her with gifts and dressed her exquisitely. Finally Calve took her to Europe where her voice so charmed the director of the Berlin Grand Opera that he gave her an engagement. Edna Darch is said to have the physique of Eames and the talents of her patroness.

Julia Dean's Smart Connections

Mrs. Orme Caldara arrived in San Francisco last week and is resting quietly before her engagement at the Cort opens. Mrs. Caldara is Julia Dean on theater programs and is remembered for her brilliant work in "The Lily" in which she fairly overshadowed the statuesque Nance O'Neil two seasons ago. She is visiting in this city among her relatives who include the Potter Langhornes and Haynes'. of San Mateo, and is being entertained informally by our smart setters down the peninsula. Miss Dean is first cousin to Mrs. James Potter Langhorne who is the daughter of Julia Dean Hayne, famous forty years ago as a tragedienne. Robin Hayne who married Miss Jane Selby last year is a grandnephew of Julia Dean Hayne and second cousin to Miss Dean.

A Telephone "Touch"

The get-rich-quick scheme of the woman swindler who impersonated Mrs. Carey Friedlander was far more successful than the newspaper accounts stated. It is estimated that friends of the Friedlanders were cozened out of five or six hundred dollars in sums ranging from $25 to $100. The game was an easy one and some of the victims have not reported their losses owing to a natural reticence. The man who finally went to Friedlander had ponied up his $25 as per request before he scented something wrong and decided to take the lady's husband into his confidence. He is one of Friedlander's club friends and it was at the club one evening last week that he was "touched" over the telephone. The man was eager to do his friend's wife a service and said he'd send the amount out to her

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house with pleasure. But the lady demurred. Not to the house where Carey might discover it, and not to any other address since she wished none of her friends to know. The safest plan was for her to send a messenger boy to the club and wait at a street corner for him to come with the money. This plan was agreed upon and $25 was sealed in an envelope and delivered to the boy who called at the club ten minutes later. This was the last the man heard of it or expects to. The next day he confided the incident to a friend withholding the lady's name, and the friend agreed that it looked suspicious. "Better tell Carey," he advised, which advice was taken that day with the result that Mrs. Friedlander received the surprise of her life, and detectives are seeking a clever woman swindler who had been at work ten days before her game was exposed.

Inherits Her Beauty

Miss Belle Brittain, the young lady who was quoted as being very contemptuous of chaperons and who denies having any such feeling, is a beauty who comes by her good looks quite naturally. She is the daughter of the late Nat Brittain of San Mateo. Her mother was one of the handsome Fallon sisters of San Jose. In the Garden City where pulchritude blossoms like the rose they were distinguished for their unusual beauty. Anita Fallon married John T. Malone who graduated from Santa Clara College to the Shakespearian stage. Their daughter Geraldine Malone is an actress of promise who played here not long ago. Isabel Fallon married Colonel Nat Brittain. The third sister Emma married Harry Burns of Honolulu. The Fallon girls were accomplished as well as beautiful. They spent many years in Europe, returning to astonish San Jose with their Parisian dresses and their continental manners.

The Charms of Castle Crags

There is one glory of the early summer, and another glory of the later season. Nowhere is the truth of the statement more obvious than at Castle Crags Farm, where the later summer is now beginning. The tang in the mountain air, felt unmistakably at this season of the year, makes one over again after a stay of ever so few days in the heart of the Crags country. The pleasures of the early season are giving place to some extent to the joys of the hunting season. And with the first of September deer hunts will be the order of the day at Castle Crag and through all of that country. Hunting parties in numbers have made reservations for the first weeks of September. From the log cabins at the farm a general "trek" to the mountains will be a daily occurrence. The chase after deer is not the only absorbing pursuit at Castle Crags Farm and its neighboring beauty spots. Fishing, the best in years, has lured a number of anglers. During September the catch will be equally large. And beyond the borders of the Farm country itself, further off in the heart of the mountains, is Castle Lake, a bonanza find for the fisherman. Pack train parties from the Farm have gone out for two and three days, to return with the limit catch. Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Defendorf and Miss Marjorie Stanton, and Wolcott Stanton made the Castle Lake trip returning after a day in the mountains with the limit for each fisherman. The one constant glory of all seasons in the Castle Crag Farm country is the log cabin accommodation. In lieu of the conventional summer resort hotel, with its long corridors and its maze of doors, the cabins offer the quiet and comfort of home. Hot and cold shower baths, electric lights and all the fresh air and window space that could be provided in one room make sleeping akin to camping out under the pine trees which shelter each cabin. Castle Crag will remain open during September. Reservations may be made at the Hotel Victoria, corner Bush and Stockton street, of Mrs. W. F. Morris.

Lanterns and Tableaux Vivants at Santa Cruz

Fred W. Swanton, the general manager of the Santa Cruz Beach Company is attempting a program of free spectacular productions on the water in front of the Casino, to amuse the crowds that daily visit the Casino and beach. Thousands of



Photo, Scharz

MRS. GEORGE HAROLD FREEAR

A prominent member of the younger set in Oakland who was formerly Miss Genevieve Strum.

lanterns will decorate the Casino, beach and water from the dome of the buildings to the end of the pier and raft. All the fishing boats, rowing boats and launches will be gaily decorated for the nightly events. There will be daylight Japanese fireworks, water and night fireworks each evening with the grandest tableaux vivants ever displayed on the water. This will be a grand affair for those already in Santa Cruz as well as for the thousands that look forward to an outing on Admission Day, and as there are three days, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, for this year's "September Ninth" doings Santa Cruz will surely get her share with a program like the following: September 7, music by Williams' Santa Cruz Beach band; balloons with lanterns attached; parachute jump by young lady from bursting fire balloon; original fire effects; living pictures; Si takes Maud to the Santa Cruz Beach; ship on fire at sea; grand finale, water fireworks. September 8, balloons and water shells from pleasure pier; living pictures; tableaux; illumination and water fireworks. September 9, fire balloon and parachute jump; dance of the water fairies with illuminated light house; living pictures; fight of pirate ships with grand fireworks effect; queen and water fairies hold court in ball room; Japanese day fireworks every day at 3:00 p. m.

The Time Draws Near

There is an air of expectancy and interest manifested around Tait's these days. Now that the time for awarding the beautiful Oakland automobile is drawing near patrons of the place are showing a stimulated interest. The lady patron who wins this beautiful high-power car will certainly be lucky and the envy of her friends and acquaintances. The manner in which the car is to be awarded is fully explained at the cafe every afternoon between the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock. There is always a novel and interesting entertainment there every afternoon

Travelers' Whereabouts

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark of San Mateo left London recently for Paris, but will return to the English capital before the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene S. De Sabla of El Cerrito and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin of San Mateo left London recently, going to Carlsbad for the cure.

Professor Melville Best Anderson of Stanford University is occupying Gabriele d'Annunzio's old home, the Villa la Capponcina, at Settiguano near Florence.

Judge and Mrs. James A. Cooper and Miss Ethel Cooper have been staying at the Adlon in Berlin.

Some of the sojourners at Paso Robles, devoting themselves to the famous baths, are: Mr. Fred A. Wrede of Haywards, accompanied by his daughter Mrs. Ed Wrede of San Francisco; Mrs. C. Mesnager and daughter Miss C. Mesnager of Los Angeles; Mrs. E. Walton Hedges of Santa Barbara who motored to Paso Robles and brought her friend Mrs. Milton Pray of Burlingame, the latter to remain some days for the baths and rest; Mr. Wm. G. Barr, a well known Los Angeles man. From the East comes Mr. J. H. Davis whose home is in Elgin, Illinois. Mrs. A. P. Sauer, with her little daughter arrived last week from New Orleans. Judge J. K. Law of Merced is there with Mrs. Law. Some of the San Francisco people are: Mrs. C. G. Clinch and her son Charles D. Clinch; Mrs. E. K. Goodrich; Mrs. E. S. Michelson and her daughter Mrs. H. Michelson; Mr. B. Goldfish and wife; Mr. and Mrs. C. Martini.



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"A Man on Horseback"

By Edward F. O'Day

The play weigher has no more delicate, no more difficult task than that of estimating the worth of a drama immediately after its premiere. Many playwrights and many actors think that the critic should not make the attempt. They take the stand that he is no more capable of doing justice to a play after seeing its first production than a manager is after merely reading it. Everyone knows that it is almost impossible for an actor or a manager to tell a good play in manuscript; the confraternity of the stage hold that it is equally out of the question for the critic to appraise it properly after the first night. There is a good deal in this view. The author has worked on his play for a year, two years. The players, the stage manager and others have been giving months to it. The result of all this labor does not appear on the first night. The stage manager may be hurried; there may be unforeseen problems for him to solve at the last moment. The actors may not know their lines perfectly, or they may forget them on account of nervousness. The first actual production always brings to light crudities which had been overlooked. Scenes which were thought important may prove insignificant when submitted to the test of public hearing; scenes which were slighted may prove to be big scenes. There are a dozen other circumstances connected with the first night which prevent the players from doing justice to themselves and to the play. Nevertheless it is the custom to appraise a play on the basis of its first production. That being so, it only remains for the appraiser to take all the difficulties into consideration and not to treat the production as he treats one which has been polished by weeks or months of contact with the boards. Unreservedly to acclaim or damn "A Man on Horseback" from the data supplied by the performance given Monday night would be unfair. What we saw was not the finished play but the final dress rehearsal. As the nights pass wrinkles will be ironed out, weak places will be strengthened, useless lines will be eliminated, bits of "business" will be elaborated—in a word, the play will begin to be a real play subject to the hard and fast rules of criticism. When all this has been done "A Man on Horseback" will be a good, but by no means a great play. It will still, if I am not mistaken, suffer from a weakness which cannot be cured without making the whole play over. This weakness resides in the central character. The Man on Horseback is introduced as a national political hero, an honest man of unbounded ambition who tramples his way to power over the bodies of his enemies. But for his wonderful power of mastery we must take Booth Tarkington's word. It is true that in a stirring scene he defies his enemies when they seem to have him on the hip, but his triumph over them in the two instances that make the subject matter of the play is not a triumph of his unaided genius. A fellow Senator rescues him from one danger, and pure accident frees him from another. The Man on Horseback whom Booth Tarkington conceived may have been all that Booth Tarkington says he was; but the Man on Horseback whom Booth Tarkington draws is simply a brave and good man with an unusual share of luck. This is a weak place in the dramatic structure, but it is not a weakness to which the ordinary audience will take great exception. It can be deftly concealed, especially by a virile actor like James K. Hackett whose appearance and bearing suggest the qualities the Man on Horseback is supposed to possess. There is another character in this play which the great public, I suppose, will not resent, but which is bound to displease newspapermen. I refer to the character of the Washington correspondent. Members of the fourth estate will not care to have their conduct judged by the miserable behavior of Rembrandt Jelf. Jelf is a listener at keyholes, an invader of privacy, a spy, a blackmailer and a thief. He rummages in drawers, he reads other people's papers; he is absolutely unscrupulous in the service of the millionaire newspaper proprietor for whom he is working. Washington correspondents are popularly considered the pick of the newspaper profession. They are at least as strict in enforcing the ethics of their craft as the members of an ordinary staff. They would not tolerate this man Jelf for a minute. Yet there is nothing in the play to indicate that he is in any way exceptional. The Man on Horseback says nothing to show the audience that Jelf's outrageous behavior is different from the behavior of other newspaper men. This may seem a special plea, but the character militates against the success of the play with the men who must pass public judgment on it. It goes without saying that Hackett and his company gave it a splendid production. The author could not have entrusted it to better hands.



ELSA RUEGGER

The world's greatest woman 'cellist who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Gossip of the Theatre

Another Week of "Baby Mine"

Margaret Mayo's screaming comedy "Baby Mine" which opened a limited engagement at the Cort last Sunday, will enter upon its second and last week, beginning Sunday night. "Baby Mine" still has the power to provoke unrestrained laughter. Never was a comedy constructed that so easily took the audience off its guard of gravity. Marguerite Clark and Ernest Glendinning of the original cast, and Jas. A. Bliss and Vira Real form the quartet which furnishes most of the fun. Miss Clark is a winsome bit of prettiness and goes through her strenuous part as the young wife in the most daintily ridiculous and whimsically funny way. Her acting is artistically perfect. Ernest Glendinning, home again in the same part of the husband, is splendid in his character study of the jealous suspecting man and the foolishly happy and suddenly despoiled father of triplets. Jas. A. Bliss plays the part of Jimmy in a manner that just fits the situations, and as the kind and helpful female friend Miss Vira Real acts her part remarkably well. The stage setting for this delightful little comedy is quite perfect, and Miss Clark in her pink draped bed in the second act appears like a human bon bon. "Bought and Paid For," William A. Brady's remarkable success which he is sending here with the original New York Playhouse cast, including Charles Richman, Julia Dean and others, is underlined to follow "Baby Mine" at the Cort for a limited engagement beginning Monday, September 2.

A Big Bill at Pantages

Pantages is doing a banner business this week, the current attractions being varied and interesting. The program for next week abounds in good numbers, one of which is the four Bards, undeniably the best acrobats before the public. The Morati Opera Company composed of splendid vocalists, will present their novelty, "The Mardi Gras in Paris," beautifully staged and costumed and introducing many beautiful standard operatic selections. Eldon and company will offer a novel magical act. The "Seven Texas Tulips," lively and gingery dancers of both sexes who lay claim to having originated the "Texas Tommy," will appear in a big dancing and singing act. Clifton R. Wooldridge, Chicago's famous detective who is making a few vaudeville appearances in the principal houses of America, will offer an unusual feature in his brief lecture, well illustrated with stereopticon slides, concerning his wonderful career as a criminologist. The Imperial Dancing Four are young men and women who dance in hard shoes. Bill Broad is one of the best black face entertainers before the public. Sunlight Pictures, showing current events will complete the bill.

Miss Taylor in "The Wooing of Eve"

Laurette Taylor's next venture at the Alcazar, commencing Monday night, will be as Eve Alverstone in "The Wooing of Eve," another new play by J. Hartley Manners. She promises to be no less interesting in it than she was in her previous interpretations, although the role demands radically different treatment. Eve is young, but an accomplished woman of the world, sensible of mind and brilliant of speech, ever ready with the right action and the right word. Her whole tone and demeanor are buoyant, and their effect is that of

a tonic in depressing surroundings. Withal she has suffered, and suffering has taught her the great lesson of charity—of instinct for another's sorrow. Into the troubled family of her uncle, John Rodd, a London iron king, enters Eve. She finds him threatened with bankruptcy, his youthful wife ready to elope and his daughter about to be married to a man who does not possess her love. Throughout three extremely interesting acts, covering a period of twenty-four hours, Eve is very busily engaged in putting the disturbed house in order, and very thoroughly is her self-imposed task accomplished. Her manner of doing it is contrary to the conventional, as, indeed, are the plot of the play and the principal characters involved. Both the author and the star



MARGUERITE CLARK

Who has captivated theatrical San Francisco with her exquisite portrayal of the fibbing wife in "Baby Mine" at the Cort.

are satisfied with the supporting cast, which includes Forrest Stanley, Charles Ruggles, Burt Wesner, Beth Taylor, Viola Leach, Will R. Walling, Harold Holland, Edmond Lowe and Georgie Woodthorpe. All the incidents of the comedy take place in the drawing-room of a house in London and the library of a home at Edgeware, assuring sumptuous staging. Miss Taylor's final week at the Alcazar opens Monday night after next with "Seven Sisters," a comedy from the Hungarian in which she scored one of her big successes on Broadway.

Greatest Woman 'Cellist at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will be headed by Elsa Ruegger, the world's greatest woman 'cellist. Madame Ruegger's artistic career has been a succession of triumphs. She has played both here and abroad with leading symphony and musical societies and has been immensely successful in numerous concert tours. Her appearance in vaudeville is an event of extra importance and a striking illustration of the wonderful advance this branch of theatricals is making. Madame Ruegger has been distinguished by the approbation of the best European and American critics. She has in addition to the compelling force of her art a most magnetic personality. On her present vaudeville tour she will be assisted by the celebrated conductor Mr. Edmund Lichenstein, an eminent figure in the musical world. Her program will consist of a nocturne by Chopin, an elegy by Massenet and "The Elves' Dance" by Popper. Cesare Nesi, the young Caruso who will be heard for the first time in this city has, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, a splendid future in grand opera. Although a young man he has had a very eventful career. Three years ago he came in the steerage with other immigrants from Florence to New York. In his own land he had been a modeller of clay statues and he soon secured a position as a peddler of these from a compatriot who made them in a little shop on the Bowery. At night he amused himself in his own room by singing the songs of his native land and his fellow boarder soon made him a local celebrity. His first public appearance was on an amateur night at a five cent vaudeville theatre, where he scored under the most unfavorable circumstances a tremendous hit. His fame went forth and an alert vaudeville manager was so impressed by his tenor robosto notes that he booked him for his entire circuit. Since then his success has been assured. De Witt, Burns and Torrence will introduce "The Awakening of Toys." It is Christmas eve in a toyshop. Harry Earl Godfrey and Veta Henderson will present "Aboard for Abroad." Next week will be the last of Mrs. Gene Hughes and company; Van Brothers; Bradshaw Brothers and W. C. Fields, "The Silent Humorist."

Sixth and Last Week of Hackett

The sixth and last week of the James K. Hackett season at the Columbia is announced. During the final week Mr. Hackett and his company will continue to present Booth Tarkington's new play, "A Man on Horseback." Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. The all-star English cast appearing in "Pomander Walk" will bring to San Francisco a number of splendid English players who are known here by reputation only. "Pomander Walk" will be seen for two weeks beginning September 2.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783

Beginning Monday, August 26th
Sixth and Last Week of the

JAMES K. HACKETT
SEASON

Continued Success of the New Play by Booth Tarkington

"A MAN ON HORSEBACK"

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Bargain Matinees Wednesday—Prices, $1 to 25c.
Monday, September 2nd—"POMANDER WALK," with the All Star English Cast.

Pantage's Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Week of August 25th

SUPERLATIVE ATTRACTIONS!

Four Bard Brothers, World's Greatest Acrobats; Morati Opera Company, Presenting "The Mardi Gras in Paris"; Eldon and Co., Magicians Extraordinary; Seven Texas Tulips, Originators of the Texas Tommy; Clifton R. Wooldridge, the Famous Detective; Imperial Dancing Four, Terpsichorean Marvels; Billy Broad, Blackface Comedian, and Sunlight Pictures.

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.

Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

Orpheum

O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

THE ACME OF VAUDEVILLE

ELSA RUEGGER, World's Greatest Woman Cellist, assisted by the Celebrated Conductor Edmund Lichenstein; CESARE NESI, the Young Caruso"; DE WITT, BURNS & TORRENCE in the Mirthful Creation "The Awakening of Toys"; GODFREY & HENDERSON in "Aboard for Abroad"; MRS. GENE HUGHES & CO. presenting "Youth"; VAN BROTHERS; BRADSHAW BROTHERS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of W. C. FIELDS, the Silent Humorist.

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

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Second and Last Big Week Starts Tomorrow
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
William A. Brady, Ltd., Presents

BABY MINE

By Margaret Mayo
The Funniest Play Ever Written, With

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In Their Original Roles
Prices—50c to $1.50.

Commencing Monday, September 2nd—"Bought and Paid For."

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Monday Evening, August 26th, and Throughout the Week,

LAURETTE TAYLOR,

Forrest Stanley and the Alcazar Company, in the First Presentation on Any Stage of

THE WOOING OF EVE

A Comedy by J. Hartley Manners

Prices: Night 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee: Thursday, Saturday, Sunday.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Arrivals at Hotel del Coronado last week included: W. W. Chapin, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Thompson, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Sedam and son, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Taylor, the Misses Taylor, Mrs. E. Taylor, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Perkins, Miss Lucile Perkins, Mrs. W. H. Collins and daughter, Miss Rowena Fraser, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. Geo. F. Gitty, Los Angeles; Mrs. A. Horowitz, Miss Hilda Horowitz, Miss Irma Katz, San Bernardino; Richard J. Culver, Los Angeles; C. S. Henderson, Riverside; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. King, Miss King, Salt Lake City; C. O. Whittemore, Miss Whittemore, Miss Leigh Whittemore, Los Angeles; G. E. Lyon, St. Louis; Mr. O. A. Bosley, Long Beach; Mrs. J. E. McAllister, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Nathan, New York; C. F. Cook, Cleveland, O.; Mr. and Mrs. A. Gould, Seattle; Harrison Albright, John Reynolds, Los Angeles; Stella Ramond, Hazel Ramond, Essye Kron, Jesse Kramer, San Francisco; Mrs. G. Pro, Los Angeles; Mrs. L. E. Hackett, Chicago; John Starr, Cincinnati; H. R. Blair, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Guy V. Frank, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Schwinske, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Summers, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lee, Albuquerque; Mrs. G. W. Crampton, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. A. W. Coote, Los Angeles; Mrs. E. J. Reid, Pasadena; Mrs. W. T. Coatsworth, Miss Margaret Coatsworth, Buffalo; Frank C. C. Reid, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McKee, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; I. S. Grene, East Highlands; Brother Valesian, Brother Vitus, Berkeley; H. H. Harris, H. Killor, Mr. and Mrs. N. V. Buck, M. R. Atherton, Albia, Iowa; A. F. Gatt, Frank L. Forrester, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Scott Mitchell and two children, Mrs. Z. J. Mitchell, Kansas City; Mrs. Henry Benton Starr, Mrs. K. A. MacDonell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. John R. Holmes, Miss Helen B. Holmes, Cincinnati; Miss Livingston, Chicago; Mrs. H. E. Hodge, Seattle; J. C. Hughes and wife, Denver; John Reynolds, Los Angeles; M. Cooper, New York; Minnie Holzman, Albuquerque; Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Davis, Weehawkeen, N. J.; Mrs. F. Mittman, Ruth Mittman, Mrs. Clara B. Heywood, J. B. Heywood, Pasadena; Mrs. J. Creighton Mathews, New Orleans; R. T. Will, Redlands; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hardy, La Crosse, Wis.; E. V. Clark, J. B. Mitchell, San Francisco; E. Stephens, T. S. Thomas, Salt Lake City; L. J. Smith and wife, Kansas City; H. McPhee, Los Angeles; Misses R. and N. Nicholson, Farmville, Va.; Miss Louise Kimball, Watt Webb Jr., Kansas City, Mo.; R. V. Tompkins and wife, Dallas, Tex.; Harrison Albright, Los Angeles; Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Wayte and son, Patten, Cal.; Dr. and Mrs. C. M. White, Visalia; D. A. Pasamore, George H. Rogers, Los Angeles; Robt. P. Bonnie, H. S. Bonnie, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. M. S. Richmond, San Jose; Mrs. M. Gill, Mrs. E. Ingham, W. M. Lane, M. H. Hawkins, M. H. Masterson, Los Angeles; H. Charlish, England; Walter R. Cuthbert, D. D. R. Moote, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Kalhler, Kansas City; W. H. B. Kilner and wife, Mrs. C. F. Andrews, Miss Andrews, Los Angeles; Arthur Strasburger, Brooklyn, N. Y.; I. F. Littlefield, Los Angeles, J. G. Darden, Los Angeles; Lorne Luter, Albuquerque; M. F. Barclay, San Francisco; C. A. Harding and wife, Corona; Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Henderson, Riverside; Major C. E. Hauton and party, U. S. A.; Z. E. Foster, Prescott, Ariz.

Among the week-end arrivals at Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McCann and Dr. Alanson Weeks and wife. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Lewis arrived early in the week. Among the expected guests for the big event in September, some have already arrived from the bay cities as well as Los Angeles and Riverside. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman will doubtless remain through the tournament, and Miss Edith Chesebrough will of course be in the entire series of events. The Misses Alexander are playing quite well too. Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, the Wellington Greggs, Mr. and Mrs. E. Winship, Miss Flora Low and Miss E. Morgan, Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mr. and Mrs. E. Barron, Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair, Capt. and Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Mrs. Andrew M. Lawrence and daughter, Mrs. Oscar Cooper and Mrs. Ward Barron, are all there. Mrs. George A. Pope is away visiting for a week. Mrs. Newhall will return soon. Mr. and Mrs. de Latour arrived Saturday. E. Raymond Armsby and C. R. Blyth were among the motor arrivals Friday. Charles H. Turner is another of the familiar golf enthusiasts seen in the lobby of the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dutton are down for a short stay, and will return for the tournament. Mrs. Margaret Perkins, Miss Emilia Gordon and P. K. Gordon composed a small party of week-end arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. Dent H. Robert arrived by motor Saturday afternoon, also Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Ferth Jr. and Mrs. S. H. Bachman and daughter. Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Arthur Goodall, with Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Cooper arrived Friday in Mr. Goodall's Packard.

The San Francisco Alumnae chapter of Delta Gamma sorority met at luncheon during the week at the Hotel Victoria. Twelve members of the sorority were seated at table in the private dining room. Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Catlin who with their family have been spending the summer at the Hotel Victoria, left on Thursday for their home in New Jersey. On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Catlin entertained a number of friends at dinner at the Victoria, and on Monday afternoon Mrs. Catlin, Miss Catlin, Miss Bess Catlin and Miss Margery Robertson, Mrs. Catlin's sister, entertained nearly one hundred friends at a tea. Quantities of pink dahlias were massed in the reception rooms and the tea room, where the hostesses were assisted by Miss Kentfield, Miss Helen Crandall, Miss Helen Runyon, Miss Evelyn Brown and Miss Jean Watts. General L. W. Cooke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cooke returned during the week from Los Gatos to the Victoria, where they have been making their home for several months past. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Clapp and their daughter are spending several days at the Victoria. They are from Tucson. Mrs. E. P. Walle is up from the Presidio of Monterey for a few days. Recent arrivals include: W. D. Watson, Corning; L. C. Elliott, Racine; Mrs. A. B. Clark, Miss Georgia Clark, Miss Eva Clark, Fresno; Mrs. M. C. Burgess, Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McGowan entertained a house party at Paraiso Hot Springs last week. Among the guests were Mrs. H. B. Mehrmann, the Misses Helen Mehrmann, Margaret Bassett and Helene Bassett of Oakland; the Misses Meroe and Dewey Winton of Haywards; Miss Irene Bibb and Dion Holm of San Francisco; Martin Detels and Robert Jeffers of Palo Alto. The party motored to Pebble Beach Lodge on Thursday where they were entertained at luncheon by Mrs. H. B. Mehrmann.

The dove season continues to delight the gunners at Paso Robles. There is no apparent diminution in the number of birds, and the sport is fine every day. Both among the stubble and along the water courses the doves are found in great numbers. Every facility is afforded the visiting sportsmen, and they have no difficulty in securing guides or advice as to the best locations, and conveyance thereto is easily arranged for. The company of good fellows bent on the same errand adds the finishing touch to the occasion. The Paso Robles golf course of nine holes is attracting great attention. Opened by the Paso Robles Hot Springs Company two years ago, it is in the best of condition. The course affords the finest variety of play.



A COTTAGE AT CASTLE CRAGS FARM

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The declining tendency in the stock market in the latter half of the present week under very favorable crop and business conditions was not illogical. Profit taking by bankers who have been in support of the stock market for many months represents only a temporary check on prices and we fully expect a resumption of the upward trend in the near future. It is to be admitted however that the rise in stocks since last spring has been based upon the crop and business situation entirely and that at some period not remote politics will again become a serious factor to cope with. Another unfavorable element in the Wall Street outlook will be the money situation this Fall. As the result of tremendous crop and business activity prices of money are bound to harden. We feel favorable toward values, however, until along in September when we believe it will be time to curtail commitments.

Wheat—There was a very narrow trade in wheat the past week, although values showed some improvement due to the strength abroad and the unfavorable weather conditions in the Northwest where harvesting is now general. An unusual feature in the wheat trade since the first of July is the eagerness with which current daily receipts of wheat are taken by millers and shippers. For many years past elevator companies have been the principal buyers of cash wheat, and the export demand was supplied by an exchange of cash wheat for a return of an equal amount for future delivery, but the present urgency for immediate supplies has brought about a return of old customs. Conditions appear to be remarkably healthy, and should be particularly inviting to an investor. The only deterent influence is the fear of the depressing effect of the initial movement of spring wheat. This will of course be large and for a time, probably, supplies will accumulate, and it is necessary they should increase. This may cause a return of the pessimistic sentiment, but much of the force of the expected movement is already broken and represented in present values, and as the season advances there will be a general realization that wheat is on a sound commercial basis and a favorable one for an investment.

Corn—The situation in corn as regards old supplies is much the same as that in wheat, and in every other cereal for that matter. The crop year of 1911 was a notable one for a general cleaning up of old stocks of every commodity. This is the strong feature of the present time, and it is reflected in the price for cash corn and for the September future. It is difficult to see how there can be any material setback from present values until a good production of the new crop is assured. The weather is favorable, and the growing crop is doing well and promises a big yield, but is pretty well discounted in present values.

Cotton—The following is the result of replies received from our seven hundred paid correspondents from every State in the belt and covers the condition of the cotton crop to August 16. Fully normal progress was made in the cotton fields, save in central and southern Texas and parts of North Carolina, in which districts the supply of moisture was insufficient. There is an absence of usual August complaints of shedding and general deterioration except in these two States. The plant on the contrary is still in a growing condition and is now setting fruit with greater rapidity and in larger volume than at any previous time in the section. Profusion of bloom is one of the notable characteristics of the plant. This fact attests the lateness of the crop. The supply of moisture now in the soil is generally abundant and little or no rain is needed during the remainder of the month, although light showers after a period of perhaps ten days would stimulate growth and carry the plant along to increased size, in which respect it is deficient over large area. Open bolls are few and picking has not begun in a noticeable way save in southern Texas, where it is now getting under full headway and where cotton owing to the long drought is opening very fast. There is an absence of insects, and boll weevil damage up to the present is negligible in the aggregate, but the cotton caterpillar or leaf worm is now well distributed over Texas and has invaded Louisiana. Cotton in the overflowed lands is more promising than heretofore.

Force of Habit

Two nice young girls, out for early bargains, met in front of a store on the avenue.

"I saw you in church yesterday, dear," gurgled one.

"Oh, were you in church?" gurgled the other

"Yes, love. And I noticed that you had at last made your husband accompany you to divine worship."

"Of course, he went with me. He'd rather go to the theatre, but the theatres aren't showing anything on Sundays now. But he disgraced me."

"In church? How?"

"The rector read four chapters from 'The Acts of the Apostles.' And my husband insisted on getting up and going out after every act."

Knicker—Dead men tell no tales.

Bocker—But there are plenty told by men who don't know they are dead ones.

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Number of Depositors	56,609

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Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$11,055,471.11
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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

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Merchants National Bank of San Francisco

Corner New Montgomery and Market Streets

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Cash and Sight Exchange	1,639,482.36
Deposits	6,368,228.50

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The officers of this Bank will be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

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A Midnight Duel

(Continued from Page 8.)

within range by a knife handled with lightning-like rapidity. Salman doubled, stretched himself, crept, stole and ran about the tree. The bottom was worn out of his birch-bark shoe, and it had worked up over his shins, where it now and then revolved and cut red rings into his flesh. His left hand, the hand by which he guided and supported himself, was swollen and full of blisters; some bulging and full, others broken, empty, smarting.

And then it happened once that Salman sank to his knees. The beast of prey was then within two feet of him. Before he could rise, the bear's eyes were so close that he felt a hot, heavy breath of air against his face, as the grinning jaw opened and shut with a bang, to open once more. This happened at such short range that Salman lost the sense of his protecting fir. For a single second his vision grew faint, he saw a blur of black and white before him; but in the next second he had crept backward and escaped, and in the following seconds, when he believed the moment of death had arrived for him, the knife moved and plunged into something soft, and Bear-Salman stood on his feet again.

The bear shook itself into a crouching position, and rushed blindly at him. Attempting to sidestep, it nearly succeeded in making two quick revolutions not far from the tree. But when it tried to edge in, its momentum was too great, and the effort ended in a too long leap and a sudden spin.

The bear raised itself on its hind legs toward the settler of Nysvedjan, came forward, and clutched the fir in a fit of fury, as if that were its antagonist. Its claws bored into the bark. Salman shot out his right hand and grabbed its right paw, and quickly leaning over to the right, he brought down the knife once, twice, three times between the beast's ribs, aiming at its heart. Salman's lips were blue, drawn; his tongue was dry in his mouth; his eyes flashed. He was still Bear-Salman!

The bear dropped on the spot, tumbled backwards, but bounced up again, leaped away in whirling circles in the direction of the undergrowth, which bent down like sea-weed—came back, rose once more to the attitude of a wrestler, got a fresh taste of the long knife, and spun round.

Salman was in a strange state of mind. Within him, as it seemed, vibrated red waves, to and fro; the ground rocked under his foot; his eyes seemed to be losing their power of sight. "It would be foolish to faint now," he thought. "For mother's sake I must not cringe."

Something was stirring in the top of the fir. "A brave bird to be sitting there," thought Salman, stabbing the bear again, stabbing it between the ribs.

Salman was never able to describe properly what immediately followed, whenever he told the story. But the bear had fallen like a hay-stack and turned over. It had jumped into the air, whining loudly. It had run in little zig-zags round the place, he said. The uninjured eye had flashed like a glowing coal, sharp pointed like an owl. The other eye, he related, was hidden by clotted blood. At each step, at each puffing sigh, a stream of blood had poured out in the form of a thick rod—as thick as a shaft, he declared. It had been much to his advantage; it had added largely to his means of success that the bear had never taken a moment's rest, nor drawn the flesh over the wounds and twisted the hair into a tuft, as these bears generally do, Salman averred. Whether he lied or not, I do not know. As a matter of fact, he is not the only man who has had things of this sort to tell.

Round about, thrushes and finches were singing. The hazel grouse whistled in the lowlands, and the crane cried from the marsh.

Yet again the bear stood upright by the fir; but the jaw it opened was full of blood from perforated lungs. Yet again, also, did Salman escape its paw in a semi-circular movement and use his knife. And the reeling, bleeding, shaggy mass received frenzied blows upon blows—in the chest, in the head, in the flat of its paws, in the sides.

"There!" cried Salman, with a carnal oath. "There! Take that! and that! you ugly bastard! More! More! That's from mother! That's from the kids! That from the whole night, you devil! Will you die? Will you?—Will you?—Will you? —Will you?"

The bear's last growl was choked half-way. As if through an autumn drizzle upon a window-pane Salman saw, through perspiration and tears, how the bear rose again, trembled spasmodically, fell yet once more, and lay still.

Salman dropped in a heap at the foot of the tree. He was tired to death and sore in every joint; he felt it all now. His right hand hung lax, though still grasping the knife.

Salman fell asleep.

About half an hour later something moved in the tree-top. A head peeped out, vanished again, to peep out on the other side. It is the she-bear's cub, uncertain about the meaning of the deep silence after the long period of noise. But it notices that mother has made peace with the other fellow, and it feels a longing to leave its place. It was not a little scared up there. Now it puts its paws upon the trunk of the tree and commences to crawl down. In the beginning it makes slow progress—

It was no sane man's look that came into Salman's eyes when he was roused by a heavy bundle that fell down upon him. There was with him, as he rushed on toward the village, the sense of the hunted wild, a hairy body, scared out of its wits, with its tail between its legs. Nothing at all remained of the hero of the night, of Bear-Salman. It was only a miserable settler, shorn of courage and alone, running for his wretched life.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

lieve there are thirty-three at the Park Museum. Within a year of the fire Vickery exhibited sixty-five, and Macbeth is credited with having sold fifteen since the fire. Yes, Keith was too prolific.

"Let us not forget that we have other painters besides Keith. There is Judson, there is Gamble and there is Thomas Nash. Hill was a better painter than Keith. And let us not overlook wonderful Thad Welch."

"And Rollo Peters?" I suggested.

"He is a good business man," said Curtis. "He knows how to sell pictures. Like Whistler he throws a pot of paint in the public face, calling it an arrangement, a nocturne. I can't make him out."

Rollo Peters, I imagine, will not object to being damned in company with James McNeill. The latter got a farthing in damages when Ruskin failed to "make him out"; the former may plead that Curtis has no right to use his hammer outside the auction room.

The Hardest Worked Campaigners

The Parts of Speech in conclave met
The gist of the campaign to get
And find what tasks they would be set.

The Verb remarked "I think, b'gee,
A hot time is ahead for me,
There'll be some action, just you see."

The Adjective declared "I'm right
In thinking I am in the fight;
They're calling names both day and night."

The Pronoun raised a mournful cry,
"I'm overworked, I'll surely die,
Just hark how he is using 'I.'"

Then the Conjunction cried "My friends,
I hold the balance and the ends,
The whole result on 'if' depends."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WINIFRED McGOWAN, also known as WINNIFRED McGOWAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Messrs. Lent & Humphrey, Room 428 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased.

THOMAS J. McGOWAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3, 1912.
LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for said Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTONIO SALVAREZZA, alias, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of J. A. Gendotti & C. J. Houston, Attorneys at Law, 1104 First National Bank Building, corner Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, deceased.

MARIA SALVAREZZA,
Executrix of the Estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1912.
J. A. GENDOTTI & C. J. HOUSTON,
Attorneys at Law,
1104 First National Bank Bldg.,
Post and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

The Limit

Mrs. Blushington—Although I have only been married a short time, I have already discovered that my husband is a perfect crank.

Mrs. Olden—All husbands are, my dear.

Mrs. Blushington—But fancy a man who complains that my mustard plasters are not as strong as those his mother used to make!

Not Out of Date

The sturdy oak and clinging vine
Are types that flourish still, mayhap;
The sturdy oak roots on his seat,
The clinging vine hangs on the strap.

The Mighty Julius Gravelled

Caesar told his wife she should be above suspicion.

"I am," she responded ominously, "I have arrived at certainty."

Herewith he hastened to give her a handsome present.

John Alden Explained

"I am an instructed delegate," he said.

Not understanding politics, Priscilla manoeuvred a stampede.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,652; Department No. 7.

MAE J. RINEY, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3d day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

O. J. FRITZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
428 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LINEHAN-ARENDT CO., Plaintiff, vs. F. S. DOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: F. S. DOW, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

DONAHUE & GALE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 8-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 43,036; Department No. 10.

LOU ETTA WILMOTH, Plaintiff, vs. HOWARD WELLINGTON WILMOTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Howard Wellington Wilmoth, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERNARD ALFRED DOBBAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, deceased.

CAMILLE JOSEPHINE DOBBAS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3rd, A. D. 1912.
A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

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Letters

"The Sign at Six"

Readers who take even a passing interest in the fairy tales of science will remember with pleasure that amazingly good story of adventure, "The Mystery," which was the joint production of Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams. "The Sign at Six" is the work of Mr. White alone, and might well bear the sub-title, "the further adventures of Percy Darrow," for that calm, cool, apparently indifferent and lackadaisical young scientist whose manner cloaks keen observation and enormous courage, holds the center of the stage while the world around him rocks. New York was held in the hands of a political boss, one Malachi McCarthy who virtually owned everything. If the people did not like it, at least they made no open remonstrance, and McCarthy had nothing to fear, no reason to suspect that there could be a limit to his power. His first warning came through a telephone message sent from a public booth, just the sort of thing a crank or a mischievous youth might think of, a command to pack up his belongings and leave for Europe. A "sign" was promised at six o'clock, and the natural supposition was that it would take the form of a bomb. Instead of that, promptly at six every convenience in the building that depended upon electricity for its operation suddenly went out of commission. Lights were extinguished, bells failed to ring and telephones were dead. The repair gangs sent out on hurry calls worked until three the next morning in busy idleness, for they could find nothing wrong with wires or batteries, though they did make the amazing discovery that fresh batteries, tested elsewhere, were dead inside the building. At three o'clock, just as suddenly as the stoppage occurred, everything was restored to normal. Meanwhile the United Wireless operator located in the building reported that all night long his instrument had picked up threatening messages addressed to some McCarthy, and on later investigation it proved that no other station had received them. At six o'clock on the following evening the same phenomena occurred, but this time the whole city with some of the suburbs was involved. Another "sign" was promised on the following morning at nine-thirty, and promptly to the minute it came, this time a complete cessation of all sound within the Atlas. Later on this too was extended, and then a third marvel, of total darkness, involving first the one office building and then the whole city. Meanwhile the wireless messages continued to arrive, more threatening and bombastic each time, with the alternate interference with light, sound and electric currents; and minds trained in elementary physics began to project their thoughts to another and a worse possibility. The newspapers reveled in the publication of theories, and all the half-baked scientists and religious cranks aired their views, from the influence of the comet to the wrath of God. Business was suspended, the lawless took advantage of the periods of silence and darkness, and the inevitable exodus of the terror-stricken began. The situation was in many respects like that which developed six years ago in our own city, when we found ourselves suddenly bereft of our cherished conveniences and comforts. It was evident that the phenomena were produced by some human agent, some one of high scientific attainments, but either mentally unbalanced or maliciously mischievous, and immediate steps were taken to discover his identity and circumvent his designs. Business men clubbed together and besides subscribing unlimited sums for investigation they offered an immense reward. The work was put into the hands of Professor Eldridge, a scientist of high attainments, but cold, dry and without human sympathy or imagination. Pitted against him was our old friend Percy Darrow who, after giving the professor all the data in his possession, offered to wager that he, Darrow, would unravel the mystery while the professor was getting ready, and then, apparently, went to sleep and forgot all about it. It is a clever duel of pure logic and reason pitted against those qualities plus imagination and knowledge of mankind. While the professor takes account of nothing but established facts Darrow is not afraid to hazard an occasional shrewd guess. Meanwhile there is the time element, the definite hour rapidly approaching at which time annihilation has been threatened, and the unknown had given proof that he was prompt at fulfillment. Almost as the clock was striking the fateful six, when Professor Eldridge had admitted his failure, despite all the assistance that had been given him, Percy Darrow walked in, as unruffled as on the day when the crew of the warship rescued him from the cave beneath the volcano, to present his captive, a man of rare and exceptional attainments, a personal enemy of the obnoxious boss, but absolutely demented, having thought out the whole situation within a few hours after the commencement of the phenomena. If this book had been published under another name and without references to characters and incidents of "The Mystery" not one in thousands would have suspected Stewart Edward White of its authorship. It is as far as possible from his stories of the lumbering industry, mines and cattle countries. The twentieth century mind is blase. Perhaps a generation which has seen ocean cables, telephones, snap-shot photographs, sub-marines, automobiles, flying machines and other wild dreams come not only into possibility but into common use, would find nothing surprising in negative gravity or the nullification of vibrations, but when one recalls the excitement that followed the publication of Caxton Rhodes' "Case of Summerfield" back in the seventies of the last century, realistic enough in all conscience, but a mild matter as compared with "The Sign at Six," it is evident that the world has been moving ahead at a rapid gait. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

AN OBJECT LESSON

In a sumptuously furnished parlor in Fifth avenue, New York, sat a proud and haughty belle. Her name was Isabel Sawtelle. Her father was a millionaire, and his ships, richly laden, plowed many a sea.

By the side of Isabel Sawtelle sat a young man with a clear, beautiful eye and a massive brow.

"I must go," he said: "the foreman will wonder at my absence."

"The foreman?" asked Isabel in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, the foreman of the shop where I work."

"Foreman—shop—work! What! do you work?"

"Aye, Miss Sawtelle, I am a cooper!" And his eyes flashed with honest pride.

"What's that?" she asked. "It is something about barrels, isn't it?"

"It is," he said with a flashing nostril. "And hogsheads."

"Then go!" she said, in a tone of disdain—"go away!"

"Ha!" he cried, "you spurn me then because I am a mechanic. Well, be it so, though the time will come, Isabel Sawtelle," he added—and nothing could exceed his looks at this moment—"when you will bitterly remember the cooper you now cruelly cast off! Farewell!"

Years rolled on. Isabel Sawtelle married a miserable aristocrat, who recently died of delirium tremens. Her father fai'ed and is now a raving maniac and wants to bite little children. All her brothers (except one) were sent to the penitentiary for burglary, and her mother peddles clams that are stolen by little George, her only son that has his freedom. Isabel's sister Bilanca rides an immoral spotted horse in the circus, her husband having long since been hanged for murdering his own uncle on his mother's side. Thus we see that it is always best to marry a mechanic.

The Gentle Cynic Muses

Modesty is a good bit like beauty. Lots of it is only skin deep.

Some men are about as popular as the winners in a poker game.

When money talks none are so deaf as those who refuse to hear.

Lots of people throw bouquets at themselves who can't afford to pay the florist.

An idea strikes many a man when he is off his guard.

Hero worship isn't so bad if you don't squander it on yourself.

Fortune doesn't always knock when a woman is having one of her at home days.

It doesn't cost any more effort for some people to laugh than for other people to worry.

It is always polite to ask a guest to call again, especially if he happens to be a bill collector.

The well-preserved woman is the best illustration of the theory that self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Many a man resembles a dog in the manger because he wants to have a finger in the pie simply to prevent others from eating it.

To get away with flattery it is necessary to be pretty sharp.

A delicacy is merely something the doctor forbids us to eat.

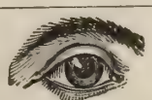
A blasted hope should always be put out of its misery.

Dumb luck may be the result of keeping one's mouth shut.

Is the money that makes the mare go the kind that is invested in wild oats?



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CALIFORNIA STATE

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

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Senator Works At His Best

An Ohio contemporary inquires: "Are there any more at home like Works?" The editor has been reading the speech in opposition to the Owen health bill with which our distinguished statesman from the neurotic orange belt occupied the attention of the Senate for two days. The speech is now in pamphlet form circulating at the expense of the government and titillating the emotions wherever a sense of the ludicrous is part of a mental equipment. It was in this speech that Senator Works scored his greatest triumph as the prophet of charlatanry and the apostle of philistinism. The purpose of the Owen's bill is to protect the public against quacks, and Senator Works uttered himself in opposition to it on the ground that people should be free to make quackery profitable. The Senator believes that human reason and science should be rejected as fallacious guides, and that most of our ills are to be traced to the medical profession. He regards as "one of the most deadly provisions of the bill" the requirement that the Bureau of Health shall collect and disseminate information relating to the public health. "By this means," he says, "the seeds of disease are planted and more innocent and unsuspecting people are killed than drugs ever saved." He explains: "This persistent suggestion of disease and its alleged causes is creating more disease and sacrificing more lives than all the germs that have been discovered"; also: "hatred, malice, fear, revenge and other wrong thoughts are the breeders of disease." "Shades of the witches of Salem!" exclaims the New York Sun, "your spectres have been reincarnated in these doctors of the old school." But the Sun is a reactionary journal. It does not keep pace with the progress of "Higher Thought." It is not even up to date in Bible criticism, as is evident from the fact that it sneers at this historical gem: "Jesus of Nazareth was persecuted and finally crucified for preaching the gospel and practicing his religious belief by healing the sick." The Sun says it would not impugn the intelligence of its readers by discussing the Senator's misrepresentation of the most important event in history, or by pointing out the inanity of the unique proposition that the dissemination of hygienic knowledge being a cause of disease and death should "be made a crime." Whatever the Sun may think of the Works' masterpiece of eloquence in defence of quackery it will one day stand out in the history of thought in the twentieth century, just as today Swift's horrible piece of irony, the Modest Proposal, stands out in that of the eighteenth. For what Works said is embalmed in the Congressional Record where it will remain to reveal to posterity to what heights a complete nincompoop might successfully aspire under the benign influence of American democracy. As to the inquiry from Ohio it is but courteous to vouchsafe the information that the orange groves of California are full of the counterparts of Senator Works. Senator Works is truly representative of the present state of mind of California and especially of Los Angeles. He is typical of the Middle West transplanted, whence comes all our innumerable "inner circles" where New Thought is stimulated and new principles of politics are expounded by the illuminati of the esoteric cult and the pundits of the short-cut to culture school. Senator Works is the sign on two legs of the progressiveness of California.

On the Defensive Once More

A familiar spectacle, but one that never bores us, is the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt shaking his first, frothing at the mouth, howling his rage and ejaculating "Liar!" at the top of his voice. An ignoble spectacle this, but one that revolts not the cast-iron stomach of the American people; and tragic, too, the spectacle of this once great man, most honored of American citizens, misled by a coterie of sycophantic parasites and an incredible thirst for applause, now shorn of his dignity, a common job-chasing politician and under suspicion of having had the Presidency bought for him by "malefactors of great wealth." But let it not be taken for granted by his worshipers that the Colonel's star is about to flicker to extinction. During the tortuous course of his turbulent career Mr. Roosevelt has squirmed out of so many tight places that it would be unjustifiable lack of faith on the part of his followers to harbor misgivings as to his ability to wriggle out of the present embarrassment. The Colonel's powers of resuscitation are feline. The scotching of him is easy, but there is a mysterious power that doth hedge him from the coup de grace. Hanging over the ropes and groggy, back he comes to smother his opponent with epithets and to receive the plaudits of the people. So great is our respect for the Colonel's combackativeness that we view with little more than academic interest the fight he is now putting up for his exculpation against the malign powers assembled in Washington. Backed into a corner and fighting with the desperation of the proverbial rat similarly situated, the spectacle has something of the fascination of a ring contest for the heavyweight championship when the hero of a hundred battles is on his mettle for the maintenance of his laurels. Instinctively we feel that for every hero there is a Waterloo, and we are on the alert for its coming. The Roosevelt obsession is not to endure forever, but we do not look to see it relax gradually. The people are not awakened by the pounding of a long train of circumstances. They must be given the shock of a sudden revelation. They have not the patience to examine the details of a whole gallery of portraits. To hold them it is necessary to flash on them the broad outlines of a colossal figure.

The White Light of History

To enable our readers to appreciate the disclosures that have been made with reference to the Standard Oil contribution to the Roosevelt campaign fund it would be necessary to refresh their memories with a little of the history of the campaign of 1904. The Colonel now pretends that his letter to Secretary Cortelyou in October, 1904, instructing him that if any money had been contributed by Standard Oil to return it, is sufficient answer to the charge that he acquiesced in the contribution. Before going further it may be well to observe that it is far from incredible that, as Senator Penrose says, this letter was a "frame-up" for future reference and to keep the record clean. It is far from incredible because we know that the Colonel is an adept in that sort of trickery. We know that when the news leaked out of his intriguing with the Vatican in the interest of Archbishop Ireland the Colonel wrote a "frame-up" letter in anticipation of criticism. It was a letter of stinging rebuke to poor "Dear Maria." When the storm broke the Colonel gave a copy of that letter to the press to prove his innocence. Now long before the Colonel wrote his "frame-up" letter to Cortelyou Judge Alton B. Parker was charging on the stump that the big trusts were being sandbagged in the interest of the Republican candidate. This is what Judge Parker said in one of his speeches:

In an earlier utterance I have referred in detail to what is notoriously going on in the matter of the collection of funds by the Republican party for this campaign. . . . Congress creates a new department of commerce and labor. Of that department the President appoints a Secretary (Cortelyou) who has been his private secretary. Within that department provision is made for the collection from large corporations—including the so-called trusts—of information which, be it borne in mind, is to be submitted to the President for public or private use as he may direct. . . . By grace of the same Executive, this Secretary of Commerce and Labor, through whose department this information is collected, becomes Chairman of the Republican National Committee. His chief duty in this position is to collect funds for the purpose of securing the election of the President. And it is more notorious that there has resulted from this organized importunity—whatever may

be the precise way in which it is made effective—an overflowing treasury to the committee, of which boast is openly made.

So we see there was no secrecy about these matters back in 1904. The man who was handling the business for the President was the most intimate of all his lieutenants and he had been placed in the advantageous position of Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor. This is the man to whom the Colonel (though doubtless he saw him nearly every day) had to write a letter to protest against using Standard Oil money. And this letter was written after the Harriman donation had been received, about which no mention up to this time had been made. Of Judge Parker's charge the Colonel took no public notice until November 5—three days before election, when in the language of his biographer Mrs. Annie Riley Hale he "let fly the fulminations of his wrath and righteous denial of the slanderous accusations." He said:

Judge Parker has neither produced nor can produce any proof of their truth. . . . I speak, lest the silence of self-respect be misunderstood. The gravamen of these charges lies in the assertion that the corporations have been blackmailed into contributing and in the implication, which in one or two of Mr. Parker's speeches has the form of assertion, that they (the trusts) have been promised certain immunities or favors. Mr. Parker's accusations against Mr. Cortelyou and me are inventions. If true they would brand both of us with infamy, and inasmuch as they are false, heavy must be the responsibility of the man making them. I cannot understand how any honorable man, a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the nation, can take refuge not merely in personalities, but such base and unworthy personalities. The statements made by Mr. Parker are unqualifiedly and atrociously false!

Thus was Judge Parker decorated with the ribbon of the Order of Ananias. And two whole years passed by before the fact came to light in the insurance company investigation in New York that Judge Parker had spoken the truth. It was then we learned of the contribution made by George W. Perkins to the campaign fund. A little later we learned of the Harriman contribution, and now we know of the Standard Oil contribution, and everybody who says anything about any of them is a liar, and Mr. Roosevelt is the only truth-teller, and his word must stand against the world. The Colonel vindicates himself with the audacity of a Parolles, and calls men liars with all the earnestness of a swaggering Bobadil swearing by the foot of Pharaoh. Never has there been seen such assurance in the world—never since the days of Dugald Dalgetty. And the singular part of it all is that these mendacious scoundrels who have conspired against the Colonel were all once upon a time his most intimate friends. Harriman, Penrose, even Archbold—all were his cronies. Even after the campaign of 1904 Archbold, the man whose money was unacceptable (though not returned) was a visitor at Oyster Bay. We learn from the Colonel's biographer, Mrs. Hale, that the Archbold yacht was seen at the Oyster Bay moorings, and that Mr. Loeb—star witness Loeb, "without whom," says Mrs. Hale, "we should lose the key to the Roosevelt combination time out of number"—"hastened to assure a curious and interested public that Mr. Archbold's visit 'has no political significance.'" Then it must have been a social visit. The man whose money was tainted was himself sterilized. But how did the Colonel ever expose himself to an association so ignominious! How could a man of his exalted ideals and acute sensitiveness in the matter of decency and the higher moralities, how could he ever have incurred the intimacy of such a man as Archbold?

An Analysis of the Evidence

Of course the evidence is by no means conclusive that the Colonel acquiesced in the financing of his campaign by Standard Oil, but after a prayerful and, let us humbly hope, a conscientious analysis of the evidence, direct and circumstantial, we feel bound to suggest, that it is infinitely more conclusive than, let us say, the evidence against Lorimer. Even admitting the Colonel's testimony to be true—that Penrose is corrupt and Archbold is a liar and Cortelyou and Loeb are honorable men—it doesn't follow that our former President is innocent. Nor does it improve the case to ink the waters by calling attention to what is implied in what Archbold and Penrose say about Treasurer Bliss. Mr. Roosevelt has great solicitude about the reputation of the dead man, but the fact is that Mr. Bliss was treasurer of the campaign committee, and it is not to be supposed that he assumed that the trusts were contributing prodigious sums of money to the campaign fund out of love of country or consideration of their health. All that is said with reference to Mr. Bliss is that he said a contribution "would be gratefully received by the powers that be"; that he reported to Mr. Archbold that Mr. Roosevelt "appreciated" the contribution, and that subsequently he expressed himself as humiliated at Mr. Roosevelt's hostile attitude toward Standard Oil. This may be an undeserved reflection on Mr. Bliss' character. Mr. Hearst, echoing Mr. Roosevelt, views it as such, and Mr. Hearst pretends to be impartial, but the indications are that Mr. Hearst is somewhat in sympathy with the cause that is financed by Plutocrat Perkins. We know nothing about the character of the watch-dog of the war chest, but we conceive it to be quite natural for the man who acted as the go-between in these campaign transactions to consider it but just to let the beneficiary know to whom he was indebted and to give some kind of stimulating assurance to the men who were putting up the stuff. And what is there improbable in the testimony that Treasurer Bliss confessed himself humiliated when Mr. Roosevelt began his assaults on Standard Oil after the failure of Mr. Archbold to come through a second time? Treasurer Bliss was a man in sympathy with the capitalist interests, and he did not approve what he regarded as a species of demagoguery. Solicitude for the reputation of Bliss is sublimated cant. Back in 1904, when the trusts were putting up their money for campaign purposes, it was to get what they were pleased to describe as "a square deal," and Bliss, like every other man in sympathy with them, supposed that Roosevelt would continue the line of conduct that he had pursued while finishing out McKinley's term. That he did not do so Mr. Hearst conceives to be to his credit, but Mr. Hearst forgets that the Colonel continued his old policies chiefly with reference to Harriman who failed to come through in 1907 and to Standard Oil which refused a second "touch" in 1904. He remained on good terms with Morgan and with the Sugar Trust. So let us not be misguided by the cant about Bliss. It is not the injury to Bliss that Mr. Roosevelt is worrying about; rather is it the injury to himself that is done by the words attributed to Bliss by Archbold; for it was Bliss, according to Archbold, who brought home to Roosevelt the news of the Standard Oil contribution, and who brought home to Archbold the news of Mr. Roosevelt's "appreciation." But aside from all these matters the most conclusive bit of evidence inculpating Mr. Roosevelt is his so-called "frame-up" letter. That letter was written in the midst of the campaign when, as we learn from Judge Parker, news of the blackmailing of the trusts had leaked out. Perhaps one of the reasons it leaked out was that Mr. Archbold submitted the second "touch" to the whole board of directors and that the board turned it down. It was then that Mr. Roosevelt, it appears from his letter, becoming aware of rumors of a Standard Oil contribution, promptly recorded his own virtue in black and white, instructing Cortelyou to give back the money. Yet Cortelyou, the understrapper, took it upon himself to ignore the instruction. The money was never returned, and nothing more was heard about it till the present investigation. Mr. Roosevelt suffered no qualms about the matter because all the time he had up his sleeve that letter to Cortelyou. Which proves his impregnable confidence in the simplicity and gullibility of the American people.

The Ephemera of Public Life

This is such a big country that it is well nigh impossible for anybody to know everybody in the public eye. No matter how prominent a man is or how big a figure he cuts on the broad and crowded stage of national politics or how large he bulks in the public prints, he is after all, to the man in the street, little more than an embodiment of an enthusiasm or an ambition. But of this the man in the street is not to be convinced. He flatters himself that he is a fine judge of character, when he is nothing more than the dupe of common repute, which is made by one man's taking up the opinion formed by another from echoes of the sounding brass of calumny or the tinkling cymbals of adulation. Thus the genesis of public opinion in a country which lives by it. Study of character is one of the most

difficult of all studies, for character is one of the most complex of all subjects. Knowledge of character is almost impossible, requiring as it does a clairvoyant power to get insight into the motives and interior mechanism of men. If we had knowledge of character, we could foresee how circumstances would tell on a man's mind or temper, we could prophecy the course he would take in an emergency; and these are accomplishments beyond us All things considered then, it is no wonder that most of our vivid and forceful personalities have hardly any greater endurance than the insubstantial gargoyles on an ice palace. When we see them in the right light they melt. We find that the "character studies" we have been reading are the fairy tales of journalists who are deferential to everything that has a crowd behind it. It is hard enough to judge a man when you meet him; how much more so to judge one you have never met? It is especially difficult to get knowledge of the character of a public character because he is seldom real. Take for example the statesman in Washington. He is playing a part. He may be playing it conscientiously, but nevertheless it is a part. Even the men behind the scenes may never see him but in his robes of office. It is only "back home," where he has been under inspection from his birth that he is known, and even then not by everybody. Our vivid and forceful personalities would last longer if they would reduce their circulation. Few of our eminences can maintain their height if they move about among the people. So eminent a personage as Gifford Pinchot, for instance, dwindles in his itinerancy like a berg drifting toward the equator. In the magazines his forcefulness is tremendous but face to face he is like a rural pedagogue with a soprano voice. Similarly disappointing is Judge Lindsey. And as we are deceived as to the physical and mental qualities of great men in the public eye, so also are we deceived as to their moral qualities. The militant reformer of the Medill McCormick type we conceive to be a man of irreproachable manners and habits until the truth leaks out, as in his case it did some weeks ago. Until Senator Penrose was put on the defensive the other day we had Editor Van Valkenburg of Philadelphia sized up as a journalist quite as rectitudinous as Mr. Rowell of Fresno. Now we know that the Philadelphian, who hates bosses, was trained in the Quay school of politics and that he was once indicted for bribery in a Senatorial contest. Scarcely a day passes without the shattering of an idol, yet the building of new ones remains, next to baseball, the favorite American pastime.

Correspondence

The Seals and the Trust

Editor Town Talk, Sir: My attention has been called to a letter on the subject of sea lions as a menace to fish, which the Examiner published some weeks ago. The author, Mr. C. A. McNeill of Tiburon, is of the opinion that the seals should be killed and a bounty paid by the State. Mr. McNeill talks like a fish. At any rate he appears to be as well informed as a denizen of the deep of the ways of fish and the why and wherefore of their manners and customs. He "knows it to be a fact that the seals that infest Seal Rock are nothing more than guards to keep away the salmon and many other species of fish that would come in through the Golden Gate to spawn." He has seen the seals "destroying tons of fish both large and small." What a thrilling spectacle! The motion picture people ought to get hold of it. Mr. McNeill knows that it is because of the prodigious appetite of the gourmand of the Seal Rocks "that we have not all the same kinds of fish they have in the north and south inlets." And he wants to know what tourist "would rather go out to the Cliff House and see those ugly brutes than to sit down to a table and eat some of the fish that should inhabit our bay." In addition to talking like a fish Mr. McNeill writes like a fish trust. Some time ago I read in Town Talk an article in favor of conserving our seal herd which has been reduced by greedy fishermen and frightened away from the Seal Rocks for months at a time by the big guns of the Presidio. So I am sure that Town Talk does not approve the sentiments of Mr. McNeill. With all his knowledge of what goes on beneath the waves this gentleman appears to be unaware that the seals make excursions up and down the coast and spend some of their time near inlets where species of fish are to be found that are not to be found in our bay. He also appears to be unaware that certain species of fish once quite plentiful in our bay are either no longer to be found there or have become extremely rare. Surely the seals are not to be blamed for the reduction of the varieties of our fish. The seals were more numerous in the days when the fish were more numerous. It was not till our fish trust got busy, not till fish commissioners in other days went into partnership with Chinese and others that the appetite of the seals became a source of complaint. It is not to be denied that the seals are great fish eaters, but it is to be denied that all people are of the mind of Mr. McNeill; that is, that all people would rather eat fish at the Cliff House than look at the seals. There are a few people who do not believe that pampering the palate is the chief end of existence. Besides nobody need go hungry for fish in San Francisco. And certainly he must be a most capricious mortal who cannot find a fish to his taste in our market. If there is one complaint to be made it is that considering the abundance of fish in our waters and the little cost at which they are caught, the price to the consumer should be so high. Instead of putting a bounty on seals we should put a license tax on market fishermen that would reimburse the State for the cost of propagating fish. And at the same time we should see to it that there is competition among fishermen.

Yours truly,
—Roy Carruthers.

An Art Lover's Curiosity

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I read with much interest Mr. O'Day's interview last week with Mr. Curtis the auctioneer, but my curiosity was piqued, and I should like to have it gratified. What is more, I think that Town Talk should deem it a duty to the public to leave nobody's curiosity unsatisfied with respect to the art dealer who hires a local artist to imitate Keith and who puts fictitious Keiths on the market. This is a fraud that ought to be exposed. It is obtaining money under false pretenses. It is hardly less excusable than the ignorance of the art dealer who didn't know that Dupre the painter of the peaceful serenity of fat pasture ever painted cattle. An art dealer so steeped in ignorance is himself a fraud. He ought to be selling butter and cheese. However I am grateful to Mr. Curtis for one thing—his apocalyptic allusion to the art dealer who covers his patrons with the slime of flattery to facilitate the swallowing of them. No need of mentioning his name.

Sincerely yours,
—An Art Lover.

How Young Is Joaquin?

Editor Town Talk, Sir: How old is (not Ann) but Joaquin? Bet you don't know. I defy any of your readers to tell me when Poet Miller of the Sierras was born. When I first met Joaquin Miller—some twenty years ago—he was undoubtedly on the shady side of fifty. About ten years later I saw where he referred to himself as (I think it was) fifty-three Now, I believe, according to his own recollection of the matter, he is somewhere near sixty. Isn't there somebody able to refresh his memory? My own judgment is that he's the oldest living poet, and I'd like to have the honor awarded to him.

Yours truly, —Mary Remington.
San Jose, August 25, 1912.

A Little Matter of Graft

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Some weeks ago I read in the dailies that Supervisor Koshland knew of some kind of graft in the city government, and I have been waiting ever since for the showing up of the grafters. Mr. Koshland was quoted on the subject. He made the statement of his actual knowledge at an official meeting, and there apparently the matter has been permitted to rest. How about it? Have we grown tired of exposing grafters? Surely Supervisor Koshland isn't a purveyor of idle gossip reflecting discredit on the Administration of which he is a representative. And I am quite sure I haven't been dreaming. If somebody is grafting we ought to know who the person is. I hope the scandal isn't to be hushed up.

Respectfully,
—A Taxpayer.

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Varied Types

LXXXIX—MARQUIS DE BREVIAIRE D'ALAINCCURT

By Edward F. O'Day

There is Spanish blood in him, the old red blood of that gory soldier of fortune El Cid Campeador, but for centuries his family has been French. And he comes to California from Paris.

Descended from blood-letters, the Marquis is not himself a fighter, unless the bloodless (or cold-blooded) encounters of finance are dignified with the name of battles. So his career lacks the romantic interest which envelops his swash-buckling forebears. And yet California may come to take a deep interest in him, a much deeper interest than it has ever taken in the eager trouble-breeder who looms above the mists of Spanish antiquity. El Cid gives us thrills (on the rare occasions when we read about him); the Marquis brings us money There may be a string or two on the cash he promises, but even a promise of gold is better than a thrill. Ask anybody in Sansome street.

The Marquis came to attend to certain mining interests he has in Mexico and to make a few investments in California. He is a lawyer with a valuable clientele among certain big financiers of Paris, and the advice he gives them is principally advice as to their investments. He tells me that when he came to California some time ago it was to find good investments for several millions of dollars. He wasn't here long before he had arranged to buy an oil well and an orange grove in Southern California.

But during the negotiations which led up to these purchases his eyes were opened wider and wider to the possibilities of California as an investing field. He went up and down the State, he examined all its resources and and as he proceeded he became more and more convinced that here was the soil in which French capital should plant its golden seeds.

The Marquis is enthusiastic about the future of California. His enthusiasm seems to be the reasoned enthusiasm of the financier and the adviser of financiers. He doesn't appear to be carried away by the glowing representations of money-hunters or overwhelmed by the glittering promises of promoters. He says he has studied conditions at first hand and finds them good. He has so informed his principals.

The result of his researches may be far-reaching. In the past no French capital has come to California. The State has been enriched by admixture of good French blood; our citizens of French birth and French descent are among the best we have. But the Pactolian stream which flows every year from the banks of Paris to the four corners of the globe, gathering value as it flows, has never watered our State. It looks as though the time has come at last when we shall be united to France by the ties of financial interest, when a money-belt shall strap us together. The Marquis will be responsible for the pleasant relation, if it is established. It will mean an era of increased prosperity for California. Its importance does not have to be exaggerated; to those who know anything about French finance the statement of the possibility is sufficient.

The Marquis is a handsome man of slight but well-modeled figure. The dark tinge of Spain and his Spanish ancestors is in his skin, but his manner is Parisian. His mind moves swiftly, and his ordered conversation shows that it moves with the clarity of logic which is typical of the Frenchman. He talks rapidly, using good English that has the charm of a decided accent.

When I asked him about his purpose in visiting California he replied frankly, prefacing his particular object in making the visit with a clear exposition of the circumstances that at present direct the current of French investment.

"France and England," he said, "are the only nations in Europe which make large foreign investments. For the past two years, owing to her grave labor troubles, England has had little money to send out of the country. She needs her money at home.

"But not so France. France controls the finances of Russia, Germany, Turkey, Italy, Spain and Portugal. Owing to conditions which have arisen in the last few years France has been compelled to withdraw her investments in some of these countries. She has drawn a great deal of her money from Germany owing to the war scare which has troubled Europe ever since Germany sent a warship to Agadir. Then too, France has had her misunderstandings with Spain over the situation in Morocco, and that has led to the stoppage of investments in Spain.

"The result is that France has never had so much money to invest as at the present time. In fact France has a billion dollars to invest annually.

"The reason for this is to be found in the character of the French people. Foreigners are apt to form a wrong impression of the French character. They judge the French people from Parisians who are far from typical. The typical Frenchman is distinguished by the fact that he not only lives within his income but makes a practice of saving part of his earnings. No matter how small his wage may be he puts some of it aside for what you call the rainy day. Every week the peasant wife puts a few sous in the stocking, and so orders the household expenses that the family is able to live on the remainder of the week's wages.

"This money which is saved goes to the banks. It is pouring into the banks all the time, and there is so much of it that the rates of interest are very low. For ordinary deposits the French banks pay interest of one-half of one per cent. For term deposits they pay one per cent. for one year, two per cent. for two years and two and one-half per cent. for three years.

"The bankers must find investments for this money, and their search for investments takes them all over the world. In America, France has invested a great deal in Canada, in Argentine and Brazil. Argentine and Brazil have been favored by French money because the people of those republics are Latins who understand the French mind.

"Between Canada and South America lies California, and the eyes of French investors are turning just now to your State. But we know so little about California. Your people are in the habit of advertising the resources of your State throughout the United States. That is an excellent thing, but should they not also advertise in Europe? You cannot depend on other States for money. Taking money from an Eastern State to invest it in California is like transferring it from one pocket to another. You must look to Europe. And as France is the great investing country of Europe, you must look to France.

"I came to California as the representative of certain Parisian investors. I was impressed with your State's possibilities. You are rich in oil, in fruit, in redwood, in many things. In fact, you are so rich that you are poor. Your population is comparatively small. There is not enough money at home among you to develop your resources. Your field is very large and its soil is very rich, but you have not enough seed to sow it all.

"I have advised the moneyed men whom I represent that California is a good place to invest on a large scale. That means that an immense amount of French money may come to California.

"Of course it cannot come at once. California must win the confidence of the French investors. The French are very cautious. They go slowly. Before they will invest their money they must be convinced that the investment is safe. They must be told through the newspapers which they trust and through the financiers in whom they have confidence that their money will not be lost, that it will return them a proper dividend. A great deal of French money has been lost in American stocks. The French have therefore lost confidence in American stocks. But if they are told by responsible men that California oil, California orchards and so on constitute safe investments they will send their money to California. It may be said that the prospects are very bright for the investment of large sums of French money in this State.

"California is splendid. I admire your people, their industry, their honesty, their pluck. I have written about these things to such bankers in Paris as I represent. That is the beginning.

"But the French may ask for an improvement in the relations between the two countries before they send their money here. Your tariff duties we regard as exorbitant, abusive. And you make unnecessary trouble for Frenchmen who visit your country. You refuse to accept our passports which should be sufficient for you. These passports are from the prefecture of police and are not granted to any but men and women of good character. They should be sufficient for your officers of immigration, but they are disregarded. The French traveler is subjected to severe examination and very frequently he is unable to satisfy the officials, the reason being that he has relied upon his passport to secure

(Continued on Page 22.)

Going Abroad?

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Perspective Impressions

What small boy ever got more amusement out of a box of toys than Mr. Hearst gets out of a bundle of stolen letters! Mr. Hearst is a great benefactor. His toys amuse the world.

It's a bad sign when the Colonel, who has always been ready to accept any old kind of evidence against the other fellow, takes refuge behind the objection that evidence against himself is "merely hearsay."

Another bad sign is the Colonel's term of endearment applied to the man with the stolen letters. How it must amuse the great journalist to be addressed as "Brother Hearst" by the man who sent Root to New York to charge responsibility for the killing of McKinley!

Read the Congressional Record, and you will receive the impression that the modern American statesman is engendered in the heat of circumstances.

Admitting that Penrose is corrupt, then must we not own that the Colonel is above suspicion? Nothing like logic as a means of reaching the truth.

Governor West of Oregon has resolved to start a "vice crusade." He ought to begin by suppressing himself in the interest of the sweetest of the virtues—sincerity.

According to the Kansas City Star the correspondents of the Dodge City Globe were recently served with this notice: "Please wire crop reports; election results can come by mail." Bleeding Kansas has recovered her mental equilibrium. Perhaps phlebotomy might do California some good.

The bull moose of the park paddock who killed himself by trying to vault over a fence that was too high completed the allegory by dying of lockjaw.

"There are men in Hell who owe their damnation in time and eternity to skirts," says a Minneapolis preacher. Let us then save souls by abolishing skirts.

A new vacuum cleaner is called the Roosevelt. Its inventor says it is the greatest blower, greatest purifier, greatest ventilator and greatest vacuum in the world. The Bull Moosers should substitute this symbol for the red bandanna.

Dryden on the political situation; or what a poet said of the Roosevelt of his time:

> Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
> In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
> In friendship false, implacable in hate;
> Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.

Bet you don't know who's running for assemblyman in your district. Bet you don't know what district you're in.

The Circus

By Arnold Bennett

The flowers heaped about the bronze fountain are for them. And so that they may have flowers all day long, older and fatter and shabbier women make their home round the fountain (modelled by a genius to the memory of one whose dream was to abolish the hardships of poverty), with a sugar-box for a drawing room suite and a sack for a curtain; these needy ones live there, to the noise of water, with a secret society of newspaper sellers, knowing intimately all the capacities of the sugar-box and sack; and on hot days they revolve round the fountain with the sun, for their only sunshade is the shadow of the dolphins, On every side of their habituated tranquillity the odors of petrol swirl. The great gaudy-colored autobuses, brilliant as the flowers, swing and swerve and grind and sink and recover, and in the forehead of each is a blackened demon, tremendously pre-occupied, and so small and withdrawn as to be often unnoticed; and this demon rushes forward all day with his life in his hand and scores of other lives in his hand, for two pounds a week. When he stops by the fountain, he glances at the flowers unseeing, out of the depths of his absorption. He is piloting cargoes of the bright beings for whom the flowers are heaped.

Stand on the steps of the fountain, and look between the autobuses and over the roofs of taxis and the shoulders of policemen, and you will see at every hand a proof that the whole glowing place, with its flags gaily waving and its hubbub of rich hues, exists first and last for those same bright beings. If there is a cigar shop, if there is a necktie shop like Joseph's coat, it is to enable the male to cut a dash with those beings. And the life insurance office—would it continue if there were no bright beings to be provided for? And the restaurants! And the chemists! And the music hall! The sandwich-men are walking round and round with the names of the most beauteous lifted high on their shoulders. The leather shop is crammed with dressing cases and hat boxes for them. The jeweler is offering solid gold slave-bangles (because they like the feel of the shackle) at six pound ten.

And above all there is the great establishment on the corner! An establishment raised by tradition and advertisement and sheer skill to the rank of a national institution, famous from Calgary to the Himalayas, far more famous and beloved than even the great poets and philanthropists. An institution established on one of the seven supreme sites of the world! And it is all theirs, all for them! Colored shoes, colored frocks, colored necklaces, colored parasols, colored stockings, jabots, scents, hats, and all manner of flimsy stuffs whose names—such as Shantung—summon up in an instant the deep orientalism of the occident; the innumerable windows are a perfect riot of these delicious affairs! Who could pass them by? This is a wondrous institution. Of a morning, before the heat of the day, you can see coming out of its private half-hidden portals (not the ceremonious doors) black-robed young girls, with their hair down their backs, and the free gestures learnt at school and not yet forgotten, skipping off on I know not what important errands, earning part of a livelihood already in the service of those others. And at its upper windows appear at times more black-robed girls, and disappear, like charming prisoners in a castle.

The beings for whom the place exists come down all the curved vistas towards it, on foot or on wheel, all day in radiant droves. They are obliged at any rate to pass through it, for the Circus is their Clapham Junction, and the very gate of finery. Impossible to miss it! It leads to all coquetry, and all delights and dangers. And not only down the vistas are they coming, but they are shot along subterranean tubes, and hurried through endless passages, and flung up at last by lifts from the depths into the open air. And when you look at them you are completely baffled. Because they are English, and the most mysterious women on earth, save the Scandinavians. You cannot get at their secret; it consists in an impenetrable ideal. With the Latin you do come in the end to the solid marble of Latin practicalness; the Latin is perfectly unromantic. But the romanticism of these English is something so recondite that no research and no analysis can approach it. Ibsen could never have made a play out of a Latin woman; but I tell you that, for me, every woman stepping off an omnibus and exposing her ankles and her character as she dodges across the Circus, has the look in her face of an Ibsen heroine; she emanates romance and enigma; she is the potential mainspring of a late-Ibsen drama, the kind whose import no critic is ever quite sure of. This it is to be Anglo-Saxon, and herein is one of the grand major qualities of the streets of London.

They are in this matter, I do believe, all alike, these creatures. You may encounter one so ugly and mannish and grotesque that none but an Englishman could take her to his arms, and even she has the ineffable romantic gaze. All the countless middle-aged women who support circulating libraries have it; the hair of a woman of fifty blows about her face romantically. All the nice, youngish married women have it, those who think they know a thing or two. And as for the girls, the young girls, they show a romantic naivete which transcends belief; they are so fresh and so virginal and so loose-limbed and so obsessed by a mysterious ideal that really (you think) the street is too perilous a place for them. And yet they go confidently about, either alone, or in couples, or with young men at bottom as simple as themselves, and naugh happens to them; they must be protected by their idealism. And now and then you will see a woman who is strictly and truly chic, in the extreme French

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INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Poems About San Francisco

LV—CROSSING SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Lillian Shuey

(The observer in this poem is crossing the Bay from San Francisco, presumably to a home in Oakland or Berkeley or Alameda. That the observer is a commuter seems certain. San Francisco is a city of "turbulent noise and fret"; across the Bay is "the port of love and rest." This is the attitude of the typical commuter, an attitude not very complimentary to the place where he earns his bread. The verses are taken from "Sunset" of April, 1904.)

The city of hills and towers,
Of turbulent noise and fret,
Fades like a gloomy picture
In dusky hangings set.

The wind and the mist together
Have a tender witching art,
Cooling the fevered brow and lip,
Quieting brain and heart.

In the west a gray-white transport
At rest in the lucent green,
In the south a looming warship
In ghostly silence seen.

There in the curve of the island,
A joy to the tired eyes,
In a peaceful wave-edged vista
The Grecian columns rise.

East where the clouds are parted,
A glimpse of sun-kissed hills;
A vision of rose-red gardens
The swift remembrance fills.

A sudden burst of glory,
An azure newly bright,
A city of homes and steeples
Shines in the sunset light.

The sea-gull's circling pinions—
A gladness in the breast—
Across the wide white waters,
The port of love and rest.

The Spectator

The Los Angeles Epidemic

It took a long time for news of the epidemic of infantile paralysis in Los Angeles to get beyond the borders of that town. In Los Angeles there is never any talk of anything that might discourage tourist traffic So news of the epidemic was suppressed, and children were rushed out of the town and now cases of infantile paralysis are no longer confined to Los Angeles. Cases have developed in other towns. Though the disease has been epidemic in Los Angeles since the early part of June, not till a few weeks ago did we hear anything about it in these parts. And though up to Tuesday of last week two hundred and thirty-one cases had occurred, the Tribune of Los Angeles devoted a page and a quarter to an article deprecatory of the scare on the ground that it had cut passenger traffic ten per cent. Mr. Earl of the Tribune and financial backer of the administration complains that the stories of the epidemic are "senseless" and very injurious to those darling hotel keepers who charge all the traffic will bear. "The healthfulness of the city," says the veracious defender of Governor Johnson, "is known to all the world," "and the climate has been especially adapted (when?) to bringing up rosy-cheeked kiddies."

City Council Gets Busy

Mr. Earl is not the only man in Los Angeles who would like to see more children come to town in the midst of the epidemic. The City Council of Los Angeles met last week, and ignoring utterly the daily reports of the board of health resolved that there was no epidemic and deprecated the publication of health board reports which kept tourists away. Then a committee of the council, appointed to investigate whereased, at a time when there were seventy-five persons under quarantine, that "as there are but few cases of the disease here, and as it is the wildest nonsense for people to shun this healthy and beautiful city for fear of contagion," and thus lose the benefit of "this cool summer climate and sea breezes, therefore be it resolved, etc." Too bad that the Governor cannot find time in the midst of a political campaign to devote to this epidemic of a disease which ought to have been isolated in Los Angeles. As it is, Arizona has already taken precautions against the entrance of the disease, the spread of which has probably by this time been checked.

Just a Normal State of Affairs

On the strength of the resolution of the City Council the Los Angeles press agents got busy and wired the news broadcast that there was no epidemic. The Examiner of this city, responsive no doubt to the interests of the Examiner of Los Angeles, kindly informed its readers that the scare was "shown to be the work of irresponsible people." The Examiner's correspondent tells us that while "there have been isolated and fugitive cases of infantile paralysis," they are what might "be expected in any community of this size." He figures out that a total of forty-five deaths since June 8 should not cause a scare. He would have us believe that this is the normal rate in a community of 420,000 people. One might fancy after reading this correspondent that infantile paralysis was as common as hay fever. To make the absurdity of the scare apparent he tells us that the people of Los Angeles had not the slightest inkling of what people in other cities were saying about the prevalence of the disease in their "great national resort" which "has enjoyed a summer of exceptional beauty," etc. They were "startled" to find that the city was reported to have had an epidemic. Inadvertently he makes himself out a liar thus: "Merely as a matter of precaution the health authorities prohibited children from attending amusement places, and a few Sunday schools were closed in congested districts." Unfortunately the correspondent doesn't think it necessary to tell us how many cases have been recorded in the health department, but we shall get all the figures later on from the State Board of Health which is not likely to be reached by the political pull exerted from Los Angeles on the headless dispensation at Sacramento. Meanwhile it may be interesting to learn from the Examiner's correspondent that critics of the health department say that in its overzealousness it has mistaken colic for infantile paralysis. These critics are probably Christian Scientists who have not much confidence in the doctors. Christian Scientists are very numerous in Los Angeles, and the doctors have not much confidence in them. Indeed the doctors are saying that Christian Science is responsible for the spread of the disease. But we must not take the doctors seriously. They are prejudiced, and according to Senator Works of Los Angeles they spread disease by talking about it.

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The Boycott Against San Francisco

Have you been able to discover from your perusal of our newspapers that a boycott is being launched against this city? that our northern neighbors have combined to blacklist us in retaliation for what they regard as our unjust discrimination against them? Not by any means. The newspapers have been mum on this important matter. They have not seen fit to call it to the attention of their readers, among whom, of course, bulk large those particular pets of the press, the members of and sympathizers with labor unions. Perhaps you cannot blame the papers for hesitating to wound the susceptibilities of the organized workingman. They are afraid of him. His subscription is eagerly sought; his wishes as to the sort of news he likes to have circulated are carefully consulted. More carefully, by the way, than the wishes of the mere merchant or manufacturer who advertises in the daily papers. On the advertiser our newspaper editors look with a good deal of contempt. They regard him as a soldier would an enemy who held a weapon and didn't know how to use it. Experience has taught the editors that the advertiser doesn't realize the power he wields. So the editor ignores his wishes and goes on cultivating the humble union man. Just now this cultivation takes the form of silence about the boycott directed against San Francisco. The labor unions are responsible for the conditions which provoked this boycott, and as the boycott is very injurious to our interests, it would be a reflection on the labor unions for the papers to mention it. Hence their considerate silence.

They Want a Free Market

What the Northwest demands of San Francisco is a free market for one of its chief products. San Francisco, for the last eleven years, has shut its doors against the importation of finished pine or fir from the North. This exclusion has been made possible by an agreement, entered into eleven years ago and enforced ever since, by which the mills and the union millmen have refused to handle this finished lumber. In other words, there is an embargo here against dressed joists, window and door frames, windows and doors. The fir or pine must be brought here unfinished and finished in the local mills. The embargo (which, by the way, affects not only the Northwest but also those sections of our own State where lumber is finished) has been effective on account of the tacit acquiesence of contractors, builders and architects. It is said to make finished lumber twenty per cent. dearer in this city than elsewhere. Hence an unusual expense for those who desire to build.

What the North Demands

The entire Northwest is aroused over this situation. Industrial and commercial bodies are passing resolutions against what they consider a gross discrimination. They are going to much more serious lengths by refusing to trade with San Francisco until they are allowed an open market here. Their plan of campaign is to isolate San Francisco by boycotting all goods manufactured here. Already mill owners here acknowledge they cannot obtain trade outside of the city. Car load shipments of milled stuff, once a feature of our export business, have ceased. It is easy to imagine how badly our business would be crippled if the boycott became effective all along the line. Our agents, jobbers and brokers as well as our commercial travelers would lose their business in Portland, Seattle and Tacoma. The threat is also made that unless the obnoxious condition is rectified the Northwest will not participate in our World's Fair. The local Chamber of Commerce and other commercial organizations have been memorialized on the subject, but our papers have said nothing about these communications. The papers have too much respect for the labor unions to draw this unpleasant situation to the attention of the general public.

An Episode of Alsatia

There is an underground news service which keeps the habitues of the tenderloin informed about all that happens in disreputable circles. Alsatia has no newspapers and desires no press agents; but word of mouth carries its messages more quickly, and at the same time more mysteriously, than they could be routed by telephone or wireless. You cannot call your soul your own in Alsatia; and by the same token part of your damnation is the denial of privacy. And so it is that a rather remarkable story has been circulating along Powell and Mason streets, circulating quite freely but not emerging to the surface of conversation where it would risk the danger of newspaper publicity. The story has to do with a well known woman who has practiced Mrs. Warren's profession for many years, practiced it with such success that she is rated enormously wealthy. It concerns also Mrs. Warren's consort who, it is claimed, is united to her by no left-handed alliance but according to law. The nub of the story is that a tradesman who had trouble with these two swore to be avenged on them and never rested his vindictiveness until he sent Mrs. Warren's husband flying from the city and from the fear of a grand jury indictment. As they say in the argot of Alsatia, Mrs. Warren's husband "took it on the lam" which means that he stayed not upon the order of his going but went at once.

Mrs. Warren's Husband

The man who is said to be Mrs. Warren's husband it is unnecessary to name. He bears a name honored in this community where all the other members of the family whose black sheep he is have distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences. Himself a college man, with every



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avenue to honor and distinction open before him, he chose many years ago to slide along the primrose path that leads to the everlasting bonfire of dishonor. He made himself the consort of Mrs. Warren, dropping from the intercourse of his peers in the best clubs of the city to the society of the tenderloin crew whose day begins with the electric lights. Some few years ago this strange connection, it is claimed, was cemented by a marriage ceremony, and the old friends who still hoped that this man would tear himself loose from the tangle of his tenderloin infatuation gave up hope.

A Tradesman's Hate

Shortly after the fire Mrs. Warren and her consort became embroiled in a dispute with a tradesman who rented a store in a piece of property they owned on one of the city's busiest uptown streets. They had made some alterations which shut off his light. He protested, but received no redress, so he took the matter to the courts. Through the filing of his suit the public learned of the connection between Mrs. Warren and this man of well known family, for the action was brought against both of them. The tradesman lost. A good-natured man ordinarily, he took his defeat to heart and swore that he would get revenge. He had heard that Mrs. Warren and her consort were man and wife. The law which makes it a felony for a husband to allow his wife to have anything to do with the sort of establishment over which Mrs. Warren presides became a weapon in his hands. He commenced an investigation. He spent thousands of dollars tracing the movements of Mrs. Warren and her husband through the cities they had visited on their various travels, seeking everywhere for proof of their marriage. Finally, he claims, he discovered that they had been legally married in Japan, and obtained the documentary proofs. This was not long ago. He was preparing his case for presentation to the grand jury when Mrs. Warren's husband disappeared. With the fear of an indictment for felony hanging over him he took himself beyond the jurisdiction of the courts and the police. And Alsatia is wondering where he hides.

A Sinister Cipher

In the Bulletin of Monday last was printed a fine picture of Governor Johnson addressing a little band of his satellites at a luncheon given in his honor on the eve of his departure eastward to campaign for the Progressive party. Just an inch and a half beneath the Governor's feet was another picture of him. In this picture he was seen seated in a restaurant, knife and fork in hand, a smile on his face, waiters in the background coming toward him with smoking dishes. In large letters just at the side of him was the familiar sentiment coined by him in the gubernatorial campaign: "A Man Must Eat." This picture had been deftly inserted in the form of an advertisement for a tailor, but of course the design and intention are obvious enough. The ad. was not put there by accident. Striking coincidences of that kind do not merely happen in newspapers. If one had any doubt as to the inspiration of this particular coincidence it ought to be dissipated by the Governor's remarks as printed in the Bulletin two inches above the picture. The Governor is quoted as follows: "I have been deluged from the South by telegrams saying 'Don't do it; don't resign!' They puzzled me until I learned that certain newspapers there were spreading the reports. There need be no misunderstanding on that question." Thus far the Governor's language is printed in the regulation type. Next appears this line in black-face type:

"I'M NOT GOING TO RESIGN."

Now for the key. Drop your eyes to the ad. and you read in scare-head type done in white against a black background: "A MAN MUST EAT." The ingenuity of it is admirable. "I'm not going to resign!" Why? The answer is "A Man Must Eat." But, you will say, Governor Johnson expects to be elected to the vice-presidency, and he will be assured of three squares in Washington. No, Governor Johnson doesn't expect to be elected. He said, according to our veracious contemporary: "And after this November election it is quite likely I will remain for two years longer in the particular office I now fill." If you are still sceptical read page three of the Bulletin of August 26.

The Resurrection of a Corpse

Perhaps you will ask, Why should the Bulletin which pretends to be Governor Johnson's friend, which seems determined to stick to him till he pardons Ruef; why should the Bulletin deal with him in this sinister fashion? I am not a cryptogrammatist. The plain cipher which I point out in the foregoing paragraph is easy enough, but the solution of Editor Older is beyond my feeble powers. Mr. Older is very much of a man in that he is not reconcilable with himself. He has all the incongruities and perversities of humanity, and that is why Editor McClatchy, who knows nothing of psychology, thinks Older crazy. Compared with Older, Hamlet is plain sailing, but every normal human being is a heap of contradicitions. It is only the insane man who is consistent with himself. Pope had the right idea when hopeless of reducing the study of man to a science, he wrote:

Early at business, and at hazard late,
Mad at a fox-hunt, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball,
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

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Costs no more to include than an all rail way and you will enjoy the soothing restfulness of the trip.

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YOUR PHYSICIAN
will tell you that a glass of Italian-Swiss Colony TIPO with your meals will aid digestion.



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There are many flavors for Ice Cream, but rich, creamy milk is always the important ingredient. To have it smooth, rich and delightfully flavored use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Recipe — Dilute two cans Borden's Condensed Milk with two cans water; add one-half pound granulated sugar and stir until dissolved. Turn into the freezer and freeze. Pare and mash one quart ripe peaches and stir them into the frozen milk. Turn the crank for a few minutes and stand away to harden.

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For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

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Removes Superfluous Hair. Price $1.00, by Mail

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No, Older is not crazy. He's cunning. Perhaps he is serving underground notice on Hiram. The other day he printed an editorial from which I excerpt: "The Bulletin has already collected a larger percentage of its loans to convicts than the depositors have been able to get out of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company." The editorial was in reply to Editor McClatchy's charge of insanity. The allusion to the defunct trust company was like a bolt from the blue, for that corpse is most offensive to the nostrils of our Governor. Obviously its resurrection was intended to remind the Governor's friend McClatchy that the depositors didn't get the money that went into the pockets of Hiram Johnson. To be alert to these deft touches you must know something of the ways of our great journalists. Their favorite instrument is the stiletto. It is not till the stiletto proves useless that they take up the bludgeon.

He's So Tender Hearted

Before leaving for the East Governor Johnson delivered a jeremiad on the machinations of his enemies. He talked of a conspiracy to injure him during his absence from the State. He said he had heard disquieting news of what his enemies intended to do. The news was to the effect that the Administration was to become the object of wholesale assault. This news probably came to the Governor in one of the very bad dreams he has been having of late. A man tormented by anxiety is very likely to dream about the cause of his state of mind. The Administration has been the subject of very unpleasant criticism for some time. Almost every newspaper in the State that hasn't an editor on the payroll has been commenting more or less harshly on the high cost of reform. The plain people who pay the taxes are being made aware of the fact that regeneration comes high without any visible evidence of a diminution of the greed of the hack politicians who were transformed from performers into reformers over night. Besides there has been much talk about the poor unfortunate inmates of the Napa asylum. The Governor's critics wonder why he hasn't found time to visit the asylum. They regard it as singular that a man of his tenderness of heart should neglect the insane wards of the State. At the farewell luncheon he professed himself to be filled with profound sympathy for everybody in distress. Indeed it appears that he has suddenly developed into a political philanthropist. "If we teach these things relating to little children," he said, "and to women and to overburdened men and the broader sympathy of human brotherhood, and if we can make people realize that government is founded on human sympathy, on human flesh and bone, then we have accomplished all that can be desired." It would melt a heart of adamant to read the Governor in his moments of compassion, but one cannot help wondering why a man who exudes such beautiful sentiments doesn't give a thought to the hungry insane.

The Pious Pose

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the dawn," says Governor Johnson, with the heavens mirrored in his reverent eyes: "Again I see the humanizing things that ennoble human character." Also, "I am going to preach the doctrine of what should be done for little children, for the under man, and if I can do a little to bridge the awful chasm that separates the very rich from the very poor," et cetera, et etcetera. The Governor has hallucinations. He thinks he's the Second Coming. He has had a stroke of religion. He has taken off the besmirched rags of the criminal lawyer and put on the sweet-scented robes of a new life. But I fear the transformation is not complete. The Governor still lapses into the ways of the police court and aberrates from the truth in the depths of his throat. For instance when he says that John D. Spreckels and Patrick Calhoun hired Alva Udell to circulate a petition for his recall. There isn't anybody outside of a home for the feeble-minded who would believe that either Spreckels or Calhoun would hire Udell to do anything. There isn't anybody but Udell who takes the recall petition seriously. Johnson pretends that he does to give vraisemblance to the pose of a victim of a conspiracy. The Governor will never be able to bridge that awful chasm that separates the very rich from the very poor, nor will he ever be able to do anything that requires for its accomplishment something of divine power, while he goes about steaming with hypocrisy and foaming at the lips with cheap prevarication.

The Sutro Offer

It is not often that the city is offered something for nothing. Approximating uniqueness therefore is the offer made by Mrs. Merritt, daughter of Adolph Sutro. Mrs. Merritt has offered Sutro Heights to the City. If the offer hadn't a string tied to it it would be gladly accepted and Mrs. Merritt would be given a resolution of thanks in fine writing. But as it is, one is not able to predict what will be done about it. What ought to be done no intelligent person has any doubt. It would be to the city's shame forever to fail to avail itself of the privilege of acquiring not only Sutro Heights but all the property included in the proposal. This proposal is a matter of so great importance that it should receive the enthusiastic support of all public spirited citizens. In the circumstances it is astonishing that our daily newspapers have not taken the matter up and made clear to their readers just what the proposal means. We all know about Sutro Heights, but we do not all know of the extent of the property contiguous to the Cliff House, of the beautiful cliff and beach that lies back of the baths and of the public uses to which the property might be put. All this cliff and beach property and the baths the Sutro heirs offer to the city at its present market value. It would be the easiest thing in the world to organize an amusement company to take this property off their hands at a much higher price than they offer it for. Now for this proposal we are indebted to Mrs. Merritt, who is really a philanthropic woman and who wishes to do something for the city. A somewhat odd person is Mrs. Merritt. In business matters she is so strictly business as to give people the impression that she is close-fisted. The fact is she has very little use for money. She was the one Sutro heir who refused to join in the suit to break the Sutro trust. And the trust having been broken she refuses to profit by the suit. Her one ambition was to become sole owner of the beautiful Heights property. And to gain her end she surrendered her interests in several other pieces of property, retaining nothing but the Heights and a sixth interest in the property that has been offered to the city for a little over $600,000. She is the sole owner of the Heights property which is valued at over $300,000, and of which she wishes to make a gift to the city.

From Washington to Armageddon

It has been suggested that the Bull Moose party should have "Armageddon" blazoned in



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Portland, Ore. Nome, Alaska. Honolulu, T. H.

white on the red bandanna to remind the people that the Progressives are battling for the Lord. All things considered there should also be embroidered on the red bandanna a war chest and a big stick and some verses in the following vein:

We used to stand at Washington, we used to
stand there pat,
And for the Cause we used to bleed the swollen
plutocrat.
We battled for the War Chest in those halycon
days of yore,
We stood 'em up and held 'em up, and then we
called for more.
But now it's Armageddon, and we battle for the
Lord;
Myself and Me we've oped our mouth and thus
unsheathed the sword.
Just hearken to the thunders roll from out our
sweating chin;
Likewise observe the gooseflesh that we start—
Myself and Flynn.
God's soldiers from the West are we, from North
and East and South;
We paralyze the foe by simply shooting off our
mouth.
We stand at Armageddon, and we battle for the
Jobs,
Myself and Hiram Johnson, too, just watch us
swat the slobs.

What's In a Name?

A short time ago Richard Hotaling who is, among other things, a fancier of fine cattle, was asked by the scientists in charge of the agricultural department of the State University to make the department a present of some stock for breeding purposes. Dick was perfectly agreeable. He picked out from his herds two valuable Holsteins, a splendid young bull and an equally splendid young heifer. It was pedigreed stock, so of course Hotaling went through the usual formality of having the bull and heifer registered by name. The bull he named "President Wheeler;" the heifer "Co-ed."

The Next Grove Play

The writers of next year's Bohemian grove drama were chosen before "The Atonement of Pan" had had its last rehearsal. A full year is considered none too long a time to devote to the preparation of the elaborate midsummer jinks. But while the names of the author and composer are announced a year in advance, the subject of their drama is kept a profound secret. So while it is possible to state that Rufus Steele and Herman Perlet will be the writers of the play to be given next year, it is out of the question to tell what theme they have selected. Rufus Steele is the Sunday editor of the Call. He has enjoyed the honor of writing for the New York magazines for some time, and is equally at home in the making of verses and the weaving of short stories. He is the author of a book on San Francisco entittled "The City That Is." Herman Perlet is a composer of light graceful music. The combination of Steele and Perlet is regarded as a happy one.

At Napa

According to the Call which has made a careful investigation, the insane people at the Napa Asylum are insufficiently fed.

There were ghosts enough, God help us.
Within those walls of woe,
The grisly ghosts that walk at will
Wherever madmen go.

There were shapes of terror all the day
And forms of fear by night,
The phantom figures wildly wrought
Upon the face of fright .

The spectres danced their frenzied rounds
In brains long overthrown;
They haunted helpless souls that screamed
When they were locked alone.

The ghosts of gory guilt, the ghosts
Of trust transformed to hate,
The ghosts of dread, the fever ghosts
Of lust insatiate;

The ghosts that mock at charity,
The ghosts that stamp on love,
The ghosts blaspheming and the ghosts
That curse the Lord above;

The ghosts that trail their noisome slime
Across the smile of hope,
The ghosts that beckon suicide
With pistol or with rope—

By day, by night these horrid ghosts
That give our reason pause,
Grin at the helpless derelicts
That stalk the corridors.

They grin, they mock the witless throng
That knows no sweeter sight;
They mop, they sneer, they twist the lip
Through all the day and night.

God knows! they are a fearful crew
That haunt th' unseated mind,
These maggots of the rotting brain,
These motes that sting the blind.

And yet, another ghost glides in
To join their curst array,
Another phantom conjured up
Upon the mad to prey;

A gnawing ghost, a ghost that claws
The entrails of the dumb—
To rule the Hell of madness see
The ghost of Hunger come!

Germany and the Fair

Reference has been made more than once in these columns to the uncertainty which marks Germany's attitude toward the World's Fair to be held here in 1915. Germany has not yet signified her intention to participate. The Kaiser's government is still gathering opinions from merchants, manufacturers and exporters in reference to the advisability of an extensive German exhibit. A definite promise to exhibit will not be given until this collection of judgments is complete. Still it seems the consensus of opinion in Berlin that the Fatherland will be represented in the most creditable manner. A signaficant feature of the Teutonic exhibition, I learn, will be that it will amount to a systematic and comprehensive bid for South American trade. Everything will be arranged so as to constitute a huge advertisement of German wares for the purpose of attracting the attention of the Latin republics.

Not Concerned With Us

Germany takes a pessimistic view of her trade relations with the United States. Some hopes are cherished that the American tariff will lose much of its prohibitory character in the course of the next few years, but the Germans think that American manufacturers, even under the best conditions for foreigners, have a firm grip on the home market. The San Francisco show, therefore, is not expected to prove commercially profitable for Germany, so far as trade with the United States is concerned. So the Germans, with far-sighted thoroughness, are going to exploit our exposition for the purpose of expanding their business in territories far remote from the United States tariff walls. North Americans who visit the exposition will, it is hoped, be edified and pleased with the German exhibit, but the attention which Germany plans chiefly to arrest is

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that of the Brazilians, Argentinians, Peruvians, Chileans and Venezuelans who, it is expected, will visit our fair in great numbers. The Germans hope also to make their exhibit an advertisement for trade with Japan and China, but it is the South American orders which they desire most. It seems to be the opinion of the German business leaders whom the government is now sounding that the exhibit should be made here almost exclusively with that end in view.

San Diego's Perfect Theatre

Not since the I. W. W.'s were banished from San Diego has there been so much enthusiasm in that town as there was last Friday evening when the Spreckels Theatre was dedicated to the drama. A great public event was the opening of this theatre, and rightly so for it is a theatre the people have reason to be proud of. It is an architectural triumph. It is the most perfect theatre in America. Julia Dean, the actress, says that every seat in this theatre is a front seat. John J. Gill, the architect, extending his congratulations to Architect Albright by whom it was designed, says the acoustics are so wonderful that it would be a great benefit to architecture if the world's greatest authority on acoustics would go to San Diego, make a study of the auditorium and write a critical analysis of the structure. So, with perfect acoustics and every part of the stage within everybody's range of vision, San Diego has a theatre such as has been the dream of every architect that ever built one. And for this theatre the people of San Diego are indebted to Mr. J. D. Spreckels who has done more for San Diego than any man has done for any other city in California. No wonder that the first night audience called for Spreckels. And no wonder that when he appeared on the stage the audience rose as with one accord and warmed the cockles of his heart with a tremendous burst of cheers. Mr. Spreckels said that the people of San Diego had so often expressed confidence in him that he built the theatre as a testimonial of the high esteem in which he held the city and its citizens. Again there was loud cheering. There is a perfect understanding between Mr. Spreckels and the people of San Diego. San Diego appears to be the one city in the country where the people reciprocate the generosity of a benefactor. At an election held in San Diego some time ago on a proposal instigated by a crank to reduce the fare on one of the Spreckels roads it was beaten by a vote of something like four to one. The people voted to buy the Spreckels water system at his own figure. They surely have confidence in their most enterprising citizen. And so the opening of the theatre was not only a great public event, it was a joyous occasion for Mr. Spreckels. At the conclusion of his remarks he introduced Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge who delivered the dedicatory speech which is printed on page eighteen.

The Election

We are to have an election next Tuesday, but apparently nobody is excited about it. Were it not for the election cards in circulation we should not know that we were in the midst of a political campaign. Yet there are men seeking nomination for the bench, for Congress and for the legislature. The government has been brought back to the people, but the people seem to be unaware of their prodigious responsibilities. Perhaps the people are bored. The only contest which has any semblance of animation is the contest for the bench. Some interest is taken in it because it is believed that either Deasy or Shortall will crowd off one of the incumbents. The prevailing opinion is that Judges Graham, Coffey and Mogan will be re-elected, and that the famous Reconciler, the man who has averted many a domestic tragedy, and who has endeared himself to the man in the street by his sympathies as well as by his impartiality will get the highest vote on the ticket.

What Is "High Jinks?"

The question has never agitated Bohemia. Joe Redding can answer it as pithily as he defines religion or mythology. Jerry Landfield can explain "high jinks" in Russian as readily as in English. Porter Garnett will write you an essay explicatory while you wait. The latest initiate of Bohemia, the baby of the Family, a cub reporter at the Press Club (where they held "jinques extraordinaires" a few nights ago) knows all about it. But in New York it is causing trouble. The General Sessions Court has taken judicial notice of "high jinks." Simply because Samuel Weller, an editor, said Abraham Erlanger held high jinks at his Long Island home. Erlanger brought suit for criminal libel, whereupon Editor Samivel Veller explained that he used the term in the Pickwickian sense. But the court was cautious and delved into the authorities, extracting classic instances that were not Pickwickian. He dug up William Hepworth Dixon who wrote: "The Admiral, who had been a Puritan among the Puritans, became a roistering blade with the returning Cavaliers. He slept at the Dolphin, lived on easy terms with the playwriters and paid his compliments to every pretty hussy on the stage. The Navy Gardens were a scene for romps and jinks that faintly echoed the festivities of Whitehall." Dixon was alarmingly recent, and editor of the Athenaeum at that. Allan Ramsay sang his Scotch songs two hundred years ago, and the court quoted:

When in our pouch we found some clinks,
And took a turn o'er Bruntfield links,
After in Maggy's at hy-jinks
We guzzled scuds
Till we could scarce wi' hale-out drinks
Cast off our duds.

Of course the phrase may have softened in meaning since then, but the naughty picture of the scud-guzzling at Maggy's "hy-jinks" helped Erlanger's case. There were other citations ancient and modern. Apparently Weller's counsel didn't think of pointing out the strictly modern distinction between high and low jinks. A high jinks may mean "The Atonement of Pan," but low jinks is sometimes a bit risky, even in Bohemia. Porter Garnett should write a monograph on the subject.

"I was talking to Diggby this morning about the latest dreadnought. He didn't appear to be much interested."

"I should think not! Diggby married one."

Mary—That tall man has been divorced five times.

Alice—Goodness! Who is he?

Mary—He's the man who invented the safety match.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Invasion of Bohemia

If the women who were allowed to penetrate the mysteries of the Bohemian Grove for the special performance of "The Atonement of Pan" have any superlatives left in their vocabulary, it is because those superlatives do not lend themselves to the language of praise. Their speech is dithyrambic; their feminine enthusiasm has filled them to the brim,—they spill adjectives of laudation; they have never, never seen, they never expect to see, anything so grand, so awe-inspiring, so perfectly beautiful and so and so on. From which it may be inferred that the second production of "The Atonement of Pan" was a great success. There is no doubt about that. Nor any doubt that the Bohemians conquested their guests by the well nigh flawless perfection of their hospitality. From the moment that the dear ladies left San Francisco on Saturday afternoon to the hour of three on Sunday morning when they once again set foot in the Ferry Building they were coddled, pampered, their wishes anticipated, their comforts tirelessly considered. There were refreshments on the train, maids in the grove to help them remove the traces of the long railway journey, a seven course dinner and then the intellectual banquet of the play itself. The dinner was a marvel to the ladies. They couldn't understand how mere men managed to feast that multitude without a hitch of any kind. In fact they felt a bit envious of the superiority in this regard manifested by the sterner sex.

Some of Them Cried

The emotions of the dear creatures were so worked upon by the drama and its music that many could not restrain their tears. Perhaps they cried more freely because the darkness which enshrouded the spectators gave an effect of semi-privacy favorable for the relief of joyful tears. At any rate some of them wept quite freely. And when the play was done they simply overwhelmed Joe Redding and Henry Hadley with admiring attentions. Never were those two composers so lionized. Joe made a happy speech, despite the embarrassing attentions of the enthusiastic dears; but Henry Hadley was so overcome by their insistent felicitations that he got all tangled up in his grammar. Of course that evidence of bashfulness only endeared him the more.

The One Faux Pas

There was only one little flaw in this jewel of an occasion. It was the speech of Vanderlyn Stow. Stow was the master of ceremonies. It was for him to welcome the fair sex to the grove. He started in a happy vein, and the ladies applauded. Then he blundered. He phrased in pointed, one might say in crude terms the desire of the board of directors that every woman should be out of the grove by eleven o'clock. It was a little lecture on the proprieties. It seemed to intimate that some of the fair guests might have it in their minds to linger in Bohemia's sacred confines. The ladies didn't like it a bit. Their manner showed resentment of what they considered an insinuation against their good sense. Some of the Bohemians themselves shook their heads at Stow's blunder. But his was the only faux pas. Otherwise the unique entertainment passed off and into history as an unqualified success. That it was a unique entertainment seems to be the general opinion. The Bohemians say that it will never be paralleled; that the women will never be admitted to the grove again. But you never can tell. A precedent once established is hard to disregard.



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MRS. ROBERT WILSON

She and her husband were Stanford students up to the time of their romantic elopement a month ago. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Soule of Alameda.

What Mrs. Atherton Says

Gertrude Atherton went to see "The Atonement of Pan" as the guest of her brother Mr. William P. Horn. Mrs. Atherton shared the general enthusiasm. "I spent a perfect day," she told me in her most animated manner. "I went up to the grove Saturday forenoon and returned to the city at three Sunday morning, but I wasn't a bit tired. There was no dust, no heat; even the train ride was pleasant. I enjoyed the play immensely, but even if there had been no play the sight of that marvelous grove would have repaid me. I don't suppose there is anything like it in the world. I have seen the great forests of Europe, but of course they haven't the great sequoias of the Bohemian grove. What a wonderful stage setting! It seems incredible that Nature should have made such a Paradise. The thought that came to my mind most frequently was, If only Wagner could have seen it! It is just the sort of stage setting he dreamed of, but of course he never attained it. The 'Valkyrie' in such a setting would be tremendous. Think of the immolation of Brunhilde on those rocks! The most striking moment of the drama for me was when Pan appeared before the curtain of interwoven boughs and the screen rolled back disclosing that beautiful stage with its trees, its rocks, its paths and slopes. Yes, I was well rewarded. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. Especially as I suppose we shall never be asked again."

She Is Deep in Politics

After Mrs. Atherton had delivered her speech for Woodrow Wilson at the Palace she was bombarded with telegrams from all over the country importuning her to take the platform for Wilson here, there, everywhere. Then came a communication from the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee in New York. It was a request for an article on Wilson to be used in a number of newspapers throughout the country. Mrs. Atherton is now preparing the article. I asked Mrs. Atherton whether she would make more speeches. "I suppose I shall," she said. "It would be stupid not to. Now that Californian women have the ballot why should they not take an active part in politics? And it is something to know that you are working for a candidate who can give you nothing on earth. I am at least distinterested. There isn't a position of any sort which Governor Wilson could induce me to accept. I suppose I'm to be busy with politics for a while now, but I shall get rid of it all during the next two months and then fly to Munich. I haven't been able to do a bit of literary work since I made that speech at the Palace." Mrs. Atherton has experienced one of the penalties of politics already. She has been caricatured in the Sacramento Bee. She says she enjoyed it immensely. "I'm always pleased with a new experience" is the laughing way she puts it.

The Silence of the Bavardes

Is there no esprit de corps among the newspaper bavardes of this city? Do these charming women allow the little imp of envy to canker their emotions? Is there just a little jealousy in their thoughts when they contemplate the social success of one of their number? It seems impossible that this should be the case. Perhaps it is unjust even to suggest such a situation. And yet, and yet! Here we have a newspaper woman giving a party as elaborate as it was successful, a party honored by the presence, not only of all the newspaperwomen of the city but of many other distinguished guests as well—and not a word about it in the columns which the bavardes control! Not an intimation did we find in the Call or

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the Examiner, the Post or the Bulletin that Mrs. Marie L. Walton, the charming and clever "Lady Teazle" of the Chronicle, had been hostess at a soiree on last Wednesday night. This seems very strange to me. If there is news value in the doings of our smart people—and there must be, otherwise the papers would not be so keen about chronicling them—there was every reason why the papers should take notice of Lady Teazle's party. I am not suggesting that Lady Teazle craved such notice. Mrs. Walton is a woman of innate hospitality who entertains for the pleasure of her friends alone. But surely it would have been a pretty compliment if her sisters of the social pen had made a note of her success. Thinking the matter over once more, I am inclined to believe that it was not any jealousy on the part of the bavardes which caused this slight but the traditional jealousy of our editors which rules that when a member of one staff does anything worth while it is not to be acclaimed in the rival newspaper columns. Let us set it down to the bad editors' account that Mrs. Walton's party received no notice.

A Distinguished Company

It was quite a distinguished company which responded to Mrs. Walton's invitations and assembled in her apartments to meet Hartley Manners, the playwright, and Miss Laurette Taylor, the actress who has been interpreting his roles at the Alcazar. Dear old Mrs. Whiffen was there to represent a generation of players which is now all but history, while Miss Merle Maddern, a cousin of Mrs. Fiske, stood for the debutantes of the theatre. Henry Hadley and Joe Redding, fresh from their conquest of Bohemia, shared congratulations on the success of "The Atonement of Pan" with Frank Mathieu, Judge Melvin and Dr. J. Wilson Shiels. Major Sherwood Cheney, a noted engineer who is here to "pull the cork" out of the Sacramento river and so relieve flood conditions, was conspicuous among the members of the service set. And there were many others of prominence, not forgetting the society matrons and the pretty buds in their beautiful gowns. It was a merry party enlivened by an impromptu program. Hartley Manners told a wonderful story which held his hearers spellbound for nearly fifteen minutes. Judge Melvin sang his song of Silenus from the Bohemian drama. Dr. Shiels and Waldemar Young told some of their inimitable stories. Ernest Glendinning recited "Gunga Din" as only Ernest can. Miss von Weick and Oscar Frank were among those who contributed musical numbers. Take it all in all, it was a party to which the society bavardes might well have devoted a little space. That they didn't must be regarded as one of the mysteries of newspaperdom.

Isadora Duncan's Prosperity

Isadora Duncan must be very prosperous, if what I have just heard is correct. I am told that the classic dancer from our fair city has just paid a million francs for the Chateau de Bearn at St. Cloud near Paris. This is an old castle which was famous in the time of Louis XIV as the home of Maximilian, Elector of Bavaria. At present it is in a very dilapidated state, and Miss Duncan will have to spend a lot of money on it before it it habitable. I hope Isadora will be very happy in her chateau. But think what a lot of money she must have made if she is able to pay $200,000 for a home! Her pink tootsies have been a gold mine, so to speak. However, the price may be quoted in terms of stage money.

A Bridge Luncheon on Ship Board

It is not every hostess that can give a luncheon and an afternoon of bridge aboard a yacht. This unique form of entertainment was originated a few days ago by Mrs. Claus Spreckels. The Venetia, the steam yacht of her father-in-law John D. Spreckels, was lying in San Diego harbor, so Mrs. Spreckels decided to use it for her entertainment. The tables were arranged both in the cabin and on deck, and the affair was voted a huge success. It was given in honor of Miss Clay of this city.

The Passing of Wedding Customs

The old-time observance of sentimental customs at weddings is passing into disuse. The up-to-date wedding cake has no ring, thimble or coin imbedded in it and the exciting moment when the luck pieces were discovered is no longer an incident of the modern wedding supper. Its



Photo, Bushnell

MISS RUTH SLACK

The second daughter of Judge and Mrs. Charles Slack who is returning with her family from a tour abroad.

absence was noted at the recent Langhorne-Parker wedding where inquiry as to who got the ring brought out the fact that the bride's cake contained no ring. Another custom not observed at this wedding was the throwing of the bride's bouquet. This was formerly the climax of the wedding reception and the lucky maid who caught it was congratulated as the next bride. But at ultra-smart weddings of the year this old custom has likewise been slighted. I asked a pretty young bridesmaid about it and she declared that they were "too silly." "Nobody believes in them," she continued. So the modern girl has progressed beyond the superstitions of former years and I doubt if brides in these enlightened times are careful to obey the old adage to wear "something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue" once so religiously observed.

An Engagement Denied

Mrs. Eugene C. Harrison was surprised a few days ago to read of the engagement of her son Ralph to Miss Cali Phillips. Ralph Harrison is a lieutenant in the Coast Artillery stationed at Fort Scriven, Georgia. Miss Phillips is the daughter of his colonel. Mrs. Harrison has just returned from Fort Scriven where she was visiting her boy, and she says that no engagement exists.

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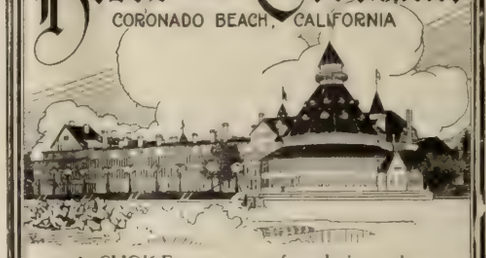
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An Outdoor Performance

The Women's Outdoor Club, Nineteenth avenue and Sloat boulevard, promises a pleasing variation of the usual custom in their production of "Twelfth Night," on Labor Day, September 2, at 2:15 p. m. This production was successfully given on July Fourth in the Outdoor Theatre. As the Outdoor Club is chiefly concerned only in giving a meritorious rendering of Shakespeare's beautiful play, they have chosen to give the performance for a price within everybody's reach. Special car service will be provided, via car 19 or 20, of the Ocean-Ellis line, via Twentieth avenue, also car 12 on Mission street.

Awarding the Car

The beautiful Oakland automobile that is to be given away by the Tait-Zinkand Cafe will be awarded on September 16. This date is being looked forward to with much interest by the lady patrons of the cafe, as the machine to be given away is certainly a beauty, and the person who gets it will be a much envied individual. The manner in which the car is to be awarded is fully explained at Tait's every afternoon between 3 and 6 o'clock. During these hours there is a delightful and novel entertainment, and those who drop in to while away an idle hour or so are sure of being genuinely amused.

Fall Opening

The fall opening of Olga, the noted Parisian milliner, will take place on September 3, 4 and 5 and will be distinguished by a fine exhibition of the latest importations in hats and bonnets. The display will be sure to attract our women of taste. The millinery shop at 237 Post near Grant avenue is well known; and owing to the increase in the business Olga has found it advisable to open another shop which is located at 174 Geary near Stockton street.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, wife of the vice president and general manager of the Pacific Mail, accompanied by Miss Schwerin and W. R. Schwerin, all of San Mateo, have been guests at Hotel del Coronado. Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Whitney of Salt Lake are making their headquarters at Coronado while on a tour of Southern California. Lieutenant Commander S. I. M. Major and T. Hicks of the Pacific fleet now at Coronado, are stopping at the hotel. Among the prominent Washingtonians registered is Miss E. E. Hopkins, and accompanying her, H. D. Hopkins. Mrs. Henry Ohlmeyer, wife of the popular California bandmaster, has been at Hotel del Coronado. Los Angeles has been well represented at Hotel del Coronado, among the guests being Mr. H. M. Edelman, Mr. W. T. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. Olmsted, Harrison Albright and others. Mr. Edgar Temple, stage manager and principal tenor of the Fritzi Scheff Opera Company, goes to Coronado for a short engagement to take part in the production there of the "Stabat Mater," September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Scott of Wilkes Barre, Pa., are visiting in San Francisco for an indefinite time. They are guests at the Hotel Victoria. Mrs. E. P. Nalle of the Presidio of Monterey and her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Ellis of Ft. McIntosh, Laredo, Texas, are spending a month at the hotel. Mrs. George E. Catts and Miss Georgia Catts of Stockton are guests during a month's stay in San Francisco. Mrs. Ella R. Wall and her daughters Miss Helen and Miss Kathryn are there from their home in Philadelphia. They will spend a fortnight in San Francisco. Mrs. H. J. Butler, of Danbury, Mass., Miss C. Hazard, Miss D. O'Brien, of Santa Barbara and Richard B. Catton of Boston are among the week's arrivals. Miss Dorothy May entertained a number of friends at an informal musicale on Saturday at the Victoria where Mrs. May and Miss May have been since they closed their home in Page street.

The week at Paso Robles has been one of charming weather, busy scenes and happy people. Among the recent arrivals Mr. Sanford Sachs may be mentioned. From Texas came Mr. E. P. Byars, a prominent business man of Fort Worth. Mr. Byars comes to Paso Robles for the baths, accompanied by his wife and small daughter, and has taken rooms for an extended stay. Mr. T. F. Loughlin comes from Dallas, bringing with him his wife and their little granddaughter Miss Hannah McMahon. The party are planning to remain for a full course of the baths. Mr. Fred. M. Pickering of San Francisco with Mrs. Pickering and Miss Pickering, arrived last week for a rest. Mrs. I. W. Huey of Los Angeles is at Paso Robles, not for her health but to see the Democratic women and organize them for the good of the party. Mrs. Huey is the State secretary of the California Democratic Women's League. Mr. W. S. Horton of Mobile, Alabama, is at Paso Robles for a time. Mr. W. G. Clinch, the well known merchant of San Francisco, went down to Paso Robles for a little outing, returning Monday. His mother Mrs. C. C. Clinch and her other son, Mr. C. D. Clinch, are spending a longer time.

The doves are more plentiful at Paso Robles this year than for many seasons past, and merry parties of gunners continue to have the very best of sport. Some of the San Francisco sportsmen have been down this season two and even three times. The golf course at Paso Robles is one of the most "sporty" on the whole Pacific Coast. Laid out as it was by a genius in that work, Tom Benderlow of Chicago, and with the most fortunate combination of natural hazards and charming situation, it is no wonder this course grows so fast in the estimation of the golfing fraternity. It is one of the longest nine-hole courses in California, and furnishes both expert and amateur the most perfect opportunity for play. The golfers find it easy to stop off at Paso Robles on their way up or down the coast, and gain here a splendid experience of golf, climate and baths combined which is unequalled.

The Gentle Cynic Muses

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Wouldn't it be fine if we could only pay board as easily as we can look that way?

Many a fellow gets that tired feeling after he has annexed a rich father-in-law.

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The Glory of the Drama

An Address Delivered at the Opening of the New Spreckels Theatre in San Diego, August 23, 1912

By Samuel M. Shortridge

Coming from the great exposition city of the north there are at least 1915 reasons why I am glad to be in the great exposition city of the south. Really your cordial welcome warrants me in believing that I am not altogether a stranger within your silver gates.

I consider myself honored overmuch in being permitted to play a small part on an occasion such as this—to be, not a spellbinder, but rather a curtainraiser—to be a sort of prologue to the play, an index to the volume—and to welcome you to this splendid and magnificent temple which is this night dedicated to the drama. It is indeed a triumph of the architect, the artist and the artisan. It is indeed a fit and worthy home for the drama. In amplitude and design, in color and decoration, it excites our highest admiration. It is a credit to your city, an honor to the State, and will spread even yet wider the fame of your people for enterprise, intelligence and culture.

In this tolerant age of learning and light the theater needs no defense, the actor no apologist. For whatever of prejudice once existed against the drama has happily passed away. We have come to realize that "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," is no sin; that to contribute to the joy of living is not immoral; that to laugh with Falstaff is not harmful; that to weep with Hecuba is not to approve the abduction of Helen; that to listen to celestial music is not to forget the duties of earth; that to hear De Wolf Hopper recite "Casey at the Bat" is not to exalt the first baseman above the first magistrate of the republic, or to make the national game more important than the presidential election. We have come to realize that the drama teaches great and useful lessons of history and heroism, of purity and patriotism, and that the actor is at once "guide, philosopher and friend"—leading us across flowery meadows, by sweet waters, beneath cool shading branches—explaining to us the manners, customs and thoughts of all ages and countries—and peopling our solitude with the children of mirth and merriment, of love and faith.

The philosopher broadens and strengthens the understanding; the novelist cultivates the imagination; the historian preserves the past and teaches the lessons born of human experience; the scientist discovers and invents and adds to the sum of the world's wealth, and so each in his sphere of effort aids in advancing the holy cause of civilization; but the dramatist, from Thespis to this hour, has been the great teacher of every age. He has brought home to men's minds and hearts the abstractions of philosophy; he has made us intimately acquainted with the imaginative characters of the novelist; he has caused us to see the personages of whom the historian writes; he has made manifest the labors of the scientist. Nor is this all. He has taught the value and justice of liberty, the hatefulness and wrong of slavery, the necessity for law and order. He has fired the heart of youth with patriotic fervor, moved multitudes to noble action, nerved the soldier's arm, cheered the dying defenders of liberty, put a brand of infamy on the traitor's brow, and glorified the triumph of virtue over vice. The dramatist has taught man to love the beautiful, to reverence truth, to scorn hypocrisy, to hate iniquity. Nay, more; he has taught blind eyes to see the glories, and deaf ears to hear the music, of God's wondrous universe.

The dramatist is a great teacher; the actor is the great interpreter. Across this stage will walk the renown of the ancient world—all-conquering Alexander and by his side Aristotle, imperial Caesar listening to Antony and falling by Brutus, mighty Achilles grieving over dead Patroclus, brave Troilus sighing for sweet Cressida in the Grecian tents, and all the historic characters that lived and loved, and fought and died before Athenian and Roman audiences. They will speak to us of other times—renew our faith in man—excite our pity and our love—and powerfully remind us that "all that live must die, passing through nature to eternity."

Here the romantic story of the middle ages will be told. Here will sing the troubadours of chivalrous knight and princess fair, and we shall see the Crusaders as, led by the cross, they march joyfully toward the Holy City.

Here we shall listen to "merry songs and brave choruses, sung with the lusty voices" of German heroes, deep in their dark forests.

Here we shall see King Arthur and his knights encircling his Round Table and be stirred by their stories of brawl and battle, and here we shall weep for Lancelot and Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat."

Here we shall see the story of our country unfolded—shall be thrilled by battle trumpets and hear the shouts of victory; here we shall behold as in life grave and stately Washington, sad and melancholy Lincoln, and all the heroes and martyrs who have made our country great and free.

Here genius will speak through tragic lips—ponder on the mystery of life, the majesty of death—it may be

"Drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears."

Great actors will come, with their imagination and consummate art, and Hamlet will soliloquize on life's deep problems and question

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them";

and he will teach us that it is wiser to

"Bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Othello, "perplex'd in the extreme," will "throw away a pearl richer than all his tribe"—and thereby warn us to beware the green-eyed monster.

Guilty Macbeth will cry out in terror: "Shake not thy gory locks at me; thou canst not say I did it;" and show us the folly of vaulting ambition, the wages of sin.

And other great characters worthily reproduced will tell of hope defeated, of ambition baffled, of love betrayed, of the pathos and the tragedy of life.

Great actresses will come and with the melody of their voices and the witchery of their eyes will move to gladness or provoke to tears.

Here Portia will tell us that

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
It is an attribute of God himself."

And those who sit in judgment will be taught that

"Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

Here Juliet, leaning from her balcony, shall sigh for Romeo, who screen'd in night shall overhear his dear love's maidenly confession; and we shall learn that the greatest and the loveliest thing in the world is love.

Here sweet Desdemona, with "whiter skin than snow and smooth as monumental alabaster," shall be the victim of the viper Iago and saintlike die by the hand of him who "loved not wisely, but too well;" and we shall realize that

"Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ."

Philosopher and fool, the proud and humble, wealth in purple and poverty in rags, king on throne and subject kneeling, soldier and civilian, the spendthrift and the miser, matron and maid, sire in "lean and slipper'd pantaloon," and school boy with his "shining morning face"—all, all these shall play their parts and reproduce before us the drama—the tragedy, the comedy—of life as it has been, is, and ever will be.

Virtue and vice, joy and sorrow, hope and despair, brooding care and "loathed melancholy," love and hate, crime and righteousness—all, all these shall teach us lessons to follow and to shun.

And music, heavenly maid, with her golden tongue, shall sing to us of maidens fair and gallant youth in shady lanes—solemn anthems in cathedrals old—battle hymns of heroes dead—funeral marches to the dusty grave—wedding marches toward the dimpled cradle; and rifling our hearts with rapture Orpheus with his lyre will wipe away the tears of grief and plant a rose in the hollow cheek of care.

Into this temple weary labor will come to rest awhile and forget its burden. Avarice may come to be shamed by generous deeds. Age will come to renew its youth. Sorrow will come to lay aside its mourning. And sitting where you sit happy generations yet unborn will smile as you are smiling, rejoice as you are rejoicing, and be thankful, as you are thankful, that they live in San Diego, the beautiful, canopied by the bluest sky and lulled by the music of the sea, and that they enjoy, as you are now enjoying, such a place of entertainment as the Spreckels Theater.



"The Wooing of Eve"

By Edward F. O'Day

Eve Alverstone was English and of very restless mood; at times inclined to rakish ways; at others quite a prude. She loved her independence; had a fortune all her own; and gallivanted round the world without a chaperon. Somewhere or other—I forget just where—she chanced to meet a most amazing Yankee who on Eve became quite sweet. He followed her as Mary's lamb pursued that child to school, and by his ardent wooing showed himself a silly fool. He chased her up to Londontown where Eve stopped off one day upon her haughty relatives a visit for to pay. Now Eve was never happy till she stuck her pretty nose in other people's business and smelled out all their woes. So just as soon as she sat down within her uncle's walls, she straight began to interfere in all the family brawls. And here, to do her justice, the writer must confess she dipped her busy fingers in a pretty nasty mess. Though nunky was an iron king he stood and looked askance right down the pit of ruin—not a dollar in his pants! And the only way to save him was for daughter to be wed to a very wealthy roue who an awful life had led. You may imagine easily how this appealed to daughter. "I shall not wed him, pa!" she cried. He said, "You know you oughter! Refuse, and I'm a bankrupt. But even if you do, I shan't allow that clergyman to pay his suit to you." (Referring to a parson of a very fiery sort who unto darling daughter had been paying pious court.) What could the poor girl answer? She saw no help was nigh. And so she said, "All right, papa," and had a good long cry. Meanwhile mama was flirting with a most immoral cad who wanted her to fly with him and think no more of dad. And as she knew poor hub was broke, she thought it would be fine to join that most immoral chap upon the banks of Rhine. So this was how the matter stood when busybody Eve blew in to set the family straight—no cinch, you may believe! What did she do? Well, first of all she told her Yankee swain that having loved five years ago she ne'er could love again. It seems that she had been deceived by listening to the suit of someone who turned out to be a bold abysmal brute. Not that the worst had happened—please follow what I say—the villain merely frightened her, so she gave him his conge! You guess the sequel, reader, if you're only half acute—her cousin's hated fiance was that same abysmal brute! A pretty howdydo indeed, but not too much for Eve; it didn't take that lady long a project to conceive. To risk her own good name she didn't seem to mind the least, so she went to call quite late at night on the bold abysmal beast. But first she let the Yankee and the lover-parson see the ardent letter which she wrote to that wicked old rou-ee. Again you get my drift; the plot succeeded, but alas! to dodge the brute she had to smash a pane of window glass. Next morning all is lovely; the rake reforms his ways, gives up the pretty daughter, and to her daddy pays a few odd hundred thousands to have his business life. Whereat flirtatious mommer becomes a loving wife! The parson takes the daughter; the Yankee's on the shelf; and Eve, the cunning plotter, weds the 'bysmal brute himself!

Why do I tell this story? It doesn't interest you? Nor me, but at the Alcazar I had to sit it through. It was writ by Hartley Manners—there's no disputing that. Now tell me, when he wrote it what was he driving at?

Gossip of the Theatre

Edmond Hayes at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by Edmond Hayes in his latest laugh "The Piano Movers." Grace Cameron, dainty singer of rollicking songs, will be a feature. Harrison Armstrong's "Squaring Accounts" will be presented by Richard Nesmith and Verne Sheridan. The story is brisk, animated, humorous and interesting. The Kemps, Bob and May, will furnish a merry skit "Matrimonial Bliss," a mixture of singing, dancing and comedy. Next week concludes the engagements of Cesare Nesi and De Witt, Burns and Torrence. Also of Elsa Ruegger, the world's greatest woman 'cellist. Madame Ruegger will present a new program which will include "Andacht" (Devotion) and "The Spinning Song," both by Popper.

"Bought and Paid For" at the Cort

George Broadhurst's "Bought and Paid For" will be presented at the Cort for three weeks beginning Monday (Labor Day) matinee. Playgoers will see the original Broadway cast headed by Charles Richman and Julia Dean. The story of the play is not new, but as told by George Broadhurst, author of "The Man of the Hour" and other noted plays, it teems with interest through four acts, with an equal sprinkling of laughter and wet handkerchiefs.

Miss Taylor's Last Week

Laurette Taylor's final appearances at the Alcazar, commencing with a matinee next Monday, will be in "Seven Sisters," the medium of one of her successes last season on Broadway. It is a comedy adapted from the Hungarian by Edith Ellis for Daniel Frohman who chose Miss Taylor for the principal role. In the coming production she will be supported by Forrest Stanley, Grace Carlyle (her first appearance as the Alcazar's second leading woman), Marie Baker (specially engaged) and the cream of the regular company. All the action of "Seven Sisters" takes place in a small garrison town in Hungary. Following the Taylor season at the Alcazar comes Ada Dwyer in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," for one week only. This will close Forrest Stanley's engagement as leading man.



EDMOND HAYES
Who will appear in "The Piano Movers" next week at the Orpheum.

"Pomander Walk" at the Columbia

Louis N. Parker's "Pomander Walk" will begin an engagement of two weeks at the Columbia next Monday evening, with matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. It is under the management of the Liebler Company. It ran for a year in New York without interruption. The engagement at the Columbia will be its first on the Pacific Coast, and is almost the beginning of its third season. Prominent in the cast are T. Gideon Warren, Albert Gran, Reginald Dance, Leonard Craske, T. Wigney Percyval, Stanley Lathbury, Stella De Marney, Marie Burke, Viola Finner and Winifred Fraser.

Fine Bill at Pantages

Sunday will see another big bill at Pantages. The "Four Casters" are sensational aerialists. Lew Cantor will offer his "Merry Kids" in "Fun on a School Ground." Zenita is a young woman who plays the violin in an eccentric way and dances as she plays. Zenita has never appeared here before. Matthews and Duffy will offer their funny military novelty "The Rangers." Mlle. Nadje, renowned as "the perfect woman," will give an exhibition of physical culture. The wrestling ponies of Leon Morris, accompanied by their colored opponent, John Hedge, will be in evidence. Gypsy Wilson, pretty and clever, will change her costumes and songs several times. The Sunlight Pictures will complete the program.

How One Play was Written

All theatrical people are vaingloriously proud of knowing the intricacies of stage technique. They are skeptical that any mere student or writer may possess the same knowledge. Among writers it is hinted that good plays have been rejected by managers who assume, superciliously, that no established author is capable of doing practicable stage writing. Recently a young man who has earned some vogue as a writer of short stories—and who has also written plays which were rejected for supposed faults in the dramatic technique—was approached by a well known actor as follows: "I will give you $2,500 for your last short story made into a little play for vaudeville. The play is essentially dramatic and may almost be played as written. So that you will need very little knowledge of stage technique, and the work ought not to take you more than five days." "I will deliver the manuscript to you in five days," agreed the author. Thereupon the actor went back to his hotel and sat down to wait for the author to finish his work. The author's first move was to confer with a theatrical

agent. Before the evening of the same day the agent sought the actor.

"What are you doing this week?" asked the agent.

"Nothing," replied the actor. "At least I shall be idle for the next five days."

"Do you want a chance to earn $200 per day for the next five days?" pursued the agent.

"Great Scott, yes!" exclaimed the actor. "I have to pay a smashing good price for some dramatic rights, and I need the money. What is your proposition?"

"I have," said the agent slowly, "a little piece of published fiction which is suitable for a short play. A person of your technical knowledge and experience ought not to consume more than five days in doing the work. I will pay you $1,000 if you will undertake the dramatization and deliver the manuscript five days from now."

"Give me the story," said the actor exulting.

When he saw the story he marveled a little, but he was not proof against the appeal to his vanity and his thrift, and he set to work with diligence.

At the end of the five days the author called upon the actor at the hotel and turned over a manuscript.

"There is your play in jig time!" boasted the author. "You will find the play-technique eminently practicable, even if I am only a literary man.

"I am just as proud of this technique as you are!" retorted the actor turning the leaves affectionately. And at that time he was undoubtedly sincere.

LOOKING FOR THE WILDERNESS

A wide, thick man with a Panama hat turned down over his eyebrows like an awning stood at the far end of the counter in the railroad ticket office browsing over a bunch of vacation folders.

"Got any more of 'em?" he asked suddenly.

"Any more what?" asked the ticket seller.

"Any more folders. I've rummaged through this bunch and I don't seem to have struck the place I'm looking for yet. Guess I'll have to hunt a little further.

"Where is the place? Huh, that's just what I want to know. Gimme that'n over yonder with the picture of the man shoving a purple canoe off into the lake. Don't suppose it'll throw much light on my search, though. There seems to be too many people around in all the pictures.

"You see, here's what I'm after, old top. I want to go away off into the vast forests and listen to the birds when they twitter, but the place to be satisfactory must be somewhere that man has never trod before, or at least it must convey that impression. Every year I go on a vacation and work up a bunch of illusions about the forest primeval and forest dwelling mankind, only to have said illusions shattered sooner or later with a crash like the fall of securities in a Stock Exchange. I don't feel as if I could survive having another single illusion knocked off its shelf.

"Last summer, for instance, I journeyed up into Canada and hired a guide to take me out into the wilderness—told him I didn't care where we went so long as it was about one million miles from the nearest golf links or lawn tennis court. I wanted to get back to nature and I wanted to get back the whole distance without any rustic bridges or bowling alleys or 'To the spring' signs mixed in.

"Well, we went as far as the stage roads would take us and then we plunged into the mighty forest and tramped ahead for two days. On the third day, while the guide was fiddling around our camp site, I told him I was going to explore a little on my own hook. I sauntered along for a couple of hundred yards and I struck a merry little brook that came cascading and trickling down through the woods. 'And now,' I tells myself, 'here's where I just follow this gleeful little stream and see where it takes me. I'll just imagine I'm old man De Soto or Balboa or somebody about to discover something.

"Talk about your illusions! I had 'em. I felt like a kid about to trail down the end of the rainbow and ascertain if the legendary pot of gold was really there. For two hours I leaped from rock to rock along that stream, whistling all the while like a canary bird and having a lot more fun than any canary bird I ever saw.

"Here at last, I reflected, was nature unconfined. Here was the real thing. Oh, mebby there was a big town back somewhere, I admitted to myself, but it couldn't be less than 1,250,000 miles away.



MARIE BURKE
With "Pomander Walk" at the Columbia Theatre.

"Then I had an awakening. About four yards from where I was sitting I noticed a bright object that up to that moment had escaped my attention. I walked over to where it lay, stooped and picked it up.

"My heart sank. My once full-blown illusions were a total wreck. What do you suppose the thing was that lay there at my feet? A pasteboard cracker box! I began to look further, and in a minute I had found the inevitable sardine can. My hitherto unexplored wilderness then had been a picnic site for some couple who had been navigating about in a naphtha launch from the nearest summer home.

"I retraced my steps back to where my guide had built our shelter, feeling as sad as a boy who had lost his only taw agate. My vacation was spoiled. It was just like having a bunch of stage hands come on in the midst of a love scene in a show and roll up the grass carpet.

"Now, then," continued the prospective vacationist, "if you can stake me to a folder that'll tip me off to some unexplored wilderness this side of Africa, I'll come around in a month or so and buy a ticket."

"What is woman?" asked a speaker at a public meeting.

"Woman," replied a man in the audience—a married man—"is an animate being, with the power of speech abnormally developed, and entirely surrounded by a dress that buttons up the back."

AMUSEMENTS

Pantage's Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Week of September 1st

ANOTHER BIG SHOW!

The Four Casters, Sensational Aerialists; "Seven Merry Youngsters," in "Fun on a School Ground"; Mlle. Nadje, "The Perfect Woman"; Matthews and Duffy, presenting "The Rangers"; Zenita, the Cyclone Violinist; Leon Morris' Wrestling Ponies; Gypsy Wilson, Singing Comedienne, and Sunlight Pictures.

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.

Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

Orpheum

O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

EDMOND HAYES & COMPANY in His Latest Satire "The Piano Movers"; GRACE CAMERON, the Dainty Singer of Rollicking Songs; HARRISON ARMSTRONG'S PLAYERS in His Latest Offering "Squaring Accounts"; BOUNDING PATTERSONS; THE KEMPS, presenting "Matrimonial Bliss"; CESARE NESI; DE WITT, BURNS & TORRENCE; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week Great Artistic Triumph ELSA RUEGGER, World's Greatest Woman 'Cellist, assisted by Edmund Lichenstein. New Selections.

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

CORT Leading Theatre

Ellis and Market
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Saturday Night—Last Time of "Baby Mine."
Commencing Monday (Labor Day) Matinee
Limited Engagement—Mats. Wednesday and Saturday
William A. Brady, Ltd., Presents the
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"BOUGHT AND PAID FOR"

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With the Original Cast Direct from Brady's Playhouse, New York, including Charles Richman, Julia Dean, Frank Craven, Agnes De Lane, Allen Atwell, Mari Hardi.

Prices—50c to $2.00.

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Matinee Monday, September 2, and Throughout the Week,
Farewell Appearances of

LAURETTE TAYLOR

Aided by Forrest Stanley and the Alcazar Company
She Will Appear in

SEVEN SISTERS

The Comedy in Which Her Greatest Hit in New York Was Made

Prices: Night 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee: Thursday, Saturday, Sunday.
Special Matinee Labor Day, September 2nd.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783
Two Weeks Beginning Monday Night, September 2nd
Nightly including Sundays
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Special Prices at Wednesday Matinee
Louis N. Parker's Quaint Comedy

"POMANDER WALK"

(Liebler and Co., Mgrs.)

If You would dwell in the land of Happiness see this beautiful play. One Year at Wallack's Theater, N. Y.

ALL STAR ENGLISH COMPANY

The way to mount upward is to get down to work.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—In the closing session of the week there was little of interest in the stock market, with business practically at a standstill as a result of the absence of the big people from the street. The general movement in the standard rails and industrials was without the slightest significance, but the general tone of whatever business was done, was firm. Canadian Pacific, contrary to the general list, declined sharply on selling induced by the belief that the Canadian Government would interfere with the new stock issue in a manner that would decrease the value of the expected rights on which the stock has made a notable advance recently. The rise of five points in Mexican Petroleum was the result of the very best buying on continued good earnings which will eventually allow this security to pay six per cent. dividends or higher. The market closes the week with nominal declines with a good tone and it is believed by those in a position to get good information of coming events that stocks are now in a position to do much better.

Wheat—The most that can be said about the wheat market in the last week is that it has maintained a steady stand as far as values are concerned, that it has resisted bearish influences and that it is about two cents higher for the September delivery than it was three weeks ago. The spring wheat crop is now fully matured and is moving forward to market in an increasing volume every day. The crop is certainly the largest in three years and is considered by many to be greater than any previous record. It is earnestly to be desired that it be harvested in good condition, and that it will bring remunerative prices for the producer, for on the prosperity of the farmer depends the welfare of the entire people of whatever occupation or profession. There is still a very decided belief prevailing in the trade that the spring wheat movement will be so great in volume that the consumptive demand cannot readily absorb it, and consequently stocks will accumulate and be too great for the speculative trade to carry, and that values must descend to a lower level. The trade, however, felt the same way regarding the movement of the winter wheat and sold the market off in anticipation of a rapid enlargement of visible stocks. The conditions in Europe appear to be similar to those on this side of the Atlantic in regard to the exhaustion of old supplies, and according to Broomhall, the continental stocks were 12,000,000 on August 1 compared with 18,000,000 bushels on July 1, a reduction of one-third in one month. The crops there appear to be below the average and the requirements of foreign wheat, it is said, will exceed those of the previous year. The movement of the spring wheat crop will undoubtedly prove a restricting factor for a time and encourage bearish sentiment, but the real distracting influences of a year ago are removed and wheat is now on the healthiest commercial basis that it has been in years.

Corn—To hazard a forecast of the corn market at the present time would be presumptuous. Every one knows that the acreage is large, that the weather is favorable, that the plant has an abundance of moisture, that the crop is doing well. If it should mature it is more than probable that prices for the deferred futures would reach a lower level of values than they have yet. But the crop is late, the stand is more uneven than usual, and there is more than ordinary danger that the crop may be somewhat curtailed by frost. The price for December and May is just a little too slow to warrant sales of those months and will depend in a measure upon the new crop, as farmers will part with old supplies but sparingly until assured of the new crop.

Cotton—The cotton crop made splendid progress in about 75 per cent. of the producing area of the South. In all States east of the Mississippi river, with exception of a small area in North Carolina which has never been relieved of drouth, advancement was most marked. The plant has recently made rapid growth, putting it nearer normal size than at any previous time of the season and has at the same time set fruit in a strikingly full manner. Fields are a bower of bloom in most instances and there is an entire absence of shedding and such complaints as usually attend development at this date. The yield promised is much above earlier expectation and it seems possible that if the coming month favors growth and the frost is sufficiently delayed to allow the fruit to mature that a rather large crop is possible. There is an abundance of moisture now in the soil and immediate suffering from shedding is not indicated. The cotton caterpillar has appeared over a wider area than heretofore, but not in large numbers, and the damage done so far is inconsequential over a considerable part of Texas; the crop appears to have reached the stage of deterioration. In western counties ample rainfall during the week relieved dry spots and kept other cotton growing but in central and southern counties the condition is not placed so high as heretofore while in the north no additional advancement is reported. Cotton is opening quite rapidly in Texas and open bolls are noted save in most northern districts.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank
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JUNE 29th, 1912:

Assets $51,140,101.75
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,656,403.80
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FINANCIAL NOTES

The market for the past week has been rather a dull one, there being no advances of particular note.

Spring Valley has been rather sensitive, fluctuations depending entirely on rumors reported to have come from committee meetings of the Board of Supervisors. The present outlook is that the tentative price of $38,500,000, together with $1,300,000 of impounded money, will be accepted by the Spring Valley Company. Such action on the part of the Water Company will in all probability have the effect of putting the price back to about 64, 64 1-2, at which sales were made some few weeks back. Spring Valley bonds have been in rather good demand at levels between 94, 94 1-4.

There has been a good absorption of United Railroad Fours with fluctuating prices between 65 and 66.

The largest seller for the past week has been Great Western Power bonds, in one day upwards of $75,000 changing hands in the local Exchange at 88 5-8.

Associated Oil has been active for the past week, traders in this stock awaiting the arrival of Judge Lovett who, it is reported, will go into conference with President Sproule concerning the future policy of this company. Mr. Porter, the general manager of the company, is on leave of absence until the end of the year, at which time it is said he will again assume the active management of the various properties represented in the Associated Oil Company.

There have been no changes of note in Pacific Gas & Electric securities, although prices have been generally firm. A few of the underlying issues of this corporation have made advances, the most noteworthy of which was that of the California Gas & Electric General and Collateral Trust Fives, which was firm with bids at 103.

In general the market has been featureless.

"Why do you weep over the sorrows of people in whom you have no interest when you go to the theatre?" asked the man.

"I don't know," replied the woman. "Why do you cheer wildly when a man with whom you are not acquainted slides to second base?"

"I always agree with my husband."

"Very sweet of you."

"Except, of course, when he is in the wrong."

LUNDBORG MORGAN CO.

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COMMERCIAL PAPER

We Specialize in Short-Term Collateral Notes Yielding 5 to 6%.

SAN FRANCISCO First National Bank Bldg. SEATTLE Alaska Bldg. LOS ANGELES Trust and Savings Bldg.

The Circus

(Continued from Page 8.)

sense—an amazing spectacle in our city of sloppy women who, while dreaming of dress for ten hours a day, cannot even make their blouses fasten decently—and this chic Parisianised creature herself will have kept her idealistic gaze! They all keep it. They die with it at seventy-five. Whatever adventures occurs to an Englishwoman, she remains spiritually innocent and naive. The Circus is bathed in the mood of these qualities.

Towards dark it alters and is still the same. See it after the performance on a matinee day, surging with heroines. See it at eight o'clock at night, a packed mass of taxis and automobiles, each the casket of a romantic creature, hurrying in pursuit of that ideal without a name. Later, the place is becalmed, and scarcely an Englishwoman is to be seen in it until after the theatres, when once again it is nationalized and feminised to an intense degree. The shops are black, and the flower sellers have gone; but the electric skysigns are in violent activity, and there is light enough to see those baffling faces as they flash or wander by. And the trains are now bearing the creatures away in the deep-laid tubes.

And then there comes an hour when the hidden trains have ceased, and the autobuses have nearly ceased, and the bright beings have withdrawn themselves until the morrow; and now, on all the footpaths of the Circus, move crowded processions of men young and old, slowly, as though in the performance of a rite. It leads to nothing, this tramping; it serves no end; it is merely idiotic, in a peculiarly Anglo-Saxon way. But only heavy rain can interfere with it. It persists obstinately. And the reason of it is that the Circus is the Circus. And after all, though idiotic, it has the merit and significance of being instinctive. The Circus symbolizes the secret force which drives forward the social organism through succeeding stages of evolution. The origin of every effort can be seen at some time of day emerging from a crimson autobus in the Circus, or speeding across the Circus in a green taxi. The answer to the singular conundrum of the City is to be found early or late in the Circus. The imponderable spirit of the basic fact of society broods in the Circus for ever. Despite all changes, there is no change. I say no change. You may gaze into the jeweler's shop at the gold slave-bangles, which cannot be dear at six pound ten, since they express the secret attitude of an entire sex. And then you may turn and gaze at the face of a Suffragette, with her poster and her armful of papers, and her quiet voice and her mien of pride. And you may think you see a change fundamental and terrific. Look again.

Knicker—Did the candidate get rattled?

Bocker—Yes, he told the babies they lied and kissed the man who ran against him.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

him admission to your country. This is wrong. Our passports should receive official recognition from your people.

"But no doubt these matters will be adjusted. In the meantime the prospects that France will invest large sums in California are very bright."

That is the message which the Marquis Breviaire d'Alaincourt gives to the people of California. He promises to make it more specific before he leaves. It is a cheerful message, even if a bit indefinite, and all California will look forward eagerly to the day when its pleasant promise will be fulfilled.

AUTO NOTES

Interest in the 1913 model Pope-Hartford which is due to arrive in San Francisco shortly has been greatly stimulated by the announcement of the manufacturers of this well known car, that they have brought out this season an automobile which embraces all the best features of their high-grade cars, and yet will sell at a lower price. The Pope Manufacturing Company is the first concern making high-grade automobiles to manufacture a smaller and lower-priced car, and motorists, as well as those in the trade, are impatiently waiting to inspect personally this new product of the Pope factory. The model "31," the car referred to, is forty horse-power and will sell at $2,250.

There is perhaps no more accurate barometer of business conditions than the automobile industry. Prosperity, usually a stranger to presidential campaigns, is much in evidence this year, according to Charles T. Jeffery, president of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, Kenosha, Wis. "Apparently," said Mr. Jeffery, "the activities of the elephant, the donkey and the bull moose have failed to stampede the American dollar into the seclusion of the safety deposit vault. According to figures compiled by government officials the presidential campaign this year is having no effect upon the money market. These figures, based upon reports of healthy crop conditions, are supplemented by statements of dealers of our company. We have already received orders for more cars than were sold by us during the entire season of 1912. The San Francisco and Milwaukee branches of the company have orders for twenty-five per cent. more cars than were sold by them during the entire season last year."

In the little matter of making fools, prosperity can put it all over adversity.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH "This One Thing I Do"

Dr. C. E. WILSON

323 Geary St. Suite 604 San Francisco



ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

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Paid-Up Capital.....$ 4,000,000
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And see us about renting a safe deposit box for your values. It is the only place for them if you wish to insure their safety.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 43,036; Department No. 10.

LOU ETTA WILMOTH, Plaintiff, vs. HOWARD WELLINGTON WILMOTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: Howard Wellington Wilmoth, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 26th day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BERNARD ALFRED DOBBAS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, deceased.

CAMILLE JOSEPHINE DOBBAS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Bernard Alfred Dobbas, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3rd, A. D. 1912.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTONIO SALVAREZZA, alias, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of J. A. Gendotti & C. J. Houston, Attorneys at Law, 1104 First National Bank Building, corner Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, deceased.

MARIA SALVAREZZA,
Executrix of the Estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1912.

J. A. GENDOTTI & C. J. HOUSTON,
Attorneys at Law,
1104 First National Bank Bldg.,
Post and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,652; Department No. 7.

MAE J. RINEY, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3d day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

O. J. FRITZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
428 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-17-10

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY

Attorneys at Law and Proctors in Admiralty

CROCKER BUILDING Rooms 807-810

Telephone Kearny 4145

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LINEHAN-ARENDT CO., Plaintiff, vs. F. S. DOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: F. S. DOW, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

DONAHUE & GALE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 8-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WINIFRED McGOWAN, also known as WINNIFRED McGOWAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Messrs. Lent & Humphrey, Room 428 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased.

THOMAS J. McGOWAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Winifred McGowan, also known as Winnifred McGowan, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 3, 1912.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attys. for said Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-3-5

San Francisco

Among the fall publications announced by Paul Elder and Company is a volume that the disaster of 1906 and the Exposition of 1915 make most timely. It is entitled "San Francisco; As It Was, As It Is and How to See It." It is written by Helen Throop Purdy. The publishers state that it is to be one of their principal holiday books of the year, with over 200 illustrations, reproducing the city's natural features, glimpses of her streets and new buildings and many old prints and photographs of past scenes, with maps of the city and environs and that it is written in both a descriptive and reminiscent vein, so that the spirit of the city may be known as well as her physical expression seen. As the history of San Francisco is most picturesque and is part of the heritage of all these United States, a book of this character appearing just before the opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition should be of great interest and considerable importance.

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SUNSET

Of all his ruin'd panoply, alone
Of all the plumed pomp his quiver chose,
Falls on the fields now dark'ning one by one
A shaft of amethyst, a shaft of rose.
Alone, his thrall, the unforgetful sea

Flings up afresh her evening frankincense,
Lifts to him dead a louder litany,
Echoes the knell of his omnipotence.

—Sandys Wason.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XX. No. 1046 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1912 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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PROGRAM OF EVENTS

TABLEAUX VIVANT

During Lantern Feast and Admission Day

AT

Santa Cruz, Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th, 1912

TO TAKE PLACE ON A FLOAT IN FRONT OF THE
CASINO AND NATATORIUM

Sept. 7.	8:00	p.m.—Music by Williams Santa Cruz Beach Band.
	8:15	" —Balloons with lanterns attached.
	8:25	" —Parachute jump by young lady from bursting fire balloon.
	8:40	" —Brocken Scene from "Faust," with new and original fire effects.
	8:50	" —Living Picture, "Santa Cruz Bathing Girls."
	9:00	" —Living Picture, "The Rescue."
	9:10	" —Living Picture, "Rock of Ages."
	9:20	" —Living Picture, "Three Graces."
	9:30	" —Living Picture, "Goddess of Liberty."
	9:45	" —Si takes Maud to the Santa Cruz Beach.
	9:55	" —Ship on fire at sea. Grand Finale, Water Fireworks.
	10:40	" —Maud and Si will dance two-step in the Ballroom.

JAPANESE DAY FIREWORKS—3 P. M.

Sept. 8.	8:15	p.m.—Balloons and Water Shells from Pleasure Pier.
	8:30	" —Living Picture, "Rock of Ages."
	8:40	" —Mechanical Picture, Light House and Ship Wreck.
	9:00	" —Living Picture (with mechanical effects), "Die Lorelei."
	9:10	" —Si introduced Maud to fireworks.
	9:25	" —Tableaux (a) The Mermaid and her Court.
	9:40	" — (b) Washington crossing the Delaware.
	10:00	" —Illumination and water fireworks.
	10:30	" —Si will feed barley to Maud in the Ballroom.

JAPANESE DAY FIREWORKS—3 P. M.

Sept. 9.	8:30	p.m.—Fire Balloon and Parachute Jump.
	8:45	" —Dance of the Water Fairies with illuminated Lighthouse.
	9:05	" —Si training Maud for the Circus.
	9:15	" —Living Picture, "Rock of Ages."
	9:20	" —Living Picture, "The Rescue."
	9:25	" —Living Picture, "Seal of California."
	9:35	" —Living Picture, "Three Graces."
	9:50	" —Living Picture (with mechanical effects), "Dante's Inferno." Fight of Pirate Ships with grand fireworks effect.
	10:30	" —Queen and Water Fairies hold Court in Ballroom.

JAPANESE DAY FIREWORKS—3 P. M.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Governor's Costly Machine

Just as he was tearing himself away from the Weinstocks and the Dwyers and all his parasites and sycophants to spread the gospel of Bullmoosia in foreign parts, Governor Johnson, with a sob in his voice, told of the disquieting news that in his absence his Administration was to be assailed. Thus did he anticipate criticism of which he had a well-defined inkling. Thus did he hope to reduce the force of the blow. Of course Governor Johnson knew what was coming. His purpose in giving publicity to the disquieting news was to make it appear that his malign enemies hoped to profit by his absence. Cunning and resourceful is the criminal lawyer. Governor Johnson knew what was coming because, as we have since learned from the Call, a reporter was conducting an investigation of the affairs of the harbor commission. Doubtless the disquieting news came from the Governor's taxeaters whom the reporter had thrown in a panic. And well might the news have disquieted the much celebrated reformer who has been bellowing all over the land his boasts of the blessings he has bestowed on the people of California. These blessings, we find, came high. On the waterfront alone they have cost us a quarter of a million dollars in one year. It appears that in order to oust the octopus from politics the Governor has had to increase the capacity of his political machine on the waterfront. He has fattened 619 employes at the crib where under the rule of the octopus only 305 fed before. This large force is necessary not only for the stability of the docks but also to enable the dear pee-pul to keep their hold on the government on election day. The cost of promoting the public welfare, according to the Johnson principle, is not the only interesting feature of the general scheme. We find that it presents a moral principle that glistens with ungodly dew. On the waterfront are two State senators and four assemblymen whose attachment to the payroll is in a measure explanatory of the Governor's success in handling the Legislature. Now this is not unique in machine politics. This sort of thing has been done before. But we should think that a rectitudinous reformer would scorn to follow pernicious example. A member of the Legislature who gives his vote with the expectation of getting a job is just as much of a criminal as the legislator who gives his vote for a piece of silver. And the Governor of a State who bribes a legislator with the promise of a job is just as much of a criminal as the plutocrat who bribes a legislator with the promise of money. We do not assume that any legislator is employed on the waterfront as the result of a corrupt bargain, but we do not hesitate to say that the practice of rewarding legislators with political office is one that should be discontinued in the interest of public decency.

Another Great Discovery

One of the Hearst newspapers, the Evening Herald of Los Angeles, which is quoted approvingly by the Examiner of San Francisco, has made the most important discovery of the age,—"How to reduce the cost of living." It is very simple. All we have to do is imitate the people of Des Moines, where they have that blessed catholicon, the commission form of government under which has come into vogue "the municipal market." Farmers come to town and sell their wares direct to the consumer, thus rendering the abominable middleman almost innocuous. The only objection to imitating the people of Des Moines is that what may be done successfully in a village is not always to be done successfully in a large city. It is neglect of this very consideration that causes so many of our half-baked philosophers of the Brisbane-Hapgood school to dogmatize fatuously on the subject of government. The kind of democracy that is practicable for Switzerland must also in their judgment be practicable for the United States. It is this idea that makes so many of our new-fangled theories of government popular. How utterly absurd it is to assume that any good scheme of government may be adapted to peoples in all circumstances, is well illustrated by this very free market which excites the enthusiasm of the Hearst papers. We had a free market not long ago in San Francisco. It came to us without the aid of the commission form of government. It was established after the farmers of the State had clamored for it for years, and it languished and died in a short time. When it was new the good farmer, whom we all love to pamper, availed himself of it. He sent his best products to the free market—for awhile. Presently the middleman got busy. The farmer found that for his best products he could get the highest price not at the free market but at the commission merchant's. The abominable middleman inveigled the unsophisticated one. As a consequence the consumer soon learned that what he could buy at the free market was not worth eating, and so he went elsewhere, and so the free market perished of inanition. The good farmer is no less sordid than the city merchant. Even the people of Des Moines may find the farmer out before long. Nowadays we are prone to enthuse over everything that is new. Whatever works well for a month is acclaimed and pronounced a success. It was so with the commission form of government. A few years ago the magazines were telling us that the commission form of government had solved all our problems. In time we learned that it was entirely human and therefore not free from imperfections. In time we shall be similarly enlightened about other ignes fatui contrived by those tribunes of the people who are gifted with automatic judgments that work on the spur of the moment. The country is full of 'em, for, as Editor Brisbane says, education is doing wonderful things for us. It is dissipating ignorance, but it is not increasing the national stock of common sense.

The Value of Memory

No faculty of the mind is more important of cultivation than memory. All the great counselors of mankind have tried to impress this upon us. They have told us that memory is the sheath and receptacle of all knowledge, that it is the book of judgment, the treasure-house of the mind, the cabinet of the imagination, the mother of wisdom, and many other things that we deem of value. But the reason above all others why we should cultivate memory is that it is our first aid to falsehood. Lying is so frequently a means of extrication from embarrassment that every man who is blessed with freedom from the curse of a tender conscience should practice early and often the art of remembering. Memory is the kind friend who lifts the shroud from buried lies to remind us that there is a day of resurrection for which we must prepare. It is absurd to make a practice of prevarication without a good memory, for a lie has in itself all the powers of procreation and engenders litters of lies. Consider how the record of one of our greatest men has been marred by a feeble memory. Colonel Roosevelt appears to have developed all his other faculties at the expense of his power of recollection. His memory is so inadequate for a man so fructiferous of

falsehood that his faculty of invention is always on the rack. Were it not for the charitable hand of death which has removed from his sphere of action Cornelius Bliss, Edward Harriman, Mark Hanna, Quay and Platt he would be in a most humiliating state today. As it is his plight is pathetic enough. To be sure his worshippers in their present state of mind are not to have their affections alienated. Documentary proof by the ton that Mr. Roosevelt had picked a pocket would not convince the obsessed ones of his guilt. But his record is beyond repair. He stands naked before the disinterested, and in the perspective of history posterity will see every wart on his person. Mr. Roosevelt's misfortune is to have a memory that he forgets with. He forgets, for instance, about the pure food laws enacted at the solicitation of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. And so he has pledged his party to enact laws which are already in existence, and he has been going about claiming credit for laws passed without his assistance. Naturally Dr. Wiley is indignant. Naturally Dr. Wiley is busy gathering evidence to prove the wholesale claimant divers kinds of a liar.

Nailed by Knox

The Colonel has reached a point where he has lost faith in his own branding iron. Shielding himself from the consequences of a bad memory he has branded so many men as liars that he has come to see there is a limit to membership in the Ananias Club. The other day Secretary Knox reported that he was present when Mr. Roosevelt was writing a letter to Cortelyou instructing him that if he had any of Archbold's money to give it back, and that he (Knox) told the Colonel that the money had been received and spent. When this report was made public the Colonel did not employ his old-time and time-worn method of closing discussion. He did not call Knox a liar. But here his memory failed him. He did not recollect that subsequent to his talk with Knox in 1904 he had publicly denied Judge Parker's campaign accusations. So he made the mistake of admitting that at the Knox interview, if not before, he knew the money had been received. He did nothing but point out that what he said regarding the record was susceptible of a less damaging construction than Knox had put upon it. Whatever it was he said, whatever it was he intended to say, our only desire is to illustrate the importance to the habitual liar of a good, retentive memory. Now let us see how the Colonel has slipped. There is no dispute about one thing ,which is that however indefinite may have been the Colonel's knowledge of the personnel of his campaign contributors, he received the positive information from Secretary Knox that Standard Oil had donated money and that the money had been spent. Right here is where his forgettery causes him trouble. That letter to Cortelyou was written in October. So in October the Colonel knew of the Standard Oil contribution. Yet as late as November 5, as we showed last week, Colonel Roosevelt took occasion publicly to deny that the trusts had contributed to his campaign funds. He did more than merely deny. He characterized as "unqualifiedly and atrociously false" a charge that, it now appears from Knox's testimony, he knew to be unqualifiedly true. Obviously the Colonel is up a tree. The predicament is of his own making. He ought to have called Knox a liar. The Colonel's poor memory is getting him into no end of embarrassment. After Archbold gave his testimony in Washington the Colonel inked the waters by saying it was shameful how the oil magnate reflected on the honor and integrity of Cornelius Bliss. Yet if we are to believe the Colonel, that is, believe what the Colonel said before Knox was heard from, Bliss was an awful liar. For according to the Colonel Bliss was asked about the Standard Oil contribution and denied that any had been received. If the Colonel wishes to be loyal to the memory of Bliss he must make a liar out of Cortelyou, as it was that handy gentleman who told him, he says, that Bliss reported over the telephone that no money had been received from Standard Oil. Which alternative does the Colonel prefer? Of course so far as his worshippers are concerned it is unnecessary for him to tax further his faculty of invention. He can divert them by emulating the cuttlefish or promising to walk on the waters of Oyster Bay.

A Typical Muckraker

In the South there survives more than elsewhere in this country a reverence for American institutions and a respect for the amenities of the civilization that existed in the early days of the Republic. It is not all sweetness and light in the South, but the relish of what is decent, the detestation of what is despicable and the love of what is honorable are less rare in the States that are solid for old-fashioned Democracy than in the States where flourish the isms that have come to us from the stews and slums and sweatshops of Europe. Why this is so is a question about which we are not at present concerned. We merely wish to argue that it is but natural that from the South where habits of discipline are still cultivated, where there is still some enthusiasm for the traditions of our country and the principles of enlightened social intercourse, should come the first passionate protest against the vicious and malevolent slanders which M. C. Connolly has been disseminating through the medium of one of the muck-sodden magazines. Mr. Connolly's business of late has been that of blackening the reputation of the courts. He is the author of a series of articles designed to strengthen by concrete evidence the general impression of the character of our judiciary wrought by incendiary journalism. This industrious muckraker is a fine specimen of the kind of journalists from whom the people derive their views and impressions of the state of the country and the shortcomings of our institutions. He is one of the Steffens school of journalism. From him and from others on the same moral and intellectual plane the pig-stye magazines get their tone and their trash. It is they that manufacture our heroes for us; that put stilts under such prigs and pygmies as Pinchot, Garfield and Lindsey; that fashion halos for the unspeakable and circulate calumnies for the credulous, all in furtherance of the policies of politicians whose ends are to be achieved through the medium of public distrust and political revolution. Mr. Connolly matriculated in the Steffens school of journalism after a discouraging experience in the profession of the law. He is a lawyer who couldn't "make good." Journalism gets many recruits from this source, and it is seldom that any of them reflects credit on the profession. When a man of small ability gets a smattering of the law and not sufficient enthusiasm for the profession to persevere at it in the hope of qualifying for the triumphs it holds in store, the probability is that he has an instinct for the easy and not the most reputable road to achievement. At times lawyers of ability have formed a taste for journalism, and have distinguished themselves in the profession, but not in the Connolly manner. Connolly is a lawyer who makes a living by befouling the nest that he was unable to occupy with credit to himself, and he thus places himself on a level with that most despicable of all human creatures, the unclean unfrocked priest who hires himself out to besmirch the hierarchy that found his character intolerable. It is against the slanders of this man that a protest has come from the South. The author of it is Caruthers Ewing of Memphis, Tennessee. Mr. Ewing has examined the Connolly diatribes against the judiciary, and wherever he has been able to find a case which has been made to serve as the basis of an accusation against a court, he has shown that what purport to be facts are nothing but inventions, and that decisions which have been described as corrupt must be acknowledged by lawyers to be sound expositions of the law. One of the cases which Mr. Ewing discusses will serve to illustrate Connolly's handiwork in mendacity. It is known as the Narramore case, a railroad damage suit. Connolly says it was decided by Judge Taft who laid down a humane doctrine which was overruled by the federal Court of Appeals, thus illustrating "the contempt of the courts for the rights of the helpless." Apparently, says Mr. Ewing, the magazine writer was familiar with the case; yet his recital of the facts is a tissue of falsehood. He said that the trial judge was Taft, when Judge Albert C. Thompson was the trial judge. He said that the trial judge held with the plaintiff, when he held the reverse. He says that the Court of Appeals held with the railroad company, when the court held just the reverse. The Court of Appeals was composed of Judges Taft, Lurton and Thompson. It decided against the railroad company. "He cannot claim he was ignorant of the case," says Mr. Ewing, "because he gave too much detail with respect thereto.

If, however, he was unacquainted with the decision of the Appellate Court, it was an unspeakable outrage for him to state it with an appearance of precision. If he was acquainted with it, his statement was an unmitigated lie. In either event, he deserves a flogging."

A Pen Portrait

Mr. Ewing of Tennessee discusses the character of Muckraker Connolly, taking as the basis of discussion the writer's pen portrait of himself. In this pen portrait Connolly shows himself to be quite as ingenuous as Mr. Steffens has shown himself to be in his unconscious self-revelations. Says Mr. Connolly:

I once represented a corporation which controlled a judge before whom one of my cases was tried, and secured rulings so favorable that I easily won a doubtful case. These rulings would have been refused me had I represented any other client, and I knew that I had won unfairly.

Mr. Connolly also relates that an old friend once tried in vain to induce him to betray a client. He adds:

Many times since have I smiled when I have thought of that night and of the virgin enthusiasm with which I talked scornfully of the crime of dishonoring myself.

After commenting on the low character of a lawyer who is insensible of the degradation of conniving at a dishonest judgment, Mr. Ewing asks, "What do you think of a lawyer who characterizes common decency as 'virgin enthusiam?'" He adds: "It takes a powerfully depraved creature to refer to his failure to betray a client as the exhibition of a 'virgin enthusiasm.'" It is evident that Mr. Ewing of Tennessee is isolated from the main current of public thought in this glorious country. He has not learned that for the purpose of reform and regeneration and the advancement of the public good vice and virtue have been temporarily transposed. The country looks up to men of the Connolly type. It finds inspiration and edification in their moral activities. It sees in them representatives of a patriotic movement for the uplifting of the masses and the purification of the government.

Lost Love

By Andrew Lang

Who wins his love shall lose her.
  Who loses her shall gain,
For still his fancy wooes her,
  A soul without a stain.
And memory still pursues her
  With longings not in vain.

He loses her who gains her,
  Who watches day by day
The dust of time that stains her,
  The griefs that leave her gray,
The flesh that yet enchains her,
  Whose soul has passed away.

Ah, happier he who gains not
  The love some seem to gain,
The joy that custom stains not
  Shall still with him remain,
The loveliness that wanes not,
  The love that cannot wane.

In dreams she grows not older
  The land of dreams among,
Though all the world wax colder,
  And all the songs be sung,
In dreams doth he behold her
  Still kind and fair and young.

Perspective Impressions

"The cause is my cause and my heart's cause," said Hiram at Denver. He might have added: "And my stomach's cause, for a man must eat."

"The trouble with the labor movement is that there is too much walking in it," said Clarence Darrow at Shell Mound. "Too much walking delegate" would be nearer the truth.

It's good to know that Princess Alice hasn't a bull moose for a husband.

In San Diego a stolen kiss on the neck is not necessarily battery. But it might easily become mayhem.

"He (Johnson) was generally known as the best trial lawyer in California."—Chester Rowell. The Fresno bull moose must have a terrible grievance against the bar of the State.

"We have never boasted of being responsible for the cool weather the valley has enjoyed this summer."—San Bernardino Daily Sun. Is journalism going to seed in California?

"Germans are reported to be eating dogs on account of the high cost of living."—Press Despatch. Well perhaps cooked dog for food is better than a mangy cur for a fellow-passenger on a street car, which is one of the things that democracy compels us to endure in San Francisco where the dog vote is considerable.

A marriage performed in a lion's cage doesn't impress as being the sort of marriage that will last.

Prexy Jordan denies that he ever said that we can burbank the human species. The denial comes in the nick of time. Wouldn't it have been awful if we had taken the Dorothy Dix of Palo Alto at his word as first quoted?

Eighteen thousand words to convince us of his innocence! "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument."

Though the government has been brought back to the people of California, the political machine has lost none of its salutariness.

The punster who declared that the Call's attacks on the Johnsonian administration of our water front were "too Finn-icky" has been suppressed.

If you have been influenced by anti-Taft criticism, and you're onto Roosevelt, and you find that your last choice is Wilson, and then you look at his picture, and you read his History of the American People, and you consider that he was once professor of bosh and has been willing ever since to be professor of anything that has a vote behind it, remember that anyway you can stay at home and sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

If a man may be justified in wilfully committing perjury to get himself elected to the legislature, why may he not be justified in taking a bribe after he gets there? Fine distinctions in political morality are dangerous.

Yet the Governor, too, has his disapointments. Protege Devlin was beaten by Curry; Stetson by Knowland; Reed by Schmitt; Burnett by Wolfe.

Correspondence

The Inspiration of Teddy

Editor Town Talk, Sir: You have a great deal to say in denunciation of Colonel Roosevelt, and no doubt you have a perfect right to attack him if you don't approve of his policies. But in fairness I should like to say a word on the other side. The one thing about Colonel Roosevelt which impresses me is the inspiration the poets find in him. This is important, I think, because poets are not politicians, and they possess clearer sight than other men. They are closer in touch with the verities of existence; they know human nature, and are rarely deceived. If men like William Watson and George Sylvester Viereck must burst into song when they contemplate the career of this American, surely that is proof of his greatness. No doubt you have seen Viereck's splendid Armageddon hymn, but the Watson sonnet is not so well known, so I append it:

To Theodore Roosevelt

I hear a mighty people asking now
Who next shall be their captain and their chief.
Amidst them towers a Man, as Teneriffe
Towers from the ocean, and that man art thou—
Thou of the shaggy and the craggy brow.
The day of fate comes on; the time grows brief;
Round the great ship is many a lurking reef;
And wouldst thou drive once more that giant prow?
Perhaps thou shalt and must! But if the choice
Fall on a lesser voyager, thou shalt still
Be what thou art, thy Nation's living voice,
Wherewith she speaks in thunder. Nay, thou art more;
Thou art her fiery pulse, her conquering will;
Thou art America, dauntless Theodore.

Sincerely,

—A. Tennyson Potts.

Stolen Letters

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I see that Colonel Roosevelt approves of what Mr. Hearst is doing as a great public service. Doubtless this is true, but isn't this a case of approving that much abhorred principle "The end justifies the means?" I enjoy reading the stolen letters, but I cannot justify my pleasure. It seems to me to be the same kind of pleasure that one might get by listening at a keyhole. It seems to me, also, that Mr. Hearst is giving a very bad example, one which in its consequences may cause an amount of evil that is not to be compensated for by the public service now rendered. Sound ethical principles are not lightly to be ignored however much good may ensue. It is not wise to make baseness of any sort tolerable. If it be all right to receive and publish stolen letters to render a public service, then whenever stolen letters are accessible to an editor the only question for him to ask himself is whether it would be for the public good to publish them, and there is nothing easier than to resolve such a question to the satisfaction of what is called the news instinct. If the question is to be left open whether stolen letters may be used to the advantage of the public it becomes almost the duty of a good citizen employed in a confidential capacity to steal his employer's private correspondence. A clerk never can tell what good private correspondence may serve. It would take a Hearst to enlighten him. So the thing for the confidential clerk to do is to submit his employer's letters to a Hearst. Every man who approves what Mr. Hearst has done and who takes pleasure in reading the stolen leters which he is is publishing must accept the proposition that no private correspondence is inviolable.

—A Subscriber.

A Poet's Age

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Your correspondent who wants to know Joaquin Miller's age has an absurd curiosity. A poet is young till he becomes superannuated and no man is superannuated till he becomes indifferent to women and children. The poet of the Sierras has not yet turned his back on what is sweetest and purest in human existence. As to the suggestion that Poet Miller has lopped years off his age, that is nonsense. He has merely taken a new starting point. The Grecian ladies, Homer tells us, counted their age from their marriage, not from their birth. The only question is from what achievement in his career does Joaquin reckon?

Yours truly,

—J. H. Rolkins.

The Colonel in Parody

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Keep up the good fight against Teddy the Terrible, but be careful not to take him too seriously. Ridicule's the weapon that slays his kind. Laugh at him and he dies. I commend to you the following parody which seems to me worth a dozen thundering dissertations:

My country 'tis of Me,
Land of the mostly Me,
Of Me I yell.
All rule belongs to Me,
Perkins, Bill Flynn and Me,
For president choose Me—
Or go to Hell.

And by the way, have you heard this English characterization of our roaring ringmaster?

A bit of Lord Curzon, but not very much,
The same of Lord Cromer, but only a touch,
A mixture of Bismarck and Emperor Will,
Napoleon, Jupiter, Buffalo Bill!

With you in the good fight,

—Templeton Brooks.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

"Mal d'Aeroplane"

This is the latest thing in maladies, the last word in fashionable complaints. If you haven't had it you're as hopelessly behind the times as a man with an appendix was in the ancient days when appendicitis still possessed the charm of novelty. "Mal d'Aeroplane" manifests itself by a buzzing and clacking in the ears, shortness of breath and strong heart beats. The face smarts, headache sets in and there is a tendency to fall asleep. These symptoms of the latest malady persist after the flight is over, accompanied by increase of arterial tension.

Was Rousseau Murdered?

A writer in a Paris paper declares that Jean Jacques Rousseau was murdered. This writer says he possesses the death mask of the philosopher and that it shows plainly the marks of several wounds, including one just over the eye. Of course it remains to be proved that this death mask is genuine. The circumstances of Rousseau's death were mysterious. Just before the end Rousseau and his common-law wife Therese Lavasseur used to quarrel violently, Rousseau's jealousy being the cause. After one of these quarrels Rousseau was not seen alive by anyone except Therese. The death certificate was made out on the authority of Therese alone. Shortly before his death the author of the Confessions told Madame de Stael that his quarrels with Therese would probably end fatally. But if he died of apoplexy induced by the excitement of a scene with his wife, his words were borne out just the same. Still, the murder theory has impressed a great many Parisian literary lights.

Found, the Garden of Eden

The Garden of Eden has been discovered once more. At regular intervals scientists and geographers relocate the Paradise from which Adam and Eve were driven after that incident of the snake and the apple. There are certain favorite spots that invariably do duty on these interesting occasions. There is the North Pole, for instance. A lot of Eden-finders insist on discovering the Garden at the North Pole. But this spot has not been very popular since Commander Peary and Doctor Cook had their set-to. Just now it is the turn of Mesopotamia. Mesopotamia has always been a safe place for Paradise-locators. Sir William Willcocks, an English engineer who is engaged in reclaiming and irrigating land in Mesopotamia, arises to state that Eden was the region below Bagdad at the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris. Thus we see that the fatherland of mankind is identical with the region celebrated in the Arabian Nights. Eden will be located there on all our mental maps till some other scientist sees fit to place it somewhere else. The Garden of Eden is the most movable place on earth.

The Japanese in Hawaii

There are a great many Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands, as everybody knows. It is not so well known that there are a large number who are American citizens, having been born in the islands. That the males among these will not go to Japan when they grow up seems certain. According to the Japanese Government these Japanese, although they have registration certificates to prove their American citizenship, are still subjects of the Mikado, and in the event of their going to the home country would have to do military duty for three years. This opinion has been formulated by a special agent of the imperial government who is investigating the general condition of the Japanese in Hawaii. It is said that the ruling will have the effect of restraining Hawaiian born Japs from visiting Nippon.

Varied Types

XC—WITTER BYNNER

By Edward F. O'Day

There was a very joyous party a few nights ago, a party that shuttled merrily between the St. Francis and the Cliff House. In the score or so that made its gaiety were several not undistinguished men and quite a few girls whose good looks were less important than their cleverness.

To one of these girls a young man in the party was a stranger. She looked at him, and clothing a frank admiration in humorous statement, exclaimed:

"I'm crazy about him! Who is he?"

Her admiration was excusable, for undeniably he was worth a woman's gaze, straight, tall, finely featured, dusky skinned and with a glint of gold in his soft but level-looking eyes.

The girl was told:

"That is Witter Bynner."

"And who may he be?" she asked.

So it was with others in that gathering which represented art, literature and merchandizing. There were very few who knew of Witter Bynner the poet. It might have been supposed, considering that we are a race of magazine-devourers, that his name at least would be familiar to the majority of a cultivated gathering. It certainly has appeared often enough in the Century, Harper's, the American, the Forum and Current Literature. Yet in the party mentioned Porter Garnett had to do a good deal of whispering before Witter Bynner was properly oriented.

I asked Bynner how he felt about that sort of thing. It might have been a trying question, but it brought no betrayal of self-consciousness, uncovered no vanity as far as I could perceive. While Bynner is interested in himself and undisguisedly pleased with recognition he doesn't seem to care a rap whether people know him for a poet or not. When he's on a party like that of a few nights ago he'd rather rag.

"It is the unexpected appreciation that is most appreciated," he says. "The professional appreciation of literary people doesn't mean much unless it embodies constructive criticism. Then it helps. But when you hear from, let us say, a mechanical engineer that your verses have found a response—ah! that is a different thing."

On a party, as I have said, Witter Bynner likes to rag, and is an eloquent railer at the fool law which quells beach music at one o'clock. At other times he talks shop only when properly urged.

That comes of living at Cornish, New Hampshire. Cornish is a New England Carmel—with a difference.

"I haven't seen Carmel yet," said Bynner, "but when I asked a Carmelite what it was like he told me, 'Why, we had a real marriage there the other day.' Cornish is very proper."

Cornish is a pantechnicon of art and literature. St. Gaudens was its Frank Powers (or did George Sterling invent Carmel?), and men like Winston Churchill, Maxfield Parrish, Kenyon Cox, Louis Shipman of "The Grain of Dust," Herbert Adams the sculptor, Alfred Whiting the composer, and Herbert Croly whose "Promise of American Life" is said to have given Teddy the idea for his New Nationalism are among the residents. Percy Mackaye and Witter Bynner represent the Muse.

"When Maxfield Parrish paints a 'Pied Piper' or an 'Old King Cole' at Cornish," says Bynner, "he unlatches the door of his studio, leaves cake and tea, tobacco and Scotch handy, and disappears. He is never there to hear the plaudits. In fact, the cohesion of Cornish is due to the fact that shop is tabu. The mutual admiration which seems the characteristic of most Bohemianism is absent."

Cornish is therefore quite unlike Carmel-by-the-Sea.

"Do you make poetry pay?" I asked Bynner.

"I should say not," he answered. "With the possible exception of keeping an automobile poetry is the most expensive luxury a man can have. I cannot help a pang when I think of Robert Service. I met him in New York recently and he told me he was going to walk to New Orleans. But not because he can't afford to ride. For he also told me that he had sold one hundred and fifty thousand volumes of his Yukon poetry. Why, a best seller would be satisfied with that!



Photo, Vaughan and Fraser

WITTER BYNNER

"But the case of Service is exceptional. Most of us can't make up our minds whether the vogue of poetry is coming in or going out. I discussed the matter with Aleck Robertson the other day, and he read me entries to show that it's coming in. 'On such a day,' he read, 'sold one Woman's Eyes; next day another Woman's Eyes' and so on. That looks like ocular demonstration.

"Aside from Service Alfred Noyes is the only poet I can think of who seems to make poetry pay."

"Stephen Phillips went bankrupt," I volunteered.

"In every way," said Bynner with emphasis.

Then we talked in desultory fashion of various poets.

"What do you think of Viereck?" I asked.

"Viereckless ness is not the quality I like best in poetry," replied Bynner. "You remember what Marion Reedy said of him: Pimples and Puberty? The pimples seem to persist. He seems to be getting deeper and deeper in the mire. By the way, do you remember the time he claimed that his father was the illegitimate son of the old Kaiser William? Viereck didn't like it when I wrote these lines about him:

"O poet so passionate, poet so pale,
Though your father deny that his mother was frail,
Yet continue your yarn out of cloth that is whole,
For an honest confession is good for the—sale."

"But there's no denying Viereck's wit," coninued Bynner. "I remember one night dining at the Columbia Club in New York with Viereck, William Aspenwall Bradley and a Columbia man. Viereck's 'Nineveh' had just been published, and Bradley mentioned that he had in his pocket a review of the brook written for the Times. Viereck was eager to see it, but Bradley refused. Then Viereck recited one of the poems in the book called 'The Haunted House' which describes a dead woman whose body her lover searches for some spot not stained by other lovers' kisses. The Columbia man was shocked. Quite rightly too, for Viereck began talking in his usual glib way about St. Oscar and St. Alfred as he calls Oscar Wilde and Alfred Douglas.

"Viereck called the Columbia man a Philistine and charged him with lacking appreciation of literature, a charge to which the Columbia man cheerfully pleaded guilty.

"'Then what are you interested in?' asked Viereck.

"'Cash,' replied the Columbia man, and turning to Bradley he demanded:

"'Do you mean to say that you have reviewed the book which contains that poem?'

"Bradley replied in the affirmative.

"'Then,' said the Columbia man, 'if the Times publishes your review I shall write them a letter of protest.'

"'Do so by all means,' exclaimed Viereck, 'and when your protest is published I shall send you a copy of the book—or its equivalent in cash.'"

Bynner and George Sterling are friends, such good friends that Bynner is not afraid to speak freely of Sterling's poetry.

"It is too stellar for me," he says. "There's too much Aldebaran in it. It gives me cosmic indigestion. Somebody at the Bohemian jinks called Sterling and this young poet Clark Ashton Smith the Star Dust Twins. It is shocking to me to see such a young man write poetry which might be written by Sterling. In saying so I'm not depreciating Sterling. The young poet has some prodigious lines. But as Harry Lafler says, two are less than one. I like Sterling best when he comes closest to earth. For that reason I was delighted with that little poem of his about the coyote. I regard that poem as a most hopeful sign in Sterling's development.

"I have met many interesting people out here, but THE man who has swum into my ken is Bruce Porter. He is a man of understanding. When I heard him spoken of as one who painted a great picture or wrote a great poem every ten

(Continued on Page 21.)

Going Abroad?

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Mektub

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

All Tangier knew the Rubio, the fair-haired blind man, who sat upon the mounting-block outside the stables of the principal hotel. His bright red hair and bleared blue eyes, together with his freckled face, looking just like a newly scalded pig, had given him the name by which the Europeans knew him, although no doubt he was Mohammed, something or another, amongst his brethren in the faith.

He spoke indifferently well most European languages up to a point, and perfectly as far as blasphemy or as obscenity was concerned, and his quick ear enabled him as if by magic to ascertain the nationality of any European passer-by, if ever he had spoken to the man before, and to salute him in his mother tongue.

All day he sat, amused and cheerful, in the sun. Half faun, half satyr, his blindness kept him from entire materialism, giving him sometimes a half-spiritual air, which possibly may have been but skin deep, and of the nature of the reflection of a sunset on a dunghill; or again, may possibly have been the true reflection of his soul as it peeped through the dunghill of the flesh.

As people passed along the road, their horses slithering and sliding on the sharp pitch of the paved road, which dips straight down from underneath the mounting-block of the hotel, between the tapia walls, over which Bougainvilleas peep, down to the Soko Grande, El Rubio would hail them, as if he had been a dark lighthouse, set up to guide their steps.

Occasionally, but rarely, he mistook his mark, hailing some European lady with obscenity, or bawling to the English clergyman that he could tell him "where one fine girl live, not more than fifteen year;" but his contrition was so manifest, when he found his mistake, that no one bore him malice, and he remained an institution of the place and a perpetual rent-charge on all passers-by.

By one of the strange contradictions, which nature seems to take delight in just to confound us, when after a few thousand years of study we think we know her ways, the Rubio had a love of horses which in him replaced the usual love of music of the blind. No one could hold two or three fighting stallions better, and few Moors in all the place were bolder riders—that is, on roads he knew. Along the steep and twisting path that leads towards Spartel he used to ride full speed and shouting "Balak" when he was sent upon a message or with a horse from town out to the villas on the hill. All those who knew him left him a free road, and if he met a herd of cattle or of sheep the horse would pick his way through them, twisting and turning of his own accord, whilst his blind rider left the reins upon his neck and galloped furiously. In what dark lane or evil-smelling hole he lived no European knew. Always well dressed and clean, he lived apart both from the Moors and from the Europeans, and in a way from all humanity, passing his time, as does a lizard, in the sun and in the evening disappearing to his den. The missions of the various true faiths, Catholic, Presbyterian, and Anglican, had tackled him in vain. Whether it was that none of them had anything to offer which he thought better than the cheerful optimism with which he was endowed by nature to fight the darkness of the world he lived in, is difficult to say. Still, they had all been worsted; not that the subject of their spiritual blandishments could have been termed a strict Mohammedan, for he drank any kind of spirits that was presented to him by Christians, anxious perhaps to make him break the spirit if they were impotent to move him in the letter of his law. Still though he sat with nothing seemingly reflected on the retina of his opaque and porcelain-colored eyes, his interior vision was as keen or keener than that of other men. He never seemed a man apart, or cut off from his fellows, but had his place in life, just as throughout the East the poorest and most miserable appear to have, not barred out from mankind by mere externals as are their brethren in the North, shut in the ice of charity, as bees are shut behind a plate of glass so that the rich may watch their movements in the hive.

Up from the Arab market over which he sat, as it were, presiding in his darkness, just as God seems to sit, presiding blindly, over a world which either mocks him, or is mocked at by him, there came a breath of Eastern life, bearing a scent compounded of the acrid sweat of men, dried camel's dung, of moldering charcoal fires, of spices, gunpowder, and of a thousand simples, all brought together by mere chance or fate, a sort of incense burned in his honor and agreeable to his soul. It seemed to bring him to life, and put him into touch with all he could not see, but yet could feel, almost as well as if he saw just as did other men.

Sniffing it up, his nostrils would dilate, and then occasionally a shadow ran across his freckled face, and as he ran his hands down the fore legs of the horse left in his charge, marking acutely any split or spavin they might have, he used to mutter, half in a resigned, half in an irritated way, "Mektub," the sole profession of his faith that he was ever heard to make, for if a thing is written down by fate, it follows naturally that there is somebody who writes, if only foolishly. Whether the mystic phrase of resignation referred to his condition or to the possible splint upon the horse's leg, no one could tell, but as the shadow passed away, as quickly as it came, he soon fell back again into the half-resigned good humor of the blind, which, like the dancer's lithographic smile, seems quite involuntary.

Years melted into one another, and time sauntered by, just as it always must have sauntered in the town where hours are weeks, weeks months, and months whole years, and still the hum of animals and men rose from the Arab market, and still the shadows in the evening creeping on the sand seemed something tangible to the blind watcher on his stone. Not that he cared to mark it, had it been pointed out to him, for life was pleasant, the springs of charity unfailing, wit ever present in his brain, and someone always had a horse to hold, to which he talked, as it stood blinking in the sun. His blindness did not seem to trouble him, and if he thought of it at all, he looked on it as part and parcel of the scheme of nature, against which it is impious to contend. Doctors had peered into his eyes with lenses, quarrelled with one another on their diagnoses of his case, and still the Rubio sat contented, questioning nothing, and enduring everything, sun, rain, wind, flies, and dust, as patiently as he were a rock. Nothing was further from his thoughts than that he ever once again could see. Plainly, it had been written in the books of fate he should be blind, and so when European doctors talked to him of operations and the like he smiled, not wishing to offend, and never doubting of their learning, for had not one of them cured a relation of his own of intermittent fever by the use of some white magic powder, when native doctors after having burned him with a red-hot iron, and made him take texts of the Koran steeped in water, had ignominiously failed?

All that they said did not appeal to him, for all of them were serious men, who talked the matter over gravely, and looked on him as something curious on which to exercise their skill. All might have gone on in the same old way, and to this day the Rubio still sat on his stone without a wish to see the horses that he held, the sunlight falling white upon the towers, or the red glare upon the Spanish coast at eventide, had not a German scientist appeared.

From the first day on which the Rubio held the doctor's horse a fellowship sprang up between them, not easy to explain. No single word of Arabic the doctor spoke, and all the German the Rubio knew was either objurgatory or obscene, and yet the men were friends. Tall and uncouth and with a beard that looked as if it never had been combed, his trousers short and frayed and with an inch or two of dirty sock, showing between them and his shoes, dressed in a yellowish alpaca jacket, and a white solar topee lined with green, the doctor peered out on the world through neutral tinted glasses, for his own eyes were weak.

Whether this weakness drew him to the blind, or if he liked to hear the Rubio's tales about the Europeans he had known, to all of whom he gave the worst of characters, calling them drunkards and hinting at dark vices which he averred they practiced to a man—not that he for a moment believed a single word he uttered, but thought apparently his statements gave a piquancy to conversation—the doctor never said. Soon Tangier knew him for a character, and as he stumbled on his horse about the town, curing the Arabs of ophthalmia and gathering facts for the enormous book he said he meant to write upon North Africa, his reputation grew. The natives chris-

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LVI—SAN FRANCISCO

By Lowell Otus Reese

(Lowell Otus Reese, the author of the following lines, used to be a member of the Bulletin staff. His little stories, "Lights and Shadows of the Police Court," contained a great deal of rough humor. They were illustrated by a young man who was just then beginning to make people laugh with his funny pictures. All the United States knows him now as "Tad." Reese contributes occasionally to the Eastern magazines. The verses on San Francisco were very kindly sent to this office by A. T. Leonard Jr. of 1124 Fulton street.)

My soul is the soul of the pioneer,
And who shall control my ways?
I stand by the sea and upon its shore
The banner of men I raise,
Not men who lolled in the paths of ease
And yawned at the rising sun,
But yeomen leal who with ringing steel
Hit hard till the work was done.

The heart of my heart is the changeless will
That out of the desert rose
And planted a throne on the Western slope
With patient and sturdy blows;
I bow to no change; let the evil come
And fling me into the dust,
I'll rise again and my sons of men
Shall challenge the wrack and rust.

Brave hearts, who never accept defeat,
Come rally again with me!
My throne shall still on the hills uphold
The queen of the Western sea;
Strong hands, give aid! To the free west winds
The flag of the bear we'll raise;
For the soul is here of the pioneer,
And who shall control my ways?

The Spectator

The Labor Parade

"More than thirty thousand" organized workingmen marched in the Labor Day parade, according to the Bulletin. The morning papers did not hazard an estimate, contenting themselves with vague references to the march of labor "many thousand strong." Apparently they did not see double, or more than double, as the Bulletin did. The actual figures for the parade are interesting. Here they are:

Marchers	10,437
In carriages	690
Marshals, aides, etc.	365
Musicians and drum corps	596
Total	12,088

These figures are based on a careful count. They show that the parade was smaller than last year. It was claimed then that 40,000 marched; in reality there were about 17,000 in line.

No Patriotic Airs

The Call noted a curious fact in connection with the celebration at Shell Mound. I quote: "A conspicuous fact was that the band played no patriotic American music, but divided its program between socialist airs and popular tunes. Darrow marched to the platform . . . to the air of the Marseillaise." Has the labor movement in San Francisco outgrown The Star Spangled Banner? Has individualism come to stay in our labor unions? Do our labor leaders approve the quintessence of class consciousness preached by Darrow? "Stand by your own mistakes," he told his hearers, "and do not run away from your comrades when they make mistakes. When they make mistakes ask them one question and one only—Were you on my side?" The labor leader who tries to point out the mistakes of his followers so that they may be corrected seems to be de trop. He is old-fashioned, like the patriotic airs.

The Gamaliel of the Unions

"The working men," said Clarence Darrow in his Labor Day oration, "must learn to do something more than talk; they must learn to think." Tut! tut! Clarence, thou very well knowest that if working men were capable of wise thoughts they wouldn't listen to thy flat, stale and unprofitable patter. I doubt whether Darrow himself does much thinking during the course of an address to working men. On Labor Day he talked like a man the walls of whose mind are scrawled over with meaningless maxims which he read while his intellect slumbered. Mr. Darrow's oration reminds me of what George Eliot said in her address to working men. She was warning them against the humbug of orators. "When they tell us," said she, "we ought to have this, that, or the other thing, can they explain to us any reasonable, fair, safe way of getting it? Can they argue in favor of a particular change by showing us pretty closely how the change is likely to occur?" These are questions that might pertinently be asked of Mr. Clarence Darrow when he talks glibly of "joint ownership of the cost of production" and of giving every man "all that he produces." Mr. Darrow exudes Socialist patter by the yard. The sum and substance of his philosophy was this: "If such was the case, and if this was that, mankind would be supremely happy;" but how such is to become the case or how this is to be made that, not the slightest inkling did he vouchsafe.

The Millennial Prerequisite

The nearest Mr. Darrow came to a solution of all our industrial problems was in this sentence: "Industrial conflict will cease when the American people grow wiser." And thus we learn that after all the buck is eventually to be passed up to God. But meanwhile the poor working men must take counsel of Clarence Darrow, their great philosopher and guide, who tells them that "the greatest blessing that ever came to San Francisco was the fire because it made work for the laboring man." What a profound thinker is Darrow! With what wonderful stimulus to thought he supplies the unthinking working man. For instance: "The labor union is not the ultimate end of the labor problem. I have never regarded it as anything but a means to an end." How interesting to learn that Mr. Darrow doesn't regard the labor union as the chosen instrument by which Providence is to bring the millenium to the downtrodden! What a lot of intellectual labor he must have devoted to the subject before the grand thought seethed in his brain that the labor union is but a means to the end which we are to reach when the American people grow wiser! A most edifying address was Darrow's.

Thought That Is Worth While

I am glad that Clarence Darrow addressed our working men on Labor Day. I am glad because the barrenness of his address reminded me of the luxuriance of George Eliot's, causing me to read over again what that remarkable woman had to say for the benefit of the laboring class.

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What she had to say reads now as though she had written it after listening to a Darrow at a Labor Day picnic. She too spoke of the value of thinking, but she meant clear-thinking by persons competent to benefit mankind by their thought. She explained that she meant men with the brain-power of Ambrose Pare. For thousands of years, she said, when limbs were amputated nobody knew how to stop the bleeding except by searing the ends of the vessels with hot iron. "Tie up the arteries," said Pare, and a great problem was solved. So, says George Eliot, "to find right remedies and right methods" —that is the function of knowledge, and she adds that working men will be doing well enough if they try to choose men of ability for their guides instead of choosing "platform swaggerers, who bring us nothing but the ocean to make our broth with." Darrow brought the ocean to Shell Mound Park last Monday, an ocean of words, and deluged his hearers with flubdub. "To discern between the evils that energy can remove and the evils that patience must bear," says George Eliot, "makes the difference between manliness and childishness, between good sense and folly." Clarence Darrow would have the working man believe there are no evils that mob-thought cannot eradicate. He is the kind of orator whom George Eliot advised working men to hiss.

A Strange Conversation

"What's your number, Rufus?" asked Maurice Griffin.

"16,660," replied Rufus Thayer.

Maurice Griffin wrote in his note book, "Three sixes."

"Mine is 20,002," announced Bob McCrackin.

Griffin jotted, "Pair of deuces."

"1,999 for me," announced Paul Crocker triumphantly.

"Three nines," wrote Maurice.

"Mine is 21,356, worse luck!" sighed Edgar Mizner.

"A stiff for you," said Griffin, making another note. "Now it's my turn. Here we are: 11,113. Four aces! Gentlemen, kindly hand over twenty-five dollars apiece."

And Rufus Thayer, Bob McCrackin, Paul Crocker and Edgar Mizner drew out their pocket books.

"Automobile Dice"

The foregoing conversation may sound esoteric, mysterious and almost logarithmic in its lavish use of figures. But it is really very simple when you understand it. It is the sort of conversation you hear when the bloods 'bout town are playing the new game of "automobile dice." Our ingenious deviser of novel ways to rout the blue devils of boredom—I refer of course to Maurice Griffin—is the inventor of this latest pastime. It has been taken up with enthusiasm and bids fair to become extremely popular. The game is called "automobile dice" because, while neither dice nor dice boxes are used, it is governed by dicing rules and is played in an automobile. The game was tried out for the first time the other afternoon during a joyride to the beach, anad the conversation which I have been at pains to report accurately took place while the big car containing Maurice Griffin, Edgar Mizner, Bob McCrackin, Rufus Thayer, the well known lawyer, and Paul Crocker, a mining engineer from Boston, was speeding through Golden Gate Park. As the motor whizzed along the boulevard the players in their proper order picked out the license numbers of the automobiles which they overtook and passed. The first number yielded Rufus Thayer three sixes; the second gave Bob McCrackin a pair of deuces; Paul Crocker got three nines; Edgar Mizner got "a stiff;" and Griffin, with his usual luck, won the round with four aces. As may be imagined a great deal of money can change hands between the Panhandle and the Cliff House when "automobile dice" is played for big stakes. Now that the newest game has been explained motorists who might be worried to see a carful of men gazing eagerly at the backs of their machines will know that nothing is wrong; the searchers are merely playing "automobile dice."

Mr. Crothers' Disappointment

Abe Ruef's story of his colorful career as a political highwayman is drawing to a close. This story has not come up to expectations. It has not held public interest. It has not increased the Bulletin's circulation. And therefore the good Mr. Crothers has suffered keen disappointment. Mr. Crothers is not at all a sentimental man. He is strictly business. He wouldn't even be revengeful if it didn't pay. When the writing of the Ruef story was first resolved upon Crothers considered the matter from the business-office standpoint. He was sure that it would stimulate circulation and also that he could syndicate it for big money. At that time the Bulletin was in a combination of about thirty evening papers representing the principal cities of the country. Mr. Crothers expected to sell the story to each of the papers in the combination. He estimated that it was worth to the combination just fourteen thousand dollars. He submitted his proposition, and to his amazement it was "turned down." Editors in the East were of the opinion that the story of graft in San Francisco had been worn to a frazzle. They wanted no more of it. Mr. Crothers reduced the price. He kept on reducing it. Got it down to $4,000. Nobody would touch it. Then he offered to give it away for the price of the telegraph tolls. Yet the Bulletin has been permitted to enjoy a universal scoop. Now Mr. Crothers is telling his friends that he intends to put the story between book covers.

An Indictment of the Good

The Bulletin has treated the Ruef story in the headlines as though it were conclusive of the infamies of the higher-ups exclusively. But if you will analyze the story you will see that it is equally conclusive of the infamies of the graft prosecutors, and that despite its frequent divagations from the truth it bears out all that was said by the critics of the reform cabal. It was insisted by those critics that admitting that what

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Ruef told the grand jury about the way in which he did business to be true, the only persons who were guilty under the law were himself and the men he bribed. It was also insisted that the prosecutors and their rubber-stamp judges and their puppet district attorney's office were trying to convert moral turpitude into a transgression of the penal code. Now Ruef's narrative is nothing more than an elaboration of his grand jury testimony with a few embellishments woven upon the fabric to gratify the men who are trying to get him out of jail. He says he did business for the higher-ups as their attorney. They employed him because of his political power, just as every plain citizen employed him either to get what was right or what was wrong. He was not asked to bribe anybody, nor was bribery essential in all instances. He had power, and it was bought, and the buying of his power even for an immoral purpose was not necessarily a crime. The graft prosecutors knew this. Nevertheless they desired that Ruef should perjure himself in order to bring the defendants within the scope of the statutes, and because he refused to do so they sent him to the penitentiary after having agreed to give him immunity.

Apologies to Kipling

The office poetaster is constrained by the itch of parody to set down the following

Prophecy

Hi Johnson went campaigning
'Cause Teddy told him to;
Hi left the State, left Al McCabe
To put the ticket through.
Hi Johnson failed, campaigning,
Ere three months' pay he drew.

Hi Johnson went campaigning;
He didn't understand
That Teddy's old time grip was lost
On the people of the land;
The voters in November
Just downed him out of hand.

Hi Johnson went campaigning,
Through many an Eastern State;
That one man can't do two men's jobs
He realized too late;
And Bullmoose Teddy pitied him—
But left him to his fate.

And when the last November vote
Is tallied at the booth;
When Hiram's eyes are opened
And he sees the bitter truth;
And all the lies by Teddy told
Prove falsehoods told in vain,
I don't think Hi will like the man
Who sent him on campaign.

A Physician's Fame

Genius with a parochial reputation is common enough in San Francisco, but native genius of the kind that is celebrated in lands for away is somewhat rare, and therefore it may be of interest to call attention once more to Dr. Albert Abrams. Some months ago I quoted a distinguished French writer on the subject of Dr. Abrams' valuable contributions to the fund of medical knowledge, but I have not seen any notice of his work in any of our local papers. It would seem that we are somewhat sceptical about local talent and its achievements. Not so however. Nearly every day the newspapers discover a heaven-sent genius who is going to amaze the world with her voice. We have prodigies by the ton, and every little while a new literary star flashes upon us and bids fair to dazzle the world. As a matter of fact we have boundless faith in talent of a certain order, and for it we have encomiums that reek of superlatives. But this talent of a certain order is never heard of beyond the boundaries of the State, and it would seem that to climb it must have a lot of boosting. All this is by way of preface to a paragraph which I find in the British Medical Journal, the official organ of the British Medical Association. The paragraph is part of a speech made at the eightieth annual meeting of the association by Sir James Barr, M. D., L. L. D., F. R. S. E., consulting physician of the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool. What is said in this paragraph is in high praise of Dr. Albert Abrams, a young physician of this city, whose fame, it appears, reached London some months ago, and who attended the anual meeting of the association at the very earnest request of its president.

Taught Them Something

This is what Sir James Barr said of Dr. Abrams: "The versatile genius of Dr. Abrams, who has come all the way from San Francisco to do honor to this meeting of the British Medical Association, has taught us how best to cure intrathoracic aneurysm, and he has shed light on the nature of the cardiac and respiratory reflexes. In the treatment of diseases of the heart and lungs his work does great credit to the New Continent, and he has also given us further insight into methods of prevention." Sir James Barr is not a man of superlatives. He is a dry-as-dust scientist, president of the oldest medical association in the world, and it is natural that he should not wax eloquent in his praises. But he has admitted to all the world that an American physician from little old San Francisco has been able to instruct the medical men of the Old World.

Characteristic British Criticism

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They are always lecturing us on our shortcomings and depreciating our achievements. They haven't yet got over the shock of the victories of our athletes at Stockholm. The other day the Saturday Review explained that our athletes are no gentlemen, merely a "professional gang." The writer says that Americans "have no idea of a good race or a good game. They run, row and play merely to win." From this it is to be inferred that to be a gentleman athlete a man must not be avid for success. This is certainly a new view of the object of athletics. Anyway it is not the view that was prevalent in the days of the Olympic games when Pindar sang of the glories of the heroes who won. The Saturday Review writer is probably an old gentleman who thinks he is an athlete because he plays golf for exercise and to start a thirst for B. and S.

He Owned "Treasure Island"

There appeared on one of our hotel registers a few days ago the name of William Greig who came here from Honolulu. Very few people in San Francisco know who William Greig is, but doubtless they would gaze at him with interest if told that up to a few days ago he was the owner of "Treasure Island." It may be objected that when Stevenson conceived the idea of his famous story of pirate treasure he had no particular island in mind, but nevertheless it has come to be accepted that the romance was written around Christmas Island in the mid-Pacific. Christmas Island, or, as it is just as frequently called, "Treasure Island," was until recently the property of William Greig. Even had Stevenson repudiated it as his original (and he never did), there would still be sufficient romance surrounding it to draw the attention of those who love stories of adventure. Many a tale of piracy, treasure and blackbirding has been told of Christmas Island; on its coral shores lie the blood-drenched skeletons of many a wreck. For years the Greigs were known all over the Pacific as the owners of the little atoll. But now it has passed out of their hands, having been acquired by a German syndicate for a steamship depot at a price said to have been $272,000 in cash. The sale was negotiated by an odd character, also well known in the mid-Pacific, one Father Rougier. The transaction was brought to a conclusion just before William Greig came to this city.

The Waterfront, a Diagnosis

Lindsay Campbell is the waterfront reporter of the Call, and the Call, as you probably know, has been devoting particular attention to the scandalous stuffing of the harbor pay roll under Governor Johnson. The other day Campbell met a harbor politician who until recently was a devoted bullmooser. For some reason or other he has returned to the Republican fold, probably because he didn't get a job in the Ferry Building. "The Governor has cut out all the rottenness on the waterfront," said Campbell facetiously. "Yes," answered the disgruntled politician, "Hiram has cut out the rottenness; but he used dirty tools and blood poisoning has set in, and the result is a very dangerous condition."

The Keith Exhibition

I went out to the Park Museum Sunday to have a look at the thirty pictures by William Keith which the Keith heirs are exhibiting. It is a representative collection of the landscape painter's work. Some of the pictures, I judge, were painted many years ago, before Keith attained the celebrity which distinguished the last decade or so of his life. Others are in his later and better manner, and these include the very last canvas he painted. The pictures seemed to me good, bad and indifferent. But then I could only make a cursory examination. The small room in which they are hung was filled with a motley throng, and it was impossible to study the pictures to advantage. You can't see pictures well in a crowd, especially in such a crowd as that which pours in and out of the Park Museum of a Sunday afternoon. I should say that there were few in the Keith room who really appreciated art. A great many came out of curiosity, and some were there by accident. Indeed one man approached me and asked where the Keith pictures were being exhibited. He seemed quite surprised to learn that he was looking at them. That's the kind of person who would be apt to complain that he couldn't see the forest on account of the trees.

Our Chattering Philistines

The Philistinism of San Franciscans in the presence of art is enough to make the judicious grieve. The sight of men staring emptily at pictures, their hats jammed down on their ears and of women chattering about everything under the sun except art as they make the rounds of a gallery is not calculated to impress one with the cultivation of our citizens. I never heard in any other gallery such a babble as smote my unoffending ears during the hour I spent with the Keiths on Sunday. And how fatuous the talk was, especially when it turned on pictures. I heard one loud-voiced woman who stood before the "Christ in Gethsemane" explaining to a man who seemed a total stranger that Keith once painted the picture of an oak near Santa Rosa and sold the painting for $10,000. "I seen the oak myself," she said triumphantly, whereupon the man moved away, apparently overwhelmed by the evidence. Our gallery manners need mending. You don't hear loud talking in the Metropolitan and, heaven save the mark! you don't see men there with their hats on. It seems that we are still too exuberant to be schooled into temporary gentleness by pictures. But never mind; all in good time our education will proceed.

Curiosity, Not Love of Art

I may seem to be a little severe on the people who shared the Keith room with me on Sunday. But I don't think I am. In support of my claim that the large crowd there indicated curiosity rather than love of art I am prepared to offer what looks like pretty conclusive proof. In the gallery adjoining the room where the Keiths are being exhibited there are, among many other excellent landscapes, two fine examples of Keith's work donated to the Park Museum by Mrs. Henrietta Zeile. These two Keiths are much better than a number of those on special exhibition. And yet I did not see people pausing before them. They were not recognized as Keiths, and evidently there was nothing about them to command the particular attention of the Sunday mob. I watched many people traversing this gallery, including some who had been in the Keith room. Not one seemed to care about the two Keiths. And yet a genuine lover of pictures could not fail to observe them. There is in this same room the Millet "Shepherd and his Flock" which was stolen and afterwards recovered. Professor Chatain, a great expert, says this picture is worth $10,000. Obviously it ought to interest the ordinary man with the rudiments of art knowledge, not merely because the expert acclaims it but for the more homely reason that it is an animal picture with that direct appeal



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which resides in everything Millet painted. But it didn't seem to stay the people who were making the rounds of the gallery. The few who paused before it went up close to examine the mended frame; they knew it had been stolen. The picture which arrested general attention was Tom Hill's "Driving the Last Spike." That's something which the proletariat can understand.

Two Surprises

The great surprise of the election was the vote received by Police Judge Shortall who figures second in the returns, having crowded out one of the incumbents of the Superior Court. Judge Lawlor's vote was also somewhat of a surprise, as he made a most strenuous campaign and paid special attention to the woman vote. The judge's friends had been boasting that he had a cinch on the ladies. And it was thought that he greatly strengthened that vote the other day when he rebuked a jury for not agreeing in the case of a man accused of being a white slaver. That rebuke was designed to catch the ladies, very few of whom perhaps took notice of the fact that the very next day the man was tried again and acquitted. When the verdict was rendered Judge Lawlor had nothing to say. He didn't even apologize to the jurors whom he had insulted on the preceding day. But of course he must have been greatly disappointed. However the judge is to be felicitated on standing well with the ladies. The ladies know a just judge by intuition, especially one who is skilled in dramatic appeals.

Heney's Bad Luck

The results of the primary prove Frank Heney a most unlucky man. He is not only unlucky himself but the cause why bad luck abides with other men. Heney carried his voice into three congressional districts, and the Bullmoose went down before the Elephant in all of them. Frank shot off his teeth for Frank Devlin and behold! Charlie Curry beat Devlin. Frank roared the progressive roar against Congressman Knowland, and lo! Johnny Stetson bit the dust. Frank swelled his neck in attacks on Everis Anson Hayes and sure enough, luck was with the "Red" once more. 'Tis a sad primary for Frank. Next time those whose cause he wants to champion will probably get out an injunction against his voice.

Devlin's Vain Attempt

Speaking of injunctions, one of those popular weapons of the law proved a mighty factor in deciding the primary election against Frank Devlin and in favor of Curry. Devlin was an attorney in the Napa Junction litigation—for a while. This is the case of the ferry company which bought and paid for a franchise for operating ferry boats at Napa Junction and then found its business destroyed by the independent ferrymen. So the corporation got out an injunction to restrain the independent ferrymen from doing the business which it was entitled to by the terms of its franchise. Frank Devlin was attorney for the corporation. The litigation has caused a great deal of bitterness up Devlin's way, and thinking that he would "fatten his batting average" with the plain people he threw up a big fee and withdrew from the case. But the move was too transparent. He not only lost his retainer but was beaten in the congressional race to boot.

A Joke on a Town

An unknown wag caused a wave of indignation to sweep over the town of San Rafael some days ago. At the outskirts of the town, on each of three roads leading into the town, he planted a large white cross draped with mourning and bearing an inscription asking the traveler to reduce his speed out of respect for the memory of the dead village. If no reward has been offered for information as to the name and whereabouts of the author of this most offensive calumny on a very decorous community, it is not because the people have repressed their curiosity. It is because they would have it forgotten as soon as possible. But if they ever find out who perpetrated the joke, heavy will be his punishment. San Rafael is not as gay and festive a place as it was when the Baron was running his hotel over there, but it is not as slow as one might fancy on a quick trip through in an automobile.

Meredith on the Lily

So the Jersey Lily is going to favor us with her histrionic gift (such as it is) in a series of farewell performances. Well! If this continues the Langtry will be a runner-up in the game which Patti played so profitably. The last time I saw Lily Langtry in San Francisco 'twas her farewell appearance. But never mind. Even at sixty—King Edward's flame was born in '52—a pretty woman may change her mind. I am reminded by the news of that delicious bit in one of George Meredith's letters published in this month's Scribner's. Meredith in 1882 wrote thus of a performance the Lily gave: "She is the ideal shepherdess of the chromo-lithographs. She has to faint, and she takes three gaunt strides to fall on the ready knees of the dame prepared to receive her. She has to make love, and does it with all her arms and breasts. Very handsome—not a shade of mystery or variableness; the heroine for bold dragoons." But what does Lily care? The new Britannica gives her eight lines, just six less than to Mrs. Pat. Campbell, so her place in history is assured.

The Lily in San Francisco

A new generation has grown up since the Jersey Lily first allowed San Francisco the privilege of seeing her. I think it must have been in 1884 that she came here with the late Freddy Gebhardt in her train. She took a house out at Twenty-first and Fair Oaks streets while she was waiting for the divorce which freed her from Langtry. She used to walk from the Mission to Golden Gate Park every morning, and the good housewives never missed the opportunity of looking at the famous beauty, invariably offsetting their curiosity by severe remarks on her notorious frailty. She had no sooner received her decree than Langtry died, and the Lily is said to have complained that he caused her a great expense which she might have avoided had he been considerate enough to die a little sooner. It was thought at the time that she would marry Gebhardt, but she married de Bathe instead. However, Freddy had in the meantime bought her a big ranch in Lake county, so the conection was worth while for the Lily.

Luther de Luxe

The works of Luther Burbank in twelve volumes, profusely illustrated with vari-colored plates of the flowers, fruits and plants which his wizardry has developed, are soon to make their appearance. There is to be an edition de luxe of two thousand sets, nearly all of which have already been sold. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, David Starr Jordan, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and J. Pierpont Morgan are among those who will take these de luxe sets. Andy Carnegie will take fifteen of them, probably for distribution in his gift libraries—and probably not. The de luxe set will cost anywhere from $500 to $5,000 dollars according to the binding. The work will be published in modest habiliments for libraries, schools, institutes and farmers. The royalties are expected to make Burbank rich, while of course the enterprise will line the purses of the two shrewd Chicagoans who are handling it.

A Hint from Placerville

City Librarian Weatherwax of Placerville made an interesting find a few days ago. He was engaged in indexing the books of the city library when he came across two bulky volumes weighing eight or ten pounds apiece. They bore the title "Monasticon Anglicanum." They were published in London in 1665. Written in Latin by members of the Franciscan order, they recount the coming of the Franciscans to this country and deal at length with the founding of the first Franciscan missions on the Pacific Coast. The two volumes have been forwarded to the University of California Library. They had been in the Placerville library so long that all trace of the donor was gone. There are notations on a fly leaf of one of the volumes in an English hand, and it is thought that they were brought to old "Hangtown" by an Englishman during the days of the gold fever. This find suggests the possibility of many rare volumes being hidden in out-of-the-way places in Northern California. Those who occupy old houses or buildings might find it worth while to rummage around in attics and store rooms and on dusty book shelves. There is a great deal of this sort of rummaging done in the East, and in the Southern States particularly it has brought to light many a treasure long sought by collectors. Since the San Francisco fire items of Californiana are very valuable. Why don't the good people of the interior look about them? They may have prizes of which they know nothing.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The McClaughry Imbroglio

No doubt the fact that Mrs. Hull McClaughry inherited the strong will as well as the millions of her father "Lucky" Baldwin had much to do with the strange disagreement between Mrs. McClaughry and her husband the other day. The scene at the Palace with the husband and wife on the verge of a serious misunderstanding and with eminent lawyers and mysterious gumshoemen filling the background of the domestic drama, is one of the strangest that we've been treated to for many a day. And yet this was not the first time that the McClaughrys disagreed. The trouble at the Palace was preceded by trouble at the St. Francis. Perhaps the presence of detectives is the most mystifying element in the imbroglio, for detectives never appear in sight without raising various wild conjectures. People in a position to know seem to doubt the permanence of the understanding between Hull and his wife.

A Social Innovation

The possibilities of the rubberneck wagon or chump chariot as a vehicle of social entertainment were too long overlooked. So thought a clever woman a few days ago. She proceeded at once to lift the sightseeing automobile out of its proletary rut and into the smoothly macadamized boulevard of gentility. Her effort was a great success. The inspiration for a novel form of diversion stood the acid test and did not evaporate when reduced to actuality. A rubberneck wagon was chartered one night last week, loaded with a merry party and whirled (insofar as a rubberneck wagon can be whirled) through Golden Gate Park to the Cliff House. It is true that at the start there was some evidence of social consciousness. The party assembled at the St. Francis, but lacked the courage to mount their vehicle in the glare of the electric lights. After all, social innovators may be allowed a certain measure of timidity. So the chump chariot was discreetly kept around the dark corner in Post street, and the ride began in an atmosphere of secrecy. But the tourist feeling wore off quickly, and the purely social sense of pleasure at the prospect of a successful party was augmented by a feeling of exhilaration—such a feeling as city folk enjoy on a hay ride. This may seem a bit complicated as a description of a mere party, but social innovations deserve serious treatment—the state of mind evoked should be carefully analyzed—to the end that other hostesses may be properly posted before they follow suit. Whether the chump chariot as a social carryall has come to stay remains to be seen, but certainly it lumbered into view under the happiest auspices.

Some Expert Opinions

Any prejudice which may still militate against the popularity of the chump chariot as a joy-riding char-a-bancs should disappear forever in the light of certain expert opinions which I have gathered from some of those who attended the accouchement of the latest born social idea. Thus Willis Polk, a most active participant, declares: "Fundamentally and structurally the idea is sound. It was a Class A party reinforced by concrete instances of happiness." Porter Garnett says: "It is a new art form of social relaxation and therefore important. When it is perfected its norms may be laid down, its technique defined. In its present state, however, it is far from bourgeois." Riley Hardin opined: "Inertia is apt to come with social surfeit as with adipose. A daring experiment such as the introduction of the chump chariot into society overcomes the force of inertia and gives a kinetic energy to our jaded tastes." And finally Witter Bynner remarked: "There is poetry in a chariot chumping through the night as in a star shooting athwart the empyrean. I shall write a poem about it." It remains only to chronicle that this revolutionary party was arranged by Miss Elizabeth Holmes of the Sequoia Club in honor of Isaac Upham who has just returned from a tour of the world with a trunkful of photographic films.



Photo, Francis Bruguiere

MISS MARIAN STONE

The charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone who is prominent in society on both sides of the Bay. She is an expert in golf and played at Del Monte this week. The Stones will spend the Winter in this city, entertaining extensively as usual.

Why an Elopement?

Why will girls do it? Why will they, I mean, go to all sorts of trouble to worry their parents, just to enjoy the excitement of an elopement? They usually inflict a great deal of pain by their thoughtlessness. There is the most recent case, that of Monica Fores. Monica is very charming, a dashing brunette, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fores of Alameda. Her marriage to Philip Alexander of this city last Friday night was an elopement. Monica had been taking a course at the agricultural college of the University. They say she told her father that she wanted five hundred dollars to take up some land in Humboldt county. Said it was a good investment. Father, anxious to encourage his girl, promptly wrote a check. But Monica really wanted the money for her elopement. Then, they say, she told the folks that she was going to Berkeley to spend the night with friends. She didn't. Instead she came to this city and she and Philip Alexander were married by Dr. Morgan at St. Luke's. Then they phoned and told the folks all about it. Mrs. Fores feels very keenly about the whole thing. It's too bad. Again I ask, why will girls do it?

Mrs. Pillsbury, School Organizer

The children of Mrs. Horace Pillsbury have reached the age where their education must be seriously considered. Most of our wealthy matrons solve that problem when it presents itself by sending their children to the so-called "exclusive" schools in the East. But Mrs. Pillsbury would have none of the Eastern schools; she could not bear the thought of having the width of the continent between her and her youngsters. So she solved the problem in a new and quite original way. Apparently none of the local schools appealed to her. What did she do? Simplest thing in the world. She set about founding two new schools in this city, one for boys and the other for girls. The boys' school has been started by a young man from Harvard in whom Mrs. Pillsbury has confidence. She has guaranteed him in the neighborhood of forty pupils. The new girls' school she induced Miss Elizabeth Blanchard of Santa Barbara to take charge of. Miss Blanchard has a school in the southern mission town, and has been a successful educator. No doubt she will repeat her success here. It won't be Mrs. Pillsbury's fault if she doesn't.

Names for Country Places

A friend with a penchant for investigation has been turning his mighty mind to the question of names for country houses. His researches did not take him far afield; he says there is plenty of material for classification in these parts. About the value of the names he is doubtful; thinks few people remember them, for the reason perhaps that they are rarely distinctive. On this point he is rather severe, declaring that the narrow range of nomenclature shows poverty of invention and defect in the poetical faculty. But he is not a reformer or a revolutionist, and wouldn't abolish them if he could. Remember how impressive they look when embossed or engraved on stationery, he says. To obtain this effect one must have a country place, but even in town some people put "Russian Hill" on their letterheads and the flaps of their envelopes. This has never extended to "Nob Hill," probably because that is not an official designation. It would sound nouveau riche anyway. I was rather

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shocked when he said that the hill tribe at Mill Valley and the denizens of Larkspur frequently show more originality in naming their bungalows than our millionaires in christening their big places.

Trees Are Favored

My friend says that it is too bad so many people name their country places after trees. Trees are so obvious, he says. He suggests that they be abandoned henceforth to the mysterious geniuses (the term is used in sarcasm) who pick the titles for apartment houses. There are so many oaks, he complains. "Fair Ooaks" immediately comes to mind. Then we have "The Oaks," the name of the Fred Kohl place, and "Midoaks" which belongs to the Mountford Wilsons. Up at Yountville the Drury Melone place is "Oak Knoll" and there are many others, says my friend. Then there are other trees. "Linden Towers" is the Flood place at Menlo. "Hazelwood Hills" the Folgers call their home at Woodside. The Will Magees of Fruitvale rejoice in "Alder Farm." The Billy Burkes have a "Laurelwood Farm" down in the prune belt. Maye Colburn lives at "Elmhurst" in San Rafael. And so on through all the arboreal nomenclature.

Names Modest and Pretentious

Some names, says my classifying friend, attract by a becoming modesty; others rather overpower by their grandeur. The Duplessis Beylards have "Wayside" which has a humble sound. The Carolans are at "Crossways" which suggests Meredith's Diana, while the Sadoc Tobins have "Crossroads" which is painfully similar. "Uplands" doesn't suggest the grandeur of the Templeton Crocker estate. "New Place" where the Will Crockers abide is calculated to divert attention to the old place, and is therefore modest. But "Howard House" must sound grandly manorial even to the George Howards who live there. "Merrillwold," Mrs. Merrill's place at Menlo also suggests a rooted antiquity with a gallery full of Lelys, Van Dykes and Knellers. "Eagle Ranch" at San Luis shows restraint; Baron von Schroder might have overwhelmed us with some difficult name borrowed from the Rhine. "Edgewood," the Bothin place at Ross, suffers from its reiteration on the brass plates of apartment houses. "Rose Lawn," the Berkeley place of Charles Butters, hath a fragrant charm. And "Level Lea," the Clay place in Fruitvale is liquidly lovely. One naturally expects the sound of laughing waters at "Minnehaha" where the de Guignes live. "The Hawthornes" is the Judge Allen place at Menlo. But why should the Orville Baldwins have called their Cloverdale house "Surrey Hills?"

And Still Other Names

It is natural, my expert in names points out, that there should be Spanish designations, but he finds less than he expected. The De Sablas have "El Cerrito," and the Vincent de Laveagas at Menlo "El Suerro." Mrs. Hearst went to Italy when she named her Pleasanton place "Verona." Some names have meanings hard to fathom. Why did Billy Bourn choose "Ski Farm?" Was it for the same reason that the Dr. Chipman place at Ross is "Skyacres?" The Crockett place at Burlingame is "Croaknot" which sounds like an injunction to frogs or pessimists. And the Fred Kings at Belmont have "Rexholme," a word for philologists to puzzle over. The Bacon Soules in Oakland have "Thorkill" which sounds interesting too. My investigating friend was not nearly finished, but I told him I had heard enough. As I shut him off he promised me a dissertation some day on the names of Pullman cars. But if I see him first there will be no such dissertation.

A Bowling Green for Women

San Francisco has just achieved a new distinction. It boasts the first women's club in the United States devoted to bowling on the green. Bowling on the green has long been a popular pastime for men in this city, our citizens of Scot extraction being the most enthusiastic devotees of the ancient sport; but neither here nor elsewhere in America had women tried their skill with the bowls until a few days ago. A few women tried the sport on the men's bowling green in Golden Gate Park and promptly decided that they liked it. Despite the fact that their high-heeled shoes worked some havoc with the green (which is kept as smooth as a billiard table), the men



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins
MISS CONSTANCE MOGAN
The daughter of R. F. Mogan and niece of Judge Mogan. Miss Mogan attended the Dominican Convent and is an accomplished musician.

took to the idea of having women enlisted in the game. The result was that Fred Blair, one of our niftiest bowlers, organized a club for the fair ones. The women have sent to Great Britain for bowls (they are not made in this country), and through the intercession of John McLaren the Park Commissioners have been induced to set aside ground for their green which will be smaller than the men's. The officers of the club just organized are: Mrs. George A. Van Smith, president; Mrs. N. Donovan, vice-president; Mrs. Andrew McNear, secretary; and Mrs. A. L. Cooley, treasurer.

The Bryces Coming

Ambassador and Mrs. Bryce are due in this city next Thursday. They are on their way from Australia to Washington. Ambassador Bryce has been in San Francisco before, but I do not think that his wife accompanied him. No doubt some of our social impresarios will endeavor to lionize the British representative and his wife, but I have my doubts as to the success which will attend their efforts. Bryce is a plain man who even refused knighthood from his sovereign. Mrs. Bryce is a retiring little woman with no particular interest in the fads of dress or the foibles of smartdom. Neither is of the sort to shine at a Greenway.

Miss Keeney's Wedding

Innes Keeney will become the bride of Willard Chamberlin on Wednesday evening, November 6. The ceremony will be performed at Trinity. There

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will be a reception at the Fairmont followed by a dance for the younger set. The bridesmaids will be Harriet Alexander, Ysabel Chase, Ethel McAllister, Fredericka Otis, Helen Dean and Gussie Foute. An innovation will be introduced in the dresses of the attendants. Two of them will wear yellow, two light green and two mauve. The groom will be attended by his brother. In January he will take his bride to Boston to visit his mother; then the couple will return to make their home at the Fairmont.

The wedding of Miss Adeline Belcher of Marysville to Mr. Ralph Wheeler McCormick will take place on the evening of September 16 at the Palace Hotel in the presence of relatives and intimate friends. Miss Belcher is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Belcher. Mr. McCormick belongs to an old family of Alameda. Both are well known here and in Northern California.

Tableaux Vivants and Feast of Lanterns

Santa Cruz is to go the season one better on September 7, 8 and 9 by having a carnival in front of the Casino on the beach and bay. Living pictures on floats will be displayed while bands of music will discourse popular airs under thousands of Japanese lanterns. This will all be free and, taking place during the Admission Day holidays, will draw a big crowd.

September 16 Is the Day

September 16 is being looked forward to with much interest by patrons of Tait's Cafe for on that date somebody will win a beautiful and high-powered Oakland automobile. The machine to be given away costs $1200 and the person who wins it will have cause for rejoicing. The manner in which the car is to be awarded is fully explained at the cafe every afternoon 'tween 3 and 6 o'clock. One can also enjoy a novel entertainment during these hours. When it comes to doing the unusual you can always look to John Tait for a pleasant surprise. And it is the continual striving to please that has won for the cafe a patronage that is both large and discriminating. At this popular dining place you are always sure of a good meal, the best service and high-class and "different" entertainment.

In the Social Spotlight

Harrison B. Albright with Mrs. Albright, Miss Anna L. Albright and Anthony M. Albright of Los Angeles are occupying a suite at Hotel del Coronado for several days. Mr. Albright is a well known architect both in Los Angeles and San Diego. Many naval officers have been domiciled at Coronado during the stay of the Pacific fleet. Among them may be mentioned Capt. W. P. Pratt and F. P. Hardaway of Ft. Winfield Scott, F. A. Frank, R. F. Cox and Chas. Hines. Many receptions have been given in honor of the naval officers. Mr. L. A. Haskell, a merchant of Chicago, is registered at Coronado while on a vacation trip through the West. Mrs. W. H. Strauss of Pasadena with her daughter Miss Margaret Strauss and Russell Strauss, are at Coronado for an indefinite stay. The Misses Julia Dean, Eloise Dean and Freda Blumenthal of New York enjoyed a portion of their western trip at Coronado. A party of Angelenos consisting of Mrs. A. Schmidt, Mrs. Y. Overweg, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hendley and J. B. Hendley Jr., Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bletsoe and Mr. and Mrs. R. Stickles are at Coronado indefinitely. Mr. W. F. Haight with Mrs. Haight and W. F. Haight Jr., Courtland W. Knight, Mrs. J. D. Thompson and Mrs. M. L. Tomlinson, all of Pasadena, are enjoying a vacation trip at Coronado. Mrs. Frank Faber is one of the interesting guests making her headquarters at Coronado. Mrs. Faber makes her home in Constantinople, and is at present on tour through the United States. Another interesting traveler registered at Coronado is Francisco M. Pedwarena of San Sebastian, Spain. Mr. Pedwarena is on a tour of the world and is at present busily engaged seeing Coronado, San Diego and Southern California. Accompanying him is Szisora Pedwarena. Mr. S. Torre, connected with the International Steamship Co. of Los Angeles, with his wife and sister, are at Coronado on a vacation trip. A party consisting of Mr. J. E. Bird and Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Jas. Bird, the Misses Bird and Miss Nelson motored from Riverside to Coronado, stopping at the del Coronado for an unlimited visit. The principals of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company which played at the new Spreckels Theatre in San Diego, are stopping at Hotel del Coronado. They are Miss Kate Condon, Miss Viola Gillette and maid, Mr. Geo. McFarlane and Mr. De Wolfe Hopper. Mr. H. H. Sanderson, with Miss Helen Wallace, F. R. Wood and Kenneth Wood of Trinidad, Colo., are on a tour of Southern California, and are domiciled at Coronado. Mrs. Charles Gorham who passed several weeks as a guest at Coronado, left recently for the north. Mrs. Gorham who is well known here socially, will visit in San Francisco before returning to her home in Hongkong.

Mrs. L. G. Caldwell has returned from Los Angeles and is settled in her apartments at the Hotel Victoria for the winter. Mrs. Irene Brown and Dr. A. B. Crawford who have been at Catalina for two months have returned to the Victoria where they reside during the winter. Miss C. A. Wyatt of London has been spending several days in San Francisco as a guest at the hotel. She will remain indefinitely. James H. Hough and Miss Hough have been down from their home in Stockton for a week. George B. Moore of Baltimore is registered at the hotel. Mr. Moore is supervising the construction of two large dredgers for the government. E. C. Pratt of Honolulu, E. D. Elston of Ottawa, A. O. Reilander of Olema are among the week's arrivals. Dr. and Mrs. Sherman of Fresno have been in town for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Holmes are at the St. Francis for the winter.

As steady as the flow of the great mineral springs is the arrival of the bathers at Paso Robles. Among the recent arrivals are Miss Agnes Hinds of Boston, Mass., and Mrs. Melcer and Miss Betty Melcer of Berkeley. J. V. Coleman is accompanied by his friend Mr. Paul Moroney. Milo M. Potter whose hotel at Santa Barbara has made his name famous, is at Paso Robles for mud baths. Mrs. S. A. Johnson of Bakersfield is at Paso Robles for the sulphur baths. A. C. Denman, a Redlands man, is there for a good rest. Mrs. Bothin arrived last week from her home in San Francisco for an autumn outing. Wm. L. McGuire of San Francisco motored down last week bringing Mrs. McGuire and his little daughter and nurse. Mrs. McGuire is greatly enjoying the golf and the motor trips. Superior Judge Cabaniss is down for a rest. S. Sypher of San Francisco is there for a few days. The Chickerings of San Francisco are participating in all the good things.

Mrs. Willis—Is she advanced?

Mrs. Gillis—Frightfully so. She is the suffragette leader of a new religious sect in a Socialistic community where they talk nothing but universal language.

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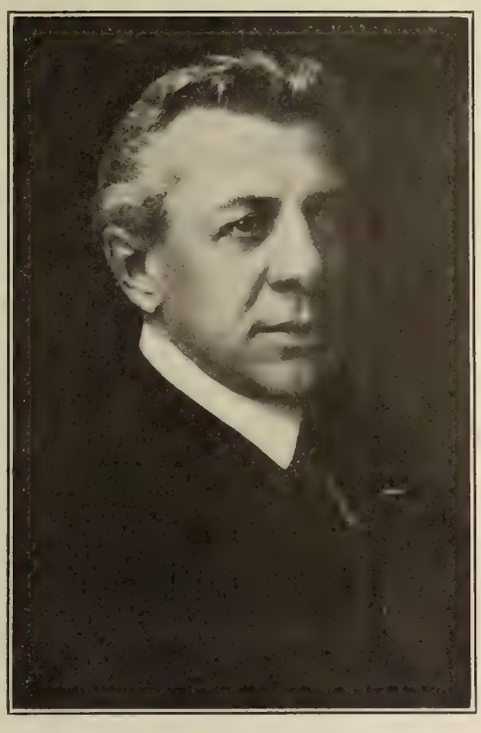
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The Broadhurst Play

By Theodore Bonnet

These poor working girls, struggling for existence, hardly able to keep body and soul together, and reluctant nevertheless to exchange a squalid home for a luxurious mansion are becoming familiar figures in the world. Playwrights run across them every little while. There was one in "The Grain of Dust" at the Columbia last week. For a long time she resisted the importunities of a millionaire lover, but he was so persistent that eventually she couldn't do anything but marry him. After tolerating him for awhile she left him, and in the course of time she returned to him and they lived in happiness ever after. Now comes "Bought and Paid For" at the Cort with a working girl of precisely the same temperament as the one at the Columbia. Working for ten per she hates to quit the job when asked to marry Mr. Stafford, a multi-millionaire, the cogent reason being he hasn't touched her heart. But love is unreasonable. He insist, and she yields. He gives her a beautiful home, a limousine, a yacht, a box at the opera and all sorts of trifles that delight the average female of the species; but the luxuries of existence nor all the creature comforts that money can buy are sufficient to compensate for the unpleasantness incidental to an occasional jag with which the millionaire spices his monotonous money-grubbing career. Hence the quarrel, and the separation of husband and wife. And Mrs. Stafford is such a romantic person that she would rather work her fingers to the bone than sue for alimony. Were it not for the plenitude of women of this type—sentimental women, slaves to their romantic ideals—what would our brain-weary playwrights do for material? Were it not for these soulful creatures life would be a dreary waste devoid of inspiration, and we should have to look to dead and gone dramatists for entertainment in the theatre. But let it not be supposed that "Bought and Paid For" is as commonplace drama as a brief hint of the character of the story might indicate. Through the medium of this play Mr. George Broadhurst introduces us to Jimmy Gilley, and with Jimmy as a peg to hang a plot on it doesn't matter much what the play is about. The Gilley personality is a drama in itself. Jimmy stands out in memory like Mark Tapley and Sam Weller. He is a triumph of the creative art. In portraying him Mr. Broadhurst has revealed a faculty in what we may call the vivification of character,



WILLIAM H. THOMPSON
The distinguished American character actor who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

or, more precisely speaking, of characteristics. He has invested Jimmy with a kind of perfection of detail. Jimmy is the personification of a harmless vanity. He is the embodiment of an absolutely unwarranted self-confidence. We meet Gilley in all stations of life. This particular Gilley is a shipping clerk at fourteen dollars a week. His ambition is to become a great financier, and though shipping clerk is his limit he knows that he is the cleverest man in the house and that he has ideas of incalculable commercial value. One of his ideas is to build a factory for the manufacture of infants' food out of prickly pears. You can't separate Jimmy from his occupation. In him human nature is subdued to what it works in, and he has endless fertility in laughter-causing detail. The conceiving of Gilley was so great a strain on the playwright that after delivery he became almost sterile. But Jimmy is sufficient. A subordinate character, yet the plot seems to hinge on him, and fortunately he is so frequent that the performance on the whole seems one of exceptional excellence. At any rate it is enjoyable. But from the viewpoint of artistry the play is decidedly lacking in crystalline finish. The fatal mistake has been made of making the second act the scene of the catastrophe. It is there that the husband drunk and amorous quarrels with his wife, displaying human nature in all its ugliness raw and unredeemed. Instead of heightening interest after this act the playwright lets it sag. The dramatic intensity of the third act is far from comparable with that of the second. There is the prosaic separation of the married couple, and then you wait listlessly for their reunion, keyed up by expectation of a little more of the quaint conceit of Jimmy Gilley. The company that presents this play leaves nothing to be desired. Frank Craven, the Jimmy Gilley of the cast, is so realistic it is hard to believe him to be an actor. He almost convinces you that he works down on Sansome street and lives in the Mission. Mr. Charles Richman almost succeeds in extracting from Robert Stafford the element of theatricality, and Miss De Lane plays Mrs. Gilley as though in temperament and rearing she were perfectly mated. One of the least important persons in the cast is the leading lady, and this is by no means the fault of Miss Julia Dean. Mr. Broadhurst has succeeded with a masterly hand in rendering his heroine negligible.

"Pomander Walk"

By Edward F. O'Day

Pomander Walk by River Thames is a quiet little street, and we must step back a hundred years its residents to meet. A charming group they make indeed who tread Pomander Walk; they wear the charming Cranford clothes and Dickenslike they talk. They meet at dusk beneath the elm and in their courtly way they bow and murmur "much obleeged" and have their "dish of tay."

There's old Sir Peter Antrobus, a Tory Admiral he who fought with bonny Nelson in the fight by Baltic Sea. And then there's fat Brooke-Hoskyn, a bounder red and merry who talks in most familiar tones of Wales and Fox and Sherry. (We do not meet his wife because, a good and fruitful mate, the fifth time in five years she's in "an interesting state.") There's Reverend Jacob Sternroyd too, bespectacled and wise, and Mr. Basil Pringle who is musical and sighs. The Eyesore is a vagrant, a seedy sorry sight, who fishes all day from the Walk but never gets a bite.

As for the ladies, 'pon my soul! Pomander Walk is blessed with quite a lot of beauties in silks and satins dressed. There's Mrs. Poskett, widowed, but prepared to wed once more provided she can captivate the Admiral next door. There's Ruth, there's Barbara Pennymint, one staid, the other jolly; the latter loves young Pringle and keeps a talking polly. And then there's Madame Lachesnais and little Marjolaine, a dainty miss who cheers the Walk like sunshine after rain.

These sweet Pomander folk are full of duties grave and gay one golden summer evening when Lord Otford walks that way. Sir Peter is Lord Otford's friend and so the wealthy peer has sauntered out to see him and his good advice to hear. It seems Lord Otford has a son, Jack Sale, who has a whim that he'll not wed the haughty miss his dad has picked for him. Will Peter take the lad in hand and make him see his duty? (The girl owns half a county though she's not a raving beauty.) Sir Peter will, but tells my lord that love's a heedless fire: "Remember, Otford, when a lad you loved dear Lucy Prior." "I don't forget," Lord Otford sighs and wipes away the tears.

He's hardly gone a minute when his son Jack Sale appears. And Jack is scarcely on the scene when he and Marjolaine fall suddenly so deep in love they'll ne'er get out again.

When Madame Lachesnais beholds the youth so like his sire, she falls afainting and we learn that she is Lucy Prior! She'd loved the father years before, but they had had to part, and now she finds the father's son has won her daughter's heart. She tells the girl it cannot be; Jack must not come to court her—the father jilted her; the son may jilt her pretty daughter! Jack stays away for seven days and Margy takes to moping, but Jack comes back and quickly they decide upon eloping.

Meanwhile Lord Otford, much amazed, finds Madame Lachesnais to be his old love Lucy and

it isn't long ere they renew the old affection which had bound them long ago, and being very sensible they tell each other so. Of course it's clear they can't forbid the youngsters now to wed, so where a single match was planned there's a double match instead.

End happily? Indeed it does! There's naught but pure joy, for in walks Mr. Hoskyn with the glad news, "It's a boy!" And in comes Barbara Pennymint, and blushing like a carrot, "Dear Basil knows my love," she cries; "he learned it from the parrot!" And then Sir Peter says, "I am a cross old lonely feller, but Mrs. Poskett, I'll be yours if you'll be my Pamela!" The Reverend Sternroyd's happy too; what more could parson wish? And lo! before the curtain falls, the Eyesore lands a fish!

Gossip of the Theatre

Ada Dwyer in "Mrs. Wiggs"

Ada Dwyer, the famous character actress, has been specially engaged to play the title part in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" which is to be the Alcazar's next offering, positively limited to one week and starting with an extra matinee Monday. In the cast with her are Forrest Stanley (his farewell appearances), the complete Belasco & Mayer company and many extra players, there being not less than thirty people in the play. By her acting of Frisco Kate in "The Deep Purple" during Richard Bennett's recent season in the O'Farrell-street theatre Miss Dwyer is best known to San Francisco's theatregoers. In a role that did not afford opportunity for display of her most effective methods she then made a distinct personal hit, so her impersonation of Mrs. Wiggs may confidently be looked forward to as an even more enjoyable treat, inasmuch as she starred in the part and did much to develop its charm when the comedy was in the first flush of its popularity. Mr. Stanley, too, has scored success in the character he is to assume in the Alcazar production. There is no better known modern play than "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Adapted from Kate Douglas Wiggin's famous story of humble life in a Southern town, it had a run of five consecutive seasons in this country's high-price theatres and then was transplanted to England and Australia, where its American triumph was duplicated, despite the strangeness of its locale and characters to the people of those lands. Its amusing situations, quaintly humorous dialogue and sterling human appeal have won appreciative response from English-speaking folk on three continents.

"Bought and Paid For" Next Week

"Bought and Paid For" will be presented at the Cort again next week. The original New York company is seen in this production which William A. Brady sent here direct. Upon the close of the Californian engagement the company will return to New York.

"Summertime Girls" at Pantages

The bill announced by Pantages for Admission Day week is full of good things, one of which is Gus Sohlke's eight "'Summertime Girls," aided and abetted by Bobby Harrington, a nimble dancer, and including Mildred Cecil, a Broadway favorite. "Chums," a dramatic playlet with comedy relief will be presented by Henry Hargrave and a competent company. Irwin and Herzog, "those minstrel boys," will be heard in solos and duets. Alsace and Lorraine, European artists who have played here before with great success, will return with their sensational musical act, handsomely costumed and staged, in which they extract sweet music from several novel instruments. The Caits brothers, the younger of whom is renowned as "the dancing midget" will offer a dancing novelty. Paris Green a monologuist, will be heard in a lot of original songs and stories. Rose and Ellis, "the jumping jacks," will appear in a special setting showing the interior of a circus tent. The novelty of the bill will be offered by Rupert Jeffkins, the "Australian Speed King" who drove the Mercedes car in the International Auto Races of May 30 last at Indianapolis. With a wonderful series of films he will give a pictorial history of the greatest automobile race ever driven and his recital is said to be thrilling in the extreme.



JULIA DEAN

The delightful actress who is the admirable leading woman of "Bought and Paid For" at the Cort.

"Officer 666" Coming

The coolest crook and the most blase lover in the world are to be found in the cast of "Officer 666," Augustin MacHugh's farce which is booked for a hearing in this city at the Columbia for two weeks, beginning Monday evening, September 1, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The crook calmly assumes the name and occupies the house of the absent millionaire and nonchalantly proceeds to rifle the residence of its valuable paintings, while the lover who is mistaken by the police for the picture thief they are trailing, gets his wrists ornamented with a pair of steel handcuffs, and thus manacled proposes and is accepted by the divinity upon whom his choice has fallen. "Officer 666" is an unusual play. It makes you laugh. It keeps you guessing while it administers some delightful surprises in the way of unexpected thrills that are particularly pleasant to receive and agreeable to recall. "Pomander Walk" will be presented at the Columbia next week.

W. H. Thompson at the Orpheum

That splendid and justly famous character actor William H. Thompson will head the new bill at the Orpheum. He will present a one-act play entitled "An Object Lesson." The characters are the trio of the dramatic ages, the wife, the mummy and the humming bird. Mr. Thompson is well supported by a capable little company. The appearance of Billy Gould and Belle Ashlyn means fun and good songs. Gould is said to be at his best and to have in Miss Ashlyn a girl of great ability and versatility. Howard's Novelty is a spectacular exhibition of musical Shetlands and terriers. Prominent among European novelties imported for the current season is the celebrated duo "The Takiness" who will present their eccentric musical offering "The Angry Tutor." As a musical offering it is unique. As a spectacle it is beautiful. English, French and Italian songs are sung in the costumes of the several nations.

Little Minnie Allen will make her first appearance here. She is a cultivated vocalist and a sparkling comedienne. Next week will be the last one of Grace Cameron, the Bounding Pattersons, and Edmond Hayes and company in his laughable skit "The Piano Movers."

Musical Lectures by Emilie Frances Bauer

Prior to the brilliant musical season promised by Manager Will Greenbaum, Miss Emilie Frances Bauer, the eminent musical critic of the New York Mail and correspondent for a number of leading American papers, will give a series of three lectures under Mr. Greenbaum's management at Century Club Hall. Miss Bauer is well known in this city, having resided here for several years as representative of one of the foremost musical journals and she is considered one of the best authorities on matters musical and literary in the United States. The first subject will be the "Psychology of Richard Strauss and his works" and the date, Tuesday afternoon, September 17 at 3:20. The second lecture will be given Thursday afternoon, September 19 and will deal with "the psychological phase of modern home life and culture." For the final subject, Tuesday afternoon, September 24, Miss Bauer has chosen "opera writers since Wagner" and having a personal acquaintance with most of the famous living composers, will tell many interesting facts that have never been published about Debussy, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Humperdinck, etc. Course tickets for the series as well as single tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's, or by addressing Will L. Greenbaum at either office.

Greenbaum Attractions

Manager Greenbaum announces that he will open his concert season on Sunday afternoon, October 13, presenting Riccardo Martin, the famous dramatic tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the only American tenor who has won world renown on the operatic stage. He will appear in a combination concert with Rudolf Ganz, the Swiss piano virtuoso, so we shall have two star attractions on a single program. Both artists will appear in selected solo numbers, and Mr. Martin will bring his own accompanist from the Metropolitan. Following this attraction will come the United States Marine Band of Washington, D. C., known as the "President's Own" for the reason that ever since its organization by John Quincy Adams' orders, it has been stationed at the White House as the official band for all great public functions. It has had such famous conductors as Schneider, Fanciulli and John Philip Sousa and at present Lt. Wm. Santellman is the director. It is just twenty years since this band enjoyed its last long furlough at which time it played here at the old Grand Opera House under the baton of Sousa who shortly thereafter resigned to take up the work of the famous Pat Gilmore. As a musical organization the Marine Band is one of the finest in America and its solo performers are men of international repuation. The band will play five days in California, and Greenbaum has secured three of these. The series will open with an afternoon and evening concert at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, after which two days will be devoted to concerts in San Francisco. From here the big organization of over sixty goes direct to Los Angeles, with possibly a single concert in Fresno. The final attraction to be offered in October will be Mme. Johanna Gadski, the great Wagnerian star, and one of the few artists equally brilliant on the concert and operatic stages. Other attractions to be offered by Greenbaum will be as follows: Vocal—Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Julie Culp, Mme. Gerville-Reache, Mme. Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerly Rumford and Mr. Claude Cunningham; Operatic attractions—Mme. Alice Neilson, assisted by six artists from the Boston Opera Company, by arrangement with Director Henry Russell; Pianists—Mme. Yolande Mero, a Hungarian virtuosa, Leopold Godowsky, Josef Lhevinne, Arthur Friedheim, and the following eminent accompanists, Frank Le Forge with Mme. Sembrich, Edward Schneider with Gadski and that wonderful artist Coenraad V. Bos with Mme. Julie Culp. The list of violinists includes Maud Powell, Mischa Elman and Eugen Ysaye, with the possibility of a return by Zimbalist. The novelty of the season will be the grand ballet from the Coliseum in London starring Adeline Genee, supported by Volinin. A mgnificent scenic production and symphony orchestra will accompany the organization which is modeled after the lines



EMILIE FRANCES BAUER
Who will lecture at Century Club Hall September 17, 19 and 24.

of the memorable Pavlowa-Mordkin aggregation. Other attractions in the musical line are being negotiated for. In quite a different field the impresario will offer a series of "Travelaughs" by R. G. Knowles, the famous humorist who was at one time a star in vaudeville as "The Man who made the Shah Laugh." During the season there will also be some talks on health and kindred subjects by the celebrated pure-food expert Dr. Harvey Wiley.

She Couldn't Miss It

A young married couple were returning from their honeymoon trip on a sleeping car. During the night when the train was running slowly over some still, mountainous country, a soft feminine voice told John that she wanted a drink of water.

"All right, dear," replied John. "The cooler is only a step down the aisle."

"But how shall I know which berth is ours when I come back?" she asked timidly.

"I will stick my foot out in the aisle," said John, "then you can't miss it."

When she came back there was a large-sized foot sticking out of every berth in the aisle.

The way of the transgressor is soft enough; it's the place he arrives at that's hard.

Client—Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the army?

Lawyer—Why?

Client—By the way you charge, there would be little left of the enemy.

AMUSEMENTS

Pantage's Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week of September 1st
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SPECIAL—MATINEE WEDNESDAY, 25c to $1.50
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"POMANDER WALK"

By Louis N. Parker

All Star English Company
Monday, September 16th—Its a Funny Mix "OFFICER 666"

Argus Complained

"A hundred eyes are of no use unless there are a hundred knotholes in the hence," he mourned.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—When some western buying of railroad and industrial securities developed nearly two weeks ago following the assurance of good grain harvests, many traders and commission houses thought they saw a bull market ahead, but their enthusiasm was sadly dampened by the course of events last week. The market stood up well, but all the life died out of it as far as the leading railroad shares were concerned, and it became a thing of "shreds and patches" with the chief interest centering in what are usually considered minor issues. Some specialties were very strong and active, but that sort of thing does not make a bull market, because the more conservative commission houses, including those with exterior wire connections, try to keep their speculative customers out of such stocks, by refusing to buy or sell them on ordinary margins. Standard rails and industrials are handled on a ten point margin. Industrials acted better than railroads because the public thought they would be affected more directly by the bright outlook for general business, and because the rails have more to fear from the Interstate Commerce Commission and the exclusion of their shipping from the Panama Canal, than have the manufacturing interests from tariff changes. The commission can keep right on regulating rates, but Congress will do no more tariff tinkering for some time. The splendid crop situation has been overworked by the bull crowd, and now that the public refuses to buy rails at present quotations, even though they look cheap, those who are carrying stocks to sell at an advance are finding their loads heavy to bear. No serious declines in seasoned dividend payers on the railroad list are probable because behind the market stands the European investor looking for bargains. He can conceal his wealth by putting it into American securities and the income taxes in England and France make this an inducement.

Wheat—The last week finds no important change in wheat values either way, neither has there been any shift in the market sentiment. The market continues in a heavy oversold condition, and the trade appears confident of lower prices when the Northwestern spring wheat movement is fairly under way. There is still a disposition to enlarge on the spring wheat crop by individual investigators. The Minneapolis Market Record commenting on the optimism of such reports remarks as follows: "Localities where large yields are found are reported in some detail, but the sections showing only average productions are withheld, or expressed in uncertain terms, which lead, when reports are not carefully considered, to public expectation about what definite results show. In the last two previous years the yields have averaged much under normal. This season has brought about a pleasing change and with it a tendency to exaggerate. At least spots are found with crops of low yields with little said concerning them." It is, however, characteristic of the mental trend of humanity to carry to great extremes a market or a situation of any kind. Just now the depressing features are emphasized and conditions that suggest improvement are overlooked, or but lightly regarded. This is much the state of mind that the trade is in at the present time. Sentiment was so determined several weeks ago that values must sink to the 85 cent level that it has been accepted as an assured fact which only requires a little time to realize its fulfillment, and yet wheat is higher than it was three weeks ago. It was believed that the winter wheat would flood the market and cause such an accumulation of supplies that the market would be borne down under the load, but it is nearly sixty days since the winter wheat movement began and still the visible supply is now 5,000,000 bushels less than last year. If the necessities of the trade were so great as to require such a large quantity of winter wheat, does not the same situation apply to the spring wheat?

Corn—The consumptive part of the trade has for a long time past been anxious for a lower level of values, and the speculative trade has been in harmony with that desire, as is shown by the discount of 25 cents per bushel in the December and May options under cash values. But a crop of corn that is not yet raised does not fill the immediate requirements of the consumptive trade which has absorbed the current receipts and reduced the stock to a vanishing point. Just how much old corn there is to come forward there is at this time no way of ascertaining, but whatever there may be, it will be marketed only sparingly until the new crop is assured.

Cotton—More irregularity is shown in reports from the cotton fields than at any previous time during the month. There is no marked deterioration except in Texas, but it is now evident that the cotton plant has nearly reached its maximum growth and promise and that developments of the future will probably be less uniform. Open bolls are to be found in nearly all localities and over the southern half of the belt picking has begun in a moderate way or is very general as in central and southern Texas. Fruiting during the past four weeks has been very heavy and bolls set earlier have made rapid growth, but correspondents state that much of the fruit is still very young and is not regarded as being secure from frost or from shedding, which latter process has begun in a few localities. In central and south-

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ern Texas an unprecedented amount of cotton is open and ready to pick. The rapid maturity has been forced by drouth and in many places the yield is believed to be less than that of last year. Otherwise, prospects west of the Mississippi river are better than last year and the best development of the week is noted in Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Tennessee.

Mektub

(Continued from Page 8.)

tened him "Father of Blindness," which name appeared to him a compliment, and he would use it, speaking of himself, complacently, just as a Scotchman likes to be spoken of under the style and title of the land he owns, although it be all bog. Though in the little world of men in which he lived the doctor was a fool, in the large field of science, he was competent enough, and when he proved to demonstration to the other doctors in the place that a slight operation would restore the Rubio's sight, they all fell in with it, and though for years the object of their care had held their horses and they had seen him every day, without observing him, he now became of interest, just as a moth becomes of interest when it is dead and put into a case with other specimens.

Whether the sympathy that certainly exists between wise men and those whose intellect is rudimentary, and which is rarely manifested between a learned and an ordinary man, prevailed upon the Rubio to submit himself to the ministrations of the German man of science, Allah alone can tell. A season saw the mounting-block deserted, and tourists gave their horses to be held by boys, who tied them by the reins to rings high in the wall, and fell asleep, leaving the animals to fight and break their bridles, and for a time no stream of cheerful blasphemy was heard, in any European tongue, from the usual guardian of the stone. In a clean unaccustomed bed in a dark corner of Hope House, the missionary hospital, the Rubio lay, his head bound up in bandages, silent, but cheerful, confident in the skill of his strange friend, but yet incredulous, after the Arab way.

During the long six weeks, what were his thoughts and expectations it is difficult to say. Perhaps they ran upon the wonders of the new world he would inherit with his sight, perhaps he rather dreaded to behold all that he knew so well and so familiarly by touch. He who, when like a lizard he had basked against his wall, had never for a moment ceased from talking, now was silent, and when the doctor visited him, to dress his eyes, and make his daily diagnosis of the case, answered to all the words of hope he heard, "It will be as God wishes it to be," and turned uneasily between his unfamiliar sheets. At last the day arrived when doctors judged the necessary time had passed. No one in Tangier was more confident than was "the Father of Blindness," who went and came about the town buoyed high with expectation, for he was really a kind-hearted man, learned but simple, after the fashion of his kind.

At early morning all was ready, and in the presence of the assembled doctors of the place, with infinite precaution the dressings were removed. Cautiously and by degrees, a little light was let into the room. Holding his patient's hand and visibly moved, the German asked him if he saw. "Not yet," the Rubio answered, and then, throwing the window open wide, the sunlight filled the room, falling upon the figure in the bed, and on the group of doctors standing by expectantly. It filled the room, and through the window showed the mountains standing out blue above Tarifa, the strait, calm as a sheet of glass, except where the two "Calas" cut it into foam. It fell upon the cliffs which jut into the sea below Hope House; upon the hills of Anjera, and on the bird-like sails of the feluccas in the bay, filling the world with gladness that a new day was born. Still on his bed the Rubio lay, pale with his long confinement, and with his hands nervously feeling at his eyes. All saw that the experiment had failed, and with a groan the German man of science buried his head between his hands and sobbed aloud, the tears dimming his spectacles and running down upon his beard. With a grave smile the patient got out of his bed, and having felt his way to where he heard the sobs, laid his rough, freckled hand upon the shoulder of his friend, and said as unconcernedly, as if he had not suffered in the least, "Weep not; it was not written;" then, looking round, asked for a boy to lead him back again to his accustomed seat upon his stone.

She looked at him, doubtfully, yet lingeringly, and the music started.

"Shall we 'bunny?'?" she asked, shooting him full with her great, crushed violet eyes.

He looked at her.

"No, dear lady," he replied, with all the decision he possessed. "Let us find a corner and hug."

"And would you really die for me, darling," she cooed.

"Gladly, darling," he bubbled.

"And would there," she continued softly, but with a faint commercial ring in her voice, "would there be enough to pay the undertaker's bill?"

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

years or so I supposed he was some little local god. But everything I've seen of his is a work of art. There is a painting in his home which gave me an electric shock. And those wonderful stained glass windows in the Swedenborgian Church! Bruce Porter made me stand in awe, as never before, of the word dilettante. It had suddenly taken on a new meaning."

Like most of our other poets Bynner has answered the beck of the theatre. A play of his called "His Father's House" was put on by Morosco in Los Angeles. It ran for two weeks and was warmly received. The author hopes to have it produced at the Alcazar or Ye Liberty.

But he hasn't given up poetry by any means. His second book of verses is to be published soon. Perhaps it will contain the following gem which appeared in the Forum:

Home

You ask me why I give him all,
My earnings and luck-money too,
And sin and suffer for his gain—
I'll answer you.

A lilac grew not far from home,
The way we children always went—
He beats me if I buy or borrow
Lilac scent.

Undoubtedly if he keeps on writing like that clever young ladies will not have to ask:
"And who may Witter Bynner be?"

Mrs. Bacon—She's one of the most obstinate women I ever knew.

Mrs. Edgbert—Indeed!

Mrs. Bacon—Yes; do you know, I believe if she took laughing gas she'd cry.

First Lady—How very happy the bridegroom looks! Really, it is pleasant to see a young man looking so joyful.

Second Lady—Hush! That's not the bridegroom; that's a gentleman the bride jilted six months ago.

"My love, I don't want you to do your own work when we are married."

"That's considerate of you."

"And that brings me to a delicate question. Have you enough money to enable us to keep a hired girl?"

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Pens

By Lord Dunsany

It is wonderful what dull things a brazen nib will say. He has a million fellows whose voices are all alike. His home was some dark factory, and he does not even perceive the terror of it. His talk is topics of interest and of "records." As for a stilograph, I can no longer touch one without being haunted at once by the terrible face of a clean-shaven man who asks me in seventeen different ways why I do not buy a Boojum. But full of country spaces and wide breezes is the soul of the quill. Left to himself, he will tell of many-gabled farms, of old thatches, of old ways and of very quiet places. He will tell of processions pacing solemnly over some field, and of the green pond at the end of it, and of the sweet weeds to be found therein and the soft, familiar mud. He knows well village greens, and the way that the wind will come; he knows the seasons of the caravans and strange nomadic songs; he guesses the mystery behind far hills. He could tell even now of the forgotten village dance. He knows the hatred that is fixed of old between the geese and the traffic.

Of these things one may write with the common quill.

But had I a long grey feather from the wild goose's wing, what regions might I not write of, what marvelous cloudlands! What a comrade for one's fancy were such a feather, for it is all magical with those great birds' tumultuous outcry. With such a pen I could prophesy the snow and the coming out from his white gates of the north wind. With such a pen I could tell the Boreal song, and the music that is made with clinking ice on huge lakes thawing slowly; I should know when the floes first broke in Arctic harbors; I should feel in my forefinger the furthest rumor of spring or ever the snowdrops heard it; I should tell of the dawns emerging from night along the reaches of Shannon; and of the purple sea in Ireland's midst, that smiles and smiles at the heather, waiting for bones of men; but of its treachery my pen would not tell. Of the clouds robed in crimson would I tell, and of their riding southward; of the sudden accession of winter, and of all birds going southward; and of the north wind leading them, and an ancient faith, through desolate banks of mist.

I would tell of the soft snow meeting them by night—soft snow that is like the sleep, without any dreams, of someone who was weary a thousand years ago. I would tell of dawn over white counties; I would hint of the terror that abides in cities, of the mystery of bells, and the tale of a cry going southwards; and then the sight of the fens snowy and gleaming, and a heron always watching, and afar a windmill appearing, the only insignia of man—and that forsaken—and thousands of waving reeds, and the sound of an old song singing.

For such a pen would have seen many lands and would have been the herald of the seasons; would have raced with poets' fancies between the stars and the steeples; would have known the sea as a home and the wild tides as a cradle; and would have seen the great bergs, lured by spring, forsake their allegiance to the northern hills.

Such pens are not easily come by. One must have watched in the lonely places the birth of many stars, lying concealed with rushes. One must let the ducks go by and never fire at them; one must let the water creep in as it will; one must let it freeze if it will. One must outlast the flighting of the duck and the inquisitive visits of the green plover, and all the sounds of evening, except, perhaps, the remote bark of some lonely dog, who patiently guards the days of an isolated but contented life in a little old hut at the end of a lane that lost itself years ago in the purple bog. And one night the geese will come, looking unnaturally vast, perhaps, against a remnant of the sunset, and with a sound like cheering heard in a far-off city.

Or by the shores of unmolested rivers one may watch for them when the night is barely gone—they seem to ebb and flow with the tide of night.

Recently in a wide marsh I heard them suddenly by day, and they sailed in and alighted while I lay quite still. For a long while I crept towards them until the water became too shallow to hide me, and they rose far off, and I fired at them with large shot and missed; and they remained romantic to me and full of mystery as the things that we do not grasp, and all soared safely away into those spaces where man in the present century awkwardly flounders like a beggar trying the hang of a royal cloak. And now, though not at the time, I am glad that they soared away, trailing their voice over blue leagues of sky, to go back again, strangely guided, to northern floes before our daffodils blow; and, going back, to appear through rifts in fog far over terrible cities, to the wonderment of faint and toiling men.

For to me their cry is of lands that the swallow fears, and the blackbird cannot sing of, whose glittering hills the skylark has not known, nor the nightingale imagined.

A Whistler Story

The following story of Whistler, though not new, has not perhaps been told quite so often as many others. When the artist was living in the Latin Quarter in Paris in his youth a friend took him to task for his idleness.

"Why don't you pitch in and paint something?" said the friend. "Pretty soon your money will be all gone and those three rolls of canvas will still be standing empty there behind the door, just as they have been standing for the last six weeks."

Whistler, as he lay on the bed smoking his pipe, answered lazily: "But you see, as there's nothing on the canvas I can sell it."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN H. RIORDAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of John H. Riordan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, 514-518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John H. Riordan, deceased.

PATRICK J. RIORDAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John H. Riordan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 7, 1912

GEO. F. HATTON and HARTLEY F. PEART,
Attorneys for Administrator,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 9-7-5

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Letters

Another from Mary Roberts Rinehart

We all know the cynical twist which has been given to the ancient proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way—to break it." Mary Roberts Rinehart's latest book turns the perverted maxim wrong side out and gives us a comedy of desperate remedies that were resorted to in order to carry out the provisions of a reasonably sane testament despite the feather-headed folly of the heir and a shrewd and clever financier whose plans were laid to get possession of the property in a perfectly legitimate way provided he could once bring about the conditions which would throw it upon the market. Hope Sanitarium was a flourishing institution open all the year round, and with a clientele of regular patrons who sat round and coddled themselves after the fashion of people with nothing to do but humor their imaginary ailments and means enough to keep up the treatment. The famous spring which cured every ill was, of course, doctored, though no one but the doctor-proprietor and the spring attendant were in the secret. Minnie had been in charge for fourteen years, knew everything about everybody, and was loyal to her employer. It is she who tells the story, and being energetic, interested, observing and red-headed, there is no question about the quality of her narrative. The old doctor was of steady and regular habits so it was almost a matter of course that his favorite relative should be a grandson so feather-headed, erratic and unreliable that there was no counting on him for anything five minutes ahead. When the old man died suddenly it was found that he had willed the sanitarium to this Dick Carter on condition that he should be there on the ground in precisely one week after the reading of the will and that he should remain and conduct the institution successfully for two months. Failing either provision, the property was to be sold and the proceeds devoted to charity. The villain in the piece was Thoburn who had long had his eye on the Hope Sanitarium, with its golf links, deer park and other attractions, for a summer hotel, and there was nothing that its proprietor loathed more than summer hotels. Thoburn, who knew Dick Carter's erratic disposition as well as he knew his own, was right there on the spot, took up quarters in the institution, and with one eye on the clock, was ready to demand the sale of the property the instant the time expired, and it goes without saying that no one knew where to find the heir. After the lapse of several days he was located, suffering from an attack of mumps, and, incidentally, the mumps play as much of a part in this comedy as the visionary smallpox did in "Seven Days." An irate brother-in-law, recalled from his honeymoon, personally saw the young reprobate on the train headed for Hope Springs but though the train arrived on time the passenger did not. He was next heard from out in Ohio, having seized this opportune time for an elopement. Matters were somewhat desperate at the sanitarium. The lawyer was on hand to make the transfer on this last day of the probationary week, but the party of the second part was still missing. Sam Van Alstyne, quite naturally, wanted to save the property for his scapegrace brother-in-law, and Minnie wanted to see the old doctor's plan carried out, while both were determined to thwart Thoburn and his summer hotel project. At the eleventh hour the same idea occurred to both, a temporary substitute, and the manager of a stranded theatrical company which had gone to pieces in the neighboring town, was pressed into service. It happened that no one in the house knew Dick Carter, and it was hoped that the late arrival, the consequent excitement and a plea of fatigue would help out the deception for one night. All might have gone well were it not for scapegoat Dick who made his untimely entrance a few minutes before midnight, just in time to save his bacon by being literally "on the ground," but, being Dick Carter, bringing with him an additional complication. The girl whom he had married was supposed to be at a boarding school while her father and elder sister (about to commit matrimony with a bit of foreign aristocracy), who were, according to the newspapers, traveling in Mexico together, were really putting up at the sanitarium too, while still another recent addition to the household was an actress to whom Master Dickie had but recently paid ardent court and who was then suing him for breach of promise. The situation was prolific of complications and cross-currents. Youthful Mrs. Carter must keep aloof from her irascible father, and the elopement and consequent social scandal must be suppressed lest Prince Oskar take fright and leave sister Patricia in the lurch. With Pierce, alias Carter, openly received and welcomed by the Van Alstynes and Minnie, there could be no plausible or logical explanation of another claimant, and if the real Dick were to go away the conditions of the will would be broken. About one half the people in the house were in the secret, and between trying to keep the rest from making discoveries, concealing and providing for the two young and almost unmanageable idiots on the premises, thwarting Thoburn's diligent efforts to drive the patients away and thus prove that Carter was unsuccessful, and inducing the healthy, vigorous, energetic Pierce, alias Carter, to have some little sympathy, if only assumed, for the lazy, over-fed and imaginative inmates, there was little time for sleep, much less moping. It is a pretty fair prediction that before the end of the year "Where there's a Will" will be on the stage and rivalling its elder sister "Seven Days." From Bobbs Merrill, Indianapolis.

The clever girl may inspire respect, but a pretty one inspires more envy.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LINEHAN-ARENDT CO., Plaintiff, vs. F. S. DOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: F. S. DOW, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

DONAHUE & GALE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 8-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTONIO SALVAREZZA, alias, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of J. A. Gendotti & C. J. Houston, Attorneys at Law, 1104 First National Bank Building, corner Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, deceased.

MARIA SALVAREZZA,
Executrix of the Estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1912.

J. A. GENDOTTI & C. J. HOUSTON,
Attorneys at Law,
1104 First National Bank Bldg.,
Post and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,652; Department No. 7.

MAE J. RINEY, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3d day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

O. J. FRITZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-17-10

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Loans and Discounts	$20,205,425.40
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at Par	2,500,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds at Par	50,000.00
Other Bonds	3,422,752.16
Other Assets	320,000.00
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	1,832,319.13
Cash and Sight Exchange	12,246,863.20
	$40,577,359.89

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,666,854.23
Circulation	2,500,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign	1,832,319.13
Deposits	30,578,186.53
	$40,577,359.89

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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A Word of Advice

It is to be hoped that the managers of President Taft's interest in California will be dissuaded from taking the bait prepared for them by Mr. Meyer Lissner and his savory pals. These sacrosanct psalm-singers of bullmoosia hope to induce the unregenerate regular Republicans to put Taft electors on the ballot by means of a petition. They have pointed out that this is the proper course to pursue. To escape the odium of their plan to steal the party designation they have pretended to believe that there is no advantage to be derived from it, and they have pointed out that they think so well of the petition as a means of nominating electors that they purpose employing it themselves. The sham of their pretension is obvious. They intend to nominate electors both by convention and by petition. They will nominate by petition because only thus may they hope to perpetuate a Progressive party in California. The electors whom they will nominate by convention will be known as Republican electors. The same electors, nominated by petition, will be known as Progressive electors, and thus the party will acquire under the primary law the right of recognition in the future. Now for two reasons it would be gross stupidity to place Taft electors on the ballot by petition: first, because without the regular party designation they would have no chance of election; secondly, because it would be at once tantamount to acquiescence in the Johnson-Lissner larceny and testimony of the soundness of the Progressive contention. It is absurd to speculate for a moment as to the possibility of electing Taft electors nominated by petition and not otherwise while Roosevelt electors are masquerading as regular Republicans and also appearing as Progressives. In a triangular fight, with Taft electors under the Republican designation and Roosevelt electors designated as Progressives, there would be no chance of Roosevelt's winning. In a triangular fight with Roosevelt electors appearing under the Republican designation there would be little chance of Roosevelt's losing. In a dual contest between Roosevelt and Wilson regular Republicans would rebuke the Progressive fraud and elect the Democratic candidate. The sane course for the Taft Republicans to pursue is to put the Progressive crooks on record, seek to enjoin them in court, and if the technicalities are in their favor let them make the most of their triumph without assistance. It is important that the crooks should be put on record, and it is easy to put them on record. At the convention let them be called upon by the regular Republican delegates to adopt the National Republican platform; let them be called upon to pledge the electors to support the nominees of the Republican ticket; and if they refuse then let them be called upon to justify themselves, or rather, their action, in court. In this connection it is interesting to reflect that while nothing but public opinion and personal honor bind a Presidential elector to vote for the candidate of his party, public opinion and personal honor for one hundred years have had all the force of a constitutional mandate in the selection of a President. No elector ever betrayed his trust. No elector ever obtained his office under false pretenses. It has remained for Theodore Roosevelt and Hiram Johnson, volunteer moral guides of the nation, to sanction and advise the commission of perjury that men might be elected to a convention in which they shall be empowered to nominate to an electoral college men who will not scruple at a moral treason which no elector in the history of the country ever dared to submit to the judgment of history. Regular Republicans ought to be able to find something of satisfaction in being able to compel so hideous an act of dishonor in the interest of the men who are intent on wrecking the party of Lincoln and McKinley.

The Good Mr. Perkins

With our ears full of the beautiful sentiments that fell with dulcet resonance from the lips of our Governor as he wended his way eastward to preach the doctrine of the brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of woman and the paternalism of government, we turn with moist eyes to the testimony given at the legislative investigation of the Harvester Company's plant at Auburn, New York. And as we read that testimony strange emotions surge in our bosom and in the neighborhood of our brisket. And we ask ourselves, May it not be that our good and ingenuous Governor is misled? Who knows but that he is destined to fall into the hands of the enemy of God's people at Armageddon? For it is under the banner of George W. Perkins that Hiram and the Colonel are to battle for the Lord. There is no doubt about Perkins. He is no plutocrat of the Archbold brand; at least, not yet. He stands aces high. He is taken publicly to the Colonel's bosom—at this writing. He is chairman of the Executive Committee of the party which, according to Governor Johnson, is to "make this nation realize that government is founded on human sympathy, on human flesh and bone;" which, also, is to lighten the burdens of women who work, and make the world more comfortable for poor children. That's what the new party stands for. But lo, and behold, here's this investigation in Auburn of a plant owned by a company controlled by Mr. George W. Perkins, a company that Mr. Taft has been prosecuting; and what do we find? We find that girls of 16 years work ten hours a day in the factory for less than eight dollars a week; that they are obliged to do their work standing, and that they work in dark and poorly ventilated rooms where the air is full of twine dust that makes their throats sore. Mr. Perkins, the great public benefactor, who once insured the election of Mr. Roosevelt with the money of the policyholders of the New York Life Insurance Company, has been interviewed about the ways of his company in Auburn, and he admits that conditions are lamentable. He professes to be really sorry that things are as they are, but he predicts that the Progressive party will set them right. Doubtless we ought to have confidence in the prediction of a man so godly as George W. Perkins, but we are apprehensive on account of Governor Johnson. We should hate to see so sincere a man disappointed by his friends. And we cannot but confess that we are distrustful of Mr. Perkins, who, while confessedly violating the labor law of New York, says that he must wait for the Progressive party to render his misdemeanors impossible.

The Iniquitous Canal Bill

It is too bad that when President Taft discussed the Panama Canal bill insofar as it concerns foreign commerce he had nothing to say of its provisions relating to our own commerce. He might have pointed out that England has less reason to complain of discrimination than have the people of this country. In deference to demogogic sentiment our statesmen have made provision for the crippling of our own commerce by prohibiting the railroads that own ships from doing any coastwise business through

the canal. The pretext for this discrimination is that the railroads might drive weak competitors out of business by cutting rates. The shallowness of this pretext is obvious. To hold that it has merit is to express distrust of the Interstate Commerce Commission. As a matter of fact the railroads would not dare to cut rates with the expectation of raising them again. The truth of the matter is that the railroads engaged in trans-oceanic commerce might be able to give cheaper rates on a small percentage of coastwise business, than companies engaged exclusively in the coastwise trade. But the people who built the canal are to be denied the benefit of this competition. So we are to have discrimination in favor of small shipowners, and as a result foreign steamship companies are to be insured a monopoly of trans-oceanic trade. Our statesmen have bowed to the will of the small shipowner, not out of love for him but because it is supposed to be popular to swat the railroads. In this instance the swatting would be far from popular if the consumer and the shipper could understand that they were to be the sufferers. The Canal bill is a piece of iniquity, and will be found to be so. Also, the probability is that it will be found to be unconstitutional, as it clearly discriminates against one class of citizens. We have $20,000,000,000 invested in railroads, and it is proposed to employ the Panama Canal as a club to smite that gigantic property. It is not likely that the courts will find that the Congress and the Executive have the power to perpetrate so grievous an injustice against the numerous stockholders of our second most important industry and also against the vast region whose traffic must make its way to the canal by the trans-continental railroads or not at all. The bill virtually outlaws our great transportation systems, and makes it possible for a ten-dollar bill invested in the starry emblem of our nationality to qualify any foreign-built and foreign-owned ship for admission to the canal free of all tolls and thus undermine the value of every penny expended on American railroads. Verily, as the New York Marine Journal remarks: "The worst enemy of the American ship is the American lawmaker."

Indicting Society

Many homilies have been written on the subject of the reformed thief who became an alderman in Philadelphia and ran away when blackmailed by an ex-convict who threatened exposure. There is much pity for the reformed one, there has been much sentimental gushing over him, and of course his case is pronounced an indictment of society. The indictment of society is a continuous performance these days. Society has come to be recognized as a gigantic criminal. It will never get the punishment it deserves till it is taken out and hanged. The case of the Philadelphia alderman served to show that society has made no provision for safeguarding ex-convicts from ex-convicts, and this neglect is one of society's crimes. It is a reproach against society that it doesn't give ex-convicts who wish to reform a helping hand. This is what we are told by writers of benevolent nature who are ashamed of society, and who would like to make society ashamed of itself. These benevolent writers of cant are the most popular writers of the day, which in itself is something to reproach society with. Society has a voracious appetite for sentimental slush, thus betraying a strong tendency to feminality and effeteness. Society appears to be lacking in those ruder qualities of human nature that are characteristic of strength and manliness, and that are essential to deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. It has become the fashion of the hour to vindicate one's humane impulses by growing excited over proposals of spontaneous reform, and hence the copious, steady flow of crocodile tears and the noise of lamentations for what is chiefly the inevitable. We are living in the land of Gloom bounded on all sides by the Personal Equation, and nothing is indigenous to the soil but the speculative generalities and dogmatic assertions of that profound pundit the academic sociologist who knows the times are out of joint, and thinks that sociology is an exact science and that its professors if given their head will be able to enthrone Perfection on the Heights of Bliss. Now it is not to be gainsaid that society has many sins to answer for. And society is answering for them. All sin is expiated. Life itself is made up of sinning and its expiation. This is platitude almost Rooseveltian in its staleness, yet it must be like a revelation to those benevolent sociologists who cry out against society for not gladdening the hearts of convicts and ex-convicts and for not taking all burdens from their backs. It is well for us to think of the sufferings even of the meanest of human beings, to compassionate them, to seek to uplift them. It is the inherent nobleness of our common nature that we are touched by the sorrows of others. But retribution is not to be banished from this world. It is one of the divine principles in human affairs. Universal and everlasting is the law of requital. Man gets as he gives. And this is as it should be. Otherwise there would be very little of purification, not so much of repentance among men. He that sows the wind ought to reap the whirlwind—not the rich and prosperous alone, but even the lowly. And men should have the courage to bear the consequences of their misdeeds. And there are harder consequences of misdeeds to bear than those that are borne by ex-convicts. On all sides of us are men suffering the most poignant retribution who never saw the inside of prison walls. For the reformed thief who fled from Philadelphia we have pity, but we have been less impressed by the apparent injustice which he suffered at the hands of an ex-convict than by the circumstance that he managed to get himself elected to the board of aldermen under an assumed name. It is far more important to society that it should protect itself from crooks in public office than that it should protect reformed thieves from the consequences of their sinning. The reformed thief of Philadelphia may have intended to be an honest alderman, but it must be admitted that he braved temptation, and the circumstance that a man of unknown antecedents could elevate himself to a position of public trust is a circumstance that ought to give us pause. Society in this country today is suffering more from its politicians than from any other class of men. Our most infamous, most mischievous rogues are to be found among our most popular politicians, and it is not surprising that such should be the case in view of what happened in Philadelphia.

A Specimen Sociologist

The spread of a little learning has done much for sociology as a profession. The world is so full of people who are able to read that almost any man who knows how to write can earn a living if he will not scruple at appearing wise to the ignorant. And thus it is that the multiplying of educational facilities has done much for mediocrity. To illustrate we will take the case of Charles Edward Russell, one of our most prominent sociologists. Mr. Russell makes speeches to culturines who are burdened with a sense of the sorrows of the world and its confusion, and he is quoted with great deference in the public prints whenever he delivers himself of a ponderous impeachment of present things. Just now there is going the rounds an article from the pen of Mr. Russell. It is attracting some attention. Doubtless there are many people who regard it as a sort of last word on matters of great moment. It is worth reading because it gives one insight into Mr. Russell's mental workshop. In this article Mr. Russell tells us "the world has no present need of any more literature," and that "until men are free the world has no need of any more literary efforts, or of any more paintings, of any more poems." If Mr. Russell had nothing more to say it would be easy to agree with him even though we did not understand what he meant by freedom. We know that books and paintings are not necessaries of life. We know moreover that half the books now cumbering our shelves might be destroyed without serious loss to the world. But what is the point of these solemn observations? So far as point is concerned Mr. Russell might just as well have remarked that the world has no present need of any more oceans, or that the world has no present need of any more lecture platforms, or that the world has no present need of any more jokes. The truth is that Mr. Russell after chewing the East wind was under the delusion that he had digested the wisdom of all the prophets. And constrained to give utterance to himself, he sought to entice the public ear with a few prefatory reflections of startling import. His message is in these words: "Nothing amounts to anything except your contribution to the human cause." This impressive observation he amplifies thus: "All that the world needs is that three-quarters of its

population at present condemned to drudgery, darkness and misery shall have a chance to know life as it ought to be, and until that great change has been effected there is nothing else on earth that is worth thinking about." There you have Mr. Russell in a few words. Isn't he a wonder? And that's how he makes a living—going about protesting against the perennial ineptitude, the persistent muddle of life. He sees life in its grim and ugly nakedness, and he knows everything is fundamentally futile—everything "except your contribution to the human cause." On the nature of this contribution Mr. Russell throws no light. Apparently he assumes that the world is agreed as to what the human cause is and how to serve it. A most literal-minded man is Mr. Russell. Life holds no mystery for him. He sees precisely what's wrong with the world. A real Chautauqua philosopher is Mr. Russell, whose audience is always receptive. Feed the culturines on patter, and their appetites are satisfied and they wag their heads approvingly. We quote Mr. Russell in characteristic strain: "It is better to have said one word for the emancipation of the race than to have written the greatest novel of the times." That's a specimen brick in the wonderful structure of Mr. Russell's philosophy. It may puzzle the average man to think of the magic word that surpasses the finest novel of the times, but anyway it's not hard to speak like Mr. Russell. When we read Mr. Russell and consider that he "takes," we realize how much benefit the masses derive from schooling and what a grand thing it is to bring the government back to the people. It may not be impertinent to add that while we are heartily in favor of the emancipation of the race we should not object to the marooning of Mr. Russell far from the madding strife of a world that unfortunately is not easily bored. He is as unnecessary as more literature. He lags superfluous on a well-filled stage.

The Voracious Wildcat

In one year, it is said, the American people contributed about seventy-seven millions of dollars to various fake-investment schemes. This is all that the Government has any knowledge of. The Government has been busy driving get-rich-quick concerns out of business, but it can reach only those that do business through the Post-office Department. There is no industry in this country so profitable as that by which printed paper is converted into coin. And this is an industry that is by no means monopolized by men of shady reputation. Many of our most successful promoters are men of standing in the financial world. Occasionally they capitalize something that "pans out," and thus they acquire a reputation that enables them to mislead investors either with fake enterprises or with paper the face value of which is out of all proportion to the actual value of the property which it represents. In this State we have some protection against what is known as frenzied finance. We have a commission empowered to regulate the issue of paper. Thus far this commission has shown commendable zeal. We believe it has sternly required all corporations to conduct their business on a strictly business basis, but before this commission came into existence there were capitalists and promoters who might have taken advantage of a freedom from regulation, and whose paper might now be altogether too accessible to the unwary. We wonder whether it is not within the power of the commission to protect the public not alone by preventing frenzied finance but also by ascertaining whether business is being done with paper that ought never to have been issued. We understand that financiers are not much in need of protection from dealers in inflated collateral, but it would be well to supply light for the benefit of the small investor who is ever ready to draw his money from a savings bank and become the owner of a nicely engraved bond or debenture.

Forbid The Day

By Ralph Hodgson

The waters sing as sing they must
While there's a stream to flow,
The tempests sing and sing they will
While there's a wind to blow;

But men go by with hungry ears
For songs they'll never know,
Men aching for the melody
Of skylarks long ago.

Perspective Impressions

"Remember," cried Suspender Jack Magee at Syracuse, "Rome was saved by the cackling of geese." Is this republic to be saved by the braying of asses or the ululation of bullmoose?

Mr. Hearst is naively non-partisan in this campaign. He is against everybody.

It is not surprising to learn that John D. Rockefeller has no fear of the Black Hand. The only hand John D. fears is a bony hand and it wields a scythe.

Death the Motor Cop continues to make many arrests among Sunday joyriders.

The two divas who are fighting for possession of Scotti probably believe in eugenics.

Says Andrew Furuseth: "There can be no safety at sea without skilled men." Nor with skilled men, let us add, when they are subject rather to the discipline of the union than to the orders of the captain.

"With the boasted emancipation of women," says Mrs. W. C. Morrow, "has come a marked decrease in courtesy and a failure to be kind and sympathetic." Now let us hear from Mrs. Gerberding.

"You cannot stop vice, says Dr. Aked, "but you can stop the dehumanized denizens of the lower world making money out of weaker people's vice." But why create class favoritism among the vicious?

The Hon. James D. Phelan figures among the big contributors to the Wilson campaign fund, but Rudolph—where, or where, is little Rudie? Isn't it worth something to our most disinterested reformer to smash the tariff on sugar? Rudolph was first to the front with jaw-bone. Let us hope that he will come through with about five thou.

The signs of the times on primary day indicated that California was slowly but surely convalescing.

"The social evil began with a king's courtesan," says Dr. Aked. Then it isn't the oldest profession in the world?

At any rate, the seven Governors to the contrary notwithstanding, Teddy's candidacy doesn't appear to be filling any long-felt want.

Sirloin steak is cheaper in England than in the United States. It was somewhat different in those bad, glad days of William McKinley, but anyway the public conscience has been awakened, and talk has become much cheaper than ever since we began bringing the government back to the people.

Accumulative evidence of the superior taste and culture of the upper classes has been furnished by Jennie Crocker Whitman who has won the distinction of being the only bride that ever carried $50,000 worth of pet dogs on a honeymoon journey. But now the question presents itself, Did it take that much worth of dog flesh to relieve the tedium of a pet husband?

Correspondence

The Future of Woman

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: One of the signs of the times is our addiction to prophecy. The writers of the present are eternally forecasting the future. To live in the Now is to be almost as out-of-date as to live in the past; you must turn your mind to the Going-to-be. Everybody seems to believe in a Hereafter, not the bourn that theology describes but a Heaven on earth where eugenics shall make all men good and the ballot all women happy. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is the latest to stir the Sybilline leaves. An interesting woman Mrs. Burnett of whom it used to be said that her Fauntleroy would blush at her Lady of Quality. She has passed the phase when she gave us infantile namby-pambies in knickers and amorous girls in satin breeches. She sits on the tripod now and rolls the thunders of vaticination. "As I look with the mind's eye at the hazy shape of this fascinating figure (the woman of the future) I see a lessening of the difference between men and women. . . . I see them marching side by side, gentlemen and soldiers, both . . . Neither man nor woman, but just human beings. . . . When I hear that women will be the great financiers, or the great artists or authors of the future, again I refuse to see the human family divided into crude sex halves." And so on. Mrs. Burnett doesn't carry it to its logical conclusion. Other women, more daring, have. They are not afraid to prate of homosexuality. That's because they lack the humor of the man who started all this tommyrot. Nietzsche may have been a mad humorist, but he gave the nineteenth century its greatest joke—took Darwin's theory and reduced it to the absurd with his figure of the Superman. The women don't see the fun, so they look gravely into the future and think they see the Superwoman. But let them beware! Edgar Saltus is something of a prophet too. He looks into the future and sees the "bankruptcy of beauty," an appalling thing. "Only on the infrequent bookshelf will the story of it (feminine beauty) endure, and that story some Renan of a later age, pricking it with the point of his pen, will declare charming and untrue. Such is the effect of progress on beauty. The result whoso reads may run, for the result will be plain women." He says that even now beauty's ultimate conservatories are Benares and Kashmir, and woe to Benares and Kashmir when progress approaches them! What will women do when confronted with the choice between the ballot and beauty?

Sincerely,
—H. W. von G. Schmidt.

Berkeley.

Hiram the Lion

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: See you've been publishing some verses about Teddy. But why slight Hiram, his running mate? The makers of doggerel have been berhyming our dear old Guv, and seem to find him a congenial subject. One of them, in the New York Sun, burst into these metrical chortles when he saw Hiram described as "a roaring lion":

Watch the Lion of the coast,
As with roar and growl terrific,
He drinks right up, almost,
The entire deep Pacific!
Watch him chew with manner free
All the cars of the S. P.

There's more of it, but that should suffice to show that even the "potes" are on to Hungry Hiram.

Yours truly,
—Poeticus.

By Way of Elucidation

San Francisco, September 4, 1912.

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Some of the readers of Town Talk regret that its general excellence should be marred by small prejudices and petty spite. Its prejudice against equal suffrage, for instance, crops out frequently—four times in the issue of August 24. Since equal suffrage is now fait accompli in California why not wait to see how it works instead of jabbing at it so persistently? Do you think it quite fair, for instance, in your "Lincoln and Roosevelt—a Contrast" to say "Lincoln closed his address, March 18, 1864, with these words, 'I will close by saying God bless the women of America.'"? To this you add, "And there were no votes by women in those days" when one as well informed as yourself must know that Lincoln was one of the early suffragists and that he said, "I go for all sharing the privileges of Government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women." In fairness you should publish this to correct an erroneous impression.

—Subscriber and Suffragist.

(Once more Town Talk grieves to learn that it has not the gift of making itself understood. The accusation of small prejudice and petty spite is of course of no consequence to Town Talk. It reflects that familiar state of mind which was once supposed to be peculiar only to the mere man in politics. The mere man finds it difficult to assume that an opponent is actuated by principles that may be broader than the subject under discussion. When it was observed by Town Talk that there were no votes by women at the time that Lincoln invoked the blessing of God on the women of America it was not intended to slur the cause of woman suffrage. We were contrasting Lincoln and Roosevelt, and we thought it clear enough that our purpose was to indicate the disinterestedness of the great Emancipator. The suggestion was implied that Lincoln was absolutely sincere, since no advantage could come to him from his invocation, whereas Mr. Roosevelt's present attitude is one inspired by consideration of personal profit. Ed. Town Talk.)

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

A Closed Season for Seals

Just before the Congress adjourned it ordered that no man should kill a seal on American territory for five years. This order marked the successful outcome of a fight to save the seal herds from extermination which has been going on since 1870. The fight was won by Henry W. Elliott, formerly of the Smithsonian Institution, assisted by Dr. W. T. Hornaday of the New York Zoological Society and the Campfire Club of America. It was won in spite of the seal hunters and their allies. These interests made a determined fight against the order, but only succeeded in having the closed season reduced from ten years to half that time. It is interesting to identify the allies of the seal hunters. They consist of two classes. One of these, according to the New York Times, consists of "the so-called experts, headed by Dr. David Starr Jordan, who have supplied the seal murderers with a semblance of argument for their bad cause." The second class consists of Government officials headed by Walter I. Lembkey, Treasury Agent of the Government in Alaska. The Government has controlled the sale of seal skins in the London market (which is THE market) for two years. Official desire to make a good commercial showing prompted Lembkey's attitude, and he had Secretary Charles Nagel of the Department of Commerce and Labor behind him. In 1870 when Elliott first investigated the seal question in the Pribilofs the herd numbered 4,500,000. Today it numbers from 30,000 to 50,000. The fight for a closed season was made in the Congress by Senator Knute Nelson and Congressman Townsend.

Italy and Turkey

The Italians and the Turks are trying to arrive at some sort of understanding which will put a stop to their war. Turkey has reached the place where she must accept the inevitable. She will have to concede Tripoli to Italy, but no doubt Italy will recognize the religious supremacy of the Sultan and pay a handsome indemnity besides. The war places Italy in an important position in Europe. Henceforth she must be reckoned with as a large factor in all Mediterranean combinations. The years between 1870 and 1912, in which Italy was achieving national unity, are plainly to be followed by years in which Italy will seek to regain the influence of Venice in the Byzantine world as well as of Rome in North Africa. The war has been very expensive for Italy, but the people are pleased with the outcome and willing to pay the price.

The Garrison on Oahu

It is the intention of the War Department to have a force of at least 10,000 men on the island of Oahu. The security of the American naval base in the Pacific demands that the garrison on Oahu be able to hold out at all hazards until the fleet can arrive in Hawaiian waters. That would take about forty days, assuming that the fleet was not employed on another mission and that the Panama Canal was open for its use. For this purpose a force of 10,000 is considered the minimum. In time of war the force would be doubled. The War Department is now working out a scheme whereby opportunities may be given ex-soldiers to remain as residents of Oahu. This would be the beginning of a reserve force.

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Varied Types

XCI—JAMES K. HACKETT

By Edward F. O'Day

This might have been a real interview had we not run into Andy McCarthy. Hackett and I were beginning to take the drama very seriously. We were plunging head first into principles and tendencies; were immersing ourselves in methods of interpretation, rules of criticism and all that sort of thing. We were standing on a high place and regarding the stage from a pretty toplofty viewpoint. We were inclined to be tolerant of nothing but the best, to vent our scorn on mediocrity, even to be severely appraisive of the mightiest. Had not Hackett impressed on me that neither Coquelin nor Mansfield played all of Cyrano? Had there not been words, none too effusive, about a certain Edwin Booth? Not to put too fine an edge upon it, we were in a most highbrow mood.

And then, along came Andy McCarthy, he of the music shop. Privileged by a close acquaintance, he called Hackett "Jim." Even the "Jim" did not take James K. all the way out of his serious preoccupation. The easy intimacy of the "Jim" only alleviated, it did not cure the malady of thought that sicklied o'er the broad brow of the actor-turned-thinker. But as a mild concession to the "Jim", Hackett descended a bit from the empyrean where his mind had been doing spiral dips and showed Andy a letter. You've seen the letter in all the papers. It expresses, in the formal language which Professor "Billy" Armes knows how to use at the proper time, the eagerness of the University people to have Hackett play Othello in the Greek Theatre.

That letter had been partly responsible for the severely intellectual trend of our conversation when Andy McCarthy interrupted. Hackett regarded it reverently, as it were a magical formula to call into being the dream of a lifetime. To do him justice Andy McCarthy received it in the proper spirit. He "came through" with the appropriate congratulations. He did all that a man should do in such circumstances. And Hackett couldn't have been more tickled if he had been a kid in the nursery with a stranger taking a lively interest in his latest toy.

But McCarthy did more. He too produced a letter. And the letter he produced wrecked our bark of thought on a reef of triviality. Triviality, do I say? I'm not so sure about that.

Is it trivial for a perfect dear to write for an actor's photograph? Is it trivial for a cute young thing to write that she has just acquired a prize pup and has named it "Grain of Dust"—"Dusty" for short?

If these things are trivial, the letter was a trifle light as air, for these things were in the letter which the sweet girl had written to Andy McCarthy. But in a case like this the party most interested must be allowed to judge the degree of importance to be assigned. Frankly, Hackett did not regard that letter as a trifle. Or if he did, it was to him a tremendous trifle. His eyes shone, his face expanded in rident satisfaction; he was as one for whom the higher criticism did not exist. Here was appreciation! Here was manna dropped from the heaven of a maiden's boudoir upon a fainting soul! Here was, not the higher but the better criticism!

Hackett has had a cigar named after him. He confessed it to me. That signal, though hardly unique honor came to him many years ago. It was properly appreciated, though strict accuracy compels the statement that appreciation was tempered to the quality of the weed. It was a nickel cigar. And Hackett says it was a rotten cigar, even for a nickel. However, Hackett's name and Hackett's phiz were done onto the lid of a cigar box in garish lithograph. That fact remains. It is chronicled here to show that Art receives many recompenses outside the theatre. But how many artists have had prize pups named for them? Did Edwin Booth, of whom we had been speaking not too effusively? Did Mansfield or Coquelin, neither of whom rose to the full height of Cyrano? It is not of record.

Intent upon the sweet thing who wanted his picture and who would think of him whenever she gathered her prize pup "Dusty" into her soft white arms, Hackett lost the thread of his conversation. Our interview went all to smash. It was flouted by feminine adoration, routed by a



Courtesy of the Call

JAMES K. HACKETT

prize pup. However there were attempts to resume. The subject of San Francisco insofar as it interested or failed to interest itself in the Hackett productions seemed promising.

"San Francisco," said Hackett, sternly banishing the prize pup for the nonce, "will patronize a second rate company in a tried-out play, but it fights shy of a first rate company in an untried drama. For years you've been handed tried-out things, and apparently you will not accommodate yourself to anything else. When you are given a tried-out play you flock to it on the first night, and if it doesn't please you flock somewhere else during its engagement. There can be no quarrel with the people who don't go to a bad play. But what of the people who won't go to a good play because it's new? They are very discouraging.

"I came to San Francisco with several new productions and with an exceptional company. If people had come the first night and stayed away thereafter, there would be no room for complaint. But they even refused to come the first night. It is true that the attendance crawled steadily upward, but it remained a crawl. The pace was too slow.

"Dramatically considered, San Franciscans are not from California; they're from Missouri. They must be shown. And they're very slow about giving you the opportunity to show them. I intended to show them some other new plays, but lacking encouragement in what I did, I couldn't see my way clear to do more.

"Why, even Oakland seemed to feel badly about the way I was treated. The night I played there the people applauded me out of all reason. They were trying to give me a pat on the back.

"The plays I gave were good plays. 'The Grain of Dust' is a good sound entertainment. 'The Melody of Youth' will be a success. 'A Man on Horseback' is all there. It is not quite crystallized of course. There are things to be done to it. It lacks the punch as yet, but it is interesting in spite of its defects. Too bad 'Tark' couldn't have been here to attend to its case. But he'll get around to it later. I suppose the author should be on the job when a new play is launched. And yet there are two sides to that. Brandon Tynan was on the job—with a megaphone! Can you imagine being rehearsed through a megaphone?

"Take it all in all, the engagement was not what it should have been. But if it has started discussion of San Francisco as a producing centre it will have accomplished something. At the same time I'm afraid I haven't received enough encouragement to make me care to try it again. But one thing my stay in this part of the world has brought me cannot be measured in any words of mine—the chance to appear in the Greek Theatre in Othello, a part I have been longing all my life to play."

That brought us round to the "Billy" Armes letter. And it brought us round to the professor himself who came in under escort of Mrs. James K. Hackett. One letter led to another, and of course Armes had to hear of the sweet young thing who demanded Hackett's picture and who had remembered him when she needed a name for her prize pup. The presiding genius of the Greek Theatre was impressed. I do believe that in his heart of hearts he'd like to be an actor and have such things happen to him.

"Did you ever hear of a better name for a dog," demanded Hackett, all enthusiasm. "Grain of Dust! Dusty for short! It's superb!"

"It's a great honor for you," said "Billy" Armes.

"I'm inclined to think that the honor belongs to me," said Mrs. Hackett. "You know, in the play I'm the Grain of Dust."

"By Jove, you're right," said Husband Hackett.

Magnanimously he relinquished the prize pup to his wife. But there was consolation. He still had the photograph.

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A Most Agreeable Man

By Hans Arnold (From the German)

Frau Hegeler, whose husband was counselor of justice, was very happy one morning because she had got rid of a tiresome visitor. The pleasant task of reducing the guest-room to a state of formal disuse, of removing from the table and bureau the mats and covers which in every well regulated family seem to spring up from out of the earth like mushrooms, was ended. The housewife returned to her sewing-table and soothed her nerves in that delicious quiet which seemed to be her right in the forenoon.

The boys were at school; Linchen, the grown daughter, was at her painting lesson; the father was in his office, and the housewife held moral communion with herself. She bore witness to herself of her admirable behavior—something which is always pleasing to poor, weak humanity.

For five long weeks she had borne with lamb-like patience the strain of smiling each time she crossed the path of her guest—a little thing which guests have a habit of expecting. She also had heroically stood the far harder test of "sitting down" with Fraulein Caroline after the first breakfast. Fraulein Caroline belonged to that category of "talkers" who hold long and minute discourses over apparently the most unimportant events. Even more; she knew how to intersperse her conversation with shy little attacks and sudden questions, such as: "What do you think about it?" or "Do give me your opinion!" thus devising pitfalls to insure the attention of the listener and to prevent him from taking convenient refuge behind unconscious hearing and sympathetic acquiescence.

Our good Frau Hegeler was therefore justified in being glad when she saw the carriage with two trunks, five pieces of hand baggage and Fraulein Caroline roll around the corner—and she was glad!

The door opened and the master of the house appeared upon the threshold. At this hour? That denoted some unusual event. "What, Alexander?" said his wife. "Already here?"

"Already" does not seem a friendly mode of greeting, but Hegeler found it advisable just now to ignore the word. He sat down opposite his wife and opened and closed her scissors several times in succession. He held them before him and looked at them with grave attention.

"Nice scissors!" said he.

His wife looked at him with a tinge of irony.

"Well, speak it out, then!" said she laughingly. "When you begin to praise my old scissors, you must indeed have weighty reasons to put me in good humor. What is it?"

"The musical festival takes place before Christmas," began he in measured tones.

"So?" replied his wife with ominous indifference.

"And the members of the academy have been asked to entertain the out-of-town guests," continued Alexander, without looking at his wife. She raised her eyebrows and hammered on the table with her thimble. "How would it do," suggested Alexander with somewhat uneasy playfulness, "if we should offer to entertain somebody, Emily?"

"It would be absolutely fatal to me!" replied Emily. "A half an hour ago I got rid of Caroline, whom you inflicted upon me, and now I'm to take into the house somebody else! No, Alexander, please don't do anything of the kind!"

Alexander paced up and down the room; casting now and then a timid, sidelong glance at his wife. She sewed as if for dear life.

"Emily!" began he in ingratiating tones.

Emily looked up for a brief moment and then returned to her work.

"I must confess to you," continued the miserable husband, "that I have already said we were willing!"

Emily stood up. "You might have told me that before," said she with uncanny complacence. "Then I wouldn't have shut up our guest-room. Well, it can't be helped now. We run a hotel, that's all; only with the fine distinction that no one pays in it!"

"Emily, you have a peculiar conception of hospitality!" retorted Alexander hotly.

Emily already had her hand on the door-knob. "At least do me one favor; refrain from delivering any moral lectures," said she with some bitterness. "It can't be helped now, I know. When is your Arion coming?"

"On the sixteenth," replied the very downcast master.

"Then I shall at least try to have the washing done on the fourteenth," said Emily as she left the room. "Heaven grant that the laundress can come!"

The laundress declared herself willing to come on the fourteenth, two days sooner than had been expected, and Emily regained an attitude of droll patience.

The news that a singer was to visit in the house had a joyful and thrilling effect upon the children. The father with a lighter heart now began to give details of the important event. Herr Lark—"He is said to be a most agreeable man," observed the father sanguinely—would remain two nights with them. His days would be so completely taken up with rehearsals and entertainments given by his fellow singers that he would scarcely be seen save at meal times.

The second wash-day dawned. This period of life, in which all comfort seemed to flee from the household, weighed heavily upon its members. Clouds of steam arose from the laundry; every two hours mountains of bread and butter, batteries of beer-bottles and coffee-pots were made ready for the laundress. On this especial day the housewife herself attended to the cleaning of the bedrooms, so that the washing might be completed before Herr Lark made his appearance.

At just this juncture the unwelcome door-bell sounded.

Frau Hegeler rushed to the front door. A very tall, lanky youth stood there with smoothly brushed hair and a huge handsatchel.

A gloomy suspicion flashed through Frau Hegeler's brain, and immediately received fatal confirmation through the bland communication of the young gentleman: "My name is Lark!"

"This hospitable house has assured me a friendly reception," began Herr Lark in a "preaching" tone, but he was cut short in the very fundamental thought of his theme by Frau Hegeler, who cried in horror:

"But you were not to come until the sixteenth!"

Herr Lark bowed low with decorum. "So it was to have been," replied he meekly; "but it happened that I obtained leave of absence on the fourteenth; and I hope that this unimportant change will not prove burdensome to you?"

What could our housewife do? She smiled with forced cheerfulness and replying with an absolute falsehood: "Oh, you do not disturb us in the least," led Herr Lark into the living room where she deposited him upon a sofa before a huge plate of bread and butter sandwiches. She then flew to the guest-room to put it in order.

The laundress panted after her like a soapy beast of burden, carrying Herr Lark's valise, whose outside cover looked like an overstuffed sausage and gave the impression that its owner had provided himself with a supply for at least fourteen days.

While the housewife was presiding in unconcealed disgust in the temple of hospitality, suddenly sweet sounds arose from the living-room and a rumbling bass voice sang: "Wander with me in the grove, in the grove, in the grove!" A friendly summons which, roughly counted, repeated itself—at least so it seemed to the stupefied housewife—about sixteen times and in its execution offered apparently unsuspected difficulties, for in the middle of it the melody broke forth, and the summons then began afresh: "Wander with me in the grove, in the grove!"

When Frau Hegeler, with questioning looks, stepped into the living-room where Herr Lark, with decidedly big hearted views concerning the rights of a guest, had settled himself at the piano, it seemed in no way to disturb him. With graceful indifference he turned his head in her direction and said: "Perhaps you will be good enough to have the piano tuned."

As this artist of song seemed to be an artist of song only, enticing countless discords from the misused keys, the uncharitable question arose in his hostess' mind as to whether the piano were not sufficiently well tuned for that. She was even daring enough to give expression to this reflection, but was reduced to silent confusion by the young man's sharp remark: "It is impossible for me to practice with such a badly tuned instrument!"

The unrestrained freedom with which Herr Lark behaved upon this occasion was characteristic of his further relations with the family. From the first moment he regarded the house, the counselor of justice and all the counselor of justice's family, as his servile, unconditional property, he himself being decidedly the principal character.

On the day of his arrival he delighted the family with the simple remark: "I should like to have dinner an hour later today, as I want to do some sight seeing."

(Continued on Page 19)

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Poems About San Francisco

LVII—TELYGRAFT HILL

By Wallace Irwin

(The following "ballad-epic," as its author has described it, embalms for all future ages the peculiar glory, the unique fascination of our most famous hill. No matter what prosperity Telegraph Hill may come into through the efforts of the civic bodies which are bent on tidying up its precipitous slopes, this poem will remain to tell of the days when it was poor, dirty but happy. "Telygraft Hill" appeared in Sunset, May, 1904.)

O Telygraft Hill she sits mighty and fine,
Like a praty that's planted on ind,
And she's bannered wid washin's from manny a line,
Which flutther and dance in the wind.
O th' goats and th' chickens av Telygraft Hill
They prosper all grand and serene,
For when there's short pickin' on Telygraft Hill
They feed their swate sowls on the scene.

For the Irish they live on the top av it,
And the Dagos they live on the base av it,
And every tin can in the knowledge av man,
Is scattered all over the face av it,
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
Nobby owld, slobby owld Telygraft Hill!

O Telygraft Hill she sits proud as a queen
And the docks lie below in the glare
And th' bay runs beyant 'er all purple and green
Wid th' ginger-bread island out there,
And the ferry boats toot at owld Telygraft Hill,
And th' Hill it don't care if they do
While the Bradys and Caseys av Telygraft Hill
Joost sit there enj'yin' th' view.

For the Irish they live on the top av it,
And the Dagos they live on the base av it,
And th' goats and th' chicks and th' brick bats and shticks
Is joombled all over th' face av it,
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
Crazy owld, daisy owld Telygraft Hill!

Sure Telygraft Hill has a castle from Wales
Which was built by a local creator.
He made it av bed-slats wid hammer and nails
Like a scene in a stylish the-ay-ter.
There's rats in the castle o' Telygraft Hill,
But it frowns wid an air of its own
For it's runnin' th' bloof that owld Telygraft Hill
Is a sthrong howld of morther and shtone.

For the Irish they live on the top av it,
And the Dagos they live on the base av it,
And th' races they fight on the wrong side and right
To the shame and onendin' disgrace av it,
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
Windy-torn, shindy-torn Telygraft Hill!

And Telygraft Hill has an iligent lot
Of shanties and shacks, Hivin knows!
An' they're hangin' on tight to the jumpin'-off spot
Be th' grace av th' Saints and their toes;
And th' la-ads that are livin' on Telygraft Hill
Prefer to remain where they're at,
And they'd not trade a hen-roost on Telygraft Hill
For a mansion below on the flat.

For th' Irish they live on the top av it
And th' Dagos they live on th' base av it,
And th' owld sod gossoon sits as high as th' moon
And there's nawthin he'd take in th' place av it,
Av Telygraft Hill, Telygraft Hill,
Lumpy owld, bumpy owld Telygraft Hill!

The Spectator

Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth

One of the interesting triumphs of the Johnson machine at the primary election was the defeat of the man who made the boss of the machine possible. Where would Hiram Johnson be were it not for Grove L. Johnson? This is not a question in eugenics. Nor is it intended to stimulate speculative inquiry. It is not to be disputed that Grove L. Johnson, Sacramento's foremost statesman and most inveterate Republican, gave to California the purest and best Governor the State ever had. Nor is it to be disputed that the son was responsible for the father's defeat at the primary election. But Johnson pere is taking his defeat philosophically. He knows what it is to have a thankless child, but he isn't whining. On the contrary he is felicitating himself on having many a good fight left in him. He has infinite patience, has Johnson pere, and he is biding his time, knowing full well that the whirligig of time will bring in its revenges. According to Grove L. the machine concentrated all its batteries on him in the campaign. Instructions were sent out to beat him, and the tax-eaters at the capitol voted as a man. In order to defeat him, he says, they dragged religion into the campaign. It appears that the Governor's stepmother is a Catholic, and this circumstance, says Grove Johnson, was employed to revive A. P. A. sentiment. Somebody had a roster of a defunct A. P. A. lodge, and to all the survivors a circular was sent calling attention to the fact that Grove Johnson had married a Catholic.

Kent Causes Anxiety

Congressman Bill Kent hasn't been heard of since the primary, and consequently his friends are filled with anxiety. When Bill changed his mind in the interest of the nation it was too late to get on the primary ballot, but he decided to get in the running for the general election by means of a petition, and then there was general rejoicing in anticipation of the pactolian stream which always flows when Bill smites the rock of the family treasury. After the primary, however, the bearded glooms made their appearance on the scene. Seeing what Mr. Hart of Marin had done to his opponents of the First District the friends of Easy-money Kent were overwhelmed with misgivings. They began to doubt that he would have the courage of his bullion. The Man who Winds the Ferry Clock has tried to console them. As that shrewd philosopher points out none but a man with more money than brains would think of trying to beat Kent, and that's Kent. The Johnson machine gerrymandered the district for the benefit of Clifton Connick, and though Clifton beat the regular Republican, Hart polled more votes than both of them. So it would seem to be utter folly for Kent to enter the race, but as the water front philosopher points out Kent is blessed with just the kind of excess that may prove grateful to the friends of the Kentfield statesman in this time of drought. Foremost among them, by the way, is the Hon. Francis J. Heney who has brayed himself out on the Chautauqua circuit and is now hungry for an engagement.

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Money for the Campaign

The Bull Moosers in San Francisco are a bit downcast because they haven't as much money as they would like to spend for the final round-up of votes. The multiplication of elections has worked a terrific drain on the pockets of those who are willing to put up the cash with the lively expectation of being repaid with favors later on. When one financial demand follows another even the most generous contributor is apt to balk, and that seems to be the situation right now. The Democrats on the other hand do not seem to be in any lack of funds. They have James D. Phelan and Rudolph Spreckels to "touch," and they expect the National Committee to pour a golden stream into the State later on. The Bull Moosers can hardly look to the East for assistance. The moneyed men of the party, like Gifford Pinchot, are not noted for their free spending. They spend their time, and not their dollars in uplifting the masses. It really looks as though the oilers of the Johnsonian machine will have to depend largely on the funds they can collect from the salaries of those they have helped to seats on the pie wagon.

Trouble at Stockton

Travelers on their way to this city who passed through Stockton Monday night on the Chicago Limited probably received a bad impression in regard to our Native Sons. When the Chicago Limited stopped at the Stockton depot about a hundred hoodlums wearing Native Son badges swarmed into the train, many of them clambering over the rear rail of the observation platform. They crowded into the observation car, overflowed the smoking compartment and entrenched themselves in the Pullman seats. It was pointed out to them that the Chicago Limited was not a local train, but they wanted to get to San Francisco and showed every intention of making the trip on that particular train. There was a good deal of bad language and hooligan behavior, and finally the railroad people sent for the Stockton police. It was two hours before the train was rid of the hoodlums and in condition to continue its run. The question is, Were these Native Sons or just hoodlums who went to Stockton for the Ninth and managed to get hold of Native Son badges?

Our Foreign Graduates

Would there be broader culture in evidence here if more of our young men went abroad for their education? The question was discussed at the University Club the other evening. The general opinion seemed to be that if we were closer in touch with the schools of Europe the humanities would inform our western life more thoroughly than they do now. Then somebody asked, How many members of the University Club got their degrees abroad? A hasty telling over of names showed that there were very few. Oxford is represented by A. Balfour, Morse Stephens and Edmund Leyland Woods, which is a poor showing. London University is represented by W. O'B. and J. M. Macdonough. Alfred G. Sheath is a Stonyhurst man and R. L. Porter came from the Royal College of Surgeons. Edinburgh gave us William W. Kerr and Robert E. Allardice. Dublin is represented by John A. Wright and M. M. O'Shaughnessy. The Avenalis got their degrees in Rome; J. C. Cebrian and E. J. Molera, from the Royal Academy of Engineers in Spain; Paolo de Vecchi is a Turin man; F. Dohrmann Jr. is from Berlin; Kaspar Pischel, from Innsbruck; Carl Renz, from Tubingen; Charles A. von Hoffman and Armin O. Leuschner from Leipzig; Baron von Schroeder, from the Military Academy at Potsdam; George M. Robertson from the University of Lausanne; P. J. van Loben Sels from Utrecht; and A. von der Ropp from Freiberg. After all, that isn't a very large list for so cosmopolitan a city. But of course there are a good many who don't belong to the University Club.

Eugenics and the Fair

So there is talk of holding an International Congress of Eugenics here in 1915! Professor Vernon L. Kellogg, fresh from the Eugenic Congress in London, gave forth this interesting bit of news from the porticoes of Stanford last week. By all means let us have such a congress! It may do no good, but think what an amount of amusement we should derive from the learned ponderings of scientific gents who want to regulate our breeding! I'd rather attend a sitting of the Eugenic sharps than eat peanuts or visit the sideshows. That it will be of "epoch-making importance," as Professor Kellogg insists, I cheerfully agree. We are quite used to meetings of epoch-making importance these serious-minded times. Everything from a Bull Moose Convention to a weekly meeting of an improvement club is of epoch-making importance. The epochs go on making themselves despite the whereases and the be-it-resolveds—a way the epochs have—but what's the odds? I appeal to John Brisben Walker, director of congresses for 1915, not to let this Eugenic stunt receive the overlook.

That London Congress

Professor Kellogg was tremendously impressed with the London Congress, of which he was no small part. Not to have been impressed with it would have argued a lamentable lack of self-esteem, something of which your university don, with all his faults, has never been guilty. It too was of "epoch-making importance." It was more than that. It was a god-send to the paragraphers. Every paper with a pretense of humor, from Punch to the Pink-'Un, had its fling at the Eugenic Congress. I have a habit, not a bad one, I think, of glancing at the London papers, so I



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know something of the Eugenic Congress. I have read that the Congress was due largely to the efforts of the Fabian Society. The Fabian Society is not taken as seriously in London as it is in San Francisco. A story told during the sessions of the Eugenic Congress will illustrate this. It seems that the Fabian, as part of a data-gathering attempt, sent out circulars to its members, making chaste inquiry as to whether the members took any means to limit the number of their offspring, and if so, what means. To this one old gentleman replied: "Sirs,—the number of my children is limited solely by the number of ladies who refuse to listen to my suggestions."

Quiller Couch's Definition

It was a merited rebuke. The eugenic cranks claim the privilege of talking plain Anglo-Saxon about matters which convention has banished from conversation. In this sense a convention of eugenists may be described (if the pun may pass) as entirely unconventional. So bald are the talks of these hobbyists, so free from the trammels of shame that Sir Arthur Quiller Couch has defined Eugenics as "How to be dirty in the drawing room." Taking their cue, the London journalists have poured ridicule on the Congress by indulging in some rather grotesque riskiness. Thus one writer says: "Hitherto, whenever I have taken a lady in to dinner and commenced to talk about the propagation of the human race, a certain amount of embarrassment has arisen, and my motives have been misunderstood. Mr. Balfour's presence, however, at the Eugenic Congress, not only lets me into polite society once more, but puts the cachet on the discussion of this genial topic."

Killing by Ridicule

In other words, they are poking fun at this "Burbanking of the human race," as Doc Jordan calls it, and doing it to death that way. I have seen it stated, by the way, that Sir Francis Galton was the founder of Eugenics. A mistake! It dates from antiquity, and its inventor was Thalestris, the Queen of the Amazons. Read the story about her and Alexander the Great in Diodorus Siculus; or if you're rusty on the classic side, turn it up in Montaigne. The London paragraphers afore-mentioned affect to find practicioners of the science. "Many ladies," says one, "have already adopted the Eugenic course, sacrificing themselves on the altar of the race, 'doing good by stealth and blushing to find it fame,' realizing that sooner or later they would be justified by a Congress." Elsewhere in the London press I have seen a suggestion about "a eugenic restaurant where only foods of a racially exhilarating character would be dispensed."

The Puzzle of Heredity

One of the pundits at the Congress in London gravely pointed out that if a child does not resemble its male parent the reason lies in the condition of the father's mind at some particular moment. Which must be a consoling thought to some paters who have had their doubts! I suppose the eugenists will some day quote a certain episode of Tristram Strandy as part of their propaganda! But seriously, what can the Eugenists do? Simply disseminate knowledge of the laws of heredity, so far as they are surely known, and that isn't very far. It is because the cranks go beyond this, led either by lack of the sense of humor or the prurient itch, that the Congress proposed for San Francisco in 1915 has such possibilities. Attending a session will be like listening to a risky story!

A Bierce Story

During his stay in San Francisco Ambrose Bierce has been regaling his friends with many good stories. Some of his best have to do with that celebrated English journalist George Augustus Sala. Bierce tells of an occasion when Sala, himself and several other good spirits had an all-night session at the Garrick Club in London. "We happened to find there a port which pleased us," is the way Bierce accounts for the prolonged sitting. Just when dawn was beginning to peep in at the windows Sala rang for the waiter. "Bring another bottle of that excellent port," he ordered, "and place it under the table; I'll be there in a minute."

His Best Epigram

Bierce was asked the other day what he regarded as his best epigram. That was rather a poser. He thought a good while before answering. Somebody suggested that perhaps his best was: "Lovely woman! would that we could oftener be thrown into your arms without falling into your hands!" or something to that general effect. But Bierce shook his head. Finally he made the admission that the following had been a good deal admired (I do not pretend to quote accurately): Adam and Eve had been driven from the Garden. But the Angel with the Flaming Sword slept. So Eve left Adam and stole back into Eden. "Thank God! I am again in Paradise," said—Adam.

The Bruguiere Tangle

The necessity of a divorce law uniform in all the States of this country receives fresh illustration in the suit in which Dr. Pedar Bruguiere is now involved. It is of course too bad that our divorce laws are so at variance and that they cause many tangles and perplexities, but being

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what they are it would be well for the courts to be less inclined than they appear to be to make confusion worse confounded. And it would be well for lawyers who engage in what is known as divorce practice to be held to a stricter regard for high ethical principles than to be permitted to yield to considerations of personal profit. As to the merits or demerits of the Bruguiere case I do not pretend to be informed, but I have made some inquiry as to certain facts with the result that I am convinced it must be admitted to be both curious and deplorable that the plaintiff so long slept on her rights if any there be. Dr. Bruguiere was divorced from the plaintiff in Nevada seven years ago. She now seeks to have the decree set aside on the ground that she was not served with summons in the case. According to Dr. Bruguiere she knew of the suit and evaded service of summons, and he was compelled to obtain service by publication. Whatsoever the fact she knew when the decree was granted, and she made no effort to have it set aside. On the contrary she considered herself divorced, and went to New York where she married a man named Denning.

A Shifty Lawyer

The second marriage like the first proved unhappy. Denning wished to get rid of his wife, but in New York divorce is not easy. He decided to sue for annullment of the marriage. Mrs. Denning didn't want the marriage annulled. The information was brought to Pedar Bruguiere, who, by this time being both a happy husband and father perceived that he had some interest in the matter of the annullment proceedings. Through his attorney W. B. Treat he employed a New York lawyer, one L. Barton Case, to defend the suit for his former wife. Case accepted a retainer from him with the understanding on Dr. Bruguiere's part that his interests would be protected. Presently Dr. Bruguiere learned that the suit not having been prosecuted, had been dismissed. Later he learned that with Case as her attorney Mrs. Denning brought suit to annul her marriage and obtained a judgment. This is the judgment which she now sets up by way of justifying her present action. Case it appears has been her attorney and devoted to her interests ever since. From all of which circumstances it is argued by Dr. Bruguiere's attorney that the New York judgment was obtained by fraud and collusion and that Case played the part of a rogue. Now whatever be the law to be applied in this state of affairs it is clear that there are interests other than those of either Dr. Bruguiere or his former wife to be considered at this time. If, as it has been suggested, the former Mrs. Bruguiere is debarred from remarrying in New York owing to the decree obtained for her by Case, she has only herself and her lawyer to blame. The tangle is chiefly of her own making, and the courts of San Francisco may not deem it their duty to straighten it out for her.

A Criticism Recalled

"That reminds me of Alan Dale," said a lady to her escort the other night at the close of the second act of "Bought and Paid For," just as Charles Richman smashed a hole in the door of his wife's bedroom. The lady has a very good memory. She told her escort that her memory has gripped for years a line of criticism written by Alan Dale. The criticism was of a play in which Charles Richman played a leading role in the days when the former leading man of the beautiful Mrs. Langtry and idol of the matinee miss was on Charles Frohman's staff of mummers. In the play, as in "Bought and Paid For" Richman had something to do with a door, and all that the caustic Dale had to say of him was, "Charles Richman pummels a door very well." The lady in whose memory this criticism has stuck during the years wondered whether Mr. Broadhurst, remembering the Alan Dale compliment, selected Richman for the door-smashing part on account of the special faculty which he formerly displayed under Mr. Frohman's management.

That Sensational Scene

That door-smashing incident at the Cort, by the way, has become the subject of heated controversy in this mild-mannered and highly moral community. I hear that one of our busybody clergymen who has never seen the play has thought of urging the authorities to suppress it on account of the climax of that sensational second act. He has heard all about it, and he thinks it is indecent. This clergyman is hopelessly behind the times, which is the penalty of shunning the theatre. It is only by keeping in touch with the stage that a man can know the drift of public sentiment, the tendency of public taste. Whoso neglects the drama of the day dwelleth in darkness. For the drama reflects the men and women, the deeds and thoughts of the time; it is informed with the sentiments, the customs of the moment. If the clergyman who thinks the door-smashing incident improper were in touch with the drama he wouldn't think of recommending the suppression of "Bought and Paid For." Up to this sort of play the people have been educated: that is, up to the sort of play that makes one an eavesdropper, as it were, at marital infelicities and at passionate episodes in family boudoirs. There may have been a time when persons of delicate sensibilities were somewhat shocked to find themselves spying upon the intimacies of stage husbands and stage wives, but assuredly every regular theatregoer has by this time become callous to such situations. In view of all the experience we have had of plays that actually pander to salacious caprice the door-smashing episode of "Bought and Paid For" can hardly be said to be anything more than indecorous. There is more of brutality in that second act than anything else. The circumstance that the husband is "liquored every chink" warrants the conclusion that after smashing the door subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

Wesley Reed at Tahoe

The lamentable break has been made many times before. Men in dress clothes have been mistaken for servants so often that the situation has little of interest. There is of course the classic occasion when a peer at St. James' strode up to Ambassador Choate and said: "Call me a carriage," whereupon the ever ready Joseph (to whom the order would not have been misdirected had he worn a coat of many colors instead of black and white) cheerfully replied: "You're a carriage!" There are many other instances. The latest is that of Charles Wesley Reed at Tahoe. It would not deserve mention but for the personality of Charles Wesley. A. man of serious port is Charles Wesley, a man who takes himself as much to heart as did that other distinguished reformer Charles Wesley. You'd as soon trifle with Wesley Reed as hurl an insulting epithet at the equator. Majesty surrounds him; grandeur goes wherever he moves, as it were his footman. He never laughs; and when he smiles 'tis as though an Olympian deity of the first class condescended to be amused at the antics of mere mortals. And so the faux pas at



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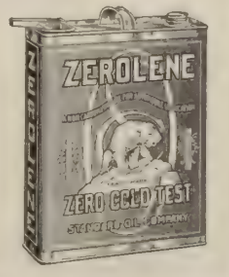
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Tahoe deserves mention. Be it known that Charles Wesley Reed, alone of all the guests at the Tavern, got himself into formal evening dress for the dinner hour. Formality of dinner attire is not de rigeur at Tahoe; but it is de rigeur everywhere for Charles Wesley Reed. And so he loomed, a splendid figure, in the dining room. His meal was ever a function. One evening, however, he stopped to chat with friends at the entrance to the dining room. Whereupon two very charming ladies from Akron, Ohio, or Kalamazoo, Michigan, (had they been Californians they would of course have known Charles Wesley the famous), handed him their meal tickets as they entered the room. The rest is too painful, even for a faithful chronicler.

Experto Credite!

Charley Brennan, one of the brightest local stars of the Associated Press, was sauntering along Powell street the other day, unlimbering his mind from the cares of journalism, when he chanced to meet "Kid" Sullivan. "Kid" Sullivan is engaged in legitimate merchandizing these days, and is doing his best to live down the past which brought him the distinction of "King of the Pickpockets." Charley stopped to hold convere with the Kid. "Better look out for that or it'll be stolen," warned the Kid, pointing to a handsome scarfpin which adorned Charley's front. "I don't think so," replied Brennan; "it's very securely fastened." "That's all right, Charley," responded the Kid with solemnity; "but remember, when a man has larceny in his heart the vibrations are terrible."

Municipal English

I quote from a resolution adopted by the Board of Supervisors: "Whereas, The history of California is the most unique and interesting of any State in the Union, and upon September 9 is commemorated her admission, without territorial childhood, into the sisterhood of the nation." Most unique! Won't some normal school girl tell the City Fathers that nothing can be most unique? And then that gem, Without territorial childhood! Foh! a fico for the phrase!

The Souse of the Flowers

Some learned botanist advances the theory that flowers can become intoxicated. What must be the condition of the orchid when a careless debutante spills her wine on her corsage! However, the subject has poetical possibilities. As for instance:

The flowers had a merry night;
The vintage wine was good;
And truth to tell, they drank much more
Than temp'rate flowers should.

The Rose was heard to mention that
He liked the wine's bouquet.
"You tippler!" the Mock-orange mocked,
"It's making your nose gay!"

The Bitter-sweet in acid tones
Complained about the taste.
But jovial Jack-in-Pulpit cried,
"It shall not go to waste!"

The Hop drank beer and tried at first
With Cactus to entwine;
But Cactus said, "I cannot dance;
It seems to hurt my spine!"

The poor Wallflower sat alone
While laughing dancers passed her;
"She'd like to waltz," the Crocus croaked,
"But nobody has Aster!"

You should have seen Crab-apple try
To walk with crablike gait!
But when the Crowsfoot came he peeved
And said, "It's getting late!"

Sweet William flirted openly
With Iris, but the shock
Sent Myrtle home when he hiccupped
About a Lady's-smock.

The Buttercup quite rudely tried
The Maiden's-hair to pull
Which made the Madwort Madder,
For the Buttercup was full!

And so on, and so on! You can keep it up as long as your list of flowers holds out. Try it on your rhyming dictionary!

A Bad Day for Tea

My attention has been called to the interesting fact that the dear ladies don't drink tea on election day. A curious phenomenon, worthy the attention of the cult of bavardage. The favorite places to drink tea in public are the Palace and the St. Francis. Every afternoon you may see the sweet creatures in their daintiest frocks gathered around the tables in the Palace court and the St. Francis tea room. But on election day there were very few of them. The thing is not to be accounted for on the theory that the women were too busy doing politics or casting their ballots. There are very few politicians and very few voters among the devotees of the Palace court and the St. Francis tea room. How account for the situation then? An explanation has been suggested to me. It would explain another cognate fact, the desertion of the Tapestry Room (where tea is not served) on this same election day. It really looks as though the beverage which the dear ladies drink at tea time must be one the sale of which is prohibited on election day. I wonder if that can be so?

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Broken Engagement

The papers announced a few days ago that the engagement of a charming young woman, well known in a not undistinguished social set, had been broken at the eleventh hour. This young woman had been engaged for some time to a certain young Easterner. After many delays the date of the wedding was set, the Easterner journeyed across the continent to claim his bride, and a day of recent date was to see them made man and wife in the presence of a large crowd of guests. The trousseau had been completed and carefully packed in the honeymoon trunks, the wedding presents had been laid out for the edification of friends, the wedding breakfast had been ordered and the hymeneal decorations were all in place. And then, on the evening before the wedding day, only a few hours before the happy event was to take place, the engagement was broken, the arrangements for the wedding were canceled and the order was given that the decorations be dismantled. Naturally there was great wonderment among the wedding guests when they were hastily told that they need not attend on the following day. The next morning's papers contained, not advance notices of the ceremony and festivities scheduled for that day, but first page illustrated stories of the sudden change of plans. Readers were informed that the young lady had suddenly changed her mind. She had exercised the inalienable prerogative of her sex which, as we all know, is emotional, temperamental, subject to sudden whims and unexpected caprices.

The Reason Why

The explanation in the daily papers hardly explained. It is true that the young woman took the privilege of her sex by cancelling the bond which united her to the young Easterner, but it was no mere whim which prompted her action. There was a bit of drama behind the sudden overthrow of this romance, of drama such as we might be apt to scoff at for its lack of verisimilitude should we see it presented on the stage. The drama of real life is apt to be rather sordid at times, to be conspicuously defective in the heroic quality, the glamor of romance. That was the case in the present instance. Briefly, the young man from the East refused to marry the young woman unless the young woman's father gave him $15,000 in advance. His offer was turned down, not with overwhelming indignation however. The father accepted a situation which found him at a disadvantage and tried to turn the tables on the young man. Had he succeeded the marriage would have taken place. But he did not succeed; so it was declared off.

He Refused a Check

We all remember that just before the Earl of Yarmouth went to the altar with the daughter of the house of Thaw, the Pittsburg millionaire who is her father was compelled to pay into the hands of the gallant peer a sum of money sufficient to pay all his debts and leave him a generous amount of pin money. Perhaps this might be called by the dignified name of dowry, but the circumstances made that term euphemistic; it was in reality a hold-up. Our young man from the East may have taken a leaf from Yarmouth's note book, or he may have proceeded on his own hook. However that may be, on the very day before the wedding was to be celebrated, he went to the young woman's father and stated that he must be immediately placed in possession of $15,000 or there would be no marriage. This demand startled the father, as you may readily believe, but he did not lose his presence of mind. His daughter had been engaged for several years; to his way of thinking the thing of all things was for that wedding to take place. So he agreed to the young man's demand—after a fashion. He reached for his check book. But right there the young man qualified his demand. He explained suavely that he could not accept a check; he must have cash. The father pointed out the difficulty, nay the impossibility of securing so much money in the evening when the banks were closed. But the thought which had come to the resourceful mind of the father was also finding lodgment in the brain of the young man. What was to prevent the father from stopping payment on the check? The following day was a holiday and the day after that was also a legal holiday. That would mean that the check could not be cashed until the third morning. So there would be plenty of time to stop payment. Meanwhile the wedding would have taken place on schedule. The young man would be neatly checkmated. There is an implication here which must be accepted, however loth we are to read it into the conduct of any father. Clearly the girl was not being too chivalrously considered either by the father or by the prospective bridegroom. But the young man stood firm. You see, he was taking no chances. Cash or no wedding was his ultimatum. The father who had no intention of paying $15,000 for a son-in-law then put his foot down and the muffler was put on the wedding bells.



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MISS MARY CARRIGAN

The attractive young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan who is the belle of her set.

The Zip is Lacking

The golf tournament at Del Monte this year is quite lacking in the zip that has marked it on previous occasions. There is a large crowd in attendance and San Francisco's smart set is very well represented. Whether it is because the men who are taking part in the tournament are all on the "water wagon" in the interest of good sport on the links or whether the few missing "spirits" among the women this year accounts for its semi-dullness is not quite certain. Mrs. Malcolm Whitman who has always been to the fore in the gayety at the hotel during the September tournament left last week with her husband and her dogs for New York where she will make her future home. Mrs. Jack Spreckels is also absent and although the Francis McComas' have a cottage at Monterey Mrs. McComas has not been seen on the links this week. The burden of keeping things lively has fallen to the lot of the Hopkins girls—Mrs. Will Taylor, Mrs. Fred McNear and Mrs. Gus Taylor who have been down for several weeks. They were joined for the week end by the two brides of the family Mrs. Cheever Cowdin (Florence Hopkins) and Mrs. Sam Hopkins (Elysse Schultze) who are dazzling the hotel guests with their trousseau clothes.

Little Miss Crocker

Little Helen Crocker who is the image of her mother Mrs. W. H. Crocker took part in her first tournament on Tuesday. She is very much of a favorite in the young set. She is calm and reposeful rather than chic and dashing as her sister Ethel is and much popularity is predicted for her when she makes her debut winter after next. Ethel Crocker's dinner dance at Pebble Beach Lodge on Monday night was one of the elaborate affairs of the week.

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A Possible Romance

Jack Neville's devotion to Ernestine McNear was never more marked than it has been during the tournament, and while her friends insist that she intends to enjoy another season or two of belledom before becoming engaged others have their doubts.

The Car Broke Down

Gayle Anderton gave a motor party the other night at which he entertained a group of the young girls who were chaperoned by Mrs. Ward Barron. Much alarm was felt when they did not return by three o'clock in the morning and as one husband was distinctly peeved at the non-appearance of his wife the affair took on a measure of importance out of all proportion to the seriousness of the situation or the lateness of the hour. The machine had legitimately broken down some miles from the hotel—a thing that is likely to happen to the best regulated bachelor.

Tragedy in Pairing

The pairing of women in the qualifying rounds of a tournament at Del Monte is always fraught with tragedy. Nowhere is it so evident that many who are entered for the contests are "in" society but not "of" it, and the climber is made to feel keenly that her entrance to the smart set via the golf route is to be made as uncomfortable as possible. The chance pairing of the women invariably results in several contretemps. The suave Percy Selby introduces the unknown Mrs. Brown to the very much "in it" Mrs. Smith with whom she is to go out. A hardly perceptible lifting of the eye brows, a nod of hauteur on the one side and an uncertain smile on the other and the formality of meeting is over. They begin as strangers and end as strangers and no great damage is done to the dignity of Mrs. Smith as they may never meet again. On Tuesday a little tableau was enacted that the Burlingame set thoroughly enjoyed. Two ladies who are not on speaking terms with each other because one of them disapproves of the social aspirations of the other teed off together and did the eighteen holes without speaking. Defaulting is a favorite method of signifying that the partner they have drawn does not please them; but it does seem like carrying a discourtesy to the point of insult to keep a player standing around in the blazing sun waiting to start the way a certain belle did on Tuesday without sending word that she did not intend to enter. It is so easy to become suddenly ill that there seems little excuse for being offensively rude.

Ned Lost His Hat

After a merry dinner party Tuesday night Ned Greenway could not find his hat. Diligent search was made for it but it was nowhere to be found. Marching up to the clerk he demanded that every room in the house be searched for the missing head piece. An inoffensive looking man curled up in a chair in the almost deserted lobby raised his voice—not in protest—but in supplication. "As it may take some time before you can reach my room you are likely to disturb me when I'm asleep, so would you be kind enough to search mine first." Ned appeared in his own hat on the links next morning but where it was found is a dead secret.



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MISS MABEL FRITCH

A popular member of the younger set who was one of the bridesmaids at the Wickersham-McNab wedding.

Santa Barbara Was Shocked

Santa Barbara is still talking about the shock it received the night of Miss Nina Jones' ball. That rapid-going Santa Barbara could be shocked may be well-nigh unbelievable, but it's true. For her dance at the Potter Country Club the beautiful and fascinating daughter of Mrs. Milo Potter imported a number of beaux from Los Angeles. It was hot, and these Angel lads actually removed their coats and danced in their shirt-sleeves! A few of the callow youths of Santa Barbara followed suit, but as the disapproval of the majority of the guests was not concealed, the coatless condition did not long continue, except with the contingent from provincial Los Angeles. These gay boys were also criticised for the way they danced the rag. "Do they think they're at Montmartre?" asked one haughty dowager who recently returned from Paris with a brand new copia verborum. "What's mama got to do with it?" innocently asked a bud whose French is of the finishing school variety.

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Mrs. Darling Here

The arrival of Mrs. John A. Darling is always an event. She comes to San Francisco but rarely, and her coming is always hailed with delight by those whom she numbers among her intimates. There is another class, however, which experiences a different emotion when Mrs. Darling favors us. I mean the climbers, the nouveau riche, the Veneerings who have burst the bars of the social corral by pounding on them with gold. For these Mrs. Darling has a mighty contempt. I was about to say an unutterable contempt; but that would be incorrect, for Mrs. Darling makes no bones about uttering her contempt for the Veneerings, and at her every utterance the whole tribe has goose flesh. Mrs. Darling dominated our society at a time when birth was regarded more than bank books, when the portals were hard to pass. Things are different today, and Mrs. Darling does not look with favor on the change. That is one reason why she has spent so much time abroad. The daughter of Judge Hastings took her place in London society years ago when, a debutante, she was presented at the court of Queen Victoria. Afterwards she married Colonel Catherwood. Her second husband, Colonel John A. Darling, is just now visiting friends in Maine, but he is expected here soon. Meanwhile Mrs. Darling plans some entertaining for her friends. She is to give a dinner for Miss Cora Smith, the daughter of one of her close friends Mrs. Sidney V. Smith.

Better Than Rouge

It is not necessary to mention the name of the young woman. Suffice that she is always "among those present" at swagger functions, has had her picture in the papers fifty times since her debut, has been bridesmaid at several of the biggest weddings recently, will be a belle of the Greenways this season as last, is witty as well as beautiful and lives on Broadway. I'm perfectly certain that that description will not tell you too much. She was a guest at a dinner party a few evenings ago, a small rather informal dinner party as befits this time of year. Next to her sat a young man who is rather more active than most young men in the performance of his social duties. "Miss Blank," he remarked to her, "you look a bit pale tonight." "Then for heaven's sake," she replied, "tell me something to make me blush!" There happened to be a lull in the general conversation at the moment, so the remark was heard by all at the table. It was the young man who did the blushing.

To Honor Pioneer Mother

An enthusiastic meeting of the committee and friends interested in the erection of a memorial statue to the Pioneer mothers of California was held in the red room of the St. Francis on Saturday afternoon, September 7. Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels, the secretary of the association, is the originator of the plan, and if she can succeed in having her ideas adopted and carried out, it will be the domestic woman, the mother surrounded by her children, who imbibe their moral and religious instruction from her lips—not the amazonian-virago type, competing with men on an equality in their pursuits and pleasures—which will be perpetuated. Mrs. Mighels is of Pioneer stock herself.

The Hopkins Studio

Owing to the fact that Miss Kathryn Hopkins is under the care of her physician at the Florence Ward Hospital, the Kathyrn Hopkins photographic studio in the Whittell Building has been closed for a month.

In the Social Spotlight

Col. Alexander Broadie and Mrs. Broadie, Col. Charles Ruggles and Mrs. Ruggles of Benicia Arsenal, and Captain Hirschler are among the army people who have been guests at the Hotel Victoria during the week. Captain Hirschler will be in San Francisco indefinitely. John F. Diehl, a leading business man of Santa Barbara, is among the week's arrivals. Mrs. E. W. Marlow, Miss Marlow and Miss Louise Marlow from Pasadena, and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of Los Angeles are guests. Mrs. B. N. Rowley has returned after a trip abroad and is settled for the winter months. Wurnelle Victor Eugene, a priest from Tahiti has been a guest during a short visit to San Francisco. Father Eugene has been one of the pioneers in the Catholic mission work in the South Sea Islands. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Woods, Miss Lucia Woods, from Kansas City, Miss Grace Gerrish of Minneapolis, Mrs. T. S. Tilton, Miss S. A. Davis of New York are eastern guests. Mr. and Mrs. Ansil Martin and their son, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Talbot are up from Phoenix for a stay in San Francisco.

Castle Crags Farm is the mecca for deer hunters during the September weeks. A party of eight hunters will make the trip up from here for this week end. A number of exceptional successes in the deer line have been reported by the devotees of the sport who are now at Castle Crags Farm.

The dream of the best dressers is realized in our offerings.—Vogel's, Ladies Tailor—420 Sutter Street.

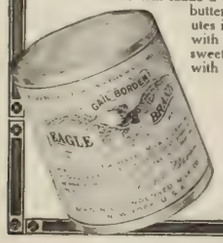


Peach Short Cake

A well made Peach Short Cake is a delightful dessert. Where perfectly ripe and mellow, fresh peaches cannot be had, the canned fruit is about as good. To get a rich, crisp, and fine-flavored crust, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Mix and sift two cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, and a pinch of salt; rub into it one heaping tablespoon butter and mix lightly with four tablespoons Borden's Condensed Milk diluted with three-fourths cup water. This will make a soft dough, which spread on a buttered pie tin. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Split, and fill with sliced peaches that have been sweetened to the taste, and cover with whipped fresh cream.



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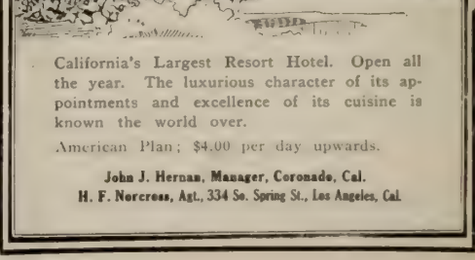
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Gossip of the Theatre

An Object Lesson in Love

Mark Manisty's a lawyer (at the Orpheum this week), and Noel Frobisher, his friend, is a bounder and a sneak. The terms sound harsh, but only think! this man, a pal through life, is wickedly intent to steal his dear chum's pretty wife. And Mary Manisty, a weak and very shallow lady, is more than half inclined to hear his protestations shady. Poor Manisty is fond but old and therefore not suspicious; he little dreams his wife and pal have motives meretricious. So Frobisher improves his chance by talking of his passion to Mary who repulses him in very lukewarm fashion. She's not unlike that ancient dame that Byron tells us of who "swearing she would ne'er consent" straightway agreed to love. She likes to hear this Noel tell how "all his fibres crave her," (and when a woman stands for that I don't know what will save her). The fact is, all her silly heart with guilty love is smarting, and when he says, "I'll go away," she cannot bear the parting. Of course he takes her in his arms; to kiss him she's quite willing. But while they're at it Mark appears and sees them cooing, billing. He doesn't let them know he saw, but sits down to conjecture what he would do if wife were false —and then we get a lecture! He begs them to suppose the scene that they have just been through, and asks them, if he found them out, what do they think he'd do? An awkward question that indeed; to which they've no reply; and so he answers it himself with murder in his eye. He throttles Frobisher, but spares his life when Mary cries; and very much relieved, the cad takes to his heels and flies. He says he's going to Brazil, (to join the nuts, no doubt), while Mark and Mary stay at home to have their trouble out.

* * * * * *

This dramaticule "An Object Lesson" is made worth while by the quietly fine acting of our old friend William H. Thompson. Thompson's mobile face is a delight for the student of facial expression. Billy Gould and Belle Ashlyn are very popular contributors to the week's vaudeville fun. Billy claims that his stuff is all original, and he need not be doubted. But unfortunately he tells hardly a story which hasn't crossed the continent ahead of him. Miss Ashlyn's cultivated tomfoolery makes a great hit. The two have a silly song which is well worth while. For the animal lovers there's a Shetland and dog act sure to excite their enthusiasm. Minnie Allen in songs and comedy, and Grace Cameron in other songs and more comedy work very hard to achieve a little success. The Takiness are eccentric musicians with the accent on eccentric. The taste they appeal to is likewise eccentric. "The Piano Movers" move the audience to a good deal of laughter and the Bounding Pattersons bound to give satisfaction.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Emelie Frances Bauer Lectures

The first of the series of three lectures at Century Club Hall by the eminent literary, dramatic and musical critic Miss Emelie Frances Bauer will be given next Tuesday afternoon, September 17, at 3:20, the subject being "The Psychology of Richard Strauss and His Works." On Thursday afternoon, September 19, Miss Bauer has chosen for her subject "The Psychological Phase of Modern Home Life and Culture"; and for her farewell address on Tuesday afternoon, September 24, she will discuss "Opera Writers since Wagner." A brilliant writer and speaker, Miss Bauer will certainly hold the attention of the large numbers who have already evinced their interest in the series. Tickets are to be secured at Sherman, Clay and Co's and Kohler and Chase's and at Century Club Hall on the days of the lectures.

Lambardis Coming to the Cort

The great business done by "Bought and Paid For" at the Cort in the early part of its engagement still continues. The Broadhurst drama has caught the favor of play-loving San Francisco. It is now rounding out the second week of its engagement, and Sunday marks the start of its third and final week here. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday, the Wednesday matinee being given at popular prices. Saturday night, September 21, marks the final performance. Great interest is being taken in the forthcoming season of the Lambardi Pacific Coast Grand Opera Company at the Cort which begins Sunday night, September 22. The name Lambardi stands for much here. It is a guarantee of excellence. The veteran impresario has banded together the finest organization of his notable career for the new season which starts with the local engagement. The subscription sale has been very gratifying and the outlook from a financial standpoint points to a profitable engagement. From an artistic standpoint there is certainly nothing to fear, judging by Lambardi productions of the past. Fifteen new artists will be brought from Italy by Lambardi. They all have reputation and many have sung in this country. The repertoire contains eighteen operas and will include the following novelties, Strauss' "Salome" and Zendonai's "Conchita."



SCENE FROM "THE ANTIQUE GIRL"
Which will be presented this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Kissing Bald Heads

Miss Florence Moore who honors Broadway, New York, by playing with the "Hanky Panky" company, has made the latest contribution to the elevation of the drama. Florence sings a song in the course of which she steps down from the stage and implants chaste caresses on any bald heads that are handy in the audience. Whereupon the tired business men with hair on their tops laugh uproariously. Too much credit cannot be given to Florence for this charming innovation. As everyone knows, the baldheaded man exists for the particular use of jokers, but it remained for Florence to joke him in a thoroughly novel way. What could be more charming than to see a young woman mouthing the polished polls in the first row? And Florence is no piker. She is an industrious kisser, for be it known that since she started osculating hairless knobs her lips have left their imprint on no less than 1,600 glistening domes of thought. It is true that some of those who had their unthatched roofs embraced felt a bit resentful. One man left the theatre in speechless indignation. But that argues lack of humor, and is selfish besides. The man who objects to having Florence lip him on the occiput has no regard for Art. He doesn't understand that Florence is elevating the stage. Or else he may be a hygienic crank.

Sarah Truax in "Mrs. Dane"

Mrs. Dane's Defense" in which Sarah Traux will open her limited starring season at the Alcazar next Monday night, is one of the great modern plays. Written by Henry Arthur Jones and first produced in London about twelve years ago, it has been used as a vehicle by all the prominent English-speaking emotional actresses and is no less popular today than when it was launched. Its ever-pertinent theme, gripping situations and fine character-drawing are responsible for its survival of the so-called "problem play" decadence. Since its premiere many works of its kind have had brief existence in the public eye and are now forgotten, or at least are seldom heard of. Their respective authors had ample

opportunity to equal Jones' success, but they lacked the profound knowledge of human nature and the constructive skill that are reflected from his masterpiece. Miss Traux has played the leading part in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" very many times, and it was selected as the medium of introducing her to the Alcazar's clientele because the New York critics unanimously pronounced it her most impressive role. Thurlow Bergen who will be Miss Traux's leading man during her stay at the Alcazar, is to appear as Sir Daniel Cartaret, the lawyer. Charles Ruggles, Louis Bennison, Bert Wesner, Harold Holland, Edmond Lowe, Adele Belgarde, Grace Carlyle and Auda Due are also in the cast.



CHARLES RICHMAN

The eminent actor who is doing some notable work in "Bought and Paid For" at the Cort.

A Musical Comedy at the Orpheum

"The Antique Girl" which is Jesse L. Lasky's latest production will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. This thumb-nail musical comedy possesses an original story and a dozen catchy musical numbers, sure to become popular. It is interpreted by a company of sixteen people chief among whom are Fletcher Norton, Maud Earl and Doris Wilson. "The Antique Girl" was written by William Le Baron and its music was composed by Robert Hood Bowers. Mr. Lasky has given the piece a beautiful production. "Twenty Minutes Layover at Alfalfa Junction" is the skit in which Frank Milton and the De Long Sisters will appear. The skit is by J. A. Murphy better known as Adam Sowerguy. Herbert Ashley and Al Lee will appear in a fantastical duologue entitled "A Night in Chinatown." It is a bit of song and humor located in the New York Chinese quarter. Bertish, the Ideal Athlete, will give an exhibition of strength and agility. Next week will be the last one of Billy Gould and Belle Ashlyn; Howard's Trained Ponies and Dogs; Minnie Allen and William H. Thompson and company in Frederic Sargent's one act play "An Object Lesson."

"Officer 666"

The most irresistible "peeler" that ever swung a night stick, in a better detective play than ever came from France, is the way "Officer 666" is described. The play has scored both in New York and Chicago. Everyone to whom the show world appeals will want to see this splendid play which Cohan and Harris announce for local production at the Columbia two weeks beginning Monday evening, September 16, with the usual matinee. It is a melodramatic farcical stage film with a word plot of laughs and thrills that is shot out with rapidity.

A Great Magician at Pantages

The bill at Pantages for the week commencing Sunday bids fair to be the best since the opening of the theatre. Heading the list of attractions comes Charles J. Carter, the renowned magician, illusionist, prestidigitateur and all round man of mystery who has just completed a tour of the world with his big show. He presents his "Bouquet of Mysteries" in which he exploits the pet theories of the Theosophists and Spiritualists, then demonstrates his "Magician's Incubator" and winds up with "The Magical Divorce," in which a maiden fair disappears while suspended in a chair in midair. He also offers "The Lion's Bride," the most sensational illusion ever staged. Maybelle Fisher, a lyric soprano of renown, will be heard for the first time here, accompanied by Miss Oline Wallis, an accomplished pianist. Fred Zobedie, Europe's representative refined gymnast and equilibrist, will present a series of poses and demonstrations of strength. Cook and Stevens, "The Chinee and the Coon," will offer a specialty full of comedy. The "All Star Trio," the young men who made such a hit here recently with their old and new songs, will play a return engagement. There will be several other features on the program.

AUTO NOTES

A road test of the 1913 Packard "38" from Detroit to Chicago and return, made recently by S. D. Waldon, vice-president of the Packard Motor Car Company, developed a surprise by breaking the record made in the famous "Flight of Thirty" over the same route. Mr. Waldon, accompanied by Edwin S. George, of Detroit, and J. M. Murdock, of Johnstown, Pa., was giving the smaller six-cylinder Packard a final trial, with no idea in mind of making extraordinary speed. A touring car was used, with top and windshield up. Comfort was not sacrificed at any time for haste and yet the run of two hundred and eighty-eight miles on the return trip was made in nine hours, fifty-five minutes—about an hour faster than the record of the "Thirty."

Modernity

Daughters are not what they used to be.

They have come, rightly or wrongly to regard their parents in the light of necessary inflictions.

I always looked upon mine in the same superior sense.

But never proclaimed my opinion.

Matters have changed since then.

Excuse this philosophy.

I heard a mother remonstrate with her daughter.

"You ought to be ashamed," said she, "to wear such short skirts."

And they were of a truth abbreviated.

Scornfully she eyed her mother up and down.

"Man wants but little here below," she equably made reply pointing to her ankles and a considerable portion of what goes above.

Then she whistled to a youth in the distance and they went swimming together.

Alas, for the Victorian age!

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A Most Agreeable Man

(Continued from Page 8.)

The master of the house, an optimist by nature, was from the first inclined and determined to regard his guest as "a most agreeable man"; therefore no one dared to sit down at the table before Herr Lark arrived. Gritting their teeth and pale with hunger they all waited until half past two, when the singer at last put in his appearance and without further excuses began to devote himself to the delights of the midday meal.

The counselor of justice's enthusiasm was somewhat dampened by the episode and later when his wife rather sharply inquired: "Tell me, please, what you find 'agreeable' in him?" his only reply was a muttering of unintelligible sounds. Herr Lark was really not agreeable! Even Mother Nature had proven herself a stepmother to him, for she had provided him with such an excessively long and lean body that in cases of necessity he might have been suspected of using himself as a ruler and of beating the pupils with himself. Upon this figure which jeered at all the laws of beauty, sat a thin, sorrowful little head, inclined a little to one side and bearing an acrid smile. One had the feeling that his gentleness and meekness fitted him like a badly made coat which at the proper moment he could throw off with dexterity and show himself an uncouth fellow with bad manners.

The sons of the house soon discovered that the guest did not stand in high favor with their mother and indulged in all kinds of derisive little glances and remarks. Linchen, the grown daughter of the family, displayed an aversion to him from the start. He either did not notice this or regarded it as maidenly reserve, for he made love to her in the most assiduous fashion and allowed himself to be in no way deterred by the scornful bearing of the young lady.

Linchen had certainly never given him encouragement, for his very first question, asked in his sweetest tones: "Well, fraulein, do you also worship at the shrine of music?" had received the annihilating reply: "No, thank goodness!"

With uncongenial people every detail irritates. At the table when Herr Lark drank to the health of Frau Hegeler, an act harmless enough in itself, she always had the feeling that she would choke with rage.

Our singer's frightful bass voice was a great surprise on account of his narrow chest. At all times when he was in the house this roaring organ was indefatigable: "Wander with me in the grove, in the grove, in the grove!" This was the friendly invitation which Herr Lark had to deliver in the chorus and, as he represented the bass, it was no excessive pleasure always to have to listen to the deep accompanying notes.

Once, just after dinner, when he was imploring one to wander in the grove with him, all feeling of hospitality forsook the master of the house. Awakened from his afternoon nap, he rushed into the living-room red with anger and exclaimed: "No, my dear man, I want to sleep now! You shouldn't wander any longer in the grove!" An interruption which caused Herr Lark to look majestic for several hours.

Gradually the fatal melody took possession of the entire family. Full of indignation the father discovered while he was shaving that he was declaring himself to be ready to 'wander in the grove.' The two boys whistled it as they returned from school, thus at least making it known that they had not been "kept in." Also the two ladies of the house caught themselves humming: "In the grove, in the grove!"

It seemed indeed a salvation when on the third day he announced with great excitement that a small solo part had been given to him to sing in the concert and begged for permission to practice very diligently all day, as on the same evening at the rehearsal he would be expected to delight them all with his performance.

The family were very grateful that they did not have to wander any longer in the grove and without regret relinquished to him the seat at the piano, which together with its owners was becoming daily more and more out of tune with the guest.

The depressing fact, however, soon became known that Herr Lark's illustrious duty consisted in asking the modest question: "Speak, O stranger! Why dost thou weep?" A certain suspense was felt as to why the stranger wept, for one heard only the question and never the answer. One would have to restrain one's curiosity and sympathy until the evening of the concert.

Herr Lark's activity consisted principally in the correct counting of sixty-four bars' pause and the above mentioned solo—"my solo," as Herr Lark with modest pride christened the child of so much labor. But this most agreeable man deported himself as if the entire musical festival depended upon his person.

The master of the house, who was responsible for his guest, almost broke down under the burden of maledictions heaped upon him, and begging in every direction for pardon, always added: "But he will leave immediately after the performance," promising this visible end to the land's plague.

Linchen had broken out in open rebellion. Herr Lark had said to her on that day: "Music is the only subject upon which we do not live in harmony!" and looked at her so meltingly that the young lady solemnly declared it had made her physically ill.

"The beast takes away my appetite whenever he sits opposite me!" complained she, and persuaded Gustav, by means of a princely bribe of ten pfennig to change places with her.

On the morning of the general rehearsal Herr Lark appeared with shamefaced countenance before the mother. "I have a bold request to make, my dear Frau Hegeler," began he in hesitating, amiable tones.

She thought that he wanted to ask for Linchen's hand, and the very idea of such an impertinence caused her to look about for some convenient missile.

"My solo," began he, "follows a terzetto after sixty-four bars' pause, and I should like to practice with the three singers here—there is also a lady among them—for an hour this afternoon, if it would not disturb the house."

Somewhat reluctantly Frau Hegeler gave her consent, that ray of light shining bright in the background, "To-morrow he leaves us," and told the family they must drink their afternoon coffee in the smoking-room. The father's hospitable suggestion that they should invite the trio to the coffee-table almost caused a separation.

At three o'clock the invited guests arrived; two gentlemen with "borrowed" looking coats, as Gustav, after fighting Wilhelm and Linchen for the keyhole as a place of observation, declared, and a young lady with black curls which would have made any poodle envious. Upon this wealth of curls floated a hat with roses which looked as if they had already for several years adorned the Christmas tree of a not all too orderly family. Besides this a cloud of unbearable patchouli perfume accompanied the young lady, immediately spreading through all the rooms and making the house an insufferable abode for the

(Continued on Page 21.)

AMUSEMENTS

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was absolutely no response in the stock market to the Steel tonnage report which was decidedly favorable and practically no reaction of prices to the Government crop report or the continued favorable weather conditions over a wide area since this report was tabulated. The market is deadlocked from a lack of public interest in any class or kind of securities and with leading bankers in New York holding completely aloof from creating any market activity on account of the political imbroglio over the country it would seem that we will remain inactive temporarily at least. Further heavy losses of cash by the banks so far insure another bad bank statement and this will be sufficient to check any rising tendency in stocks.

Wheat—Some little disappointment over the Government report started shorts covering and made markets higher. The extreme advance was not maintained, but there has been support on reactions and fairly liberal selling on the hard spots. The advance appears to be due as much to the technical speculative condition as anything else. Cash wheat ruled very weak, especially for lower grades. Leading recent buyers of hard winter wheat West and Southwest removed the prop at Omaha and the latter market has sold some large lots of cash wheat. Kansas City market appears to be sustained, while St. Louis closes lower. Cash wheat is weak, especially for low grades, with receivers chasing the millers. Export business reported was 33 loads No. 3 Nor. (Canadian) for November shipment from Winnipeg. It develops that there were re-sales from seaboard of as much wheat as was sold for export. Local cash sales reported 25,000 bushels.

Corn has ruled lower. There has been liquidation, including considerable scattered lots of September. Cash corn has arrived more freely, generally at primary centers and has made weak markets there. Cash corn declined 2 1-2 cents. Kansas City reports tables covered with corn; market there off about 1 cent.

Oats—There were larger exports sales than reported, most of the business done after the close, but no export business of note. Total cash sales reported were 475,000 including 325,000 bushels for export.

Provisions—Trade rather light early and spasmodic later. More or less selling by Milwaukee packers and some by pit traders. Buying largely by miscellaneous investors and speculators, small lots.

Cotton—Marked and heavy deterioration is shown for the week in the two Carolinas and Georgia due to excessive heat and lack of moisture. The plant in many instances has shed both leaves and bolls and it is believed that there is little likelihood of two top crops while much young fruit that might have matured with moisture has been lost or soon will be without rain. Over the remainder of the belt as a whole a small or moderate deterioration is shown. In Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana the loss has been small for much of the cotton is still growing and fruiting in a normal way, but rain will soon be needed to prevent a general letting down in condition. The rapid downturn in prospects in the Atlantic States appears to have been due to the extreme heat coming upon a plant that had not matured its fruit normally for the season. The heavy soils of the Mississippi Valley have carried cotton there so far without material injury. In southern and central Texas a great quantity of cotton is open and it is the general opinion that rain would be of small benefit now as the plant has nearly ceased growth. However it is noted that the outturn from fields picked has been rather in excess of expectations. Rain would benefit Oklahoma and northern Texas where deterioration will become more marked if drouth continues. Boll weevils in Mississippi and Louisiana are numerous but not elsewhere. In North Carolina the heat record of nearly thirty years has been equalled. Crop suffered badly, particularly in sections where rainfall has been insufficient. Plant has shed leaves and bolls. Much cotton opened and small chance for top crop.

FINANCIAL NOTES

The local market for the week past has not shown anything of particular interest, nor have there been any fluctuations of note. Political influence seems to have made itself felt in local investment circles and money rates have hardened a bit.

The bond market has weakened slightly. Although nothing in the nature of a selling movement has developed, still prices were fractionally lower than for a fortnight past.

Among the leading stocks, Pacific Gas & Electric Common has shown the greatest strength, chiefly due to rumors of a strong fiscal statement soon to be issued by the company, which will show a material increase in earnings. The Common will be ex-dividend on the 15th inst. of $1.25 per share. Several large transactions were made in the Preferred at 92, the prevailing price of the past week.

Spring Valley sold at 62. Associated Oil was actively traded in at prices between 43 1-2 and 44, closing the week at the high price of 44.

Great Western Power bonds made a fractional advance, selling up to 88 3-4.

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A Most Agreeable Man

(Continued from Page 19.)

next two weeks.

Now the three burst into song. Every moment or so they got hopelessly mixed, quarreled violently and then started afresh, assuring one, in such loud voices that the windows chattered, that: "In white raiment a youth draws nigh; he comes from a far country." When they got to this part Herr Lark counted his sixty-four bars and asked his well known: "Speak, O stranger! Why dost thou weep?" One began to have a vivid conception of the pleasures the next evening would bring forth.

The day on which the concert was to take place required infinite preparation. Everybody was at the beck and call of the guest, or at least should have been so. The participators in the festival were to wear Grecian costumes. Early in the morning Herr Lark draped himself in a white toga made of that much loved fustian which on account of its cheapness is so popular at all masquerades.

To the horror of the ladies, shortly after the first breakfast, Herr Lark presented himself at the door of the mother's room, clad as a ghost, with short sleeves and bracelets—a sight calculated to affect the nerves of the strongest man! He expressed the astounding desire to have some sewing done on the toga—while he had it on, too!

With justifiable consternation Frau Hegeler refused the unreasonable demand and, rushing into her husband's room, cried: "Sew for your Lark! No, nobody could expect that!"

The boys stormed no less on their part. Herr Lark had requested Gustav to fetch his wig from the hairdresser's for him. Gustav, who would graduate from the gymnasium in three years, naturally found such a task degrading to a degree and, as an unaccommodating act on his part would be severely rebuked on account of the moral question involved, he simply disappeared for several hours.

Wilhelm was now appointed in the place of his older brother to fetch the wig. Only through the assurance that on the way back he might buy five pfennig's worth of cream candy did he regain his mental balance.

Alwine, the cook, had to press Lark's toga, a heathenish presumption which almost caused her departure, for as Alwine was heard to say in an audible monologue, that "beanpole" would never pay her a cent for her work.

The pleasing guest also expressed countless minor wishes, "a raw egg," "a glass of cognac," "a pair of scissors"; he in the meanwhile standing before all the mirrors in the house trying on his laurel wreath, which by reason of the microscopic formation of his skull slipped down over his head like a necklace. Of course it had to be made smaller. At four in the afternoon Herr Lark retired to his room "to dress."

Gustav was found about this time. He was sitting in the laundry, reading the latest Indian story, and did not seem inclined to forsake his place of refuge until the final departure of the guest. Only when he had been assured that the wig was already there was the family able to persuade him to make them happy again with his presence.

Evening came and the concert began. Herr Lark, in conformity with his exalted role, sat in the front row with the other soloists. He looked like a ghastly Dante and winked and grinned under his laurel wreath at the Hegeler family, who felt correspondingly flattered.

The leader of the orchestra, who had hair as long as is befitting an artist, wildly shook this wreath of hair from off his forehead and madly beat time in all directions. The first part of the performance passed by without incident. The excitement grew when the trio already known to our friends, also dressed as somewhat shabby Greeks, sang of the stranger in white raiment. The Hegeler family, zealous to do their duty, began to count the sixty-four bars that were so familiar to them. But alas, only sixty had sounded when Herr Lark in his too great eagerness sprang from his seat and startled his listeners with the question which in no way corresponded to the accompaniment: "Speak, O stranger! Why dost thou weep?"

A wild confusion of tones prevailed for a moment. The orchestra leader made a movement with his baton as if he wanted to strike Herr Lark over his too hasty ears. Only the "stranger" displayed praiseworthy presence of mind, in that he sang into this chaos with mighty voice, his: "No, my tears do flow," thus bringing the matter into order.

The counselor of justice's family, hurled through this public disgrace from the heights of pride over "their" soloist into the darkest depths, felt almost as if they themselves had been the offenders. That no one was thinking of them and that ninety-nine per cent of the audience were not conscious of their relation to the transgressor, was not quite clear to them for the moment. As they expressed themselves later, they would have felt much more comfortable under their chairs than on them.

Herr Lark sat during the rest of the concert with broken wings. During the pauses the young lady with the poodle locks talked earnestly and consolingly to him and that seemed to make a pleasant impression upon him, as our friends, who were watching him with feverish anxiety, observed.

When the performance was over the family betook themselves home, with the exception of the father and Herr Lark who remained for a "social evening." Herr Lark had already made the bold attempt to entice Linchen to participate in this festivity, assuring her that it would be lively and gay, but the young lady had declined with a decision which bordered on rudeness.

After the boys had been sent to bed, mother and daughter recapitulated over a cup of tea the events of the evening—more especially Herr Lark's solo! The absolute ridiculousness of the situation came over them for the first time.

"He's offering to drink to father's health now; just wait and see!" said Linchen, taking up her candle to go to bed. "I know my Lark."

A noise in the hall was heard. Linchen put down the candle.

"That's father already!" cried she and, inspired with a desire for knowledge, both ladies rushed into the hall and, falling upon the counselor of justice's neck, cried in chorus: "Well?"

The good man was evidently in no festive mood, and peevishly refused to answer my questions.

"Counfound it all, at least let me take off my overcoat!" growled he angrily.

Mother and daughter, beginning to comprehend the situation, nudged each other in secret joy.

"Our Lark has made a fool of himself again," whispered Linchen.

The father sat down at their cosy little table.

"Another glass of beer!" he commanded shortly; but, seeing the excited faces of wife and daughter, he soon returned to his usual good humor.

He took a long drink and said: "H'm, you ought to have seen your Lark!"

"Our?" replied Linchen horrified. "Father dear, this treasure belongs to you!"

"It's all the same," replied he laughingly. "It was an incredible sight. Lark probably wanted to forget what a fool he had made of himself. He drank until all his meekness and gentleness were gone to the winds. He sat there with his laurel wreath slipped way to one side and made love within an inch of his life to the little soprano with the poodle locks! And he shouted and sang until I became so ashamed of my legitimate property that I quietly sneaked away.

"Now," concluded the father after some little bantering from the feminine portion of his household; "his train leaves at seven tomorrow morning. Alwine can give him his coffee and we shall be rid of him at last!"

On the next morning, while the counselor of justice was still sleeping, the wife wandered with



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happy heart toward the sitting-room. Her way led her by the guest-room. She stood there paralyzed!

A pair of boots, immeasurably long and broad, stood quietly and sedately before the door, furnishing incontestable proof that Herr Lark had overslept himself and missed the train.

In the first moment the housewife had the feeling that she would burst into uncontrollable tears.

With stormy tread she returned to her bedroom and cried with not exactly dove-like gentleness into the ear of her slumbering husband: "The creature is still there!"

The counselor of justice opened his heavy eyelids.

"Who?" asked he, evidently awakened out of beautiful dreams.

"Herr Lark!" replied his wife cuttingly. "And if he has gone two months from now I shall consider that I have got off very luckily!"

She closed the door with considerable energy and the master of the house arose, mumbling to himself: "As if I could help it!"

The ladies had already breakfasted when he entered the living-room. His wife stepped up to him with a somewhat embarrassed smile:

"I'm afraid I was a little abrupt with you, but you can imagine my horror when I saw that monster's shoes still there. I was happy because I thought he had gone!"

"He will leave by the 11:20 train," said the counselor of justice, diligently studying his timetable. "I shall wake him immediately."

"Oh, no, not yet," cried Linchen anxiously. "It is still too early. He will spend his extra time sitting here with us, 'weeping' like a 'stranger' because he made himself so ridiculous last night. I go to my painting lesson in twenty minutes; let him sleep until then."

The ladies left the room and after a little while the father determined to awaken Herr Lark out of his long sleep.

When Frau Hegeler re-entered the room she found the two gentlemen seated about the coffee-pot. Over the father's noble features lay a cloud.

"I am so bold, my dear Frau Hegeler," began Herr Lark, looking rather like a ghost, "as to wish to intrude a little longer upon your hospitality."

The housewife instinctively put her hand to her heart; everything became black before her eyes; she cast an imploring look at her husband.

He stared at the pictures on the wall as if they never before had come under his observation.

"We are going to have a little wine breakfast this morning, and after that a skating party to Furstenrode," continued the guest with great ingenuousness; "and so long as the room is still there—" The grave-like silence with which this friendly suggestion was received seemed in no wise to daunt the young gentleman.

Host and hostess sat like graven images opposite to Lark, who complacently continued his meal. The situation was so tense that it could not last much longer. Deliverance was bound to come in some form—and it came!

A sharp ring at the door-bell sounded through the house. Alwine entered and handed Herr Lark a little pink note. "The messenger receives fifty pfennig," said she.

Herr Lark made no pretense of producing his pocketbook. Seeming to consider such small expenditures the prerogative of his host, he proceeded to open his letter.

"It's all right, Alwine, give him the money," snapped the housewife, and Alwine left with a diabolical smile.

But what were the hostess' feelings when Herr Lark upon the reading of the letter became first pale and then greenish! With a wild "No, oh, no!" he sprang from his seat with such violence that the chair tumbled over, and hastened to his room. The corpus delicti, the little pink note, lay upon the table.

Father and mother looked at each other. "I should like to know what sort of a dynamite bomb was concealed there!" said the counselor of justice at last.

"Go to him," said the housewife; "he is probably lying around somewhere unconscious."

The father departed, but returned in a few moments with a beaming face.

"Well?" asked his wife.

"I opened his door just the least bit," responded he. "He is packing! I didn't want to disturb him!"

His wife reached for the letter.

"Emily!" cried he.

"Oh, pshaw!" replied she unconcernedly. "I paid the messenger; I've got to know what happened. Listen!" she cried triumphantly and sank back into her chair. "We are rid of him!"

The master of the house, whose curiosity now got the better of his discretion, glanced hastily over her shoulder:

Dearest Ludolf:

Mamma gladly gives her consent. We shall expect to see you at our house at twelve o'clock.

ROSA SCHULZE,
Leimstrasse 6, III.

The counselor of justice let the letter drop. "That's the poodle girl," said he with solemnity. "Ludolf became engaged to her last night when he was drunk and now he doesn't want her! Goodness knows why not!"

"Poodle Locks has no money, I suppose," said the housewife. "Have you forgotten the hat with the crumpled roses? That didn't look as if she were a good partie exactly."

"And Ludolf has an eye to the realities," continued the father. "Na, we are gaining by it anyhow, Emily."

At this moment Herr Lark stepped into the room, pale and distraught but ready for the journey, his hat in hand.

"I find that after all I shall have to leave by the eleven o'clock train," began he in a hollow voice, and, without looking either of them in the face, continued: "I have received unpleasant news; please forgive my sudden determination—"

He reached out for the little pink note and put it into a place of safety.

"Oh, it makes no difference," replied the housewife with great cheerfulness and joyfully giving him her hand: "I wish you a very pleasant journey, Herr Lark!"

As the father accompanied the guest to the door, the mother rang the bell for Alwine.

"If anyone calls to see Herr Lark today, say that he has left and that we do not know his address; do you understand?"

Alwine nodded with decided understanding—what are doors for, anyhow, if one cannot listen at them?—and left the room.

"For I really do not see," said the wife to her husband who just then entered the room, "that it is necessary for me to bring poor forsaken little Poodle back to consciousness with smelling salts and sal volatile. And Alexander, dear," continued she, laying her hand laughingly upon his shoulder; "you are cured, aren't you? You won't bring me a lark or any other kind of singing bird until you know him very well, will you?"

"He wasn't so very bad," said the master of the house in embarrassed tones.

We all yearn to do the impossible, even though it may only be to kick ourselves.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN H. RIORDAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of John H. Riordan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, 514-518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John H. Riordan, deceased.

PATRICK J. RIORDAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John H. Riordan, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 7, 1912.
GEO. F. HATTON and HARTLEY F. PEART,
Attorneys for Administrator,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 9-7-5

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Letters

A Novelized Play

It is an open question whether the dramatized novel or the novelized drama proves the less satisfactory to those who experiment with both. Readers are prone to complain that there is nothing left of the book but the title and the names of a few characters. Playgoers, on the other hand, find scenes transposed, characters omitted, and such a general shifting about that the result resembles a complicated puzzle which has dropped and been hastily reassembled without regard to sequences. Perhaps the only solution is for readers to forego the play and playgoers to pass the book. Judged simply as a book the novel which Albert Payson Terhune has made out of the DeMille-Belasco drama "The Woman" is quite up to the standard of its class. The story deals with political life amongst the national congressmen, the high lights of finance and the party leaders, and is so up-to-date that those inclined would not have much difficulty in fitting real names to some of the characters. There is a schism in the party in control, and affairs have reached a climax. Heretofore those who have had the temerity to advocate reform have either been whipped into line by threats of exposure of their private lives or of shady transactions in the past, or else obliterated. In the eyes of Blake the party leader, Robertson, his son-in-law, and Nelligan and other henchmen, politics is war in which all methods are allowable provided they succeed, noncombatants are not spared and no quarter is to be expected. There is no rule to the game save one, to win out at all costs. The action is compressed into a few hours and the fighting is desperate while it lasts, the rout complete. There is a particularly vicious bill to be passed by Congress, and the prospective loaves and fishes have been apportioned. Everything is in order and it is expected that the program will be carried out without a hitch. Not only is there an enormous graft connected with the passage, but it is likewise a trial of strength between the regulars and the reformers who, at the eleventh hour, when it is too late to withdraw the bill, have found an able champion and leader in the person of Standish who, an aggressive opponent, had displayed as much genius for organization as Blake himself. Standish who is a man of high ideals and unblemished character, has been held up all over the country as an ideal model for the young. Teachers and preachers and reformers have united in bedecking him with a halo, and one of the periodic moral waves with which we are familiar has washed him so high that good party men who have always voted by rule are too much afraid of their constituents and their own hopes of re-election to dare to vote for the iniquitous measure. If the Blake forces win, as they had confidently expected, Robertson, his son-in-law, will be next speaker of the house, and next president. If they are defeated all the honors will fall to Standish and the organization will be completely routed. The annihilation of Standish has become a political necessity and no effort has been spared to discover anything, however trivial, which can be disforted or magnified into a scandal, and at the eleventh hour Blake becomes possessed of information that some five years before Standish had spent a week at an obscure hotel where he was accompanied by a woman whom he registered as his wife, in the name of Fowler. This particular morsel is better than a godsend, for, of course, the churchly element will hasten to drop such a reprobate, and the wavering representatives will fall into line again. The only missing link in the story is the name of the woman, and with every other circumstance verified, it is only a question of time when that too will come to light. Meanwhile time is the one element which cannot be spared. Either Standish must be confronted by the complete story and browbeaten into subjection or else the scandal must be put into circulation both as a rumor in the halls of Congress and in the first editions of the morning papers. It matters not a particle that the woman in the case may have regretted her lapse and lived in the extreme of conventionality thereafter, that she might have husband and children, parents or other relatives who would suffer by the exposure. Not only Blake and Robertson are severe in their denunciation, but Grace, the wife of Robertson and the daughter of Blake shows herself most haughtily indifferent and contemptuous when Wanda Kelly, the unbribable telephone operator, calls upon her to make a plea on behalf of the unknown. An entirely new face is put upon the matter, however, when Grace becomes aware of the truth. She, herself, is the woman in the case. No one, least of all her own family, has ever dreamed of such a possibility, and now only they have any interest in unearthing the scandal. The embodiment of egotistic selfishness slightly redeemed by her love for her husband and her fear of the consequences of exposure, she does not scruple to use all the blandishments of sex in an effort to induce Standish to withdraw from the fight, and finding that he will not sacrifice his career at her bidding, and that there is no plea which has the slightest effect upon her father, she is helplessly cornered. Either she must confess or she must let Blake continue to press and probe until he makes the discovery for himself. While the conference is carried on in the hotel suite, where Wanda Kelly is put through a sort of third degree examination and threatened with arrest and subsequent hounding out of honest employment if she will not reveal the number of a telephone call, there is a turbulent session of the House of Representatives in which all the familiar filibustering methods are exposed, anything to stave off the vote until, having gathered in the last link of his story, Blake gives the word to release the scandal. There is an intensely breath-halting scene in the library where Robertson is so intent on surprising the desired information from Wanda Kelly and Blake so absorbed in the completion of his plan of destruction that neither of them, the two most deeply interested, has discovered what has been palpable to the rest for some minutes, that the disgrace so gleefully planned for others is to be their own. In accordance with the stage tradition of sending the audience home in good humor there is general reconciliation and forgiveness, but the reader will close the book with an interrogation point. For the moment, the relief of not having blown the story to the winds might have that effect, but how about afterwards? Shattered ideals, defeated ambitions, abrogation of power and immense financial losses are not taken so lightly and tomorrow would be another day. In this era of seething politics "The Woman" ought to prove a best seller. From Bobbs-Merrill.

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"Yes, madam," said the floor-walker politely. "You will find our gasolingerie on the third floor."

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LINEHAN-ARENDT CO., Plaintiff, vs. F. S. DOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: F. S. DOW, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

DONAHUE & GALE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 8-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTONIO SALVAREZZA, alias, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of J. A. Gendotti & C. J. Houston, Attorneys at Law, 1104 First National Bank Building, corner Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, deceased.

MARIA SALVAREZZA,
Executrix of the Estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1912.

J. A. GENDOTTI & C. J. HOUSTON,
Attorneys at Law,
1104 First National Bank Bldg.,
Post and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,652; Department No. 7.

MAE J. RINEY, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3d day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

O. J. FRITZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
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TOWN TALK

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A New Contagion In Los Angeles

The wag of the Republican national convention who placarded Chicago with the announcement that at a certain hour Theodore Roosevelt would walk the waters of Lake Michigan was a man of prophetic vision. He foresaw the transfiguration of the former President in a section of the public mind. It is now evident that the Colonel is approaching his apotheosis. The Bull Moose movement is no longer in its nature entirely secular. Down in Los Angeles where there are many people subject to the transports and raptures of religious phrensy the popular conception of Theodore Roosevelt is akin to that which the Romans had of the first of the Caesars. Were the Colonel in Los Angeles at this moment it would be advisable for him to follow the old Caesarian example of having a boy at his side admonishing him to remember he is a man. History appears to be repeating itself. In Rome when the conqueror of the world was celebrated by the multitude after his return from Cleopatra's arms, he found in the temple of the god of gods, side by side with the statue of Jupiter, his own statue with the words, "Caesar, demi-god," engraved at the base. As yet no statue has been erected to the Colonel in Los Angeles; but this is a progressive age, and the people of Los Angeles have reached the point where they hymn their idol in precisely the same verses in which formerly they hymned their God. In other words, religious hymns in which the name "Roosevelt" has been inserted are employed in Los Angeles for campaign purposes. These reconstructed hymns are chanted in great public assemblages with all the fervor that once was peculiar to religious camp-meetings. Adoration is going up in choral intercession to the source of all good, to the man unspotted from the world, who has modestly assured us he is not afraid of Senatorial inquiry because he has "never done anything wrong." In Los Angeles not holiness but Roosevelt is the way to Christ. After infantile paralysis has come the new contagion—adult rooseveltitis. Let us hope that the new madness will remain endemic in the town of isms, the seat of all of California's brainstorms.

A Bit of Political Strategy

This tincturing of politics with religion is not at all experimental. Nor is it accidental. It is as old as history, and in this instance, as in most every instance, it is by design. The author of the movement which is having its efflorescence in Los Angeles is the greatest, wisest politician this country has ever seen—none other than Theodore Roosevelt himself. Great and wise as a politician is Theodore Roosevelt—great and wise because he has not read history in vain. History to him is indeed philosophy teaching by example. Well does he know the effect that religious enthusiasm had on the Covenanters of Scotland, the Levellers of England, the Huguenots of France. Mindful of that effect was he when he uttered the shibboleth of his campaign, "This is Armageddon where we shall battle for the Lord." It was with that shibboleth that he began to suggestionize the public mind, and from the day of its promulgation shrewdly and persistently has he given direction and force to the original impulse. His personally conducted convention he opened with the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and he closed it with the Doxology, promptly thereafter starting a campaign that has been one continuous spasm of smug and oily pharasaism. Consider that but last Sunday Hiram Johnson, ceasing his vociferations, made political capital of the circumstance by affecting to be too pious to devote himself to worldly matters on the Lord's day. Even Hiram has got religion, and can pose in public as the summing up of all spiritual sweetness without cracking a smile. Defiant of the wrath of an outraged heaven, he is all aflame with holy zeal for a cause that scrapes the very bottom of abysmal and nauseous fraud. The sniveling cant of this sanctimonious campaign would put all but the unsophisticated on a broad grin were it not for the dire mischief that may result. Colonel Roosevelt is playing with dangerous tools. He is attracting to his party the spirit that has been described as one of the profoundnesses of Satan. When religious enthusiasm is appealed to for the purpose of partisan politics there is no telling what direction it will take, where it will end. It is not to be controlled by the demi-god who is the immediate inspiration of it, the object of devotion. Now, the atmosphere of this campaign, even before the promulgation of the Roosevelt shibboleth, was more than sufficiently charged with religious prejudices, and it has not been improved by the man who, while pretending to enlist the interests of a stern morality, is in reality bidding surreptitiously for a sectarian support to which certain bigots have asserted his right.

The Tyranny of Fashion

"Throughout the West," says the Examiner, "the hobble skirt has come in for general condemnation." Throughout the West there is nothing more in need of condemnation than condemnation. The West is crazy for reform. It is trying to reform everything but its passion for reform. The so-called crusade of the pulpit pounders and vinegar-faced, slab-sided clubwomen against the hobble skirt is but one of the innumerable manifestations of the busybodiness of a people who, having become prosperous, are employing their leisure in a way to acquire a reputation for zeal for the public good. Despite the crusade, the hobble skirt will be worn till it goes out of fashion, and there is really no reason why it should be discarded any sooner. The principal objection urged against it is that it blunts the sense of modesty by accentuating physical features that ought to be concealed. Modesty is too highly esteemed in this hypocritical age. Modesty is not in itself a virtue; it is the color of virtue, and often it is nothing more than what Balzac pronounced it—the conscience of the body. The effect of the hobble skirt is not on the wearer, but on the beholder, and if the effect be ill it should be ascribed not to the skirt but to the mind. The only sensible objection to be made to the hobble skirt is that it hobbles; but if a woman has no objection to wearing an impediment it is certainly not the business of the spiritual arm of the government to interfere. As to the fear of the ostentatiously chaste that the hobble skirt indicates a tendency to boldness and immodesty among women, we take pleasure in assuring them that it is groundless. In the days of Hazlitt, as he tells us, the belles "who formerly overloaded themselves with dress affected to go almost naked and were when unadorned adorned the most." It has been ever thus and ever will be. Fashions vary, and without the slightest moral significance, without the slightest regard for the wishes or prejudices of the captious and querulous. Tyrant Fashion is the most inexorable of all despots. In the days of Louis XIV, himself a despot, his word law irrevocable, his caprice a mandate none dared ignore, the women of his court who ate out of his hands and expired of humiliation at his frown,—those women wore a head piece the sight of which made him groan in agony. He thundered against it in vain. It was the fashion. One day a British duchess came over from London and dazzled the court with her charms. She laughed outright at the grotesque towers on the heads of the French women. Presto! the towers vanished and the hats of the duchess became the rage of Paris. Are the clubwomen of Omaha and Chicago likely to prove more powerful than the unconstitutional King of France?

The New Apostle of An Old Heresy

Another contribution to the endless literature of the Bacon-Shakespeare myth arrests our attention. It is from the pen of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence Bt., and it fills a whole page of the New York Sunday Times. For one reason, if for none other, Sir Edwin's essay is entitled to precedence in the literature of which it forms a part. The reason is its curious combination of cocksureness and transparent absurdity. It does not require scholarly attainments or profound knowledge of the particular subject to be able to perceive that Sir Edwin

has more assurance than intelligence, and so it is somewhat amusing to find him solemnly asserting that we "owe our mighty English tongue of today to Francis Bacon alone," and that "the time has now come when this stupendous fact should be taught in every school and that the whole of the Anglo-Saxon speaking peoples should know that the most glorious birthright which they possess, their matchless language, was the result of the life and labor of one man." We could quote more of this kind of drivel and prove by it that Sir Edwin has no warrant either to enter into the controversy or to use for more than his daily wants the mighty language which he regards as his birthright. But we prefer to give our readers an idea of the value of Sir Edwin's principal discoveries. One of them is that the portrait of Shakespeare on the title page of the first Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays is "a ridiculous putty-faced mask fixed upon a stuffed dummy clothed in a trick coat," and that in Ben Jonson's verses in praise of the poet is to be found cryptic ridicule of their subject. Sir Edwin argues that the portrait was designed to caricature the man who had posed as the author of the plays, and that this is made conclusive by the inner meaning of Jonson's immortal lines. The most important of Sir Edwin's discoveries is that the title pages of several of Bacon's works bear symbolic figures that convey the intelligence of his concealed authorship. He interprets these symbols in language which he deems conclusive, and though they are susceptible of hundreds of other interpretations he will not own that there is room for doubt. To settle the matter once and for all he says, "Only a considerable knowledge of emblems and emblem books enables me to inform my readers what these very curious objects represent." Even admitting the learned Theban to be infallible it does not follow that the symbols prove anything. But to him they prove everything. For example, speaking of a figure on a title page, he says: "It is absolutely certain that what she holds above Bacon's head is a bridle without a bit, which is here put for the purpose of instructing us that the future age is not to curb and muzzle and destroy Bacon's reputation. This emblem tells us that, as the ages roll on, Bacon will be unmuzzled and crowned with everlasting fame." That ought to be about enough of Sir Edwin. But doubtless, despite his manifest ineptitudes he will be welcomed to the ranks of the Baconians. In his cocksureness, in his unconscious revelation of unwarranted self-confidence, his obvious twisting of circumstance to support his theory, his substitution of inferences for facts and hypotheses for proofs, he is typical of the cult that he represents. For the benefit of those of our readers who might care to pursue the study of this subject we earnestly recommend "Studies In Shakespeare" by the late John Churton Collins, an English scholar and critic of the first rank. In a chapter entitled "The Bacon-Shakespeare Mania" inspired by Dr. Webb's book "The Mystery of William Shakespeare," he presents a most exhaustive discussion of the evidence gathered by the innumerable Baconians. He explains that had it not been for the appearance of Dr. Webb's volume he would no more have thought of discussing the subject than he would have thought of seriously discussing a treatise written by some undergraduate who, having been plucked for his classics, instead of attempting to retrieve the disaster, betook himself to demonstrating that the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles were originally composed in Latin by Livius Andronicus and afterwards turned into Greek by Archias and Parthenius. In other words though the bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare myth fills no inconsiderable library no genuine scholar of whom Collins had any knowledge ever attempted to uphold it until Dr. Webb, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, gave the sanction of his name to the grotesque heresy. In his volume Dr. Webb presents an epitome of the whole case which, says Collins, "may fairly be said to stand or fall in its presentation at the hands of a champion whose pre-eminence among Baconians in ability and reputation probably no Baconian would dispute." Collins made a minute examination of all the arguments to be found in the Webb book, and to read his refutations of them together with the other chapters of his "Studies In Shakespeare" is to come by a short cut to a liberal education in the mysteries of Elizabethan literature. And having taken that short cut, one has some difficulty in developing the patience to glance through a page of twaddle from the pen of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence Bt.

When Educators Fall Out

Of all our infirmities the disposition to explain ourselves is perhaps the most to be dreaded. The germ of this infirmity is vanity. People who are ever eager to explain themselves hate to be misunderstood or desire to be thought better than they are, and in the indulgence of their passion they are guilty of suppressions, special pleadings, glosses and ridiculous insincerities. By way of illustration let us consider the exchange of explanations made by Mr. Fremont Older of the Bulletin and Professor Fernando Sanford of Stanford University. This dispute between these two moralists, each of whom has a prodigious respect for his own rectitude, is most entertaining, not because of what one says of the other but because of what each by his explanations inadvertently reveals of his own mind and his own character. Professor Sanford started the dispute by writing to Editor Older to say that he was thinking of withdrawing his subscription to the Bulletin because of that journal's licentiousness and insincerity. Then he went on to explain that while he had long been aware of the Bulletin's bad character, had long observed that it gave publicity for pay to "fake doctors" and "patent medicine wolves," and had been pained to observe that it was in sympathy with the dynamiters of organized labor, nevertheless he had continued to put money in the owner's pocket because the paper supported the Progressive cause. "I have continued to read the Bulletin," says the educator of Palo Alto, "long after I would have been glad to drop it and after many of my friends who feel as I do have dropped it, because it has supported the progressive movement and the administration of Governor Johnson." And then follows a list of the Bulletin's infamies as Professor Sanford sees them. What this instructor of young men and women says to the editor of the Bulletin is virtually this: "I know you are a hypocrite, I know you are the defender of murderers, the agent of poisoners, but I keep company with you because you are imbued with my party spirit." Here is a man who fancies himself too absurdly what he is not. Here is a man who affects great virtue and wisdom and loftiness of character, yet how narrow are the boundaries of his moral horizon! We learn from Professor Sanford's elaborate explanation of his state of mind that he might have gone on to this day reading the Bulletin without a qualm of conscience had it not been for what he conceived to be a reflection in the editorial columns on the integrity of William J. Burns the private detective. Thus are we given an inkling to one of the most significant of the prepossessions of one of Dr. Jordan's assistants. Here is a man engaged in training the youth of the State who numbers among the objects of his worship an unscrupulous private detective, and who, though tolerant of a newspaper which he describes as infamous, is intolerant of a trivial and unimportant piece of criticism which was really flattering to the man whose character he champions. Now let us turn to the other distinguished educator and sit at his feet while glibly he pours out his explanations. "I am not in sympathy with murder," says Editor Older, "but I am in sympathy with the cause which the McNamaras are fighting for. It was the knowledge of the millions of murders by capital through the centuries that made the McNamaras desperate. Their people are being starved and burned in factories," etc. Mr. Older is not in sympathy with the McNamaras, but he would have us believe that he believes, and he would have all working men believe, that it is to be justly urged in extenuation of the cowardly crimes of the McNamaras that they were made desperate by meditating on the awful wear and tear to which human beings who work for a living are subjected. He doesn't sympathize with cowardly deliberate murder, but he would have us believe that he believes and he would encourage others to believe that cold-blooded assassination, such as the McNamaras committed, and the employment of capital, as it is employed in the industrial world, are crimes of precisely the same general character. And this is the man from whom Professor Sanford hates to part company because the Bulletin supports Roosevelt and Johnson! Let us again hearken to Mr. Older. He makes reply thus to the charge that the Bulletin is the hired agent of medical fakers: "Isn't it a fact that physicians frequently charge $2.50 for a prescription which when presented at the drug store calls for a patent medicine? You wouldn't call these bad remedies, would you? Therefore,

there must be some good ones as well as some bad ones. Who knows the good from the bad? Do you?" This is an argument which might be accepted not to justify the shamelessness of the Bulletin's advertising columns but to justify Professor Sanford in keeping company with Mr. Older. For it might be argued that a man who would reel off such twaddle and expect it to be seriously considered as argument or as at all defending the course for which he has been censured is not justly to be held accountable for any high crime or misdemeanor. But that is not Mr. Older's only defense. His other defense is that the Bulletin has a right to assist medical fakers in their criminal impostures because they receive the same kind of assistance from the owners of billboards. This argument is not an original production of Mr. Older's. It is the favorite argument of unscrupulous newspaper publishers who have no pride in their profession, and no reluctance to impose on the ignorant. While it is true that newspapers of the Bulletin type do not rise above the dignity of a billboard, there is this important difference between them,—that whereas the billboard is known to have no character, even the very lowest type of newspaper may be presumed to have some. And because of this difference a medical faker through the medium of a newspaper however infamous may obtain a prestige of value for fraudulent purposes which cannot be derived from a billboard. Of this Mr. Older is undoubtedly aware, but perhaps his argument was addressed exclusively to the Sanford intelligence, an accurate estimate of which he must have been able to make after reading the professor's letter. Otherwise it would seem that he has found his principles hardly presentable without a little varnish. His motives are such complex things that they refuse to be put into intelligible words.

The Slave

By Henry Bryan Binns

My whole life long I've tried to be
As other folk expected me:
Meekly and lovingly I've sought
To think as other people thought:
In other people's paths I've trod,
And served the other people's god.
Upon my feet, upon my knees,
My holy office was to please:
For who, in Heaven's name, was I
The other people to deny?

And when to-day somebody's eyes
Suddenly did a self-surprise,
That struggled fearfully to be
Nobody in the world but me,
So shocked I was I bade it then
Never to venture out again
—So different from other men!

Perspective Impressions

Lots of our married men adopt the free love plan, but they keep that fact from their wives and the newspapers.

Why complain of Governor Johnson's absence when Tom Finn is giving all his attention to the machine?

The last society in the world we'd care to join is the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Pre-nuptial understandings are all right when they are followed by marriage, but sometimes they are not.

So it is suspected that the San Mateo bandit is a young man who took French leave of the kind and gentle warden of the Folsom penitentiary! He must be an ungrateful scamp. It was but the other day that the Bulletin told us that thanks to the sweetness of the new warden "a spirit of hope and tolerance had displaced the old-time feeling of hate, revenge and despair."

In this matter of municipal dances on Sunday we are quite impartial; don't care whether the dear club ladies or the stern pulpit pounders win out. The reason is that these municipal dances do not appeal to us. They savor too much of patronizing the poor.

The man who consents to become a Republican elector for the purpose of voting the Progressive ticket may never hear from his conscience, but when the passions of the times die out he will find that what he is most eager to forget is what others are most pleased to remember.

Then Francis J. Heney stilled the tumult.—The Chronicle. The wild ass of the desert brayed the menagerie to a standstill.

If rough house is to be a feature of the Bull Moose campaign in California it is to be hoped that to Meyer Lissner and Francis J. Heney will be assigned the task of leading the Christian soldiers.

It was a happy thought, says the unspeakable punster, for President Taft to draw a Bede on Teddy.

Harlan should not have called Meyer Lissner a pawnbroker. Why, Meyer's intimates never use the word "collateral" in his presence.

Officer 666 says Mrs. Dane's defense will be that she was bought and paid for. Next!

Did you ever notice that you don't have to mark your place in a really interesting book?

The damned do not burn in everlasting fire; they take up a collegiate course, says Armstrong Chaloner. That must be hell.

The Colonel's speech in this city was a plea for strong government, for the removal of all restraints and limitations on our politicians, his idea being that to make us free the politicians must be able to do as they please. Progressivism, then, is contrary to the theory that government is only a necessary evil and that that is the best government which most liberally lets its citizens alone.

The physicians who have been mystified by the Philadelphia lady who is talking herself to death ought to try her in a padded cell with T. R. They might act on each other as a counter-irritant.

"Hypocrisy," says Johnson, "is the necessary burden of villainy." Not the Governor, but old Sam, the dictionary man, beloved of Boswell.

A petition for the parole of Dr. W. P. Burke, the infamous abortionist of Santa Rosa, is now in circulation. While keeping track of the case let us not lose sight of the fact that Governor Johnson was Burke's attorney at the opening of the gubernatorial campaign. Onward, Christian soldiers!

Varied Types

XCII—THEODORE H. HITTELL

By Edward F. O'Day

A genial old alchemist! A merry-eyed, gossipy old wizard of the laboratory! That's what he looks like. He has the polished poll, the whitened locks and whiskers, the blue eyes of dreaming that gaze keenly at you over large, gold-rimmed spectacles that are tilted forward on his broad, sensitive nose. To complete the likeness to those medieval questers of the absolute there is the brown dressing gown that wraps his bent but active body. You are tempted to glance about for the alembic and the crucible, the pestle and mortar. You almost expect to hear him discourse of the alkahest, to quote from Paracelsus, to expound the cabala.

And I suppose Theodore Hittell is something of an alchemist. Years ago he learned the secret of saving, if not of transmuting gold, so that he has long been a wealthy man. But more important than this, he is an alchemist of life, for he transmutes the base metals of a varied experience into the gold of a cheerful philosophy. Happy in the possession of a sound mind in a sound body, tolerant of the world's weaknesses, loving the open air and exercise and his old friends and his pipe, but perhaps loving his pen and his ink bottle with a bit more passionate love, Theodore Hittell is a true philosopher, albeit he lacks the philosopher's stone.

Born in 1830 Theodore Hittell is now in his eighty-third year, yet at that venerable mile post on the downward slope of the hill his industry shames us all. He is just completing an index and a table of contents for an exhaustive history of the Hawaiian Islands. When that is out of the way his busy pen that writes a copperplate too minute for some of our modern eyes will go on to other work. There is no thought of stopping. He isn't tired. Why should he rest?

William T. Coleman who was the President of the second Vigilance Committee, once showed Theodore Hittell a long shelf of volumes.

"You see," he said, "I have all your books here."

"But many of these are works by my brother John S. Hittell," said Theodore.

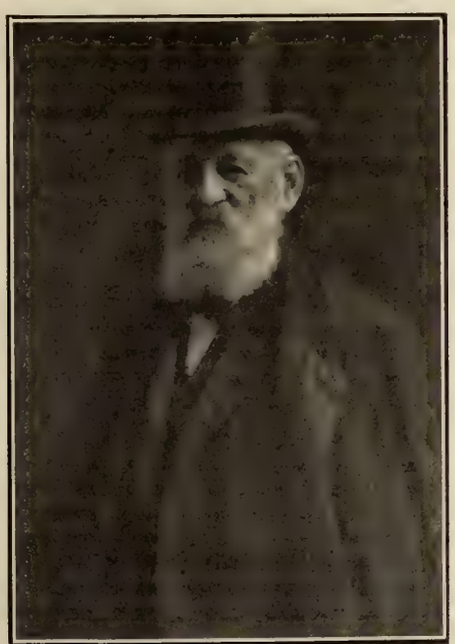
"Is that so?" said Coleman. "I didn't know there were two of you. I always thought you were a d——d voluminous writer!"

That elder brother walked across the plains behind an ox team in '49, the year Theodore was graduating at Yale. He became a newspaperman in San Francisco, the editor of the old and almost forgotten California Chronicle. Theodore took his sheepskin back to Ohio, his home State, and was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati in '52.

"But I soon got disgusted with the law," he says, "and decided to follow my father who was a doctor. But I got sick and tired of reading medicine, and made up my mind to go out to the mines in California.

"I came here by way of Panama in '55, the year the railroad across the Isthmus was built. When I sailed through the Golden Gate and passed North Beach I thought San Francisco was the most woe-begone place I had ever seen. There was nothing but dust and bare, dry hills, a brick yard and a few scattered houses. But when I passed Telegraph Hill and got among the ships and saw the city I was more agreeably impressed. It was night when I landed at the Vallejo street wharf, and I had some difficulty in finding my way to the editorial rooms of the California Chronicle. When I got there my brother was so busy reading the incoming mail that I couldn't get a word with him till after midnight.

"My intention was to go to the mines for a year or two, make my fortune and then return to Ohio. I had promised my mother that I would be home in three years at least. But the beautiful October weather was so different from



THEODORE H. HITTELL

the weather of blizzardy Ohio that I thought San Francisco was Paradise and wrote home that this was the place for me.

"I never got to the mines. I wrote an account of my voyage and a few squibs for my brother's paper, and one day Newell, the business manager, offered me a position as law reporter at $25 dollars a week. In Ohio we thought a man who made $500 a year was doing tremendously well, so I accepted eagerly. James King of William had started the Bulletin the same month I arrived in San Francisco, and after a few months he sent for me through Gerberding, his business manager, and asked me to do the court detail for the Bulletin also. I accepted and added $25 a week to my income. There weren't many reporters then and it was quite customary for one man to work for several papers. Pollard who afterwards wrote 'The Lost Cause,' a book on the Civil War, was the only other law reporter in San Francisco. He got drunk one day and was thrown into an area by a policeman. While he was hors de combat I covered the courts not only for the California Chronicle and the Bulletin, but also for the Herald, the Sun, the Alta, the Evening News and a German paper. After King of William was shot the Bulletin staff was reorganized and I became city editor at a salary of $60 a week. It was an exciting time, and there were occasions when I had to protect myself from angry men by quietly opening the drawer of my desk and taking out my pistol.

"The first year I was in San Francisco I married and built myself a home just opposite the old Sharon place in Folsom street between Third and Fourth. I was temperate and saved my money. Egbert Judson, afterwards of the iron works, was then engaged in making acid for the Mint. He was a prime man and my friend. He suggested that I put my money with him for interest. He paid me a cent and a half per month compounded monthly. That was not regarded as unusual interest; some paid two and three cents per month. When he had about $10,000 of mine he told me that it was time for me to settle my account and deposit elsewhere, as he had so much money that he couldn't handle any more. So he figured up what he owed me and gave me a check on the bank of Banks and Bull at Montgomery and Commercial streets.

"When I presented the check to Mr. Banks who knew me well he smiled in an amused way, but paid me, and I deposited the money in the Savings and Loan Society which paid the same interest that Judson had given me. Shortly afterwards I met Banks and asked him what had amused him so in that check.

"'Why,' he said laughing, 'Judson forgot to sign it! But I knew you and I knew his handwriting, so there was no reason why I shouldn't pay it.'

"That was the way banking was done in the olden days of San Francisco.

"From the Bulletin I went to the Times and there I helped to make Lincoln's campaign in California. I was one of the few original black Republicans of the State.

"After Lincoln's election I started to practice law as the partner of Elisha Cook, the father of Carroll Cook. The firm was Cook, Brownson and Hittell. Then it became Cook and Hittell. Cook wanted to take in Judge Bennett, so I drew out and in '67 I formed a partnership with John B. Felton. Felton, in my opinion, was the greatest lawyer that ever trod the soil of California. He had a brighter mind than Hall McAllister, and was a greater orator, I think, than Colonel Baker. I heard Baker's great speech on the Union at the American Theatre, but I liked some of Felton's better. To my mind Baker was too flowery, an orator from the teeth out, not sincere. So were Fitch of the silver tongue and General Barnes. But Felton was the soul of sincerity.

"Felton didn't like to write briefs, and I at-

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Political Notes

Now and Then—Also Here and There

By Frank H. Short

So serious have been our recent discussions of the burning political issues of the moment that it has occurred to me that possibly there are equally interesting, and, maybe, just as important considerations floating on the surface of the stream of political turmoil, as can be found embedded in the mud at the bottom. I therefore humbly beg leave to observe a few of the more pleasurable features of the otherwise unhappy discord that pervades our daily life.

In the first place, I notice that our mutual friend M. B. Harris has a considerable grouch because, as he puts it, the Taftites don't start something. One would imagine that our peaceful friend was desirous of trouble. Whether it be of the intellectual ante-bellum sort, or the real wager of battle, we do not know. I used also to search for trouble, but no more trouble for me. If Colonel Harris and his "Christian Soldiers" take the warpath, they will find me in the backyard, cultivating the vines and flowers of peace.

Just between ourselves, I do not believe our friend Colonel Harris or his Christian Soldiers are any more desirous of war than we are. Times out of number we have taken program together in the good old days, and the memories of the past are far deeper with all of us than are the acrimonious discussions of these evil days.

Anyway, our friends the Progressives ought not be hostile about it. If they are right now, they were wrong along with us for a long period of years, and they ought not to be really hostile, merely because we didn't see the light quite as quick as they did.

* * * * * *

I notice also in other places that questions of agreement and disagreement, likes and dislikes, love and hate, are somewhat mixed. Colonel Bryan loves Governor Johnson and Governor Johnson loves Colonel Bryan. But Colonel Bryan never lets an opportunity pass of giving Colonel Roosevelt an uppercut, and the Colonel is prone to come back with a blow below the belt. Witness the following. Referring to the Baltimore platform, Colonel Roosevelt says:

> There never was a platform in this country so wholly free from any taint of thought as the Democratic platform.

When we pause to reflect that it is well understood that the Baltimore platform was practically written by Governor Johnson's friend, Colonel Bryan, we think it is hardly right for Colonel Roosevelt to give a throw-down so hard to so true a friend of his running mate.

Besides, we are offering a standing reward of a beautiful pair of Bull Moose horns for any Bull Moose that can suggest any thought ever emanating from Colonel Roosevelt within less than eight years after it had been thought of, promulgated, preached and practiced by Colonel Bryan.

* * * * * *

Speaking of the absence of Governor Johnson from the State, the Riverside Press, as quoted by the Republican, says:

> Not anything will be neglected, and the people of the State have the fullest confidence in Mr. Wallace. In fact, they hope to see him become governor **de faco** by the election of Johnson as vice-president.

The funny side of this is not all in the bad spelling. We are not familiar enough with dead languages, or dead issues, to know whether the quotation comes from the Latin or Greek, but we do know enough to know that whether it be defined as Latin or Greek, or spelled correctly or incorrectly, it is awful bad law.

* * * * * *

I observe that the Los Angeles Tribune has purloined the Republican's idea—I presume it is not stealing, since it is between friends—that Governor Johnson's mission to the East is a great advertisement for the State. We quote:

> The Tribune looks upon his journey as one of the greatest and most profitable advertisements the State has ever received.

And,

> Viewed as a business proposition, and regarded wholly in terms of dollars and cents, the salary paid Governor Johnson during this time is the best investment the State ever made.

Really, it's a shame to take the money, and no doubt the next Legislature ought to make an appropriation to in some way compensate for what the State is receiving on account of the absence of its governor.

Besides, we are informed that "Albert J. Wallace is qualified by his fine character, his patriotism, his large experience in affairs, and his absolute competency, to fill the governor's chair."

Really, we catch them coming and catch them going. If a federal official does politics, he is subject to removal from office. But if a State official entirely abandons his official duties, and devotes his entire time to saving the rest of mankind, he is conferring a great benefit upon the State, to say nothing of the rest of the world.

Having been credited with no important Progressive suggestions, we now suggest that there is no sound reason for limiting the number of governors that might be elected by any State. We might elect a dozen governors with the understanding that we should keep only one of them at home, and send the other eleven out into the benighted world to preach the gospel to the heathen who have not caught up with the Progressive bandwagon. Even if we did not succeed in saving the hardened sinners, there would be no telling how much money would come to us in "dollars and cents," and we are seriously in need of a little sense, if not dollars. We also read, referring to California—"but it is was not so well known for the greatest of all the State's productions—its human products."

Really, I'm afraid we are a queer lot of humans, after all. We are told first that for thirty or forty years we regularly served in slavery, during which period we wore the yoke of corporation servitude and political bossism without a single skip or miss, but now we are told that having thrown off the yoke, temporarily, at least, (and assumed another one that appears to be held down with equal severity), that we are the prize human specimens—whether we will be exhibited in the main tent, or in the side show, we do not know.

* * * * * *

I have been much impressed with the reports of a recent address by the Honorable Ng Poon Chew. This address was delivered at a banquet in San Francisco a few days ago. The Honorable Ng Poon Chew (you can add another chew or two if you like the brand), referred to the failure to recognize the new Chinese Republic, and as to how different it would have been had Colonel Roosevelt been our president (as we infer he is now to be henceforth and forever, amen!). The distinguished speaker is quoted as saying:

> Theodore Roosevelt would have been only too glad to reach out and grasp us by the hand and say, "Delighted!"

The report further and thereupon assures us that "the outburst of applause which greeted this last left no doubt as to the popularity of the Progressive candidate for president." If no one had laughed or applauded upon this occasion, we should be driven to the conclusion that there was at least one American audience destitute of all sense of humor.

It may also be observed that some time ago, a distinguished member of the Japanese aristocracy, a Baron Somebody, came out in strong and unmistakeable language for Colonel Roosevelt, and assured his countrymen that if the Colonel was elected the United States would be run in a way perfectly to suit Japanese ideals—including our common schools, and we also assume, our other domestic institutions.

Suppose the Colonel did not get into the running in Maine. Suppose he was an "also ran" in Vermont, and had never got started in Michigan. Still, if China and Japan are both solid for the Colonel, that would seem to settle it.

It will be recalled that recently China adopted female suffrage, and the vote of China, coupled with the vote of Japan, which will apparently all be one way, ought to be at least one hundred million out of a population of four hundred million. With this tremendous vote in sight, we do not understand why the odds are five to one on Wil-

(Continued on Page 23.)

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The Time Deposit

By Edward Thomas

I dreamed that I walked far along a solitary and unknown road. Nobody met or passed me, and though I looked through many gateways on either hand, I saw nobody at work in the past plains. Nor had I passed or seen anywhere in the land one house, one coil of hearth smoke, or even one ruin, when suddenly at the roadside, between two trunks of oak and under their foliage, two small windows gleamed faintly in the shadow. The glass was dark with cobwebs, dead spiders, and dead flies caught in the webs of the dead spiders: nothing could be seen through it but vague forms, yet darker than the darkness within, such as are to be seen under water in a momentary half-calm. But there was a door between the two windows, and I entered as if I had been expected, though never had I seen or heard before of a house in the heart of an empty and boundless wilderness, but resembling a low second-hand furniture or marine store in a decayed part of London.

The door would not open wider than just to admit me sideways, so full was the room of its shadowy wares. These were all objects for holding things—cupboards; heavy oak chests; boxes, massive or flimsy, and of every material and workmanship, some no bigger than children's money-boxes; iron safes; small decorated caskets of ivory, metals, and precious woods; bags and baskets; and, resting, in numbers or solitary, on the larger articles, mere trinkets with lids, snuff-boxes and the like. They were clear and dark in a light of underground, the rows and piles that I could see mysteriously suggesting an invisible infinity of others. As I trod, a haze of dust rained and whispered unceasingly down upon them and from off them. Through this haze, or out of it in some way, like an animal out of its lair, appeared a small old grey man, with cobweb hair, whiskers, and eyebrows, and blue eyes that flashed out of the cobwebs and dust whenever they moved. His large, long, grey hands wriggled and twitched like two rats cleaning themselves. He was all head and hands, and shadowy grey clothing connected him with the carpetless floor of rotten planks on which he made no sound. The dust fell upon him unnoticed, and from time to time dribbled from his hair and beard to the ground.

"This," said I suddenly, "is a useful kind of box. I should like to open it, if I may, to see whether it would suit me. It is for papers that I shall never look at again, but may serve to light a fire or make a footnote for an historian in my grandchildren's time. If you would brush the dust off—"

"Have you the key?" he asked in a voice that made my throat itch into a cough. Did he think me a locksmith, or what? I was annoyed, but said, questioningly: "No?"

"Then I am afraid it cannot be yours."

"But, of course, not. I wish to buy it."

"It is not for sale."

"It is reserved, then, for one of the multitude upon this highway?"

"Well, yes. But I hardly expect the owner to come for it now. It has been here some fifty years."

"You can't sell it?"

"Oh, no! I assure you it would be of no use except to its owner. It is full!"

I rapped it, thickening the haze of dust, and glancing at him to see the effect of the hollow sound on his expression. It had not the effect I expected, but he raised his eyes for a moment and said:

"You hear? It is quite full."

I smiled with a feeling in which amused expectation swamped my contempt for his deceit.

"You have made a mistake. Try one of the others," he said, patiently.

I cast about for something as sensible, and having found an old oak tool-box of not too heavy make, I pointed to it, and asked if he would open it. Again he replied simply:

"Have you the key?"

"Naturally not."

"Most unnaturally not. But if you have not, then the box cannot be opened. I am afraid, sir, you have come under a pretence or a mistake. This box, like all the other receptacles here, is owned by someone who alone has the power to open it, if he wishes. They are stored here because it is found that they are seldom wanted. All are full. They contain nothing but time."

"Time?"

"Yes, time. It is abundant, you perceive. All those boxes, bags, etc., contain time. Down below"—here he pointed to the decayed floor—"we have more, some of them as much as fifty thousand years old."

"Then probably you have time to explain," I said, hardly covering my amazement, and awed in a moment by the reverberation of my words about a cavern which the echoes proclaimed as without end. The planks rippled under me. My eyes wandered over the shop until they stopped at a very small copper box enamelled on the sides with a green pattern as delicate as the grass-blade armor of a grasshopper; the top had the usual grey fur of dust.

"What is here?" I asked.

"That is the time saved by Lucy Goldfinch and Robert Ploughman twenty years ago. They were lovers, and used to walk every Saturday afternoon along the main road for a mile, and then three miles more by green lanes, until they came to a farm where her uncle kept twenty-five cows; and there the old man and his wife gave them tea. After they had been doing this for two years, Robert learnt a path going straight from the main road to the farm, thus saving a mile, or nearly an hour, for they kissed at the gates. By-and-by they gave up kissing at the stiles, and found that they could walk the whole way in three-quarters of an hour. Soon afterwards they were married. She died long ago, but he probably has her key. Neither of them has ever called here. This," he continued, touching a plain deal box with iron edges, "this is another box of his. After they had been married a little while, he thought there was no good reason for walking three miles into the town to his work; so they moved into the town. The time thus saved was deposited in this box, and it also has not been called for."

Against Robert Ploughman's box was a solemn chest of oak with panelled sides, and I asked what it was.

"This may have to go back at any time," said the manager. "Many times Mr. Beam has been expected to send for it, though it is only three or four years old. He was a squire whose day was full from morning till night with country works and pleasures, mostly the same thing. There was no doubt that he did very much, what with planting, building, and so on, and that he liked doing it. Sometimes he used to turn his horse, Teucer, up an old road and let him do as he liked, while he himself sat on a gate and read Virgil—at least such parts as he had succeeded in thoroughly understanding at school. But at last the horse died, and before he had begun to remember, at the thought of the old road, that Teucer really was dead, a kind friend gave him a motor car. He could not read Virgil in a motor car, nor could he go up the old road, so that it was clear that he saved many hours a week. Those saved in this way are sent down here; but as he has not yet learned what to do with them or had any need of them, here they remain."

He spoke with the same grey voice, scattering dust from his beard as his lips moved. I glanced here and there. The boxes were without end, and I could no longer see the windows and door. The room was vast, and neither walls nor ceiling could be seen through the rows and piles. Most were of similar pattern. They were square, made of yellowish-brown tin, or deal, or wicker, of about the size which holds the property of a young general servant. In the midst of some of these monotonous groups were chests or cabinets of more massive or more delicate make. I pointed to one of the groups, and asked what they contained. He thrust his finger through the dust on top of the master box, which was an iron safe.

"This," he said, "holds the savings of a man who invented machines for saving time. In a few years he grew rich, and bought the chief house in his native parish. He employed four gardeners. He did not live there, but occasionally paid visits with business friends. The boxes you see round about belong to his less fortunate neighbors in the parish. They also have saved time. For when he went out into the world the women used to bake their own bread, make most of the family clothes, and work at the fields half the year. Now they do none of these things; but they have saved time."

No ordinary shopman could have refrained from pride in the neat regiment of boxes over which he waved his hand at these words. But he turned with me to a solitary cabinet at the side of another group. It might have been supposed to hold letters or a few hundred cigars, and was scarcely large enough for my purpose.

"It contains," he said, "the savings of a young journalist. He was an industrious youth, earning a living without quite knowing why or how. He bit off the ends of many penholders, and often blackened his mouth with ink. He had an old pewter inkstand, once the property of a great-great-grandfather who was a pirate. He used to say that out of this inkstand he got more than ink; but his friends proved that this was not so by emptying it and showing that it was free from sediment. They advised him to buy a fountain pen which wasted no time, because it was impossible to bite the end of it. This he did. He no longer bit his pen or paused with the nib in his inkstand, which was now in fact on his mantelpiece and polished faithfully once a week. He saved a quantity of time, as his friends told him;

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LVII—SAN FRANCISCO

By Lorenzo Sosso

(Lorenzo Sosso, the author of the following verses, used to be a waiter in the dead and gone Good Fellows' Grotto, and could serve a planked steak as well as another man, if not better. But Lorenzo had a soul above steaks. While he cried "Draw one!" his thoughts were with the Muse. Many of his best poems were written on the back of yesterday's menu while the cook was French-frying potatoes or dropping the infrequent oyster into the pepper roast. After a while the waiter-poet began to attract attention, and awed customers of the Grotto were almost afraid to insult him with tips. He published several volumes wherein close-packed verses marched in double column through hundreds of pages. The former knight of the napkin is now a slave of Sansome street. Instead of penning couplets he writes insurance. Whether the Muse which was undaunted by the odors of the kitchen has fled, affrighted by rule of thumb, must be left to speculation. But like a canary in a skyscraper, Lorenzo has stilled his music. The following was published in Sunset, December, 1904, while Sosso was still a Bohemian.)

I stood upon a verdant height
  Above the sand dunes bleak and gray,
What time the watchman of the night
  Salutes the herald of the day—
The twilight of the day—the stars
  Yet lingering in the skies were few:
My spirit through its prison-bars
  Looked out with rapture at the view.

Like some red chief I saw the sun,
  His arrows tipped with fire, arise,
Till night's pale warriors, one by one,
  Lay slain along the crimsoned skies.
I saw Presidio's barracks stirred,
  The soldiers going to and fro;
And from afar, though faint, I heard
  The bugles their reveille blow.

O San Francisco! how my heart
  Exulted, when I heard beyond
The hills that hold the Gate apart
  Those ringing bugle notes respond.
Gorgeous with bannered gold the clouds
  Moved through the passes of the sky;
No sea of faces swayed in crowds
  To watch those silent troops go by.

No rumor reached me of the din
  Where commerce and where traffic meet;
No vista of the scarlet sin
  Rustling its garments through the street.
Only the bell-bouy's muffled dirge,
  The wheeling sea-gulls overhead;
And those scarred cliffs on which the surge
  Mourns a deep requiem for the dead.

Fair those great cities ringed with foam—
  But fairer than them all to me
This city of my heart and home,
  A greater Athens yet to be.
Wardress of all the ships which sail
  Her tributary seas afar,
What alien power can prevail
  Her glory and her grace to mar?

And mighty fleets shall anchor yon
  From all the lands of far away,
Flaunting bright pennants to the sun,
  Making a forest of her bay.
And as her beauty shall increase,
  Singing the magic of her name,
Her port will be the port of peace,
  Her crown, a crown of song and fame!

The Spectator

Brisben Walker Resigns

John Brisben Walker has resigned from the Exposition company, and a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year job is looking for the right man. The job is officially known as "director of exploitation and publicity," but Brisben Walker always insisted that he be called "director of congresses." The exploitation and publicity work was distasteful to him. He preferred to dream dreams of world congresses for 1915, and the fact that the ten thousand dollar salary the Exposition was paying him compelled the giving of his attention to matters of exploitation and publicity as well led to the proffer of his resignation. Although there has been no official announcement of the fact the resignation has been accepted. Just to show that he was unwilling to divorce himself entirely from the World's Fair Walker coupled with the resignation a suggestion that he be appointed inspector-general of the Exposition, not director general as some have erroneously thought. His idea is that there should be a man of experience on the staff of the Exposition who would drop into town from time to time, look things over and tell the directors just to what extent they are traveling the wrong road. And he is of opinion that he possesses the requisite experience for that berth. It is quite unlikely that the directors will agree with him. It looks as though Brisben Walker's connection with the Exposition has come to an end.

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He Caused Embarrassment

There seems to be no connection between Brisben Walker's resignation and his amazing action at the recent Trans-Mississippi Congress in Salt Lake. But that action caused the Exposition people a great deal of embarrassment. Walker attended the Congress for the purpose of interesting its members in the World's Fair. But he did more than that. He sponsored a resolution which was duly passed, calling upon the United States Government to appropriate $5,000,000 for the use of the Exposition. As all know, the Exposition people held all along that they needed and would ask no federal appropriation. When the fight with New Orleans was at its hottest that fact helped to turn the tide of victory our way. And so Brisben Walker was exceeding his authority and violating a pact with the Government when he had that resolution put through. The fact that he took the whole responsibility upon his own shoulders did not save the Fair directors from considerable adverse criticism in the Eastern press. Walker assumed the responsibility in a telegram to the directors which began, "Notwithstanding your expressed wishes I have publicly rejoiced" that the resolution was passed. This wire found its way to the newspapers before the directors knew of Walker's action, another fact which was not to their liking. Perhaps that incident helped to convince Walker that he was a square peg in a round hole. At any rate he has resigned.

Political Hymnology

Onward Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the flag of Justice
Going on before.

So they sang it, running up the "flag of Justice" where the hymn-writer raised the "cross of Jesus." Somehow or other, and quite irrelevantly, it reminded one of the French, what time Briand was premier, banishing the crucifixes from their courtrooms. They sang it very carefully, the nice new voters in their nice white dresses, sang it with nice sopranos and extra-nice enthusiasm. But just the same it sounded very dreary as things out of place are quite apt to sound. Perhaps the size of the Coliseum had something to do with it too. A big barn of a structure excellent for roller skating, but not adapted to the nice needs of these white-dressed new voters who are skating on political thin ice by grafting religion on progressivism. The man next to me had a copy of Life, and pointed to these words of editorial wisdom: "When religion becomes political it tends to stifle liberty." We suspect there is danger of a like re-

sult when politics becomes religious. Best keep them distinct. Make men religious, but not parties." Wise words! he said, and I agreed.

Enter the Bull Moose

But the hymn-intoners were mercifully drowned in a dozen minutes of leather-lunged yawping when the Big Bull Moose entered the Coliseum and descended, not to the sands of the arena, but to the front of the platform. (Spartacus was to talk, not to fight. Ursus was to throw, not the aurochs but the bull.) They howled, they mooed, they brayed, they ululated; they waved the ready bandana. Even the hearty thousand or so who had previously given three and a tiger for W. J. B. must have joined in, or if they didn't, who missed 'em? And ever and anon the Colonel unsheathed his weapon from the scabbard of his teeth, only to try to speak in vain. Everybody in the Colonel's party was very happy. Meyer Lissner did not disdain to smile; Frank Heney grinned like a Cheshire Cat; only Acting Governor Wallace who takes his progressivism like himself, very seriously, hid his ecstacy behind a stern facade. Chester Rowell hopped on one foot in his glee, while Dan Ryan measured the crowd and wished he could make a speech. Teddy is getting old; the graying of him was quite noticeable. He's been through too many fights; the recent battering has started to tell.

A Nick Bottom Roar

This was apparent when he started to speak. The old fighting gestures, the clenched fists, the screwed-up head, the grinding teeth are still there, but the voice is failing. He could only reach one-third of his audience. An announcer had used a megaphone; Teddy might have followed suit to advantage. When he scored a point you could tell how many heard by the extent of the applause area. The outskirts of the crowd that were at first rumpled against the farthest exits frayed and raveled into Baker street. A thousand or so who couldn't hear soon slaked their curiosity and went home. Of old they would all have heard. But the Colonel's voice has sunk to Nick Bottom pitch. The Bull Moose moos like a sucking dove—a very strenuous dove of course. And when he went off the key, as he has always had a trick of doing, he was less intense than funny. The speech was not new. He had delivered it, in more or less the same form, all across the Continent. It was like reading reprint. But the platitudes polished by use plashed into the soft oozy brains of his devoted adorers and called forth hollow sounds. There was only one good phrase to my mind—"flintlock legislation." That, applied to "Professor" Wilson's projects, is not bad. He calls him "Professor" or "Mister," never "President" which would probably cast its ominous shadow before, if titles can cast shadows. But why not "Doctor" or "Governor"? Teddy has been Governor, is Doctor. Have we forgotten noblesse oblige? None of it could be dignified by the appelation of "fighting talk." The Bull Moose had "no hay on his horns," as the old Romans used to say. There was little moose, but plenty of bull. The Colonel is what Billy Gould of the Orpheum calls "a Mexican athlete." It was very fitting that it should all have taken place in the Coliseum. "We who are about to die salute you." The thumbs are down, and I suspect the Colonel knows it.

Johnson in New York

Our breezy Governor has been introduced to the people of the effete East through the medium of the New York Sun. Though the Sun is an anti-Progressive paper it printed verbatim and without comment the speech made by Governor Johnson at the Syrcuse convention. Evidently the Sun was of the opinion that its readers would be able to form an accurate estimate of the first citizen of California after reading an address which he had prepared for an important occasion. So it merely informed its readers that it was Governor Johnson's first speech in the East, and that "he made a reputation as an orator in his own State." The Sun might truthfully have added that the speech was the very kind of speech with which Johnson made his reputation as an orator in this enlightened commonwealth. In other words the speech was nothing but language loosely constructed but nicely interspered with periods. By delivering a speech similarly devoid of continuity, sense and ideas a high school boy would overwhelm his parents with mortification. The Johnson speech consisted of about ten thousand words, and nowhere in the whole dreary waste of language is to be found anything like an intelligible discussion of a single issue of the campaign. Even the Governor himself as he flowed turgidly along must have become conscious of the fact that he wasn't saying anything, for toward the close, after telling his audience that there is a problem to the solution of which the people must devote themselves "if that perpetuity of our institutions that we desire shall be lasting," he said that there were "certain definite fixed things" that the Progressives had promised to do. "You are familiar with them," he said, "but hastily I want to run over them in but a moment of time so that you may understand." Fully two thousand words were yet to come, and doubtless the audience felt that platitudinous generalities were at an end and that the Governor was going to get down to brass tacks and explain how the perpetuity of our institutions was to be made lasting.

His Wild West Harangue

The audience must have been greatly disappointed. For the Governor never got down to brass tacks. It is true he "ran over" a few of the things mentioned in the "covenant," but never did he try to make anybody understand how those things are to be accomplished. He started off all right with a recital of a few of the things, which, he said, are to be prevented by legislation, such as occupational diseases, industrial accidents and child labor, and then he took an oratorical flight in this fashion: "Oh, the sin and the shame that we strong men and sympathetic women should ever tolerate this blotch upon our escutcheon!" After this curious rhetorical outburst the Governor lost his bearings. His intellectuals tottered and reeled, and never again did he return to the task of making the audience understand the Progressive covenant. But after a lot of incoherent talk about the triumphs of humane statesmanship in California he exclaimed "That is the case, my friends. That is the cause for which we are struggling, and in this contest fortunate indeed are we because with the cause you have the man in the fight." And then the Governor closed with a panegyric on Roosevelt, "the world figure," "enshrined in the hearts of his people." The speech reads like the maunderings of a starved patient at Napa.

Grierson on Mary Austin

My attention has been called to an appreciation of our Mary Austin penned by that very gifted Englishman Francis Grierson. Grierson resembles the Sir Hubert of the old comedy in that praise from him is praise indeed. By many he is regarded as the most forceful personality in Eng-

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lish letters. America knows him, though not as well as America should, through his volume "The Valley of Shadows." Here is what Grierson says of our Mary in an article contributed to "The Freewoman" of London: "Speaking of real realism reminds me of a book I have been reading, entitled 'Lost Borders,' by Mrs. Mary Austin. In this book I was introduced to a kind of realism absolutely new to me, where natural forces of nature, profound feeling which never even approaches the sentimental, imagination controlled by a powerful and reasoning intellect, all work together to produce one great and haunting sensation in the mind of the wondering reader. The short story in this book, entitled 'The Readjustment,' is certainly in its own sphere the greatest short story I have ever read. No one but a poet and a practical, keen observer of life, both animate and inanimate, could have written such a story In the hands of a superficial and hurried sentimentalist, or a cynical agnostic, such a story would prove but a trap set for failure. Mrs. Austin brings to her work an absolute independence and an authority based on her own conscious ability to create. She overcomes the most subtle and complex difficulties. I have now read all her works, and they have served to convince me, once for all, of the vital importance of woman's work and woman's power at this critical juncture in the march of the thing we call civilization."

"The Toad" in the Movies

"The Toad," that solemn comedy of ancient Egypt which Mrs. Perry Newberry wrote for the esthetes of Carmel and which was afterwards produced at the Greek Theatre in one of Professor "Billy" Armes' unguarded moments, is now to be given in moving pictures. That "The Toad" should be able to do a progress from Carmel to Berkeley and from Berkeley to the nickelodeons is a fact which ought to inspire every amateur dramatist in the land with the utmost confidence in his ability to make good. For "The Toad" has made good. That is to say, "The Toad" has been produced. No other meaning of that phrase "to make good" need be applied to the Egyptian puzzle drama. It was proposed at first to give the whole of "The Toad" in the moving pictures. But when the local film men saw the play they confessed that it was too much for them. The meaning of this dictum was obscure; but it was finally decided that "The Toad" should be reduced to the size of a one-act skit. In that attentuated form it will make its appearance at the nickel shows.

The Rowdy Freshmen

Professor Morse Stephens learned a few days ago what it was to cast pearls before swine. It was the Freshman Rally at the Greek Theatre, and Stephens delivered a carefully considered and most interesting address. But the freshmen were rowdy and would have none of it. They interrupted again and again, insulting the speaker with cries of "Cut it out!" "Cut it short!" and others of a like tenor. The most flagrant misconduct was exhibited, strangely enough, when he was speaking about college loyalty. The average freshman needs nothing so badly as a sound spanking. He is not far from mother's knee, but has been too rarely on it in a prone position.

A Story Repeated

Oscar Solomon Straus, the Progressive candidate for Governor of New York, is said to have been nominated by way of a tactical stroke, for though the principal Progressive hymn is "Onward, Christian Soldier" the Colonel hopes to have a large following of Jew soldiers also. Which reminds me of a story that I told some months ago, which will bear repetition at this time. One evening some months ago, at a banquet in honor of Oscar Straus, Colonel Roosevelt was among the speakers. He took occasion to talk about his career in the White House, and he said that when he was selecting men for his Cabinent he made no inquiry as to race or religion, being concerned only about mental and moral fitness, and it was only for his qualities of mind and heart that Mr. Straus had been appointed Secretary of Commerce and Labor. It was after the Colonel finished speaking that Jacob Schiff entered the banquet hall. When that gentleman was called on for a speech he related that it was on his recommendation that Oscar Straus had been appointed to the Roosevelt cabinet, the Colonel having asked him to submit the name of some prominent Hebrew, as he wanted a Hebrew in his official family.

His Brilliant Career

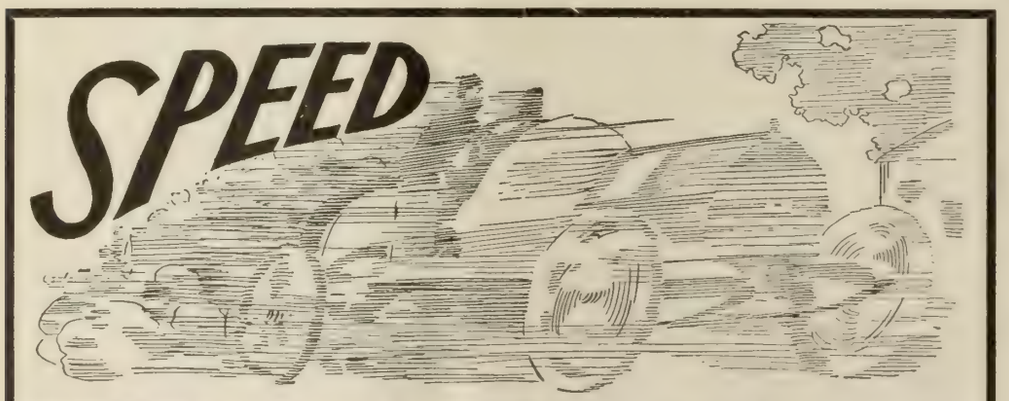
Oscar Straus is a public spirited citizen who has always been a free lance in politics. He was the third son of Lazarus Straus, founder in New York of L. Straus & Sons, importers of pottery and glassware. Lazarus Straus was banished from Germany for taking part in the revolution of 1848, meeting at that time Carl Schurz and beginning a friendship that lasted until his death. He came to this country and first settled in Philadelphia, where he kept a store. In 1865 he went to New York. He had lost all his money during the war, and after having paid all his creditors he began all over again as a poor man in a small crockery store in Chambers street. Oscar Straus was educated in Columbia University. He was graduated from Columbia fifth in a class of which Stuyvesant Fish and Brander Matthews were members. Mr. Straus and Professor Matthews were rivals for the place of class poet and Mr. Straus won out. At college Mr. Straus supported himself by writing for the newspapers. He entered in Columbia law school in the seventies and was graduated therefrom. While in the law school he was a clerk in the law office of the famous Charles O'Conor, the prosecutor of the Tweed ring. While practicing law in New York Mr. Straus' health broke down and he had to give up his practice. After a long rest he joined his father's firm. Mr. Straus was twice appointed Minister to Turkey and a third appointment came to him as Ambassador when the Turkish mission was elevated to its present rank of embassy.

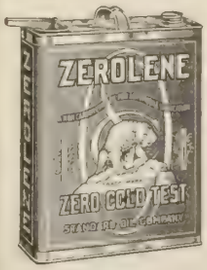
Willing To Be a Portia

Mrs. Lucy Goode White surprised the town by running eighth at the primary among the candidates for the Superior bench. Her name will therefore go on the ballot at the general election. Mrs. White is a reporter on the Bulletin, but it was not through her newspaper work that she obtained her knowledge of law. That came to her while she was a stenographer in a law office in another State. I have been waiting anxiously to see the Bulletin espouse the cause of Mrs. White, but thus far I have been disappointed. John D. Barry, the philosopher of the Bulletin's editorial page, is the only one who has so far manifested esprit de corps by edging in a good word for the lady who would a Portia be.

The Mayor and the Underwriters

If you have anything insured you will find it hard to be in sympathy with the Board of Fire





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San Diego, Cal. Sacramento, Cal. Oakland, Cal. Honolulu, T. H. Tacoma, Wash.

Underwriters of the Pacific. That board appears to be charging all the traffic will bear, and one who feels that he is the victim of that sort of commercial holdup cannot easily be in sympathy with the perpetrators of it. But there appear to be two sides to the story. At first there appeared to be only one, and that one Mission Jim's. Our alert and industrious Mayor seemed to be playing a lone hand swatting the insurance men and threatening them with all sorts of vague, but nevertheless dire, consequences in the event of their failure to reduce rates. He made a great hullabaloo, and public sympathy was with him. Now we learn that rates might have been reduced long ago had the servants of the people done less talking, less politics and more work in the interest of the taxpayers. A few years ago the city issued bonds to build an auxiliary water system. With that system in operation there would probably be no cause of complaint about rates.

An Old Story

The other side of the story comes from the underwriters, and thus far it has not been traversed. Some time ago the underwriters sent a letter to Mayor Rolph in which they reviewed the story of the high pressure auxiliary water system for fire protection. According to their facts and figures not more than one-tenth of the work has been done. They point out that even the little that has been done is far from satisfactory, and they say they have been informed that some of the work which they had expected to be done is never to be done. Furthermore they declare that many of the wooden shacks built after the fire, though they are known to be a menace to the congested business district, are still in existence, thanks to the tolerance of the municipal authorities. Again, as the underwriters reminded Mayor Rolph, though the fireboats were to have been connected with the distributing system on or before January 1, 1911, they have yet to be connected; and it was on the strength of a promise that the connection would be made that the key rate was reduced fifteen per cent throughout the fire limits. In the circumstances it would seem that the underwriters themselves have good ground for complaint. It would appear also from their letter that they have been ready to reduce rates provided they could get some assurance of the early fulfillment of promises made by our public servants. It was information they sought from Mayor Rolph, but they didn't get it. The letter contained their side of the story, but it was not given publicity. In order to acquaint the public with the facts they were obliged to publish their letter as an advertisement.

Our Premier Message Bearer

From Seattle comes the news that Fred Swanton of Santa Cruz is touring the Northwest with glad tidings of the beauties and charms to be found on the shores of a little bay to the southward of San Francisco. According to the Seattle press Swanton is the greatest message-bearer that ever came out of California. This is high praise, but it is merited. Swanton is making Santa Cruz famous. But first he made it worth making famous. Santa Cruz has always had its natural attractions—more of them than any resort in the West—but till Swanton got busy and induced capital to take hold of things the resort languished. For years Santa Cruz was known only as a summer resort. Its hotels catered to the summer trade, and at the end of the summer they closed their doors. Now Santa Cruz has a hotel, a first-class one, the Casa del Rey, which is kept open all the year round, and Swanton is bringing it to the attention of Eastern tourists, who formerly dropped off at Monterey for a day or two and never knew of the beautiful country contiguous to the town of Santa Cruz. Had the Santa Cruz mountains with their many beautiful drives, their glorious features such as the Big Tree Grove and the Big Basin, been as widely known as they deserve; there might have been as much interest taken in them by strangers as is now taken in the Yosemite or in Lake Tahoe. It is Swanton's purpose to make them known, and to divert the tide of Eastern travel to the sea-shore from which all the mountain resorts are easily accessible. In this purpose he is being ably seconded by J. M. Shoults, the new proprietor of the beautiful Hotel Rowardennan at Ben Lomond, who will keep open all the year and make his place a winter as well as a summer resort. Rowardennan, by the way, is situated in one of the most beautiful of all the mountain gorges, where there are many fine country homes, the owners of which visit them almost as often in winter as in summer.

The Bullmoose and the Governor

"It's a queer game," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock reflectively, "a very queer game. Teddy tells the dear peepul how much he loves them, and if they doubt his word he lambastes them with his Big Stick. And Hi Johnson is there with the salve every time Teddy bruises their heads. How long will they be able to get away with it? Not very long, I think. It reminds me of the poem in Alice in Wonderland—the one about the oysters. You know Mrs. Atherton said some of our new voters were oysters. She might have applied that to all of them." And then my friend of the Clock Tower surprised me by improvising in verse:

"The time has come," the Bullmoose said,
"To talk of odds and ends:
Of votes—and thieves—and harvesters—
Recalls—and referends—
And why I am a Teddy Bear—
And whether Taft has friends."

"But wait a bit," the Peepul cried,
"Before we hear you talk;
For lots of us are on to you,
And some of us may balk!"
"You ingrates!" roared the Governor.
They shuddered at his squawk.

"A lot of votes," the Bullmoose said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Campaign contributions too
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you'll help us, Peepul dear,
We're sure to succeed."

"No cash from us," the Peepul cried,
Turning a little green.
"After our kindness that would be
Playing it pretty mean!"
"You look like crooks," the Bullmoose said,
"The worst I've ever seen.

"You talk like undesirables!
I shall not set you free!"
The Governor said nothing but
"Hit 'em one for me!
I wish you were not quite so slow—
I'd fix 'em one, two, three!"

"It seems a shame," the Bullmoose said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've jollied them so long,
And made 'em trot so quick!"
The Governor said nothing but
"Your scruples make me sick!"

"I weep for you," the Bullmoose said,
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he swung his stick
And took them by surprise,
Holding his big Rough Rider hat
Before his winking eyes.

"O Peepul," said the Governor,
"You are our only own!
Now don't forget election day!"
But answer there was none—
The reason was, the Peepul fled
And left them all alone.

"Good but not ripping," I commented, and the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock went away peeved.

The Spieler and Riley Hardin

Leaving his home in Jackson street the other morning, Riley Hardin, one of the Bohemian Club's heaviest members (and by the same token, one of its lightest wits) was apprised of a new distinction. The rubberneck wagon with its load of sightseers was passing his home. And here is what the spieler spieled while Riley beat it for the car suffused in dewy blushes: "To your left is the home of Riley Hardin of the Bohemian Club. Riley weights three hundred and sixty-five pounds—one pound for every day in the year—and a laugh with every pound!"

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.



At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

The New Southern Club

That aggregation of hospitable souls, the Southern Club, has just moved into its new home in California street east of Powell. They have a beautiful building of the Colonial architecture one instantly associates with the South "befo' de wah," and the mint patch just outside is being assiduously watered! The club building was put up by that unreconstructed southerner, Colonel George D. Shadburne. Shadburne was Chief of Scouts in the Confederate Army, and he isn't quite sure as to whether the articles of peace have been signed yet between North and South. James K. Polk (a cousin of Willis) who, with Randall Borough, designed the interior of the club, went to Shadburne one day and told him a flag pole was needed. "No, sir," said Shadburne emphatically, "there is to be no flag pole on that building." "Why so?" asked Polk, a bit surprised at the Colonel's positiveness. "Why," thundered Shadburne, "if we had a flag pole the first thing I knew the Fourth of July or some other holiday would come round and you'd run up the Yankee flag!" But the Colonel was overruled.

Teddy and the Press Club

Colonel Roosevelt was not entertained at the Press Club while he stayed in this city. There is a reason. Aside from the fact that his stay here was short and his time pretty well taken up, there seemed to be a disinclination among some of the newspapermen to arrange an affair in his honor. The fact is, they are more than a bit peeved at Teddy. He is an honorary member of the club, as is President Taft. But on the occasion of his last visit he did not darken the portals of the newspapermen's home. When invited he pleaded other engagements but let it be known that he would be glad to meet the newspapermen at the home of his son Teddy Junior. A very few responded to the invitation, and they judged from their reception that they had scarcely been expected. So they didn't feel that they should expose themselves to another snub. In marked contrast with the Colonel's aloofness on the occasion of his last visit was the heartiness with which President Taft accepted the newspapermen's invitation. The Press Club was the first place he visited on his arrival in the city.

The Club's New Home

The Press Club is to have a building of its own. This has been the ambition of the newspapermen for years, and circumstances have so shaped themselves that it will be realized early next year. A building is to be erected for the club at the southwestern corner of Sutter and Powell streets. The plans indicate that the boys of the pencil and pad are to be more commodiously housed than ever before in their history. There will be twenty-five guest rooms, a fine big dining and jinks hall with a fully equipped stage and all the other conveniences of an uptodate club. The club has been growing steadily ever since the fire, and is now in a very good condition financially. The site selected for the new home is regarded as a very good one, although it is some little distance from the newspaper shops. It is in the center of clubdom. The Argonaut, the Union League, the Bohemian, the Olympic, the Family and the Elks are all within a stone's throw, while the Pacific Union, the Southern and the University are not far away. Powell street has become the Piccadilly of San Francisco.

Our Fine Clubs

While on this subject I must not miss the opportunity of pointing out that San Francisco has reason to be proud of her club buildings. The club buildings put up in the past six years are among the finest in the world. Clarence Follis is competent to judge, for he has been in all the best clubs of the world, and he says there's nothing so elaborate as the Pacific-Union anywhere. Where have you seen anything more beautiful than the Olympic tank? It transcends a Pompeiian dream. The view from the balconies of the University and the Southern, commanding the full sweep of the bay and a great part of the city, would inspire a poet. The Bohemian is not to be despised, though too many cooks spoiled its broth, architecturally speaking. To speak of clubs, by the way, and not drop a tear at the passing of the Cosmos would be heartless. It was a club where good fellowship reigned supreme, and it will be missed indeed.

Good Times for the Mechanics Institute

It looks as though the city will acquire the old Mechanics Pavilion site for an auditorium at a price of $700,000. The lot bounded by Hayes and Grove, Larkin and Polk is regarded as the ideal location for the auditorium to be erected in the Civic Center, and the trustees of the Institute are willing to dispose of it. They were first offered $615,000, and later $650,000; but refused to submit the offer to the Institute unless the figure was boosted to $700,000. There has been a tentative agreement on this sum, and the negotiations will proceed. The sale of that lot will put the Institute and its library on easy street. Half the purchase price will lift the mortgage from the splendid Mechanics Institute Building in Post street, and the remainder, with the large rentals from the tenants of the latter building, will enable the Institute to enlarge the library and more than restore its prestige of ante-fire years. But I suppose we shall have no more of the good old Mechanics Fairs.

Ed Hurlburt's Good Fortune

Ed Hurlburt of the Eventing Post is soon to see his name on the bill boards. Liebler and Company, one of the big theatrical producing companies, have taken a fancy to the character of the San Francisco newspaperman, the central figure in Hurlburt's series of "Lanagan" stories recently published in Collier's. They have obtained from him the right to dramatize the stories, paying a substantial cash advance and signing a contract which calls for a royalty of five per cent. Coming so quickly on the heels of publication this good fortune is particularly gratifying to Hurburt and has spurred his ambition to further efforts. Hurlburt has arrived, and I make bold to hazard the guess that there will be no falling off in the character of his output, for he is a careful worker with a passion for form.

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In connection with These Magnificent Passenger Steamers
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Sails 11 a. m. every fifth day. 1st class $7.35 and $8.35. 2d class $5.35.
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Is Elena To Wed?

During the summer Mrs. Jimmy Robinson and her fascinating daughter Elena made a tour of the South in the big car belonging to Willis Goodwin. And now Willis Goodwin is building a home right next to the Robinson place at Woodside. On account of these trifles the whisper has gone around that Elena has accepted the attentions of Goodwin, and that a wedding may be expected some time in the very near future, say in October. Mrs. Robinson is not prepared to admit this, but the wise ones insist they know whereof they speak. Willis Goodwin is a Harvard man who came out here about a year ago and interested himself in the oil industry. At college he was a friend of Elena's brother Porter Robinson. It is just about a year since Miss Robinson suddenly broke off her engagement to Brewster Caneron of Arizona without stating the cause. On that account the wedding, if there is a wedding, will probably be a very quiet affair. The friends of the two hope that they are correct in their surmises, for Miss Robinson is a very charming girl, and young Goodwin has made a most favorable impression.

Drama At the Cliff House

Diners at the Cliff House the other evening enjoyed a bit of what might be described as a socicty drama without words. At one of the tables was sitting Mrs. Maryon Bruguiere, the lady who is suing her former husband Dr. Pedar Bruguiere to ascertain her legal status. She was with several friends, among them Miss Louise Tillman and Baron von Schroeder. Presently Dr. Pedar Bruguiere entered with his beautiful wife. They were accompanied by several friends. Immediately the dining room sat up and took notice, but the protagonists of the little drama at Dr. Bruguiere's table were apparently insensible of the interest their presence aroused. The present Mrs. Bruguiere is not a woman that cares for the limelight, and scenes of no kind are to her liking. A woman of taste and refinement, as sweet as she is beautiful, she is devoted to the quiet home life that she adorns. Her friends are very fond of her, and she has the warm sympathy of all of them at this time.

Her Pace Is Strenuous

Friends of Mrs. Darling are wondering whether her husband will join her in this city, or continue his sojourn with relatives on the other side of the continent. Mrs. Darling keeps up a very strenuous pace whenever she comes to San Francisco, and her husband is said to like a quieter life than that which is Mrs. Darling's preference. Some of our younger matrons would find it hard to keep up with Mrs. Darling. There is only one like her in these parts, the indefatigable Queen Eleanor Martin.

The Martin Dinners

The celebrated Martin dinners are in full swing. Queen Eleanor is spreading the hospitable board for this, that and the other celebrity, so the season may be said to have begun. One dinner was given for Wallace Irwin and his wife, and the conversation is said to have been quite literary. Then along came Richard C. Kerens, our Ambassador to Austria, and he too put his ministerial legs under the Martin mahogany. The dinner for Isabel Sprague and William Henry Poole was more elaborate, as became a feed to be followed by a dance. There will be plenty more dinners in the next few weeks, and those bidden to attend will be glad to know that Mrs. Martin has made some new additions to her local list, so that new faces will shine at her board.



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MISS MARIAN DORN

With her sister Camille she attended the golf tournament at Del Monte, and was remarked for her good looks.

White's the Color

Judging from the costumes of the girls at the dinner-dance last referred to, white's to be the popular color for evening dresses this Winter. Cream or white satins and chiffons were very much in evidence. The affair was a fashion show all by itself, and probably set feminine dress standards which will be followed widely. White, by the way, was not worn by the belles alone; some of the matrons appeared in it.

A Difficult Name

Miss Geraldine Forbis has many moments of sorrow, they say, because the newspaper bavardes will insist on changing her name to the comparatively plebeian Forbes. This is a matter of real concern to one who has been reared in an atmosphere saturated with family, as Miss Geraldine has been. The Forbis tree is one of the most carefully cultivated in the genealogical garden and its roots are to be found way, way back in the beginnings of New England. So it is too bad that the bavardes mar the name by substituting a vowel which takes away all its distinction. Miss Forbis came here from the East during the summer. The family leased a place at Menlo. Miss Forbis was taken up with such enthusiasm that she wants to stay, so the Winter will be gladdened by her presence in our midst. Miss Forbis will make her debut here and will be one of the bridesmaids at the Sprague-Poole wedding.

Mrs. Tevis at the State Fair

Mrs. Will Tevis took quite a party of friends to Sacramento for the State Fair. She engaged almost the whole floor of one of the leading hotels for the accommodation of herself and guests, and her party has been enjoying a delightful experience. Mrs. Tevis is enthusiastic about the State Fair and took this means of popularizing it with the folks who would ordinarily take no interest in it. Mrs. Tevis has been the life of the party. But everyone knows she is the soul of hospitality. How could she be otherwise with the good old Pacheco blood running in her veins? She is never so happy as when making others happy. She gives generously to the needy, but always without ostentation.

The New Tevis Home

The new home of the Will Tevises on their great Bakersfield estate is nearing completion. It has been in course of construction for a year. I am told that it will be one of the most splendid places in the State, and I shouldn't wonder, for the Tevises don't do things by halves. The old home was moved to another location and will be used for servant quarters or guest rooms.

A Study in Legs

That was an interesting snapshot which the

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CASA DEL REY

New 300-room, fire-proof hotel located near the beach and Casino.

OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND
AMERICAN PLAN

Tennis Courts, Good Boating, Bathing and Fishing. Numerous drives along the Coast and through the Mountains.

SUPERIOR GOLFING

Santa Cruz Beach Hotel Co.

Examiner published on its society page last Sunday. It showed a group of the elect on the piazza at Del Monte during the golf tournament. At one end sat Mrs. Sam Blair doing fancy work. Next to her and with Mrs. Templeton Crocker on his right sat Ned Greenway. The others in the group were Mrs. Richard E. Hammond who not so long ago was Maizie Langhorne, Miss Marian Zeile, Mrs. Will Taylor and Miss Ethel Crocker. It is customary to call Ned the Czar, but in this picture, if I may say so without offense, he looks for all the world like a Sultan presiding over his serail. The picture shows Miss Zeile in a posture which fillips curiosity. The question is, what is she doing? At first sight it looks as if she is rolling a cigarette, but that of course is presposterous. I am unable to solve the puzzle. Furthermore the picture is something of a study in legs. Two of the estimable young ladies were unaware that their easy attitudes caused a front elevation of their skirts which exposed a great deal of underpinning to the camera. The result is that the sacred society leg is shown to the public more frankly than the public has any right to expect outside a Kirmess. The public is not ungrateful, but just the same a fancier of legs might express disappointment in this society showing. Architecturally considered the legs are substantial but ungraceful. Their contours are lacking in those bewitching curves one demands in the leg feminine. However, let us not be too exigeant. Studies made in windy Market street may have over-educated our eye.

Will Mrs. Oelrichs Marry?

That is the question which the local friends of the vivacious Tessie are asking one another since they've heard the latest news from Newport. Mrs. Oelrichs is wonderfully devoted to a young man by the beautiful name of Stuyvesant Le Roy, and Stuyve seems to be just as devoted to Tessie. Mrs. Ollie Belmont gave a blow-out (as they say in slangy Newport) a few days ago, a sort of beach party, and Tessie and Stuyve attracted a great deal of amused attention by their mutual absorption. Next they were seen in Tessie's electric runabout, which she drives herself, and it is reported that turtle-doves could not have been more billy-and-cooy. There was another display of ardor on the beach whither the twain went with the rest of Newport to see the aviators. Standing on a bench on the extreme outskirts of the crowd, the pair were so wrapped up in blissful contemplation of each other that there was almost a mishap. "Oh, Stuyve, I'm falling!" shrieked Tessie, but Stuyve saved her. It was noted that his arm lingered about her waist thereafter, no doubt to avoid a repetition of the danger. So Tessie's friends are wondering if she is about to commit matrimony with Stuyve.

The Revival of Side Whiskers

Who was it that said, "A hare lip is an infirmity, a club foot is a deformity, but side whiskers are a man's own fault"? Whoever he was, he will have to withdraw the remark, for the side whiskers of 1830 are once more coming into vogue. If we can believe what we hear, the fashion has been established in London and is invading the United States via every liner. We shall have to fall into line in San Francisco soon, if that's the case. I regard the situation with mixed emotions. I am not prepared to admit that I should prefer Ned Greenway in Dundrearies. Would Walter Martin look better with hirsute curtains on either cheek? Should the rubicund visage of Prince Fortunatus Hobart be screened behind a trailing fringe? Who can convince me that Templeton Crocker will be improved by the addition of flying buttresses? Does



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MISS RAMONA McCUDDEN

Who is a popular member of the younger set in society.

Willis Polk's facial architecture need an unbarbered pergola? I have my misgivings. Still we must be in the fashion, so I am prepared to see these Apollos and Antinouses sacrificed on the altar of the recrudescent cult. But Tantalus will continue to shave every morning as of yore.

Miss Mathieu Engaged

One of the most interesting items of social news this week was the announcement of the engagement of Miss Marianne Mathieu to Mr. Alexander A. Wilson. Miss Mathieu is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Mathieu, and is a very beautiful and cultivated girl whose charm of manner has made her a great favorite among the belles of society. Her father is a well known clubman who won many encomiums recently by his splendid staging of "The Atonement of Pan" in the Bohemian Grove. Miss Mathieu's fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson of this city. He is a graduate of Yale and is engaged in the practice of law. He is a well known member of the University Club. The wedding will take place some time next summer.

For Sweet Charity

The talent of the Family Club will be enlisted in the cause of charity next Saturday evening, September 28, when an entertainment will be given to lift the mortgage from Father Lacomb's church at Portola, down the peninsula. The entertainment will be given in the open air, and a special train will convey San Franciscans to the affair, leaving Third and Townsend streets at 7:15 p. m. and arriving at Menlo at 8:05. The special will leave Menlo for the return trip at

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Banquet Halls and Private Dining Rooms
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10:55 p. m. A special rate of $1.20 for the round trip has been arranged. The entertainment will be an al fresco affair. Seth Mann and Larry Harris will make speeches; Vail Bakewell, Charles Bulotti and McKenzie Gordon will sing; James H. O'Brien will tell stories; Jack Noyes will play the piano and Sigmund Beel the violin; Waldemar Young, William J. Jacobs and Richard Prosser will present a skit, "When Caesar Ran a Paper"; and an impromptu skit will be presented by E. D. Coblentz, Clyde Colby, James R. Miller, Waldemar Young, Alex Young, Fay Beal, Frank Hooper, William J. Jacobs, Roy Folger, Frank Maroney and Larry Harris. Mrs. Athearn Folger is at the head of the ladies' committee which will see to the comfort of the women guests.

A Marriage in Newspaperdom

Waldemar Young, one of the best known dramatic critics and clubmen of the city, was married at noon last Saturday to Mrs. Bessie Strong, who is also of the San Francisco literary colony. The wedding ceremony was performed in the home of the bride, 206 Edgewood avenue, by the Rev. Arch Perrin, who was a college mate of the bridegroom a dozen years ago at Stanford. Only relatives and intimate friends attended. Mrs. Young was the widow of Joseph Strong, a well known portrait painter. She belongs to an old California family, and is a granddaughter of the late Governor Haight and a sister of Robert Haight. Young has been almost continuously in newspaper work here since his college days. He is a member of the Family, Press and Bohemian clubs. The couple went to Santa Cruz for their honeymoon.

A Lecture on Strausss

The lecture given by Miss Emilie Frances Bauer at Century Hall on Tuesday afternoon was attended by our most discriminating musicians and music lovers, and gave them a great deal of intellectual satisfaction. Miss Bauer speaks with authority on musical matters, and even the best posted find food for thought in her criticisms and expositions. Her subject was the psychology of Richard Strauss and his works. The spirituality shown in the earlier works of the composer was contrasted with the realism which marks his later compositions. She showed how deeply he had been influenced by Nietzsche. The lecture was well arranged, well written and read most effectively. Next Tuesday Miss Bauer will speak of the opera writers since Wagner. She is sure to be interesting, for she has personal acquaintance with most of those she lectures about.

It Was All Fiction

One of those deplorable pieces of misinformation that occasionally get into print appeared in these columns two weeks ago. It was with reference to the marriage of Miss Monica Fores of Alameda and Mr. Philip W. Alexander of this city. According to my informant, who thought it an amusing story, the young lady obtained five hundred dollars from her father wherewith to buy her trousseau, telling him she wanted the money for the purchase of land in Humboldt county, and that he did not learn to the contrary until informed of the marriage. It was a romantic little story and was worth telling if true, if for no other purpose than to illustrate the resourcefulness of Dan Cupid. But unhappily the story was not true. No joke was played on Mr. Fores. No deception of the kind was practiced. In the interest of truth, even if at the expense of romance, I must report the unfortunate misleading of my readers.

What Next at Tait's?

Now that the drawing for the automobile given away by Tait's is over, patrons of the place are beginning to wonder "what next." If John Tait follows his usual custom of doing the unusual and unexpected the next free offering by this popular establishment is sure to please and satisfy. What it will be no one knows. I asked John Tait and he smilingly replied, "Wait and see." There's always some sort of a surprise in store for patrons of this popular dining place. It may be in the entertainment, the decorations or in a prize but "It" is always certain to be there. And aside from the many pleasing novelties one can always get a good meal.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Joseph Martin and family have returned from their summer home "Casa Martin," Los Gatos, to the city for the winter.

A great many motor parties have arrived at the Casa del Rey in the past few days, and they all report the mountain road by way of Los Gatos and Hotel De Redwood to be in better condition than it has been all season. The recent rains served to lay the dust and the road is therefore in excellent shape.

A dance and supper party was the pleasure arranged by Mrs. W. F. Morris at the Hotel Victoria for the guests who are at the hotel this season. A score or more couples shared the happy occasion on Saturday last. Miss Alma Thane is being welcomed home again after an absence of fourteen months abroad. Miss Thane tarried for several weeks in the East before her homeward trip. With her parents she is established at the Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McGowan of Paraiso Hot Springs have just returned from a week end visit at Casa del Rey. Dr. Clinton of San Francisco is a guest at Paraiso Hot Springs. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bibbs and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hawes motored to Paraiso for the week end.



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"Officer 666" at the Columbia

By Edward F. O'Day

I don't think it was an excess of seriousness which prevented me from chortling my head off at the Columbia. I went there with bared funny-bone, so to speak, with the hinges of my jaw lubricated for laughter, with my ribs ready for tickling. I was in a receptive mood for jocosity, prepared to vibrate in unison with the first waves of farcicality that floated out from the stage, not only willing but eager to dissolve fatuously in a vapor of enveloping mirth. That, I suppose, is the proper way to approach side-splitting farce. You have your guffaws on tap and allow the author and his players to draw them in a continuous stream. You bring your cachinnation to the theatre and the actors do the rest. But alas and alack! there are time when the program is not put through. The night I went to see "Officer 666" was one of these mournful occasions. I repeat that I don't think it was my fault. The tap was not turned on. I was not rocked with hilarity or disturbed in my sober equilibrium by irresistible merriment. From time to time I snicked a stingy snicker, but most of the time I waited for the mirth-moving impulse which didn't come. When I left the Columbia I still bottled a lot of the laughing fluid which might have been spilled for the asking, but nobody asked. During the first act I sat expectantly, nursing my patience with the thought that the farce was getting under way. Farce's first act is always explanation and preparation, a gathering of momentum for the rushing avalanche that crumples dignity, flattens sobersides and crushes glumness into a jelly of glee. But once more alas and again alack! that first act of "Officer 666" is not so different from the second and the third. All three were mildly amusing. They made you glow half-heartedly, as at the funeral of your dearest enemy. Once in a while they sneaked a laugh out of you; more frequently, only a smile. It is easy to blame this on the players, but I'm not so sure that the bulk of the responsibility should be cast on their shoulders. I'm inclined to think that Augustin MacHugh, the author of this "melodramatic farce" should face the music for this doleful condition. The material is there but it has not been cut skillfully. The possibilities of roaring foolery reside in the idea of "Officer 666," but Mr. MacHugh failed to draw them out. There is too much running back and forth and hither and yon. The machinery creaks; it needs oiling by an expert oiler. It coaxes the chuckles where it should compel them. When I think of what it might have been I become sad, very sad, and that's no mood for the farceur to encourage. If it were, the dentist with his laughing gas would be the greatest humorist in the world.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Symphony Season

The Board of Governors of the San Francisco Orchestra from its headquarters at No. 711-712 Head Building, has issued its prospectus for the second series of symphony and popular concerts. There will be ten symphony and ten popular concerts. Selections from the works of Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Tschaikowsky, Franck, Rimsky-Korsakow, Richard Strauss, Saint-Saens, Dvorak, Mendelssohn, Debussy, Ravel, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Handel and Hadley will be performed. The dates of concerts, which are subject to change, follow: Symphony Concerts, Friday afternoons, October 25, November 1, November 15, November 29, December 13, December 20, January 20, January 24, Sunday afternoon, February 7, March 7. Popular Concerts, October 27, November 8, November 17, December 6, December 22, January 10, January 31, February 14, February 28, March 9. Last season's concerts by the San Francisco Orchastra contributed materially to elevate musical ideals in San Francisco and added to the reputation and dignity of the city as fos tering the highest in art. The Board announces the engagement of Mr. Adolph Rosenbecker, the celebrated Chicago concert meister, Mr. Arthur Hadley, the talented brother of Conductor Henry Hadley and a valued member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as principal 'cellist, B. Emilio Puyans who achieved considerable reputation as the first flute of the Pittsburg Orchestra. Emil Power, director and flute soloist for Tetrazzini, will be first flute, and Joseph Vito is a splendid harpist who in reputation is only second to Enrico Tramonti of the Chicago Orchestra. Mr. Henry Hadley who has been re-engaged as conductor will return from his vacation in the wilds of British Columbia early in October, at which time rehearsals of the orchestra will commence. The guarantors of the orchestra have the first choice of seats after which the season subscribers will be served.

Wilde Play at the Alcazar

One of the best of the Wilde plays is "Lady Windemere's Fan" in which Sarah Truax will open the second week of her starring engagement at the Alcazar next week. It combines dramatic strength with literary charm and can be thoroughly enjoyed by every one. It fairly reeks of blunt truths delivered with keen cynicism. And between following the development of its ingeniously woven story and grasping the true inwardness of its smart lines the attention of an average audience is fully occupied throughout the four acts. Miss Truax has won flattering criticism from Eastern critics by her acting of Mrs. Erlynne. In the cast with her will be Thurlow Bergen, Louis Bennison, Burt Wesner, Grace Carlyle, Adele Belgarde and Harold Holland, with the remainder of the Alcazar company and a number of specially engaged players appropriately bestowed. Sumptuous staging is promised.



NAT M. WILLS
"The Happy Tramp" who will appear in an entirely new act next week at the Orpheum.

The Lambardis at the Cort

What will unquestionably prove as brilliant a grand opera season as San Francisco has known will be started on its way Sunday night at the Cort when the new Lambardi Pacific Coast Grand Opera Company begins a limited engagement, presenting for the initial bill Puccini's "La Boheme," San Francisco's favorite opera. Impresario Lambardi has banded together the most distinguished organization of his successful career. The artists are practically all new to us. Many have never sung in this country, but they have great reputations abroad. They were selected recently by Ettore Patrizi who spent considerable time abroad in an endeavor to secure the best artists obtainable. The company in its entirety numbers 110 people. There will be an orchestra of 45, the nucleus of which has been brought here. Gaetano Bavagnoli, the conductor, is a man of great note, and a favorite of Mascagni. During the engagement at the Cort two novelties will be offered. These are Strauss' "Salome," and "Conchita" by Zandonai. The later opera has never been given in this country. It created a furore at Covent Garden, London, with Tarquinia Tarquini in the title role, the same prima donna who will sing it at the Cort.

The principal members of the company are the following: sopranos, Tarquini, Matini, Pereira, D'Oria, Charbelois; mezzos, Zizolfi, Pineschi; tenors, Giorgi, Armanini, Agostini, Graziana; baritones, Giardini, Nicoletti, Pineschi; bassos, Martino, Bonaventure; conductor, Bavagnoli; assistant conductor, Colucci; stage managers, Petrovich, Puglia. This is the repertoire for the first week: Sunday night, Sept. 22, "La Boheme"; Monday, "Conchita"; Tuesday, "Lucia"; Wednesday matinee, "La Boheme"; Wednesday night, "Conchita"; Thursday, "Traviata"; Friday, "La Boheme"; Saturday matinee, "Lucia"; Saturday night, "Conchita."

Macklyn Arbuckle Coming

Klaw and Erlanger who are noted for elaborate productions have sent on tour a revival of Edmund Day's drama of the Western ranges, "The Round Up." Macklyn Arbuckle who was seen here in the production on its last visit to the Columbia will once more essay the role of "Slim" Hoover, the sheriff of Pinal County, Arizona.

The members of the organization appearing in "The Round Up" number over 100, and include leading characters, soldiers, scouts, cow-punchers, Mexican vaqueros, Arizona girls and Apache Indians. A score of horses appear in the big battle scene, considered one of the greatest stage spectacles. "Office 666" continues at the Columbia next week.

Nat Wills at the Orpheum

Five of the Orpheum acts next week will be entirely new. Nat Wills, "the Happy Tramp" will appear in an entirely new act. Wills is one of the biggest men in vaudeville. His present monologue is said to be the wittiest and most diverting he has ever delivered. E. Frederick Hawley will present a one-act drama entitled "The Bandit," the scene of which is laid in Mexico in the early 70's. The play is well presented, well acted and well written. Joe McIntyre and Bob Harty, "the Sugar Plum Girlie and the Marshmallow Boy" will bring a unique and entertaining act of comedy, songs and witty chatter.

Annie Kent, a tiny bundle of fun who rejoices in the title of "the Little Jester" will be an entertaining feature of the coming bill. The Four Konerz Brothers known as "the Boys with the Toys" will give an exhibition of skillful hoop throwing, diabolo juggling and boomerang casting. Next week will be the last of Herbert Ashley and Co.; Bertish, "the Ideal Athlete" and Jesse Lasky's musical comedy "the Antique Girl."

"The Star Bout" at Pantages

Heading the new bill at Pantages next Sunday is "The Star Bout," another melodramatic sketch of Taylor Granville, producer of "The Hold Up," which created such a sensation here a few weeks ago. "The Star Bout" is a romance of the prize ring in three scenes. It ran three years in New York at the principal vaudeville houses, made a great hit in London and employs thirty-five people. Florence Lorraine and Edgar Dudley will present their one-act farce "The Finish" in which they scored heavily on a previous visit. The Lillian sisters will offer a dainty act, replete with singing and dancing and pleasing selections on the violin and piano. Provol, a ventriloquial whistler and mimic, will make his first appearance. The Capital City Four will joke, dance, yodle and sing. The Apollo Trio will give an exhibition of hand balancing, ground tumbling and work on ladders. There will be other interesting features on the program which will conclude with current events of the day shown in Sunlight Pictures.

Couldock on San Francisco

Clara Morris in her interesting memoirs "Life on the Stage" tells of the aversion that Charles W. Couldock, an English actor who first came to the United States with Charlotte Cushman, had for California. She says:

They (Couldock and his daughter Eliza) went to California—a great undertaking then, as the Pacific Railroad was not completed, and they were most unsuccessful during their entire stay there. Eliza told one day of how a certain school principal in 'Frisco had met her father after a performance to a miserable house, and with frightful bad taste had asked Mr. Couldock how he accounted for the failure of his engagement, and that gentleman snarled out:

"I don't try to account for it at all! I leave that work for the people who ask fool questions. If I only have one d—n cent in my pockets I don't try to account for not having another d—n cent to rub against it!"

And Eliza added, in pained tones:

"That principal had meant to ask 'poor pa' to come and speak to the dear little boys in his school, but after that he didn't—wasn't it odd?"

As Mr. Couldock was heard approaching his daughter quickly whispered:

"Ask pa how he liked California."

And after "good mornings" were exchanged, the question was put, and incidentally the red rag brought the mad bull into action.

"I wouldn't give a d—n for the whole d—n State!" roared Mr. Couldock, while his daughter pushed his hair behind his ears, and mildly said:

"Pa's always so emphatic about California."

"Yes," shouted the old man, "and so would you be if you wore breeches and dared to speak the truth! You see, no one gave me even a hint, and it was just my cursed luck to go overland, risking my own d—n skin and Eliza's too, and it seems that those God-forsaken duffers look upon anyone coming to them by the overland route as a sort of outcast tramp. In fact, that's entering by the back-kitchen door to San Francisco. You ought to go by sea, and come in at the front door of their blasted, stuck-up little city if you're to put any of their money in your purse or be allowed to keep any of your own."

In the Interest of Science

When one's friend is a scientist and given to experiments a little caution may not be out of place before consenting to do him a favor. That, however, did not occur to a certain well-known public man whose experience is related in an Australian paper. He went to the laboratory of an old schoolmate, a Melbourne professor of chemistry, to make a friendly call.

The professor was studying a dark brown substance spread out on a sheet of paper.

"I say," he cried, when greetings had been exchanged, "would you kindly let me place a bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become vitiated by trying all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the accommodating friend, and he promptly opened his mouth.

The professor took up some of the substance under analysis and put it on his friend's tongue. The man worked it around in his mouth for fully a minute, tasting it much as he might have tasted a choice confection.

"Note any effect?" asked the professor.

"No, none."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

"I thought not. There are no alkaloids in it, then. How does it taste?"

"Bitter as gall."

"Hem—m—! All right."

By this time the visitor's curiosity was aroused. "But what is it, anyhow?" he inquired.

"I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Some one has been poisoning horses with it."

The Hindu on Suffragists

A Hindu, writing to the Times of India on suffragettes, says:

If suffragists allowed in House of Parliament they make the world topside down.

First of all they make Mrs. Pankhurst Viceroy of India and Mrs. Pethick Governor of Bombay.

Your St. Paul is very clever fellow. He knows all the foolish things of the womans. He says very strongly womans must shut the mouth.

No talking about business or anything. Everything must ask to the husbands and he will tell you. Shame, shame for womans to talk.

But what the womans care for St. Paul. He is poor fellow and not passing M.A. and B.A. like them and their husbands perhaps only passing fourth or fifth standard.

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Matinee: Thursday, Saturday, Sunday.

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SECOND AND LAST WEEK BEGINS SUNDAY NIGHT
MATINEES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS
Cohan and Harris Present
Augustin McHugh's Melodramatic Farce

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"An Unending Scream," says the Examiner.
"Too Funny for Words," says the Chronicle.
"Sure Cure for the Blues," says the Call.

Prices, Evenings and Matinees—$1.50 to 25c.
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3 Big Scenes—35 People on the Stage
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Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.

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Sunday, "La Boheme"; Monday, "Conchita"; Tuesday, "Lucia"; Wednesday Matinee, "La Boheme"; Wednesday, "Conchita"; Thursday, "Traviata"; Friday, "La Boheme"; Saturday Matinee, "Lucia"; Saturday, "Conchita."
Prices—50c to $2.00.

HENRY P. TRICOU

NOTARY PUBLIC

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stock—Stocks reacted, transactions being entirely natural, in view of the realizing sales and short selling. The street gave curiously little attention to the statement of foreign commerce of the United States for August which showed both in imports and exports the largest totals of any corresponding month in the history of the country. Utah Copper sold off rather sharply on the strike of miners at the Bingham Canyon camp. If the strike should continue for any considerable length of time, it might cause an advance in the price of the metal. Strength in U. S. Rubber was said to be in anticipation of conditions in the crude rubber market, which would enable the company to obtain a supply of raw material on favorable terms. There was considerable pressure on Reading and that stock suffered a larger decline than the other standard issues. The increase of activity in the bond market was regarded as a hopeful sign. We believe that the stock market is shaping itself for a good move later.

Wheat—Increasing anxiety on the part of shorts in wheat has been seen along with a decidedly big range of prices as they covered. The market proved quite unresponsive to bearish prices but responded freely to buying. The strength of corn was a constant help. Quite a batch of bearish news and influences in circulation at the outset was forgotten before noon and only that of the other sort claimed attention. A potent influence was the forecast of lighter marketings by Kansas farmers, another was the reported sale of cash wheat from Omaha to the Gulf and of cash wheat from here c. i. f. Buffalo. The former sales were of a retail order but have checked sales to Chicago from the Missouri river points and the sales at Buffalo are claimed by rival grain concerns to have been made below the market and at a loss if shipped from Chicago. Total sales of this sort were 275,000 and there have been peddling milling sales of about 25,000 bushels besides. Export clearances 120,000 bushels. Exporters and brokers claim no export business done although above cash sales were to Eastern export concerns. Liverpool reports large offers from Pacific Coast and Russia, decreased call for Canadian and American wheat. Sale of 100,000 Number 2 hard to go to store—not included in the above reported sales. Also number 2 hard winter sold at 3-4c. over September in liberal quantities which is the lowest premium in a long time.

Corn—Killing frost in the northwestern edge of the corn belt, and frost extending down into Kansas, with forecast for frost tonight in northwestern Iowa, started a lot of short buying. There were simultaneous estimates by several authorities among the crop experts that the drought damage in Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma has been more severe than previously reported. Leading longs competed with the shorts for current offerings in the pit, the competition naturally hoisting values constantly all day, reactions being few and fractional.

Oats—Advanced with other grains. There was selling by local traders but good buying by larger cash concerns and elevators. Offerings tightened as the market advanced, short interest being considerable. Trade rather light much of the time early but more lively after the shorts started to cover.

Provisions—Little additional liquidation by longs, but packers bought freely at the slight decline and helped the market. Good support for October Ribs and selling from similar sources of October Lard. One Eastern packer bought October Lard while others sold.

Cotton—Cotton advanced about $1 per bale on unexpected strength in Liverpool and reports of an improvement in the spot situation at the south. Southern buying of a speculative character is generally believed to have played a most important part in the market's strength and has been the case for several weeks. Some commission house men declare that the south is on the verge of taking an active position on the bull side of the market. Dry goods trade report an inquiry from China for 3 yard sheetings. These are the first inquiries received for some time. American mills have the best trade and prospects since 1906 and merchants are pressing them for delivery of goods. Manchester is doing the largest business on record and in fact spinners of the world are all at work at a profit, something which has not occurred in many years. We continue to advise the purchase of cotton on all breaks in following a trader's position on the long side of the market.

Nuts to Crack

Money is the root of all evil, and sometimes of the family tree.

Lots of people talk too much and say too little.

Good judgment isn't of much value unless you make use of it.

The girl who is as pretty as a picture may have negative qualities.

Many a man makes a speech that will never make him.

Even the fellow who blows his own horn may come out at the little end of it.

A great deal depends on environment and mental suggestion. Some people can't see a pitcher without getting thirsty.

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

tended to that part of the business. We had many big cases, like the Lick case and the cases that arose from the widening of Dupont and Kearny streets. Then there was the great San Pablo case, now the leading case in the law of partition. I handled that for twenty-seven years, for I outlived all the other attorneys employed in it. There were two or three hundred claimants involved and it went to the Supreme Court two or three times. But when it was settled everybody got his rights.

"Felton had been a tutor at Harvard, and his brother Cornelius C. Felton was president of Harvard, so we had many distinguished visitors in our law office. Men like Agassiz visited us when they came to San Francisco.

"Before I came West my brother used to send me the old Pioneer Magazine, and I had read Lieutenant Derby's lectures on astronomy and Edward Pollock's great poem, 'The Chandos Shakespeare.' So when I came here I was eager to meet 'Phoenix' and the poet. Derby was then nearly blind and I saw little of him, but I got to know Pollock well. I think he was the greatest poet we ever had here, but he was a drunken good-for-nothing who threw himself away. I also knew Bret Harte's mother. She married a man named Williams who had a law office with me.

"While I was a reporter on the Bulletin I was walking along Clay near Leidesdorff street one day. I noticed a sign advertising an exhibition of bears in a dingy basement. I went in and met James Capen Adams for the first time. The great bear hunter and I became friends and I used to spend an hour or two with him daily, listening to his adventures. That's how I came to write my bear book, the Adventures of James Capen Adams. It was published just before the Civil War, and as a result didn't have much of a sale. Towne and Bacon who had been the pressmen on the Bulletin but afterwards branched out as printers and founded the paper house were the publishers. That first edition is rare now, and sells for $15. It was responsible for the authoritative work on the grizzly. William H. Wright's father read it to him when he was a boy, and it inspired him to become a bear hunter. He wrote 'The Grizzly Bear.' Through Caspar Whitney the Scribners were induced to bring out a new edition of my old bear book not long ago, and it has had a very good sale.

"While I was with Elisha Cook I compiled the General Laws of California. The laws were in a horrible state. There was only Woods' Digest which was a poor performance. So I brought out my digest in '65.

"During the early stages of the San Pablo case I became interested in the early history of California. I learned Spanish so as to read the old archives, and started on my history. My History of California in four volumes occupied me for twenty-five years. When I reached the Vigilante period I induced William T. Coleman to procure for me the secret records. He got me the original notes of the thirty-three secretaries of the committees. I read my Vigilante chapters to Coleman and he said they contained the fullest and most correct account of the movement.

"You may have seen a book called Personal Reminiscences of Early Days in California by Stephen J. Field. Field's name is on the title page, but I wrote every word of it for him. It was meant for circulation among his friends; but when Field thought he had a chance to run for the Presidency he published it without my permission.

"Another of my books was a Review of Goethe's Faust. I have been a student of Goethe from my college days. In fact they used to call me 'Von Goethe Hittell' or just 'the Von.' Another nickname for me at Yale was 'Carlyle Hittell.' I was devoted to Carlyle at a time when college professors used to say that the great Scotchman was crazy. That made me an intellectual rebel. I thought at the time that college professors didn't know what they were talking about, and now I am sure of it.

"All my literary work of those days was done between eight o'clock at night and the wee sma' hours of morning. I lived two lives—lawyer by day and writer by night.

"As I became interested in the history of our State through the San Pablo case, so I became interested in the history of Hawaii by studying the subject of tabu. The islands have had a great history. I think that King Kamehameha I was one of the greatest, if not the greatest man in the last three hundred years. His queen was one of the greatest queens who ever reigned."

I asked this enthusiastic literary octogenarian if his History of Hawaii would be his last book.

"No," he said, "I have a life of Walker the filibuster to finish, and a history of the Academy of Sciences which will be published in the course of a year."

I could not help looking with undisguised admiration at this vigorous old man whose work is never done.

"To what do you attribute your great vitality?" I asked.

"To early piety," he laughed. "But seriously," he continued, "it is due to good parentage, temperance and a wife who looked after my health. I haven't had a headache in thirty years."

"How long have you smoked?" I asked, looking at his richly colored meerschaum.

"For seventy years," answered Hittell, "and I have never been able to detect any ill effects from the habit. If I do," with a twinkle, "I suppose I shall have to stop."

"Her father," observed the sententious bore, "is a country gentlemen."

"Is he?" asked the cynic, who then added irrelevantly—"I have only seen his behavior in town."

THE SALES CONVENTION POPULAR

The salesmen's convention, once looked upon as an occasion for joyous celebration, now occupies a position of dignity in the commercial world. In fact, the idea of bringing traveling men together for a serious purpose once each year is fast gaining popularity among manufacturing concerns throughout the country.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company long has recognized the value of the sales convention as a means of perfecting its organization and as a lubricant to the sales machinery.

The recent gathering of salesmen held at the Rambler factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin, has been followed by a conference of Jeffery Coast dealers in San Francisco. The convention here was in charge of L. H. Bill, manager of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company of California. The dealers spent three days at the San Francisco branch and during that time they made a thorough study of the unit gasoline and electric motor with which the 1913 Cross Country is equipped.

The convention ended with a banquet at which Mr. Bill promised next year to take to the Jeffery factory those of his dealers who make exceptional records. The San Francisco convention proved so great a success that others in the Jeffery selling organization are making plans for similar gatherings.

Not for Ten Times as Much

Marks—So you saw the woman who dropped the purse, but lost her in the crowd. Did you advertise for her?

Parks—Yes; I put this in: "If the very homely woman of forty, wearing a dress of last year's style and a most unbecoming hat, who lost her purse containing $3.50 on Market street, Saturday, will apply to ———, her property will be returned." I've had no answer, though.

Marks—Good Lord! Do you think a woman would own up to that description for $3.50?

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The Time Deposit

(Continued from Page 9.)

but he did not notice it, for he continued to be industrious and to earn a living, just as before. His friends, however, were right, and that box is full of the hours saved by him in ten years. It is not likely that he will come in search of them. He is busy saving more time. There are thousands of similar cabinets, saved by fountain pens, typewriters, cash registers, and the like. We have also some millions ready for holding the hours to be saved by the navigation of the air."

He became verbose, enumerating tools, processes, and machines for time-saving. In one parish alone enough time was saved to extend back to William the Conqueror, in some cities it went beyond the landing of Caesar, to the Stone Age, and even—according to some calculators—to the Palaeolithic Age, if there ever was such an age. But most of that time was now in the underground chambers that gave so solemn a resonance to my footsteps. To this too mathematical monologue I was indifferent, and I strayed here and there until I seemed to recognize a home-made chest of deal. I had made several myself of the same pattern in former years. The proportions and peculiar workmanship marked this one surely as mine. I felt in my pocket for my keys, and, with some agitation, chose one from the bunch. Yes! . . . No, not quite. Or . . . I could not open it. Yet I could have sworn. . . . Meantime the manager had come up.

"This is my chest," said I, excitedly.

"Have you the key?" he asked.

"This almost fits."

"Then you must wait until you have found the right one. People sometimes lose their keys. This chest contains—"

But what he said was so absurdly true that I raised my hand to strike him. He fled. I followed, thundering after him through the haze of dust and the myriad chests and caskets. I slid, I waded, I leapt, with incredible feats of speed and agility, after the silent grey man until he went perpendicularly down. I plunged after him into space, to end, I suppose, among the boxes containing hours saved in the time of Lear; but I awoke before I had touched ground in that tremendous apartment. Forcing myself asleep again I recovered the dream, and heard much more from the shopman, which it would be tedious or ridiculous to mention.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Fawncy, "I believe I have gout."

"What is your husband's salary, Mrs. Fawncy?" asked the doctor.

"Why, he receives $25 per week."

"You are troubled with rheumatism," replied the doctor.

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ANONYMA AT THE TELEPHONE

She's a young woman whose intellectual processes haven't evolved beyond the immature condition of her high school days. Hence she thinks it great fun to ring up some young man, the slighter the acquaintance the better, and to insist that he guess who it is that he's talking to. To every request that she reveal her identity she replies with a giggle or a bit of persiflant repartee. If the young man is constrained by an excess of politeness to continue the conversation she will keep his ear dangling at the phone for an hour on end, assuring him from time to time that she is having the time of her life. If the young man is inexperienced and attempts to guess her name, she will lead him on from hazard to hazard until she has obtained the entire catalogue of his fair acquaintance, and that of course is the material for gossip which she most desires. After a long ordeal of this kind she sometimes consents to reveal herself, whereupon the young man realizes that she is somebody of whose acquaintance he is by no means avid. But more frequently she refuses to tell who she is, and keeping her interlocutor at a disadvantage teases him with stupid small talk and rallies him clumsily on his inability to recognize a voice which is usually disguised and which, as likely as not, he has not heard more than half a dozen times. This young woman is not often alone when she indulges in her little pleasantry. She has some friend with her who, being possessed of equally exiguous brains, extracts huge delight from the young man's discomfiture and from time to time puts in a word or two just to increase his mystification. Thus to conceal one's identity at the end of a telephone wire is not as vulgar or reprehensible as writing anonymous letters, but it is infinitely more stupid. Anonyma at the telephone is a pest and the only adequate way to deal with her is to hang up the receiver as soon as the silly situation is grasped.

—The Peever.

Among the Cannibals

"Dear, dear!" remarked Mr. Jackpott Jones; as he dropped the newspaper upon his knees and gazed at his dear wife, sitting on the opposite side of the fireplace, "what an extraordinary case!"

"What is, dear?" asked sweet Mrs. J., as she leaned back in her chair to the sound of cracking whalebone.

"Why—er—a report here of a ship that was wrecked near Tierra del Fuego, where the Cannibals are, you know, dear. The Fuegans killed and ate the males, it appears, but absolutely refused to eat more than one of the five females who were amongst the survivors of the wreck."

"In—deed! I should have thought they would have preferred to eat the ladies. They are so much more tender than men, aren't they?"

"Well, I don't know. It seems, according to this account, that the two men they ate had nothing on but flannel shirts and linen trousers, which the savages munched up with the men. The one woman that they ate—"

"Ah!"

"Had on her, in addition to her stuff-clothes, about a pint of hairpins, a wire corset, a bent steel dress-improver, seven oxidized silver bangles, a burnished waist-belt, with steel chatelaine, scissors, button hook, corkscrew, etc., brass-tipped heels to her boots, gilt—"

"Good gracious, how they must have suffered!"

"Rather! Listen to this. For five days after, the chief of the tribe never moved or spoke, but has since recovered and celebrated his convalescence by burning forty children as a thank offering. He has since sworn, and made his tribe swear, never to eat another white squaw."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN H. RIORDAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of John H. Riordan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, 514-518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John H. Riordan, deceased.

PATRICK J. RIORDAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John H. Riordan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 7, 1912.

GEO. F. HATTON and HARTLEY F. PEART,
Attorneys for Administrator,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 9-7-5

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Political Notes

(Continued from Page 8.)

son, as against the Colonel. Evidently the "sure thing" gamblers have not heard from the Orient.

* * * * * *

The most enjoyable gentleman, however, that has recently broken into print is Mr. McAndrews from Oil City. His recent contribution to the Republican should have been read by all. In the direct presidential preference primary, Brother McAndrews sees an elimination of all reason for the rule against the third term. He says:

> With the next election, however, the 'Direct Preferential Primaries' will take the place of the sadly disgraced, steam-rolled convention system.

We must recognize that the convention system is sadly disgraced. The two things that a national convention does is to nominate a candidate for president and adopt a platform, and nobody has yet suggested submitting the platform to a referendum vote—but that will come in due time; we cannot do everything day before yesterday; just wait till tomorrow.

And such a sorry lot of nominees and presidents has been turned out by the sadly disgraced convention system! The record of the Republican party is certainly a national disgrace. To begin with, there was Fremont; then Lincoln; then Grant; then Garfield; then Blaine on two occasions; then Hayes; then Harrison; then McKinley; then Roosevelt; then Taft. Really a sad lot of human mistakes and derelicts, isn't it?

After shedding some tears over Bryan's advocacy of an amendment prohibiting a third term, our Roosevelt-worshipping friend says:

> To thus rob the people of the primary victory that Roosevelt forced to the front and won over the bosses, is worse than an insult to the voters. Think of it!

We should say, Yes, and then some. Did not the Mexicans have the right to elect Diaz term after term for a total period of thirty years, and are we to have less rights and liberties than the Mexicans?

Our friend from Oil City then proceeds to desert the Democratic party, without saying whether he ever belonged to it or not. And he then says:

> "—then think, voters, what an abominable thing it would be to prevent you re-electing a man that has served you well and that you think, of all others, best suited to serve you again; and this same abominable thing you Democrats propose to do.

The learned author then adds that the hope of re-election will make the president more anxious to please the voters, and "the longer a president is in office, the more familiar he will be with his duties."

And,

> Now, weighing all these points, I, for one, say in most emphatic tones that a good president can't live and hold office long enough, and a bad one we can't reject through the primaries without a detestable limiting ordinance.

Evidently, the gentleman from Oil City is no child, and there must be some other reason for his telling the truth, and we now have it in plain language that the Colonel cannot live long enough to serve us for president as long as his friend from Oil City would desire. In fact, his slogan is, "Long Live Theodore! The Lid is Off; May He Live and Reign Forever!"

Our friend also says that "This talk of limiting is too disgusting to be even ridiculous." Still, somehow, it sounds funny to us, the way it is put. Thinking perhaps you missed the article and missed something worth reading, we are inclined to quote liberally. Referring to Bryan's wickedness in trying to amend the Constitution to limit the office to one term, he has said:

> This he did, possibly hoping to thus draw from the one man, whom, by his deeds during two glorious terms in office the voters know; and who is still overwhelmingly the voters' choice, as clearly evidenced where primaries are held. Need I mention that illustrious name—"

The gentleman was evidently talking to himself and also had evidently forgotten that immediately before this inquiry, whispered in awe at the mere thought of the name of "Teddy," he had really carelessly and inadvertently used the name of Theodore Roosevelt, just as I would say "Jim," or "Dave Ewing," or "Bill Toomey." But evidently, not conscious that he had already mentioned the name of the high and mighty, he answered by saying, "Nay"—which sounds more like the voice of horse sense than of the Bull Moose.

We read further:

> Teddy is even on the schoolboy's lips, and may the God of wisdom and power bless, teach and guide always that man whose name shall go down in history as one of the greatest American presidents.

Mr. McAndrews closes his discussion of the Colonel by quoting the following poem:

> "Truth ever lovely since the world began,
> The foe of tyrants and the friend of man."

Notwithstanding the appropriateness of this poem, I think I rather prefer the song of the Chicago convention, "Onward, Christian Soldier." However, I would suggest as a substitute for the above, and a compromise upon which all of us could agree, the following:

> "Only an Armor Bearer, Proudly I Stand
> Waiting to Follow at the King's Command."

I agree with Mr. McAndrews that it is a pity that the Colonel is so old, and that by no possibility can he live long enough to be our president as long as either Mr. McAndrews or the Colonel thinks he ought to be. But we have the assurance that there is one other man, and only one other, that is of "the presidential size." Need I mention his name? "Nay, nay!"

In a Presidential Year

Maud Muller raked the hay.
"Whittier needn't write me up," she boasted. "The candidates are calling me an intelligent agriculturist anyway."

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
LINEHAN-ARENDT CO., Plaintiff, vs. F. S. DOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: F. S. DOW, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

DONAHUE & GALE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 8-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTONIO SALVAREZZA, alias, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of J. A. Gendotti & C. J. Houston, Attorneys at Law, 1104 First National Bank Building, corner Post and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, deceased.

MARIA SALVAREZZA,
Executrix of the Estate of Antonio Salvarezza, alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 24, 1912.

J. A. GENDOTTI & C. J. HOUSTON,
Attorneys at Law,
1104 First National Bank Bldg.,
Post and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco, Cal. 8-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,652; Department No. 7.
MAE J. RINEY, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3d day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

O. J. FRITZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
428 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-17-10

"I wonder what has become of my husband. Three days ago I sent him to match a sample at a department store. He hasn't been seen since."

"I saw him yesterday. He was at the third counter of the fourteenth aisle, and was just starting for the fourteenth counter of the third aisle."



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XX. No. 1049 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1912 PRICE, 10 CENTS





In "The Good Old Days"

"In her day" mother could cook good dinners, make good pies, have her kitchen "clean and neat as a pin," and her stove "always shining," but—it required a lot of hard work and took up most of her time.

The hard work performed by mothers in "the good old days" sounds nice in song and story and looks "homey" when depicted on canvas, but it doesn't gee with conditions of the present day.

Cooking a meal in "the good old days" meant hot, hard, dirty work. And sometimes the stove wouldn't "draw." In those days it was more trouble to get the fire ready for the food than to get the food ready for the family.

When the up-to-date woman of today cooks a meal she lights her gas when the food is ready to be cooked. And when it is done a twitch of the finger turns the heat off.

Cooking with gas is a twentieth century convenience that should be enjoyed by every woman. It is not only clean, quick and efficient, but economical as well.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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TARQUINIA TARQUINI

The famous Covent Garden prima donna, who has proved a sensation with the Lambardi forces at the Cort, and who will be seen this week in her notable interpretation of Carmen.

TOWN TALK

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Advice That Was Easy

After working many weeks for a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a day Bion J. Arnold, the traffic expert, has given the mayor and supervisors some advice of precisely the same character that has been supplied by Town Talk from time to time without cost to anybody. Essentially and virtually Mr. Arnold has advised the public servants to quit taking the advice of the mob-coddling and corporation-baiting daily press. He points out that owing to charter and ordinance restrictions, all of which resulted from agitations conducted by the E. P. E. Troys of the city in and out of journalism, the growth of San Francisco has been retarded and the population of Alameda county has greatly increased at the expense of this city. In other words a virulent hostility to private capital animated by a hypocritical pretense of devotion to the interest of the people has diverted the tide of population to the east shore of the bay, which, owing to superior transportation facilities, can be reached in shorter time than the outlying districts of the city. The probability is that there would be fifty thousand more people living in this city today had it not been for the studied efforts of demagogues to prevent private capital from acquiring franchises and improving our transportation service. We have been pursuing an insane policy of conservation much to the delight of the real estate boomers across the bay. And apparent as was the lunacy of it we had to hire an expert at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a day to tell us that we were fools. "Revise present charter and ordinance restrictions," says Mr. Arnold, "so as to invite and secure private capital in developing transportation facilities." In other words undo what we have done on the advice of the Examiner and the Bulletin and the wise uplifters of the Commonwealth Club. "Formulate a new contract franchise plan," says Mr. Arnold, "under which both city and corporation may operate their respective traction systems in harmony and to mutual advantage." In other words quit baiting the United Railroads and conduct the city's business on a business basis. Mr. Arnold has made some good recommendations, but there is one that appeals only to our sense of humor. He advises the appointment of an impartial commission to regulate municipal utilities.

A Society Disorganized

Of late years no phenomenon has been more striking than the reciprocity of admiration that obtained among our political reformers. They appeared to be organized not only to hold up dissenters to public execration but to acclaim one another as accredited messengers of the Almighty. The credentials of each member of this mutual admiration society were vouched for by all the others, and thus were reputations for righteousness established throughout the country. Down at Palo Alto there were professors resolving that the editor of the Bulletin was the noblest work of God; the Bulletin was celebrating the Stanford faculty as the quintessence of civic patriotism; Collier's was touting the reformers of California, and the reformers of California were quoting Collier's as though it were holy writ; Pinchot was pointing to Bill Kent as the soul of honesty, and Kent, thus certificated, guaranteed Judge Lindsey; Judge Lindsey hymned the praises of Perkins and Perkins praised the Lord for sending us Roosevelt. It was an endless chain affair, and circled the continent. And the effect of it has not yet worn off, though singularly enough many a man whose preachments are still listened to with reverence is indebted for his reputation to former brothers of the mutual admiration society who are now vituperating him with all the virulence with which they formerly assailed the frankly unregenerate. A week ago we saw how Professor Sanford of Palo Alto rebuked and reproached the editor of the Bulletin; we know how Rudolph Spreckels has been reprobating both Roosevelt and Johnson, how Senator Works has been impeaching the whole band of holy-rollers by whom he was discovered, and now we find Chester Rowell of Fresno and Norman Hapgood of Collier's scowling at each other over a question of ethics. Rowell observed some time ago that Hapgood had warned Roosevelt to eschew bad manners. Hapgood retorts that Rowell doesn't know the difference between manners and morals, and he explains that when Roosevelt goes about the country bemuddling the public by falsely asserting that Wilson's nomination was "arranged by the bosses," he is guilty of something worse than bad manners. Unfortunately for Rowell it would hardly be becoming of him to retort that it is somewhat disingenuous on Mr. Hapgood's part to affect an aversion to any man's transgression of the moralities. He has been in sympathy with so many crooks in his time that it is like self-stultification to draw the line at the inimitable Colonel.

The Farmer and the Banker

The Examiner is dissatisfied with the policy of bankers that makes it hard for farmers to get money to finance their farming operations. Perhaps it is true that bankers ought to be more liberal to farmers, but the first duty of a banker is to the people whose money he holds in trust. Banks have often failed as a result of their liberality to farmers, and no newspaper ever thought of urging in extenuation of a failure caused by such liberality that agricultural interests had been greatly encouraged. It is popular nowadays to abuse the banker and complain of the Money Trust. This is natural in view of the widespread demand for the redistribution of capital. Capital is largely a matter of money, and the banker has it. How to separate the banker from his money is one of the great problems of the hour which Mr. Hearst and other volunteer statesmen hope to solve, ostensibly in the interest of the dear people, unmindful of the fact that sporadic instances of this separation are usually accomplished by much distress among the comparatively poor. The banker is of course a sordid individual, but may we not say a few kind words for him without being suspected of being owned by the abhorrent Money Trust? There are bankers, many of them, that go through a long life, handling many millions of money belonging to their fellow men and keeping it intact for them while facilitating trade and industry by a judicious system of loans. It is chiefly the business of these bankers to see that they are always able to return borrowed money to its owners. There is more or less hazard in this business. It calls not only for honesty and integrity but for ability and psychological insight. It would seem to us that the men who carry on such business successfully, who are never delinquent in their stewardship, are entitled to much amiable consideration if not to the very highest respect.

The Roosevelt-Lorimer Episode

It is interesting and instructive to view at intervals the wheels within wheels of American politics. Not otherwise can we glimpse the motives and comprehend the actions of men. About two years ago when Theodore Roosevelt declined an invitation to a banquet in Chicago, giving as his reason that the iniquitous William Lorimer was among the invited guests, he was warmly applauded by many people for the high standard of conduct which he thus set up for the guidance of his fellow citizens. It was assumed that the former President was actuated solely by a desire to impress a too listless public with the importance of a stern and vital principle of morality. Some there were who regarded the former President's ostentatious aloofness as a specimen of bad manners masquerading as a private virtue, and they felt confirmed in their judgment when a week later the man who is now fighting at Armageddon with "Contract Bill" Flinn of Pittsburg held a conference with unsavory Boss Cox of Ohio. To cynics it seemed clear enough that the Colonel's aversion to an atmosphere breathed by William Lorimer was nothing but hypocritical artifice. The cynics had

not seen the wheels within wheels on which light has been thrown by recent developments. Now that the Harvester Trust is being investigated by President Taft we are able to perceive an ulterior motive behind the Colonel's paraded repugnance which was not dreamt of even in the cynic's comprehensive philosophy. It was the Harvester Trust, through one of its officers—Clarence Funk—that broached the Lorimer scandal in Illinois. The Harvester Trust was behind the Lorimer prosecution. It was the Harvester Trust that brought about the downfall of Lorimer though it never made good its charges. And now we learn that the principal stockholder of the Harvester Trust is George W. Perkins, the sacrosanct backer of the Bull Moose campaign, the man who, as long ago as 1904, contributed the money of the policyholders of the New York Life Insurance Company to the Roosevelt campaign fund. When Colonel Roosevelt went to Chicago and affected to scorn an invitation to a dinner because it would necessitate his dining in the same room with William Lorimer, he was boosting the game of his dear friend Perkins; he was lending his hand to further a scheme of revenge planned and executed by as contemptible a band of rogues as ever was organized to plunder and deceive an unsophisticated public.

Sauce For the Goose

At the time that Colonel Roosevelt declined the banquet invitation on account of Lorimer that individual had not been tried. There had been no official investigation of his conduct. Admitting, nevertheless, that the Colonel was justified in publicly passing judgment on the accused man, let us suppose that the same principle were to be applied in the case of the Colonel as it stands at this moment. Wherein does the case of Roosevelt differ from the case of Lorimer? Lorimer was not dismissed from the Senate for bribery, as some people have been led to believe. It is not even alleged by his enemies that he ever bribed anybody. The minority report which was made the basis of the Senate's action charged only that money was used to procure Lorimer's election. It is admitted that the money was not Lorimer's. Now the case against Roosevelt is even worse than the case against Lorimer. For it is charged against Roosevelt that the money used to procure his election was obtained with his knowledge by a species of blackmail. It was never proved against Lorimer that he knew of the use of money in his interest. It is charged against Roosevelt that he did know that the trusts put up money for his election, and there is much documentary evidence to give color to the charge. If at the time the Colonel declined the banquet invitation it was fair to assume that Lorimer was unfit to associate with decent men, what shall we say at this time as to the self-constituted censor from Oyster Bay? Is he fit to associate with decent men? The truth is that if not more than one-tenth of what is charged against Colonel Roosevelt with special reference to the campaign of 1904 is true he is as small and mean a soul as was ever destined to carry out the mysterious designs of Providence in the midst of great events.

Wheeler a Standpatter

Though aphorisms are at once the materials and the tests of philosophy, they are often misleading, the reason being that they are too comprehensive to be exactly true. For example: "A man may be judged by the company he keeps." If that were exactly true, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Berkeley we should judge to be an ardent Progressive in thought as well as in affiliation. President Wheeler is one of Colonel Roosevelt's most intimate friends. When the Colonel was President he bestowed high honor on the distinguished Berkeley scholar. President Wheeler has never lost an opportunity to pay the tribute of his respect and admiration to the Colonel. Whenever President Wheeler talks of the Colonel it is in accents and terms of reverence and devotion. Yet President Wheeler at heart is a standpatter. A philosopher of the old school, familiar with the follies that have snared the hearts of men, versed in the eternal verities of human nature, he views through glasses dim with the sweat of his emotions the strange antics of the former President as through the land he propagates his dangerous heresies. One cannot read President Wheeler's last Commencement Day address without perceiving that he is far from being in sympathy with the Progressive movement. In that address there are several subtle allusions to Colonel Roosevelt. For example: "Many of the good people you have seen going about the world correcting and irritating everybody and trying to change everything are merely professional formula-smashers. They mean well, but it distresses them to see their neighbors living on so happily with such bland confidence in the mechanical processes of the beaten path. Such are heralds of salvation by perturbation rather than inspiration." The use of the plural number is not a sufficient disguise. President Wheeler has given us an accurate description of a concrete personality. As one reads, the Colonel looms before the mind's eye as insistently as did Banquo's ghost on the vision of the affrighted Macbeth. Again, we cannot fail to apprehend when President Wheeler speaks of the proneness of the world to act unwisely. He says: "It (the world) acts on insufficient data, has flurries of passion, does its thinking, if any, mostly in flashes, is lured by the brazen notes of the gilded chariot, oftentimes confuses reason with prejudice," etc. Surely this is not the talk of a Progressive with a firm faith in the outworn fiction that the voice of the people is the voice of God. Surely these are not the sentiments of a man who believes in the wisdom of bringing the government back to the people by means of the initiative, referendum and recall. When President Wheeler speaks of the world, he speaks of the people, and the man who is under no delusions about the people, who knows that they act on insufficient data and do their thinking, when they think at all, in flashes, also knows that Thomas Jefferson spoke truth when he said that the people are in need of protection chiefly against their own follies. President Wheeler speaks of the people in terms that might be applied to babes and sucklings. In "spells of delusion," he says, they ignore their "real friends, crowning the fakir and stoning the prophets." Can there be any doubt as to what President Wheeler was driving at? If so let us read further. Presently the Berkeley savant emerges from umbrage and enters boldly on the subject of politics. If he knows the people are easily cozened by demagogues, nevertheless he has faith in the good purposes of the masses. The difficulty of realizing their good purposes, he explains, is due to our defective methods of enlightenment. "Political campaigns," he says, "breed as much confusion as clarification, and the popular judgment is forced to exercise itself in the midst of a cloud of dust." Thus he accentuates the proposition which obviously is uppermost in his mind—the proposition that the extension of the principles of democracy is hazardous. And finally, as if to dispel all doubt as to his attitude in this campaign he says, "The triangular election is another favorite device of the professionals for confusing the public mind." Of course it need not be explained that Theodore Roosevelt is wholly responsible for the present triangular contest.

Liberty

As first it said, still saith the soul, "I dare";
Virtue and Prudence and Religion, yea
Love, Friendship, Wisdom, all together say
"Beware!"
But unto all the soul replies, "I dare."

"Draw back! Repent!" they cry; "Learn to obey!
Rebel not, venture not! Thy foolish way
Forswear."
Humbly answers the soul and says, "I dare."

"Yonder lies all disaster and dismay.
Dar'st thou to summon Madness and dim grey
Despair?"
Solemnly, proudly, saith the soul, "I dare."

"A spark of God is mixed into my clay,
Destined I know not whither nor the way;
I dare
Only to be mine own self everywhere."

—Henry Bryan Binns.

A Contribution to San Francisco History

By Crittenden Thornton

THE BEGINNINGS OF SAN FRANCISCO, FROM THE EXPEDITION OF ANZA TO THE CITY CHARTER OF 1850. By Zoeth S. Eldredge, San Francisco. Published by the author.

Mr. Eldredge has chosen a romantic period for the subject of his work, one with which but few men are acquainted. He deals with the formation of the Presidio of San Francisco, by Juan Bautista de Anza, Captain of Cavalry in the Armies of the King of Spain. Anza's offer to undertake the journey and fit out the expedition at his own cost and expense was declined by the King, who supplied the necessary funds out of the Royal Treasury. This was a long time ago, before the outbreak of the American Revolution.

Anza after making his preparations for the journey, finally set forth from Tubac, in that part of Mexico which is now Arizona, on the eighth of January, 1774. His object was to discover and mark out an overland road to California. The expedition consisted of the commandante, twenty cavalrymen, two priests and the necessary guides and muleteers, thirty-four persons in all. The live stock accompanying the party consisted of one hundred and thirty-four animals (horses and mules), and sixty-five head of cattle. The first drove of horses and cattle was seriously depleted by a raid of Apaches which led to a trip to the Altar river, for the purpose of filling up its numbers. This being accomplished by the addition of a few worn-out mules, on January 22, 1774, Anza again set forth on his journey. In one month, after much suffering and many trials endured by himself and the members of his party, he reached the junction of the Colorado and Gila rivers. This part of the journey embraced three hundred and fifty-nine miles. In making it he had to cross the terrible Camino del Diablo, which extends along and across the present boundary between Arizona and old Mexico. This road was well named, because in 1540, Captain Melchior Diaz of Coronado's Army, had endured untold sufferings there. After the discovery of gold in California, the gold-seekers used this trail, but it was finally abandoned after over four hundred travelers had perished between Altar and Yuma.

After a few days spent in resting and recuperating his men, Anza again set forth on his march. On February 9, 1774, he crossed the Colorado, above where the town of Yuma now stands. His men and baggage made the passage on rafts, and the horses and mules swam the river. On the western bank of the river upon a low mesa, or table-land, and in the State of California, stood for many years Fort Yuma, a military post abandoned in 1880. Of all the desolation ever seen by man, this spot equals any and is surpassed by none. If there is any part of the Desert of Sahara which surpasses it in any forbidding aspect, it has not come to the knowledge of the writer. On the eastern bank stands the village of Yuma, where the skill of the irrigator and the toil of the husbandman have combined to create an oasis of peace, prosperity and beauty. But there still remains the sweltering heat which exists throughout the valley of the Colorado down to its mouth in the Gulf of California.

The Colorado Desert which is in California lay in Anza's path. While at Yuma he was safe at least from death from thirst. The river was there, sufficient in times of the greatest drought to keep soul and body together. But to the west there stretched away mile after mile and league after league of sand, with only an occasional well or water-hole. Anza chose the southern route for his command, a route which extended south of the boundary line between California and Lower California to a point half-way between San Diego and Yuma. Thence the road turned to the northwest, and passing by Los Angeles, reached the Pacific Ocean at what is now Ventura. Thence the line of march followed the seacoast until it reached the Mission of San Luis Obispo. Thence it turned inshore, crossed the Cuesta de Santa Lucia, and reached the Salinas river, which it followed to Monterey.

The passage of the Colorado Desert occupied from February 10 to March 7. The sufferings of Anza and his men during this journey were excessive. Hunger, thirst and cold were always with them. Cattle and horses died of thirst and starvation. Finally the dread barrier was passed and the plains of California were spread out before their eyes. They had reached the western base of the San Jacinto Mountains, at a place called the cieneza de San Sebastian el Pelegrino, (the marsh of St. Sebastian the Pilgrim.) Finally on March 22, they reached the Mission of San Gabriel, where they had a hospitable reception from the priests in charge, who were overjoyed to meet them. Demonstrations of joy, ringing of bells and the singing of the Te Deum accompanied their reception. Here a hitherto unknown want encountered them. Their provisions were practically exhausted. Anza declined to share the provisions which his generous hosts of San Gabriel thrust upon him. He sent a party to San Diego imploring assistance to continue his march to Monterey. That party returned with only enough food for sixteen days. Anza then after deep deliberation sent back the two priests with a large body of soldiers to the Colorado River to await his return. Then Anza, with an escort of six soldiers, set out for Monterey. From April 10 to April 18 he plodded along until he reached his destination. He was received by Don Pedro Vages, commandante de California, and subsequently governor. The people of Monterey were almost in as bad a plight for lack of provisions as those of San Gabriel. At last, whether his stay was shortened or not by this state of affairs, he set out on his return journey on Friday, April 22, 1774. He was accompanied by six of Vages' soldiers, to whom he was to show the road to the Colorado river. Six days out from Monterey he met Father Junipero Serra, with whom he spent the day and night, giving the Father a full account of his journey. On May 3, 1774, he left San Gabriel for the Colorado, which he reached on May 10. This was quite a change from the time taken on the journey towards Monterey, which was twenty-five days. He remained five days at Yuma, and then set out for Tubac, which he reached on May 27, 1774.

The time occupied by Anza upon his march to Monterey and return was as follows: from Tubac to Monterey, January 8 to April 18, sixty-nine days; and from Monterey to Tubac, April 22 to May 27, thirty-five days.

The return of Anza's command to Tubac was the signal for many and joyful demonstrations He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was authorized to raise and equip a company of thirty soldiers to compose the garrison of the presidio on the bay of San Francisco. All the soldiers were to be married men, and at the expiration of their term of enlistment (ten years) were to receive grants of land, and to form a nucleus of population for the country. In addition to the soldiers there were to be a certain number of civilian settlers. Anza raised the standard of the expedition. The ranks were soon filled. They comprised in all a company of two hundred and forty souls, of whom one hundred and sixty were women and children.

The soldiers were a motley gang. With that total indifference to the color line characteristic of Spaniards and Mexicans, they consisted of fifteen Spaniards (Espanoles), seven Mulattoes (Mulatos), six mixed bloods (Mestizos) and two Indians (Indios). But they all had the spirit of the pioneer, and were ripe for toil and adventure. In the end, they all proved to be good soldiers and excellent citizens. On Monday, October 23, 1775, the journey began.

On November 30 the expedition reached the Colorado and forded the river. By one o'clock in the afternoon they were all on the soil of California. The time occupied by this journey differed from the last in this, that the present trip took seventy-three days from Tubac to San Gabriel. But it must be remembered that the first trip was on the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle, and the second followed the perpendicular and the base. Besides the number of the command was much greater on the second march than the first, necessitating the division of the forces into three separate squadrons, on account of the scarcity of water. In the diary of Anza, no mention is made of any sufferings endured by the troops except from cold, which was excessive. The command reached Monterey, its destination, on March 10, 1776.

After a few days of rest Anza set out for the peninsula of San Francisco, where his instructions directed him to establish a presidio. Leaving Monterey he followed the subsequently established line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, with this exception: instead of following through the gap cut by the Pajaro river, he turned to the right by the village of Natividad and crossed the Gabilan range to San Juan Bautista. Thence it was all plain sailing. There was not a hill between San Juan and a point six miles south of San Francisco. The command pursued its way to Mountain Lake, now on the Presidio Reservation. Then they pushed on to Punta del Cantil Blanco, at the foot of which Fort Winfield Scott now stands. There the fort was established. This was on March 29, 1776. He then selected the site for the Mission of Dolores. After complying with his instructions to survey and report upon the bay and river of San Francisco, which took him about eight days, Anza returned to Monterey which he reached on April 8. After one week's stay at Monterey he resumed his march to Mexico, on April 14, accompanied by his chaplain, purveyor, ten soldiers, and twelve vaqueros, ar-

(Continued on Page 21.)

It's an Educator in the value of purity—in the effect of best materials upon comfort and complexions—to use the inexpensive soap, the soap without a blemish

Pears' SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

Varied Types

XCIII—XAVIER MARTINEZ

By Edward F. O'Day

Methinks it may be said without fear of contradiction that Nietzsche is not a best seller in organized labor circles. The man who sports a union card is not particularly interested in "the blond beast"; he would rather talk of higher-ups than of supermen. It seems equally certain that the union sign-painter finds no ecstacy in Velasquez. The dauber who disfigures our billboards doesn't care the rap of a mahlstick for the glory of the painter's painter. High-browism is out of his line. No matter how high he may rise with his ladder and pulleys, he stops this side of the clouds. No, most assuredly no; Nietzsche delights not him, nor Velasquez either.

But ever on the heels of the rule the exception comes gaily tripping. We have a sign-painter who quotes Nietzsche and knows his Velasquez. I refer to Xavier Martinez who will show you his card of membership in the near-artists' union any time you drop in to see him at his Piedmont studio.

The situation is surprising, perhaps, but not unique. Willis Polk has a card in the stonecutters' union, and is proud of it. Duplessis Beylard, that he might tool his coach in comfort undisturbed, joined the hackmen's union. Several of our most distinguished composers belong to the musicians' union. So why should not Xavier Martinez affiliate with the sign-painters, despite his penchant for Nietzsche and his enthusiasm for Velasquez?

Art, says Martinez, quoting Nietzsche, is the will to illusion; in art, he adds, still quoting, nothing but falsehood is glorified. Perhaps if Martinez applied these dicta to life as well as to art he would be a bit backward about telling how it happened that he joined the signpainters' union. Or if he told the story, he might glorify it with white falsehoods harming nobody and covering himself with transient eclat. But in life as in art Martinez is above all things frank and honest. He keeps pretense out of his talk as he keeps it out of his pictures. He would no more scamp a fact than a painting. He mixes imagination with his colors, but excludes it from his recitals. An amateur of words he picks his diction with scrupulous care for the exact expression of thought. To do so and still be slovenly with the truth would argue insincerity. Martinez is very sincere.

The step-father of Martinez was Mexican consul in San Francisco and possessed the means of sending the youth to Paris to study art. There were six glorious years at Julian's with the usual purple patches of Quartier life. Whistler saw his work and pronounced it good. But Carriere whom Martinez calls "a greater than Whistler" was more emphatic in his appreciation.

"If you have the courage to remain here and starve for six or eight or ten years more," said Carriere, "I promise you that your name shall be known all over the world."

"I did not have the courage," says Martinez, "so I came home."

Martinez came home to San Francisco to shift for himself in our Latin Quarter. Art was long in bringing its devotee recognition and money. So he went to work for Barnhart and Swasey at a salary of two hundred dollars a month. Barnhart and Swasey were advertising agents, and Martinez' first job was the drawing of a poster for a local brewery. He drew an Indian girl against a low sunlit horizon.

"She was Gothic," he says. "No, she was more than Gothic; she was archaic. But why not? The Indians are an archaic race. I did not expect the German brewers to understand her, but



XAVIER MARTINEZ

they did. They were delighted. My Indian girl was lithographed and posted all over the city.

"Then Barnhart and Swasey asked me to make posters to advertise Marquette whisky. I made a series of drawings, using incidents in the life of Pere Marquette. The manager of the whisky company came here from Chicago, and approved of these posters. But the company could not afford the expense of lithographs, so they decided to have the drawings copied on the bill boards by sign-painters. Here a difficulty arose. The sign-painters complained that the drawings were too complex for them; they were used to simpler work. So the Chicago manager asked me to paint the first sign, so that the sign-painters might learn how to do it.

"After I had painted that first sign the Chicago man came to me and said:

"'Martinez, you are getting two hundred dollars a month for your work. We will give you two hundred more if you will go on painting these whisky signs.'

"Four hundred dollars a month is a great deal of money, so I accepted. The second sign I painted at Market and Turk streets. My friends came and stood across the street in groups, laughing at me. While I was at work a rough, ignorant fellow called to me, and I came down from my ladder.

"'Let me see your card,' he said.

"I searched in my pockets.

"'I'm afraid I haven't a visiting card with me,' I told him.

"'To hell with your visiting card,' he said. 'I want your union card.'

"When I told him I had none, he said I must stop work. So I went back to the office and told the Chicago man. He said he would pay my fees for admission to the union.

"So I was instructed to attend a meeting of the sign-painters' union at their headquarters in Mission street. They kept me waiting for two hours in an evil-smelling passage. I learned afterwards what happened. The secretary of the union could not pronounce my name, but he asked:

"'Does anybody know this man?'

"The president of the union, it happened, had been at Hopkins' just before I left. He told them that I had won a medal; that I had studied in Paris and had received an honorable mention there.

"'Do you think he'll do?' asked the secretary.

"'I think he is qualified to paint signs,' said the president.

"So they elected me to the union. Then they admitted me to the meeting room, and I met my fellow sign-painters. Such faces as some of them had!"

At the recollection Martinez threw up his hands and shuddered.

"Do you still belong to the union?" I asked.

"Alas, no," he answered; "my membership has lapsed. But I still have my union card."

All this was in the old days when "Marty" had a studio in Montgomery street near Coppa's and formed one of the celebrated group who brought patrons and many shekels to the shrewd restaurateur by placing themselves on exhibition at the round table. Strangers compared the Bohemians at the table with the caricatures on the walls and were so thrilled and enthralled that they let their spaghetti get cold. Gone is the old Coppa's with its mural conceits by Burgess and Dixon and Martinez. Gone too is "Marty's" old studio which had been Jules Tavernier's and where famous parties were given. Sometimes the men outnumbered the girls, and then scouts were sent into the streets to invite young women willing to be unconventional for an evening of fun.

"And those who came once always returned," says Martinez.

All that is left to Martinez of that old life is Jules Tavernier's stove which now warms the Piedmont studio on cold afternoons.

Times have changed. Martinez sells his pictures readily nowadays and doesn't have to think of returning to the sign-painters' union. But he

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Perspective Impressions

Charges made against Louis Glavis! A bull-mooser on the waterfront caught stealing! Progressive Black a defaulter! Evidently the millennium has been postponed once more.

Chinese boy bandits in Chinatown! The occidentalization of the Orient has reached the disagreeable stage.

So the union men are to wear at least five union labels on their clothes. Next time you see a disrobing act in Market street, you'll know it's a union man satisfying the scruples of the walking delegate.

The Colonel is appealing to the groundlings by talking of Mr. Taft's "retirement from politics." It's a wise man who knows when to retire from politics, as Teddy himself probably knows by this time.

"I did what any American woman would do—I hit him with the first thing that came handy," says Felice Lyne, referring to Oscar Hammerstein. But it is only temperamental American women who do such things.

According to Andrew Carnegie Emperor William is intensely in favor of perpetual peace. Doubtless William's heart bleeds every time the Germans build a new battleship.

Pierre Loti turns out to be an undersized man with rouged cheeks, penciled brows and dyed hair and mustache. Consciously or otherwise this is bound to affect our judgment of his books.

The people of Ulster have caught the habit of the Central American republics. Or is it the other way around?

How remarkable—the faith that editors put in straw ballots!

"Bumper crops all over the country."—News paper headline. And if we elect Teddy we shall have bumper crops every year.

Is there not the slightest significance in the circumstance that Building and Loan Commissioner Walker was appointed through the influence of the manager of a Building and Loan Association? Perhaps this is one of the many things that Governor Johnson will be able to explain with his vocabulary of billingsgate.

Building and Loan Commissioner Walker who received his appointment chiefly through the influence of Progressive Reformer Marshall Black, confessed embezzler, says he will not prosecute that sweet scented criminal. It is refreshing to learn that Progressive politics does not entirely extinguish the sentiment of friendship.

Father

By Maurice Level (From the French)

When the last shovelful of earth had fallen upon the coffin, when the last handclasp had been given, the father and son went home, walking very slowly, with the strange feeling of men who have struggled a long time and have lost.

The cottage was still impregnated with the perfume of flowers, and all about it was very still; at least it seemed so, after all the coming and going of the last few days. Now it appeared to be very empty to these two, when they opened the door. The old servant had put everything in order, yet when they entered it seemed as though they had returned from a very long voyage, but without the joy of home-coming, without that exquisite sensation which translates itself into the words: "Oh! how good it is to get home." Everything was very clean. Everything was in its place. The cat was curled up by the fireplace and the winter sun stole timidly through the windows.

Father sat down in his armchair by the fireplace and sighed: "Your poor mamma!" That was all he said. And then two tears came from his good, honest eyes and rolled down the dear old face which the cold had reddened a little. Then, feeling the desire to hear something besides the purring of the cat, the tick-tack of the clock, and the crackling of the wood that was burning in the fireplace; feeling, without knowing it, that peculiar pride of those who yet live, when they have bidden farewell to those who will never return, he said:

"Did you see the Duponts? They were all there, and I was so glad to see that the grandfather came too. Your mother liked them so much. But how is it that your friend Bremaud did not come? Oh, yes, I understand, I understand. There were so many people there that I probably did not see him." Then he sighed again. "My own poor, little boy!" He looked tenderly at this big boy of twenty-five, who was seated close to him, crying all by himself.

The old servant came in on tiptoes, opening the door so quietly that no one could have heard her. Then she said: "Come, sir, you must not stay like that. You must eat something."

Both looked up; yes, it was true. It was necessary to eat. Life seemed to be flowing back to them. They were hungry; not the good hunger of the happy days when it was so comfortable to sit down and put their elbows on the table, but the hunger of an animal with an empty stomach. Hitherto it had seemed to both of them that it would be shameful to think of eating at such a moment. Now they looked at each other, both fearing to sit down at that table and see the vacant chair.

Then the father, his voice broken by a sob, murmured:

"Yes, you are right. We must eat something," and then turning to his son he said: "Yes, dear, we must eat."

The son nodded and stood up: "Yes, father," he said. "I will change my coat and be back in a minute."

He went out and as he was going to his room the old servant came to him and whispered: "Monsieur Jean, I have something for you. A letter your mamma gave to me, a week ago when she knew that she could not recover. She asked me to give it to you after—well, after—here it is."

He stared at the servant, startled. She stood before him hesitating, timidly holding out the envelope with her trembling hand. There seemed to come to him the premonition of an infinite suffering, of some secret thing about to be revealed, which was right there, close to him. It was with an effort that he managed to answer very low:

"Give it to me."

Then he went into his mother's room. Once there, without thinking, he turned the key. How deserted, how desolate the room looked! There was no fire in the grate and the furniture seemed to be artificially arranged.

He turned the letter over and over and this living writing of the dead one sent a cold tremor through him. This well-loved writing that he had so often seen before and that now seemed to quiver strangely upon the white paper!

In the other room he could hear the servant going back and forth, arranging the table for supper.

He opened the envelope and read:

My Darling Son: I feel that the hour is coming when we must say an eternal farewell. I feel no weakness, and almost no regret, because the time has come when you have reached the age of manhood and do not need me any more. I believe that I have been a good mother to you. But there is a secret which I have not had the courage to tell you hitherto, and yet you must know it. The mother you have loved, and above all respected, to whom you appealed in all your childish troubles and to whom you confided all your sorrows as a man, is guilty—guilty of a great crime. You are not the son of the man you have always called father. In my life I had one great love. My crime was that I did not confess it. Your father, your real father, lives. He has watched you and has loved you. I know that. You are now old enough to decide upon your future. You can remake your whole life if you wish to. You can be rich to-morrow if you

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LIX—SAN FRANCISCO

By Ina Coolbrith

(Any poem from the pen of Miss Ina Coolbrith enriches this series. Several have been given already, and they are among the best so far published. The following was written after the disaster of 1906.)

In olden days, a child, I trod thy sands,
Thy sands unbuilded, rank with brush and briar
And blossom—chased the sea-foam on thy strands,
Young City of my love and my desire.

I saw thy barren hills against the skies,
I saw them topped with minaret and spire;
Wall upon wall thy myriad mansions rise,
Fair City of my love and my desire.

With thee the Orient touched heart and hands,
The world-wide argosies lay at thy feet;
Queen of the queenliest land of all the lands—
Our sunset glory, regal, glad and sweet!

I saw thee in thine anguish! tortured! prone!
Rent with the earth-throes, garmented in fire!
Each wound upon thy breast upon my own,
Sad City of my grief and my desire.

Gray wind-blown ashes, broken, toppling wall
And ruined hearth—are these thy funeral pyre?
Black desolation covering as a pall—
Is this the end—my love and my desire?

Nay! strong, undaunted, thoughtless of despair,
The Will that builded thee shall build again,
And all thy broken promise spring more fair,
Thou mighty mother of as mighty men.

Thou wilt arise, invincible! supreme!
The world to voice thy glory never tire;
And song, unborn, shall chant no nobler theme—
Great City of my faith and my desire.

But I will see thee ever as of old!
Thy wraith of pearl, wall, minaret and spire,
Framed in the mists that veil thy Gate of Gold—
Lost City of my love and my desire.

The Spectator

The Fall of Black

Strange, passing strange, how these overripe Progessives are plucked by the hand of temptation! And their fall is pathetic in this that we stint our pity when we suspect that hypocrisy has gone before exposure. Misfortune that leaves the beholder untouched, or only a little touched, is wretchedness indeed. To err is human, and weakness, our common heritage, commands our sympathy; but when a distinguished citizen falls from his eminence of "Holier-Than-Thou," swayed from his balance by sordid money-lust, our tears are just a bit slow in starting. I've never read Franklin Hichborne's smug legislative histories, but I venture to say that that uncompromising tabulator of surface righteousness gave Marshall Black one hundred credits per session. For several legislative sessions past you had to go some (pardon the argot) to keep abreast of Black's progressivism. Reform was his garment which he wore with severe but conscious pride, and the legislating of morality into the heathenish breast of the other fellow was his passion by day and his dream by night. Living in the highbrow atmosphere that wraps Stanford and its faculty from the contaminations of the outer world he submitted every ism, every crank measure, every panacea for social ills for the consideration of his fellow solons, and great was his grief when any of his reform measures was turned down. A great foe of the Demon Rum was Black, the hero of many a committee battle at which the forces of alcohol were beaten to their tents. And if all had gone well, he was to have been made Subtreasurer in place of "Billy" Ralston who is not a progressive and therefore abides in wickedness. What a position that would have been for our Palo Alto reformer!

The Trail of Suspicion

It is inevitable that Black's career in the Legislature should be reviewed in the white light cast upon him by the astounding news of Wednesday morning. The sincerity of him is bound to be suspected, for it is human nature to stiffen our intolerance against the man who would make us better, willy-nilly, the while his own house needs putting in order. That famous episode of 1909 when Black fled from Sacramento to Palo Alto, thereby deadlocking the Legislature on an amendment to the Primary Bill will naturally come up for review. The horrid suspicion that he was not ill, as his physicians said he was, but merely playing possum to serve the sacred ends of reform has already been revived. 'Tis the penalty of his position. It is remembered too that Black voted for that eminent reformer John D. Works when his constituents had instructed him by their ballots to vote for Spalding. In that senatorial fight the end justified the means with Black, for Works was a favorite of the star-eyed goddess and Black, like Endymion, had visitations from the deity while he slept. And so the trail of suspicion is bound to traverse all of Marshall Black's official acts. If he had only been a little less righteous. If he had only abided in his vitreous mansion content to throw no stones!

Glavis Under a Cloud

A man if not of the same type as Black at least one who finds Holier-Than-Thou reformers congenial company, is Louis Glavis, formerly of the Federal Land Office in Seattle, now secretary of the state conservation commission. Mr. Glavis was appointed to his present position by way of rebuke to President Taft, who found that the part Glavis played in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy was that of an underhanded and somewhat unscrupulous intriguer. The Johnson administration sent for Glavis and gave him a job, doubtless at the request of Pinhead Pinchot the Artful Avenger. And now Glavis is under a cloud of suspicion. Associated with Milton U'Ren, another importation from the North, he has been exhibiting great zeal for the interests of the lumber trust. His accusers have not put their fingers on any specific act of dishonesty, but they have made it clear that Glavis and the lumber barons are on exceedingly friendly terms. Now according to the standard of judgment sanctified by reform politicians of the present dispensation the friendly relations between Glavis and the "interests" ought to be regarded as conclusive of iniquity. But it appears that that standard of judgment is only to be applied when politicians of the old school are under suspicion.

Executive Clemency

Lieutenant-Governor Wallace, acting for our absentee Executive, but doubtless with his approbation, came to the rescue of a wife-murderer the other day thereby disappointing the gallows. The source of the pull in this instance has not been revealed, but that it was a very powerful pull we may reasonably conjecture from the hollowness of the pretext employed by the Holy-Roller from Los Angeles to justify his action. He explained that the murderer had not been skilfully defended. His case was handled by a young lawyer who did not permit his client to take the witness stand, a circumstance, says the lieutenant-governor, which probably prejudiced the jury. In his opinion the attorney's withholding of the testimony of the defendant was proof of his incompetency. Every lawyer in the State knows that the conclusion drawn by the lieutenant-governor may be utterly erroneous. There are many criminal cases in which it is the wise policy to keep the defendant from testifying.

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And this murder case should probably be included among them. If the defendant had been put on the witness stand he would not have denied that he killed his wife. There was no question as to how she met her death. There were eye-witnesses to the murder. The defendant beat his wife into insensibility and then shot her. There was testimony to the effect that the defendant had been trying to induce his wife to support him in a house of prostitution. That is the only thing he might have denied, and if he had done so the prosecuting attorney might have drawn from him testimony much more damaging than any that had been given. The evidence in the case showed that the dead woman was a disobedient wife. On the night of the murder she rebelled against her husband, and that is why he got angry and chastised her with a club and a pistol. It appears that he had brought a friend home, and was in so hospitable a frame of mind that he desired his wife to yield to the man's embraces. It was for refusing to commit adultery with her husband's kind permission that the mortal part of her was dosed with lead after she had ceased to be sensible of the flagrancy of her disobedience. According to some commentators of the daily press many people have been greatly shocked by what they regard as the miscarriage of justice in this revolting case, but they should be reminded that this is an uplift Administration, tender toward sinners, eager to redeem the country at Armageddon, and desirous of instilling sentiments of charity and brotherly love in the breasts of all men.

Reed and His Hobby

Charles Wesley Reed, most zealous of civic reformers, always ready in the interest of the State to attach himself to the public crib, has not given up hope of perfecting our school department. Charles Wesley has amazing confidence in the power of political machinery. Adjust the machinery according to his ideas, and in his judgment all will be well. An ardent Progressive is Charles Wesley; has great respect for the intelligence of the people; is in favor of everything which he believes the people have a passion for. Charles Wesley wouldn't dissent from the majority even though he thought that by doing so he would insure himself admission to Heaven. But with all his confidence in the dear people he is convinced that the school department will never be properly managed until the power of electing a superintendent of schools is taken out of the people's hands. Thus does Charles Wesley seem to be inconsistent, but consistency is the bugbear only of small minds. According to Charles Wesley it requires expert knowledge to pick out a competent school superintendent; the people lack expert knowledge, therefore they shouldn't have a voice in the matter. Yet Charles Wesley is in favor of the election of judges and of their recall and of empowering the people to make laws and all that sort of thing. Now the question is, How comes it that Charles Wesley considers the people incompetent to choose a school superintendent and competent to dispense justice and to legislate intelligently and without doing any mischief? The answer is that Charles Wesley is just a typical politician with an axe to grind. And while Charles Wesley is under no delusions regarding the dear people it must have given him pause at the last election when they turned him down with a dull thud. The dear people have lucid intervals.

Political Pedagogues Approve

Charles Wesley has some skill as a politician. He has had an abundance of experience, and he knows the ropes. Also he knows that he doesn't carry much weight, and so to strengthen the movement that he has been conducting single-handed he invoked the backing of two of the busiest politicians in the State—Dr. Wheeler of Berkeley and Dr. Jordan of Stanford. These two men he has been cultivating for years, and he had no difficulty in getting them to write letters endorsing his proposal. But undoubtedly they are sincere in commending the method which he has outlined for the management of the school department. They would like to see a pedagogue in full swing in the office of school superintendent, believing that it would increase their power, as they have a tremendous influence among pedagogues by virtue of their position. Now there is nothing that may be stated with greater degree of certainty than this,—that whatever is wrong with the schools of this State is due to the malign influence of the unscrupulous pedagogue in politics. The ring that has manipulated the text-book graft in this State for many years is a ring composed of our leading educators, and that ring heartily approves the Charles Wesley scheme to take from the people the power of choosing a school superintendent.

Percy Is Displeased

Mayor Rolph appears to have lost confidence in the city's law department. Some time ago when charges were preferred against two police commissioners, one of the young men on City Attorney Long's staff had charge of the case. He represented the mayor before Judge Seawell, who threw the case out of court after making it clear that the official legal light had gone to a lot of unnecessary trouble in digging up authorities to support a point that was of no importance. Probably it was this circumstance that prompted the mayor to dispense with Mr. Long's services by proxy when he decided a few weeks ago to remove two commissioners. He was represented in that matter by his friend and guide Mr. Matt I. Sullivan. And now rumor has it that Mr. Long's feelings have been hurt and that never again will he represent the mayor in anything. Also one hears something in the nature of animadversion on the action of the mayor. Whence the criticism comes I am unable to say.

A Judah Boas Story

One day about a year ago Judah Boas, the stock broker and money lender, met a young man in Market street. "What are you doing these days, Tom?" he inquired. "I'm working in the Assessor's office out at the City Hall," said Tom. Whereupon Judah Boas grunted and went on his way. A few days ago Boas met the young man again. "And what are you doing now, Tom?" he asked. "I'm working in a stable," said Tom. "That's good, Tom," said Boas, "that's good. Some day you may own the stable, but you could never own the City Hall."

Judge Flood and the Game Warden

Justice of the Peace "Barny" Flood was at Lake Tahoe on a fishing trip recently. One day he rowed out to a good fishing ground about three miles from shore, a spot which had been pointed out to him by the Indians, and tried his luck. A squall came up and our judicial Izaak Walton had some difficulty managing his boat. He was pretty well fagged out and was thinking of returning when a game warden happened along in a launch. "How many fish have you?" demanded the warden. "Can't count 'em now," said "Barny," glancing at the bottom of his boat; "it's too squally." The game warden thought he had to deal with a man who had broken the law.

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"Then you've got to come ashore where I can count them," said the game warden with severity. "I'm afraid I can't get to shore just now," responded "Barny"; "it's too squally." "You must come ashore," said the warden, "even if I have to tow you." So he towed the row boat three miles to the shore while "Barny" sat in comfort, admiring the beauties of Tahoe. It didn't take the game warden long to count "Barny's" catch; there were just two fish in the boat.

Unselfish Philanthropy

From time to time there come to my notice instances of prominent men doing good by stealth. Some of these instances are of such a kind that it would be unfair to reveal the circumstances, for charity loses its sweetness when its good deeds are bruited abroad. Sometimes too there is danger of unselfish charity being misunderstood. For instance, I learned the other day of a good deed done by one of our very prominent millionaires. This millionaire was out seeing the sights of our night life not long since, and in a certain cafe he heard a young girl sing. She was a cafe entertainer, apparently undistinguished from half a hundred others. But this millionaire who knows a good voice, was struck by the beautiful quality of this young girl's singing tones. He complimented her and engaged her in conversation about music. She displayed a knowledge unusual in a cafe entertainer. Finally, to test her accomplishments, he asked her to sing a beautiful but by no means popular French song. The girl sang it without the music. The millionaire was so delighted that he has arranged to send the girl to the Conservatory of Milan so that she may study for the operatic stage. He will pay all her expenses during her stay abroad. Obviously this is the sort of good deed which is open to misunderstanding; yet what this man intends to do is prompted by motives entirely unselfish.

Another Instance

Incidents of this sort are well worth recording because they help to remind us that the world is not nearly as bad and selfish as we are sometimes inclined to consider it. Another somewhat similar came to my notice about the same time. This time the beneficiary was a young man employed in a certain art shop much frequented by connoisseurs. The youth has artistic talent, and has devoted all the time not demanded by his employer to the study of drawing and painting. From time to time his work has been done in the art shop where visitors could get a glimpse of it. One of our prominent art-lovers, a man of considerable wealth, has been watching the efforts of this young man for a long time. He recognized his capabilities, admired his industry and felt that his talent should receive proper encouragement. So he has arranged to send him to Paris for several years' instruction. Here again a good deed would be robbed of its fragrance if I mentioned names.

Goodwin's Case Hopeless

Many conflicting reports have come up from Los Angeles regarding the condition of Nat Goodwin. Perhaps what is the most authentic and reliable information on the subject is contained in a letter from the great funmaker's friend, John Ernest Warren, secretary of the American Dramatists Association, who visited Goodwin some time ago on business connected with the publishing of the actor's "Memoirs," which he has been editing for publication this winter. Goodwin is suffering from a fracture of the pelvic bone which was not discovered till two weeks after the accident in the breakers. Since the accident Goodwin's mental faculties have parted somewhat. He is morbid and morose owing to his fear that he will never be able to walk again or appear on the stage. It is almost certain that he never will be able to act again, but the doctors have not informed him of the seriousness of his condition. At present he is able to draw himself up by his arms in bed and use them to change his position, but he is unable to use his legs or feet. Goodwin was to have appeared in this city a month ago as Fagin in "Oliver Twist" supported by the Alcazar stock company. He was also to have appeared in New York under the management of Oliver Morosco in the first production of Lee Arthur's "The Fox."

Our Literary Tastes

From the annual report of the Public Library for the last fiscal year it is apparent that San Franciscans do their share of reading. It appears that 821,162 volumes were circulated in the twelve-month, a gain of 10,370 over the year preceding. That strikes me as a very good showing. The figure becomes more interesting still when it is pointed out that before the fire of 1906 when the Library had 40,000 more volumes than at present the highest circulation for any year only exceeded the figures for the last fiscal year by 9,063. In the past six years many of us have not had the opportunity to indulge our taste for books as much as we should have liked to. Literature had to give the pas to money-getting. But nevertheless we seem to have done very well indeed. And mind you, the figures are for the Public Library alone. If combined with the figures for the Mechanics Library and the smaller circulating libraries they would be about twice as impressive.

Library Examinations

This report is particularly interesting because it gives the lists of questions asked at the examination of applicants for positions in the Library service. Taken by and large the questions constitute a fair test of general reading, although some of them seem to smack of pedantry. For instance:

Characterize and locate in history, fable or myth, five of the following: Erlking, Mambrino's Helmet, Sword of Damocles, Ring of Canace, Gyges' Ring, Shirt of Nessus, Ygdrasil, Excalibur, Talus, Slough of Despond, Circe, Open Sesame, The Valkyrie, Bed of Procrustes, Lorelei.

To answer that question correctly requires a pretty accurate knowledge of sources. How many of us can locate offhand the source of the Damocles story, the Gygés' Ring story, the Procrustes story? To tell these stories is easy enough; to locate them is pretty difficult. Personally, I remember reading the Gyges' ring story somewhere in Cicero, but is that locating it? I'm afraid not. I used to know my Creasy fairly well, but I should not like to be pinned down to an accurate answering of the following:

Marathon, Chalon, Tours, Hastings, Blenheim, Saratoga, are counted among the decisive battles of the world's history. Give the dates on which they were fought and the names of the contending forces. What was the issue contended for in each, and what effect would a different result have had upon the history of the world. (Answer five.)

These are only two out of a long series of questions covering ancient and modern history and literature, art, politics, economics, medicine, invention and what not. My hat is off to those who came out of that examination with flying colors.

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Hackett's Othello

We are not to have the pleasure of seeing James K. Hackett play Othello at the Greek Theatre this year. It was at first intended that Mr. Hackett should give the performance this month, and he started making arrangements with a great deal of enthusiasm. But he has changed his mind. As he wrote in a letter to Professor Armes, "I am unwilling to give a performance in any way below my best as an actor or as a producing manager; and I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the time is too short for me to do justice either to myself or to the artistic aim of the committee." So we must wait till next year to see Hackett's Othello. Professor Armes and Mr. Hackett have arranged for a production of the tragedy at the Greek Theatre in the Fall of 1913.

Think Again, Mr. Critic!

"The third act of Lady Windermere's Fan," says J. Lawrence Toole, the clever dramatic critic of the Examiner, "reveals the lady caught in her lover's chambers. Wilde invented that situation." Tut, tut! Has Mr. Toole never read The School for Scandal? Has he forgotten Joseph Surface and Lady Teazle? When one speaks of a playwright inventing a situation it behooves one to be extremely careful. A stage situation is about as difficult to invent as a new joke. Just who did invent this situation of a woman trapped in her lover's apartments I am not in a position to say, but it is much older than Wilde's great compatriot Brinsley Sheridan. You may find it in many a naughty Restoration drama. It is, I am sorry to say, a very long time since I have turned over the pages of Wycherley and Congreve, of Vanbrugh and Farquhar, of Colley Cibber and Dryden, but I should engage to find the situation in several of their plays without long searching. And as these wits went to the French for a great deal of their inspiration, just as dramatists have been doing ever since, it would surely not be hard to find the same situation in Moliere or Le Sage or some of the other Parisian dramatists. Wilde was ever a great borrower; the habit was so confirmed that he even borrowed from himself. Many of the epigrams in Lady Windermere's Fan can be found elsewhere in his works.



A Book of Gnomes

With the assistance of Publisher Aleck Robertson "Tommy" Nunan of the Examiner has brought out a book of gnomes. Don't misunderstand. I refer not to the gnomes of Paracelsus, those bearded dwarfs of the wooded mountains who watch over veins of precious metal and other hidden treasures; but to the gnomes of ancient Greece which are nothing more or less than sententious maxims put into verse. In other words "Tommy" Nunan has made his bow to the book-reading public in the role of gnomic poet. As such "Tommy" belongs to a group of versifiers rare in the history of literature. The gnomic poets of Greece flourished in the sixth century before the Christian era. They took the saws of the Seven Wise Men and turned them into metrical couplets for the edification of the multitude. The works of all the gnomic poets except Theognis have perished, and nobody reads old Theognis nowadays. In English literature I know of only one gnomic poet. That was the good old Royalist Francis Quarles, author of "The Emblems." His gnomic verses were popular with the vulgar, but the critics of his time didn't do a thing to them, to use a bit of euphemistic slang. Pope in the Duncaid said of them:

Where the pictures for the page atone
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own.

And old Sir John Suckling spoke of Quarles as the man "that makes God speak so big in's poetry." And now comes "Tommy" Nunan—everybody calls him "Tommy"—who wrote newspaper doggerel that looked like prose till you read it, long before Walt Mason was heard of, with a pretty little volume called "Out of Nature's Creed." He calls it "a poem of optimistic philosophy." It is dedicated, by permission, to Joaquin Miller, and the dedicatory verses are graceful and complimentary, as dedicatory verses should always be.

A Simple Creed

"Tommy's verses sing a simple God-fearing creed. "Tommy" has always been a student of astronomy, so he begins with the stars, thus:

Man, seeking boundless truth afar,
Trains all his thought upon a star.

This "Tommy" finds to be unnecessary, for

All the boundless truth is near,
And God and Heaven are with us here.

Nothing cryptic about that, or about anything in the singer's creed. He bids us

See in the gleams of children's eyes
More gleams of God than in the skies,

a very sensible suggestion. And he tells us to toil; to plant a tree or a flower is to add to the happiness of mankind. Suffering, he says, is inevitable, even for the birds:

Think not the little bird that sings
And treads the morning with its wings
Has naught in life but joy:

The cold, the fiercest storm that blows,
A world that's full of mortal foes,
Its bravest hopes employ.

As takes the lark his upward flight
And gains from Heaven a nearer light
To sanctify his song,

So we should ever upward gaze
And tempt sad souls their eyes to raise
Above what men call Wrong.

That's the only time "Tommy" attempts the lyrical; the rest is all gnomic, and it's very quotable, as gnomic couplets should be.

The Novelist-Builder

Herman Whittaker, the novelist, better known to his friends as "Jimmy," is building himself a fine big nine-room home in Piedmont. He is not having a home built, mind you, but is building it himself. With one assistant he has done every bit of the work from mudsill up. The plans were drawn by Whittaker and his wife, and received the indorsement of the proper Oakland officials. Whittaker is by no means the first of our litterateurs to wield saw and hammer. Harry Lafler built himself a bungalow on Telegraph Hill. Charles Keeler built his own home across the bay. Harry Cowell was his own architect and contractor. And there are others whose names escape me.

A Sign of Prosperity

During one day last week sixty commercial travelers registered at different hotels in this city. That must come pretty close to breaking the record. The importance of the fact lies in its implication. Business is picking up in San Francisco; an increase of prosperity is smiling on us. The drummer has his finger on the pulse of trade. When times are bad in any particular section he finds out about the condition of trade in time to save himself the expense and trouble of a visit. And when times are good nothing can keep him away. There are probably more commercial travelers gathering fat orders in this city at the present time than there have been at any other period during the last two or three years. Times are good and they seem to be growing steadily better. The voice of the calamity howler will soon be stilled in the land.

Art and Athletics

The Olympic Club no longer bestows its affections exclusively on athletics. In its new home it will do more than cultivate the body; it will cultivate the mind also. As in Ancient Greece when Pindar sang the triumphs of her heroes on the Olympian field the Olympic Club will foster an affinity between art and athletics. After a dip in the tank a man may now browse in a library where soon the classics will be well represented. After a little exercise in the gymnasium a man may feast his eyes on works of art, some of which are already features of the club. Some time ago when many members of the club resolved upon testifying their appreciation of the magnificent services rendered by President Humphrey and the board of directors, they agreed it could not be done in a more fitting manner than by ornamenting a wall with a beautiful bronze tablet appropriately inscribed. So they went to our premier sculptor, Haig Patigian, and he designed them something chaste and beautiful. The unveiling of this tablet was made the motif of a banquet last Saturday evening, and it proved a most enjoyable occasion. The Olympians were in gift-making mood. In addition to the tablet there was a gift of a life membership card of gold to President Humphrey, the gift of a gold watch to Al Hampton who superintended the building of the club and the gift to the club by Vice-President Louis Hoeffler of a beautiful statue in marble of heroic proportions The Hoeffler gift made quite a sensation as it was unexpected. It is a reproduction of one of the famous Canova statues of the boxers Creu-



cante and Damoxenes. While in Rome some time ago Mr. Hoeffler ordered reproductions of both statues. It took months to find suitable pieces of marble out of which to sculpture the statues, and the second one is not yet completed. It will arrive in about six months and become the companion figure of the one that was unveiled Saturday evening.

California's First Paper

From a friend who writes that he was deeply interested in the account given in last week's Town Talk of Theodore Hittell's early newspaper experiences in San Francisco, I have received rather a long communication dealing with the history of the first newspapers published in California. He says the first newspaper published in this State was the Monterey Californian. It was dated December 10, 1846, was crudely printed, had four pages, and was half in Spanish and half in English. The paper owed its start to Commodore Stockton, who succeeded Commodore Sloat in command of the Pacific squadron after Sloat had hoisted the United States flag at Monterey on July 7, 1846. Upon looking over the property of the defunct Mexican Government there was discovered an old font of long primer type and a Ramage press which had been used since 1834 to do the official printing of the Mexican Government in California. Commodore Stockton had appointed as one of the alcaldes of Monterey the Rev. Walter Colton, chaplain of one of the vessels of the squadron, and he suggested that Mr. Colton should issue an American newspaper. This suggestion Mr. Colton promptly adopted, and with Dr. Robert Semple he began the publication of the Monterey Californian on August 15, 1846, a little more than a month after the occupation of the country by the American forces. Dr. Semple, afterward one of the most prominent of California's citizens, was a man of unusual personality. He was a dentist by occupation, 6 feet 6 inches in height, and possessed of tremendous strength. He came originally from Kentucky and was a member of Fremont's party when the Pathfinder first went to Monterey to join forces with Sloat. A young English Lieutenant on one of the vessels of Admiral Seymour's squadron recorded his impressions of the Americans accompanying Fremont, and referred particularly to Semple, saying: "One man, a doctor, six feet six high, was an odd looking fellow. May I never come under his hands!"

The Lack of Type

When Colton and Semple began the issue of the Californian they found one important deficiency—the font of type did not contain a w. This deficiency was supplied to a degree by the use of two v's wherever a w occurred. The editor apologized for the lack of w's in an editorial which read:

Our Alphabet.—Our type is a spanish font picked up here in a cloister, and has no vv's in it, as there is none in the Spanish alphabet. I have sent to the sandvvich Islands for this letter, in the meantime vve must use tvvo v's. Our paper at present is that used for vvrapping segars; our object is to establise a press in California, and this vve shall in all probability be able to accomplish. The absence of my partner for the last three months and my duties as Alcalde here have deprived our little paper of some of those attentions vvhich I hope it vvill hereafter receive.

VValter Colton.

Mr. Colton described the press as being old enough to warrant its preservation as a curiosity. The type was dirty and pied, and it was only by scouring that the letters could be made to show their faces. There being neither rules nor leads, some sheets of tin were cut up into pieces that would answer the requirements. The only paper available was in sheets a little longer than ordinary foolscap. This was the paper on which most of the archives of California and other Spanish American provinces were written, the thicker quality being prepared for writing purposes, while the thinner grades were used for cigarette paper. The office of the Californian was in an upper room of the Monterey barracks, and the first number created a sensation, a crowd waiting for the first sheets to come from the press. It appears from reading the apologetic editorial that the font also lacked capital S's. It may seem odd that the Sandwich Islands should be referred to as the source of the necessary supply of w's, but as a matter of fact Honolulu was the nearest supply centre in those days for the whole Pacific Coast. The needed supply of type had apparently not reached the Californian up to December 19, 1846, for in that issue the same expedient of using two v's for a w was used.

The Second Paper

In May, 1847, the Californian was removed from Monterey to San Francisco, the last number to be issued at Monterey bearing the date May 6, 1847. On June 1, 1847, appeared the first number of the second volume, which ran to April, 1848. The second newspaper published in California, the Yerba Buena California Star, appeared first on January 9, 1847, under the ownership of Samuel Brannan, a native of Maine and a Mormon elder. Brannan chartered a ship in New York in 1846, and on February 4, sailed with a party of Mormon converts numbering about 240 for the purpose of establishing a colony in California at the time that the main body of the Mormons were leaving Nauvoo, Ill., for their long trip to the heart of the Western wilderness. So many of Brannan's party settled in Yerba Buena that for a time it was known as a Mormon town. Of course when Brannan sailed from New York California was still under the Mexican domination. Like other Mormons Brannan was anxious to escape United States control, and was very disagreeably surprised to see the Stars and Stripes floating over Yerba Buena when his vessel sailed up San Francisco Bay on July 31, 1846. He is said to have exclaimed in tones of the deepest disgust: "There is that damned flag again!" Another story told of the elder is to the effect that for a long time he regularly called upon the Mormon colonists for payment of church tithes. The tithes were unhesitatingly paid for a certain time, and then discontent arose, which resulted in a flat refusal to make further payments to Brannan. The latter stormed, insisting that he was an elder of the Mormon Church and the proper person to receive tithes, but the Mormon settlers had fully made up their minds not to pay. Upon being convinced of this Elder Brannan immediately changed front, saying that he did not blame them—that they had been "damn fools to pay the tithes as long as they did." Brannan, who had been a printer, took out with him on the ship the equipment of a Mormon paper that had been printed in New York. Upon reaching California he at once established a newspaper, the Yerba Buena California Star. It was of the same size as its contemporary, the Californian, and was issued weekly. The first number of the second volume came out in enlarged form on January 8, 1848. It continued until May 26, 1848.

The Rush to the Gold Fields

Both papers were compelled to suspend when the gold excitement broke out all over California in the spring of 1848, and every person who could get to the gold fields did so. Not only did all the printers on the two papers immediately stampede for the Sierras, but about 95 per cent of the subscribers went too. Indeed, a number of the editors also joined in the rush. Brannan instantly adapted himself to the situation, and soon had established himself as the owner of the best equipped general store in the mining country. One of the members of the force of the Californian made a valiant stand and issued several extra sheets after about every one else had deserted the office. In one extra sheet appeared two columns of news about the treaty of Mexico, Fremont's trial, etc., two advertisements, and this editorial: "For the purpose of convincing what is left of the 'public' that the Californian is not extinct, nor yet altogether used up, we, in our triple character of editor, printer and devil have compiled, set up, worked off, and circulated this extra, which we hope will do our readers much good, for it would probably very much perplex his satanic majesty to tell at what precise period they will hear from us again." From May until the latter part of June, 1848, during the development of the gold excitement California did not possess a single newspaper. About July 1, 1848, some of the printers, disgusted with the result of their gold seeking ventures, returned to San Francisco and began the publication of the third volume of the Californian. The paper was issued irregularly until August, 1848, when the regular weekly issue was started again under the editorial control of H. I. Sheldon. In September E. C. Kemble, who formerly had editorial charge of the Star, returned from the mines and purchased the Californian. He also purchased the interests of his partners in the Star and united the two papers under the title of the Star and Californian, commencing publication where the Star had stopped, Vol. III, No. 24. The Star and Californian was the only paper then published in California and was issued weekly until the last of December, 1848, when the title was abandoned and on January 1, 1849, Mr. Kemble, with Messrs. Gilbert and Hubbard, began the publication of the Alta California, which was published for a good many years afterwards. What are said to be the only complete files of these first of California's newspapers now belong to the State Library.



Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Splash in the Fountain

R. G. Hanford's home in Pine street is one of the most interesting places in San Francisco. It looks like some sort of mysterious medieval castle, but is in fact a very uptodate and luxuriously fitted dwelling. Not the least of its attractions is the beautiful garden with its plashing fountain. Hanford gave a merry party not long ago, and when the jollity was at its height the guests left the house to enjoy the cool air out of doors. There was much romping about the garden, and general admiration of the beautiful fountain with its water silvered in the moonlight. And then one of the women suddenly jumped into the fountain. Just why is not known, but it is said that somebody dared her and she scorned to show the white feather. Anyway in she plumped to the general amazement of the guests. She looked, in her low-cut evening gown, like a very modern but very bewitching mermaid. Everybody enjoyed the sensation except her husband who was furiously angry. "Come out of that fountain at once," he commanded. She laughed a musical laugh at hubby's discomfiture and answered, "Come in and get me." Hubby didn't go in and get her, but she was finally induced to leave her unconventional setting.

Mrs. Zeile in Paris

Mrs. Frederick Zeile is in Paris. Nothing strange about that. But Mrs. Zeile's activities in Paris are exciting the curiosity of her friends. For Mrs. Zeile is spending hours every day in the smart shops of the Rue de la Paix, buying—what do you suppose? Clothes, of course. But Mrs. Zeile's friends here are whispering that the clothes are for a trousseau! It may not be true, of course. One never takes these rumors too seriously. Personally I usually pay no attention to them, but Mrs. Zeile is such a charming woman, so popular in society and has so many friends here who are interested in her activities, that I set the story down for what it is worth. The man who, it is said, may have the happiness of wedding Mrs. Zeile is a professional man of high standing. Mrs. Zeile is the widow of Fred Zeile who died at the Fairmont about a year ago. She is the stepmother of those popular and attractive society girls Marian and Ruth whose own mother was a sister of Mrs. E. W. Hopkins.

To Begin Housekeeping

Mrs. Sam Hopkins (Elyse Schultz that was) is to begin housekeeping, and will have her first experience as the presiding divinity of a domestic establishment in the big Hopkins home at California and Laguna streets. The senior Mrs. Hopkins is an invalid and has had to delegate her authority for several years now. Mrs. Fred McNear formerly lived with her mother, but she has recently taken a house of her own. The Cheever Cowdins have taken an apartment, and the Mesdames Taylor have their own houses. So Mrs. Sam Hopkins will have full charge of the old home. The full responsibility of the household duties will fall upon her young shoulders, but she will have a staff of efficient servants, several of whom have been with the family for a long time, so her cares will not be as onerous as they might be under less favorable conditions.

The Ames Divorce

Divorce is not so frequent in the inner circle of smartdom to which Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames belong. The members of that clique



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins

MISS MARIANNE MATHIEU

The charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Mathieu whose engagement to Mr. Alexander L. Wilson has been announced.

may have their domestic differences from time to time, but they are usually fortunate enough to straighten them out without recourse to the law. So the separation of the beautiful Mrs. Ames from her husband is of an interest to those quidnuncs who feed on rumors which can only be described as sensational. It is being said now that the divorce was to be expected. "I'm not surprised," is heard from many wiseacres. 'Tis an irritating observation, fit only for the mouths of those who have the habit of saying, "I told you so." Still, they insist that when Mrs. Ames went to Santa Barbara several months ago, 'twas the beginning of the end. Mrs. Ames is the daughter of the late Colonel E. F. Preston by his second wife who was a Miss Baldwin, sister of O. D. Baldwin. She is one of the most beloved of the younger women of society. one has been overhauled by the motor cop and

The Eclat of Arrest

Down the peninsula in the haunts of hoi aristoi one isn't considered abreast of the times unless arrested for speeding. This fact is causing the authorities of San Mateo county a great deal of annoyance, for while they don't object to swelling the revenues of the county through the collection of fines they are on pins and needles lest the speeders do serious or even mortal injury to pedestrians. The speeders appear to have no regard for the safety of those on foot, but the truth is of course that they are momentarily forgetful under the stress of that speedburning mania which is one of the vices of modern life. Heaven grant that some pretty maid doesn't have her whole life saddened one of these days by reason of her car maiming or destroying somebody. The latest to be arrested was Miss Lee Girvin. The young woman went to court with some trepidation, and seemed glad to escape with a fine. The justice spoke of imprisonment, but relented.

Considerate Justice

"I do not care to send Miss Girvin to jail, as that institution is hardly in accord with her present mode of living."—Justice Lambkin of Redwood City.

"What is he charged with, officer?"
The stern-eyed justice cried.
"With smoking hop, your honor,"
The plain-clothes man replied.
"A grave offense," the judge returned,
"But justice is forgiving;
So set him free—we have no jail
That suits his way of living."

"What was the law that this man broke?"
The magistrate inquired.
"He has three wives," the cop explained,
"And none has yet expired."
"A bigamist!" the judge exclaimed
With accents of misgiving;
"But let him go—we have no jail
That suits his way of living."

"And what has this one done amiss?"
The judge went on to ask.
"He broke from jail," the cop replied;
"I caught him at his task."
"At last, at last," the judge rejoiced,
"A sentence I'll be giving;
Let him go back to jail; it suits
His present way of living!"

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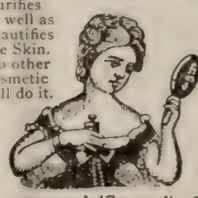
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An Interesting Dinner

Fifty years ago a little girl named Mary E. Davis went to school in Geneva, Switzerland, and one of her teachers was the celebrated Professor Paul Chaix. That Professor Chaix has been dead for many years, and the little girl he taught is now Mrs. George J. Bucknall of San Francisco. But there is now another Professor Chaix. He is the son of Mrs. Bucknall's old teacher, and he came to this city from the University of Geneva as one of the world's distinguished geographers. With him came his son. The foreign geographers were entertained almost exclusively by the professors and members of the University Club, but it was the good fortune of Mrs. Bucknall to give a dinner in honor of the son and grandson of her teacher of fifty years ago. Mrs. Bucknall is a traveled and cultivated woman, and the dinner was a brilliant affair, although extremely informal on account of the limited time the visitors could spare.

To Be Very Quiet

I understand that the wedding of Miss Martha Calhoun and young Hickox will be a very quiet affair. There has been talk of elaborate preparations and of the bridesmaids who were to go on from this city to Cleveland for the ceremony, but this seems to be all wrong. Miss Marian Newhall was to be a bridesmaid, but will not go to the wedding, perhaps because the plans were changed. She was to go East in company with her brother young Mayo Newhall who left last Saturday to resume his studies in Philadelphia. The charming girl, however, is still with us.

Miss Peters To Dance

Miss Anna Peters is known as one of our most beautiful girls and most graceful dancers. She knows every terpsichorean wrinkle from classic footing to cake walk and from toe gyrating to Texas Tommy. So I am very sorry that I shall not be able to see her do a Chinese dance at the St. Francis this afternoon. The occasion is the annual jinks of the San Francisco Musical Club, and I shall not be present because none but members are admitted to the mysteries. A Chinese operetta "Feast of Little Lanterns" is to be given under direction of Frank Mathieu and Wallace Sabin, and the feature will be a Chinese dance in costume by the beautiful blonde Stockton girl. But perhaps we outsiders may see her dance later on; there is talk of repeating the affair for charity.

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Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Pope wrote the lines of Queen Anne, but I am reminded of them by the transformation of the tapestry room of the St. Francis into a playing ground where our leisured men and women may indulge in the great five o'clock pastime of tea drinking. For in the tapestry room one may take counsel or one may take tea or one may take something stronger than tea. That lends the room a charm of freedom all its own. That commends it to the men who have not yet—in any great numbers at least—cultivated the habit of the oolong matinee. Emile Bruguiere, now a Parisian highbrow, introduced tea parties for men several years ago, but the innovation never became a revolution, and the "absinthe hour" is still given over to Scotch and cocktails. Still I have noticed a good many converts dallying with



Photo, Genthe
MISS KATRINA PAGE BROWN
Whose engagement to Austin Moore, the son of Mrs. Willis Polk, has just been announced.

the tea cup in the past few days, so there is no telling how far the new habit will strike. One with a strong imagination might picture the club room of the hotel deserted at five o'clock and the men who erstwhile frequented it fighting for admission to the congested tapestry room. For myself, I hardly think that will happen. But just the same, the new tea room seems to fill a long felt want.

The New Vanderbilt Baby

The incendiary press is filing a characteristic protest against the amount of space devoted in certain newspapers to the birth of another Vanderbilt heir. The incendiary press takes it for granted that the birth is widely heralded because the baby boy will inherit millions. This is not the whole truth. The papers devote their valuable space to the affairs of the Vanderbilt tribe because they are engaged in giving the people what they want and the people want to know all about the Vanderbilts. And it is well that the people should have this knowledge. If there is any American family which points the moral of too much money it is the Vanderbilt family. They have supplied the country with some of its most malodorous divorce actions. The marriage

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of Alfred Vanderbilt to the Bromo Seltzer King's daughter followed two unsavory divorces, one of them a Reno action. Alfred Vanderbilt was divorced by his wife on the ground of infidelity, and shortly after her decree was granted a woman who had been mentioned as one of Alfred Vanderbilt's affinities took her life in London. It was the general opinion that she killed herself in despair because she had been cast off by her lover. Mrs. Hollis McKim's divorce was also sufficiently sensational. She enlivened her enforced stay in the West by trips from Reno to San Francisco. The public wants to study these marriages and divorces in high life, and it is well that it should. The public may learn from them that money can curse its owners.

Professor Eisen Coming

Professor Gustav Eisen, formerly of Stanford University, has been in Europe for two years, and now he is coming home. But it will be at least two years and a-half before he arrives. Professor Eisen might be called eccentric by some, and his eccentricity explains why it will take him such an unconscionable time to return to California. Professor Eisen is an expert in metallurgy and entomology. He loves to wander about the world tapping rocks and snaring rare specimens of insects and bugs. Through the kindly offices of Mrs. Hearst he was able to leave here two years ago for a scientific tour of Europe, and he will bring back many valuable specimens. Although he is past seventy the professor, like John Muir and John Burroughs, walks whenever he can in preference to riding. Trains he despises, motor cars he will have none of. He loves the open air, and a sleep beneath the stars has no terrors for him. That is why it will take him so long to come home. He's going to walk most of the way.

Techau Tavern Gives Away Car

A most unusual attraction for a cafe is the sumptuous Flanders electric automobile which ornaments the main floor of the Techau Tavern. Naturally it attracts a good deal of attention, and will continue to do so until December 23, when it is to be presented to some lady who is so fortunate as to hold the lucky number which will make the automobile her very own, without money and without price. There is sure to be a notable gathering of the fair sex at the Tavern every day between 3:30 and 5:30 p. m. and from 9:30 to closing time, for it is during these hours of the day that every lady will receive a coupon which may turn out to be the lucky one that entitles her to this wonderful car. Manager Morrisson is to be congratulated upon adding one more irresistible attraction to the many that go to make Techau Tavern famous. The first ten numbers drawn will be published in the daily newspapers on the day following the award.

The Latest at Tait's

There will be some woman in San Francisco who will be made happy this Christmas by receiving a $500 free merchandise order on the City of Paris. Who is going to give this generous Xmas gift? Why John Tait, of course! Every lady who visits the Tait-Zinkand Cafe between the afternoon hours of 3 and 6 o'clock will receive an order which may make her the lucky recipient of a $500 merchandise order. Whoever is fortunate enough to get this award need have no fear of satisfactorily solving the Christmas problem of "What Shall I Give." I don't know of a nicer or more appropriate present than this and I am sure it is a prize that will be thoroughly appreciated by whoever gets it.

A Powerful Preacher

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The darkey janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services, one of the deacons asked the old darkey what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suhtinly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know he had!"

"How much did he leave his wife?"
"Nearly every night."

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A Tribute to Charles Ruggles

By Edward F. O'Day

Arise, my Muse! Bestir yourself!
Forget your former struggles;
And strive to sing in language meet
The worth of Charley Ruggles.

The fact is, the leading men and leading women at the O'Farrell street playhouse have had their meed of praise—it's time to give Ruggles his due.

Of all the Alcazar's young men,
(Fair models of virility),
I know of none who better plays
The parts of juvenility.

There's no denying that. Run over the list—Mestayer, Glendinning and the rest—Ruggles is not to be put below any of them.

This San Francisco youngster boasts
A wit that's always working;
And though I've seen him many times,
I've never caught him shirking.

In truth he's a conscientious actor who despises no part that Fred Butler entrusts him with; and the result is that he makes the tiniest "bit" worth while.

I've known a world of actor-men
Who took a world of pains
To play their parts, but what's the use
Unless God gave them brains?

We've all witnessed the sad spectacle of well-intentioned players spending themselves on roles which elude them because they are mentally deficient. Ruggles is not one of these.

Our Charley has an intellect
Of studied cultivation,
And so he brings to every part
His own interpretation.

Take, for instance, the part he plays in "Lady Windermere's Fan." Cecil Graham is a good but not a big part.

Yet in young Ruggles' careful hands
It lives—his keen recital
Of Wilde's most caustic epigrams
Makes every moment vital.

Too many actors appear self-conscious when drawling epigrams. Ruggles tosses them here and there as carelessly as a Roman scattering confetti.

I have no wish to overdo
This easy task of praise;
But must set down that Ruggles feels
Whatever part he plays.

The youngster actually sinks his identity, it seems to me. This week he is not Ruggles at all; he's Cecil Graham all the time.

The flippant look, the "high-bred" sneer,
The ready fling at virtue;
And then the humor—you must laugh
However it may hurt you!

For Ruggles realizes that a Cecil Graham would repel if not lightened with a certain amount of drollery. So he is careful not to be too hard, even when speaking the most cynical lines.

The best stage tribute we can pay
(And every actor begs it),
Is when we feel a genuine
Sorrow at an exit.

Personally, I couldn't get enough of Ruggles this week. I should have liked to see and hear him all the time. But the fault lies with Oscar Wilde in not making the part of Graham a bigger one.

Although I don't like prophecy
Which often turns out wrong,
I venture now to lay a bet
That Rugg won't stay here long.

He's headed straight for Broadway, without a doubt. Unfortunately, this limping rhapsody has left me no room for praise of the others in the Wilde play. They are all very good. Miss Truax, it may be mentioned, plays the mother much more effectually than the adventuress.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Opera Season

The indications thus far are that the singers at the Cort Theatre will vindicate the judgment of our distinguished patron of art, Mr. Ettore Patrizi. It was Patrizi who rounded up these singers abroad, and on the opening night there was considerable curiosity as to the measure of their talent, and the verdict was that it approximated the high standard required in San Francisco. San Francisco is a pretty competent judge of grand opera. It has had more of it than almost any American city. There was a time when scorners among us spoke disparagingly of our provincial companies. They thought nothing worth while that had not received the endorsement of some great metropolitan centre. But of late years San Franciscans have had the wanderlust, they have gone to Europe to taste art at the fountain-head, and they have come to realize that provincial companies have given them just as good opera in their home town as is given by renowned companies abroad. Now this Lambardi company deserves well of San Francisco. It has some fine singers, and it has an orchestra that can challenge comparison with the best we have heard. Why not? There are individuals in it who are not far beneath the rank of virtuosi, men who have responded to the baton of many a maestro of renown. San Franciscans, lift up your heads in parochial pride in the presence of the members of this orchestra! But be not unmindful of their splendid leader, Bavagnoli. It is Bavagnoli who inspires them. Bavagnoli is vital. He knows his Puccini and brings out all the nuances and harmonies of the beautiful score. There is no opera of which San Francisco is more critical than La Boheme. We shall never permit ourselves to forget that right here in San Francisco it was first heard in America. We flatter ourselves that we know Boheme as it is known nowhere else. And heartily we approved the production at the Cort. Armanini proved himself a delightful Rodolpho. His voice is fresh, pure, of lovely timbre, and he sings with great artistry. So also does Signora Matini, as



ALEXANDER HEINEMAN

The famous German court lieder singer who will be heard next week only at the Orpheum.

Mimi. Besides she is more of the Mimi of Murger than any of the countless Mimis I have seen. The Musetta—Signora d'Oria—is a bit of a disappointment, but charming nevertheless. Pineschi, Niccolitti and Martino are as jolly and melodious a trio as one could desire in that never to be forgotten attic in Bohemia. Surely the opera season has had a promising start, and we have reason to look forward to more brilliant performances in the coming weeks. The first appearance of the diva Tarquini will probably be sensational. One hears everywhere her praises sung by critics who have heard her abroad.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

The Beel Quartet

No musical organization formed in this city has ever made a better impression than the Beel Quartet, and music lovers will welcome the announcement of its second season. Throughout the summer months Mr. Beel and his associates have rehearsed with the same fidelity as during the concert season, and Beel and Manager Greenbaum are confident that the work of the organization this season will come as a surprise to its friends, even after the high standard of last year. A number of assisting artists have been engaged for special works. These include Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington and Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt. The first concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, November 3, and the remaining five will be given on Tuesday nights at intervals of about three weeks.

Second Week of Opera

The first week of the limited engagement of the Lambardi Pacific Coast Grand Opera Company at the Cort is proof positive that the season will be a success. Tonight will see the first production of "Conchita," the wonderful Zandonai sensation at Covent Garden, London, where it was produced with Tarquinia Tarquini, the noted prima donna, in the title role. The same artist will appear with the Lambardi forces at the Cort. Tonight's performance will mark the first presentation of the opera in America. The repertoire for next week is as follows: Sunday night, "Con-

chita"; Monday night, "Madame Butterfly" with Matini in the title role and Agostini as Pinkerton; Tuesday night, "Conchita"; Wednesday matinee, "Madame Butterfly"; Wednesday night, "Traviata"; Thursday night, "Conchita"; Friday night, "Rigoletto" with Pereira as Gilda, and Giardini in the title role; Saturday matinee, "Conchita"; and Saturday night, "Madame Butterfly."

Greenbaum's October Plans

Manager Will L. Greenbaum announces the dates for his musical attractions in October. For his opening attraction he has managed to effect a combination of two great stars, Riccardo Martin of the Metropolitan Opera House and Covent Garden who ranks among the world's few great tenors, and Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss piano virtuoso and composer. Ganz will appear only as soloist, Mr. Martin having his usual accompanist, Miss Lima O'Brien. Two concerts will be given by these two at Scottish Rite Hall on Sunday afternoons October 13 and 20. Their only evening appearance will be for the St. Francis Musical Art Society on Tuesday night, October 15. An attraction that will appeal to the masses as well as to music lovers will be the famous United States Marine Band of Washington which has been stationed at the White House as the president's official band and orchestra ever since the days of John Quincy Adams and which has boasted such leaders as Fanciulli, Schneider and John Philip Sousa. Congress has made special provisions regarding its pay, so the director is able to secure the finest musicians. Lieutenant William Santelmann is now the conductor. By invitation of the Faculty Committee two concerts will be given at the Greek Theater on the afternoon and night of Saturday, October 19, after which concerts will be given at Dreamland on Sunday and Monday afternoons and nights, October 20 and 21. Mme. Johanna Gadski, one of the best beloved artists who visit San Francisco, will give one concert only this time on account of her activities at the Metropolitan. She is going to prepare a specially great and attractive program for the event which is announced for Sunday afternoon, October 21, at the Columbia. As it has usually taken three concerts to supply the demand for Gadski tickets it would be well for those who want to avoid disappointment to communicate by mail with Manager Greenbaum without delay. Gadski will give a special program in Oakland at Ye Liberty on Thursday afternoon, October 24.

Sarah Truax in "Mother"

Jules Eckert Goodman's gripping human play "Mother" will be the Alcazar's magnet next week, with Sarah Truax in the title part and Thurlow Bergen and the members of the stock company appropriately cast. Miss Lola Fisher who is to serve as the Alcazar's ingenue during the coming season, will make her local debut in a role affording ample opportunity for effective display in her special line of acting.

"The Round-Up" at the Columbia

Macłyn Arbuckle in "The Round-Up," Klaw and Erlanger's production of Edmund Day's play, will return to the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday evening. This play has had a great success and is remembered for the sensational battle scene in which so many Indians bite the dust. The company is a large and capable one, and there are genuine Western cavalrymen, cowboys, Mexican vaqueros, Apache Indians and twenty cow ponies from Arizona cattle ranges. The locale is southwestern Arizona before the advent of wire fences and during the period when General Crook was chasing Conchise and his braves into the reservation at Fort Grant. The art of the scene painter and the marvels of stagecraft have produced impressive scenes. In the battle scene twenty mounted Indians ride along a tortuous path at the edge of a precipice, attack two wanderers in the desert and are routed by a detachment of United States cavalry headed by "Slim" Hoover, the sheriff.

"An Evening in Hawaii" at Pantages

For the week commencing Sunday afternoon another strong array of attractions has been secured for Pantages, headed by "An Evening in Hawaii," an elaborate scenic production given by ten vocalists, instrumentalists and dancers. These talented natives are said to give a delightful entertainment. Loyd Childs who presents the act, will also show several reels of motion pictures depicting life in the Sandwich Islands. That well known character comedian, Ned Burton, supported by Norbert Myles and Marion Ford, will present his tabloid musical comedy, "The Commercial Man." The Orpheus Comedy Four, great favorites in this city, will return with a brand new assortment of songs and comedy. Five dainty and agile damsels are the "Juggling Jewels" who toss around Indian clubs and are as pretty as they are dexterous. Good banjo players are scarce and the Black Brothers are masters of the pig skin instrument and finished dancers besides. Fagg and Dixon will present "Africanology," abounding in quips and parodies. Gladys and Louis LaVere are versatile gymnasts. Sunlight Pictures will complete the program.

The Symphony Season

The Board of Governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco are pleased beyond measure with the demands on the opening day of the sale for the guarantors of the Orchestra. All indications point to a record-making season. The Board of Governors are particularly pleased with the demand for seats for the combined season of the ten symphony and ten popular concerts. The sale of seats for the general public will open at the rooms of the San Francisco Orchestra, No. 711-712 Head Building, Post and Grant avenue, on Thursday, October 3, and will close Thursday, October 17. No season tickets will be sold after that date. The sale for the single tickets will open at the box office of the Cort Theatre, Monday morning, October 21. The Board of Governors requests that all mail orders be made payable to the Musical Association of San Francisco and addressed to Frank W. Healy, manager the San Francisco Orchestra, No. 711-712 Head Building.



SCENE FROM KLAW AND ERLANGER'S MASSIVE PRODUCTION OF "THE ROUND-UP"
To be offered at the Columbia Theater for two weeks beginning Monday night, September 30th.

Heinemann at the Orpheum

Alexander Heinemann, the famous German court lieder singer, has been secured by the Orpheum for next week only. This great artist had his ticket purchased for Europe and was on the eve of departure when the Orpheum management persuaded him to delay in order that he might play his first and in all probability his last engagement in vaudeville, for Herr Heinemann's concert engagements in the old world extend over several years. For a decade and a half he has been the idol of the chief capitals of Europe and has been decorated by the Emperor of Germany, the King of Spain and other European monarchs. Herr Heinemann will sing Handel's "Largo," "Hans und Liesel" (Hans and Liza), "Teufelslied" (The Devil's Song) and "Die Beiden Grenadiere" (The Two Grenadiers). Miss Fay Foster will accompany him at the piano. To the vast host of Dickens' admirers which includes, it may



MISS MARION FORD
With Ned Burton and Co. at the Pantages Theatre.

be safely said, the great majority of the Orpheum patrons, the appearance of the famous Irish actor Owen McGiveney will be of great interest. He will present his latest and greatest protean success "Bill Sikes" in which he will impersonate besides the name part Monks, Fagin, "The Artful Dodger" and Nancy Sikes. All these characters appear naturally and the marvelous manner in which Mr. McGiveney hides his own individuality by skillful and almost instantaneous changes of make-up make it difficult to believe that one man is portraying the five roles. Claud and Fannie Usher will return for next week only after quite a lengthy absence with their famous skit "Fagan's Decision." The little play is a comedy gem with a touch of pathos deftly interjected towards the finish. Williams and Warner, two ingenious Frenchmen who have invented a number of musical instruments and funny stunts, will evidence their skill. They introduce the Clacaphone, described as an organ with a human voice. LaMaze Trio are eccentric comedians. Next week will be the last of Annie Kent, "The Little Jester," and E. Frederick Hawley and Company in "The Bandit." It will also conclude the engagement of Nat Wills, "The Happy Tramp" who will sing by special request his famous parody on "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Commercial Law

Knicker—Do you understand mortgages?

Bocker—Yes; the first is for the car and the secand is for the upkeep.

The Horrid Man!

She was young, unmarried and of rather ample proportions, and she went for a dip in the sea at Santa Cruz. She was wearing a very tight bathing costume, well calculated to set off her graceful curves.

It possessed one defect wholly unanticipated. Under the influence of the sea water it shrank to such an extent that when the bather regained the dressing room she was unable to get out of it. Worse still, the material of which it was composed was so tough that she could not tear it.

Before long the tightness of the costume interfered with her breathing and she fainted. Her mother, who was with her, lost her head and rushed along the beach calling loudly for a doctor. A sportsman answered the challenge and went to the room.

He remained there some little time and emerged triumphantly, having removed the dress with a pair of scissors. The shock came when it was found that the self-called doctor was no doctor at all, but just an ordinary visitor to the beach.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Lieut.-Col. George McK. Williamson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Williamson have taken apartments at the Hotel Victoria for the winter. Lieut.-Col. Williamson is on duty at Fort Mason. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Talbot of Phoenix, Arizona, are spending several days at the Victoria. Edward P. Borden and Miss E. D. Borden of Washington, D. C., are there for an indefinite stay. The Bordens have spent part of the summer in Berkeley. Mrs. M. A. Cachot has returned to the Victoria for the winter. Miss Dorothy May was a dinner hostess to twelve guests on Thursday last.

Los Angeles people registered at Coronado during the past few days include: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Robertson, Mrs. L. O. Pomeroy, Alfred Cuetn, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Hearsey, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brinsmaid, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Reynolds, H. M. Lieb, Winfield S. Williams, R. W. Richardson, H. B. Percival and wife, H. M. Thompson, J. P. Tuder, Mrs. Keasle, Mrs. Colt, W. D. Church and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Holt, society folks of Denver, are passing several days at Coronado. Mr. J. M. Hoyt, a prominent business man of Chicago, with Mrs. Hoyt, were there last week for a few days, while seeing Southern California. Mr. Dwight E. Ryland, accompanied by his family, spent several days. They are here on a pleasure trip from Denver. Miss Anna C. Strickland, a young society woman of Hartford, Conn., touring the West, made headquarters at the hotel while seeing Southern California. Mr. Geo. F. Cosling, a merchant of Philadelphia, remained at the hotel while on a business trip in the West.

Captain E. F. ("Kid") Mohler of the San Francisco baseball team visited Paso Robles last week on business connected with the training arrangements for next spring. With both the White Sox of Chicago and the Seals of San Francisco, the famous springs of Paso Robles would indeed be a Mecca for the fans. One or both of these teams will train there next March. Mr. E. F. Scott of Guadalajara, Mexico, is at Paso Robles enjoying the climate, the baths and having a quiet rest. Mr. J. H. Bingham of Fresno is spending a few weeks at Paso Robles recuperating. Miss Elliott of Berkeley, Miss O'Connor and Mrs. D. W. Horsburgh of San Francisco are among the arrivals at Paso Robles. Dr. Henry Krebs and Mrs. Krebs of San Francisco are at Paso Robles for the benefit of Mrs. Krebs' health. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dougan of Tacoma are there, and Mrs. Dougan will remain for some time.

Murphy—Phwat is a compromise candidate?

Casey—Wan thot ayther side can lick.

AMUSEMENTS

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Monday Evening, September 30, and Throughout the Week, the Eminent Emotional Actress,

SARAH TRUAX

Thurlow Bergen and the Alcazar Company in

"MOTHER"

Jules Eckert Goodman's Gripping Human Play.

Prices: Night 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinee: Thursday, Saturday, Sunday.

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The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783
Two Weeks Beginning Monday, September 30th
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
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In their gigantic production of Edmund Days' Drama

"THE ROUND-UP"

134 People—20 Horses

Prices, Evenings and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees: $1.50 to 25c.

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Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week of September 29th

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10 Talented Islanders, in a Gorgeous Production of Native Novelties; NED BURTON and CO. Presenting "The Commercial Man"; FIVE JUGGLING JEWELS, Agile and Pretty Maidens; ORPHEUS COMEDY FOUR, Vocalists Eccentrique; BLACK BROTHERS, Dancing Banjoists; FAGG and DIXON, "Africanologuists"; THE LaVERES, Versatile Gymnasts, and SUNLIGHT PICTURES.

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
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Prices—50c to $2.00.

HENRY P. TRICOU

NOTARY PUBLIC

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was a resumption of bull operations in the stock market with moderate to good gains throughout the list of active issues. Probably the chief advances were made in the metal stocks and railway equipment shares, though the leading railway securities showed good buying in specialties where present earnings are the chief factor. Money rates continued to indicate only a moderate demand from Wall street and foreign exchange afforded the taking of some $3,000,000 more gold from London. There was little in the matter of news that would bear on the general financial or Wall street situation and there was nothing new in the field of politics.

Wheat—Prices showed a little weakness but rallied on the strength at Liverpool, firmness in the Northwest and predictions of a period of cold weather, with rain or snow in the Northwest. Canadian weather cool and unsettled. Strength at Liverpool due to better demand for Canadian and American parcels and the strength at Paris, these influences offsetting the big world shipments. There was some selling in sympathy with the easy tone in corn. Cash demand slow, and low grades again inclined to drag. Northwest reported flour sales fair, and good cash demand. Cash sales wheat were 140,000 bushels.

Corn—Fine weather brought long corn on the market in good volume. The leading longs bought openly, but were supposed to have sold through commissison houses. Receipts were heavy enough but the demand was good. Industries were the largest buyers. Cash markets' tone rather steady, outside markets mixed. Unsettled and cold weather indicated for near future and decidedly cold forecast for the end of the week.

Cotton—There was heavy American selling in Liverpool, presumably for the purpose of breaking the market, but the weather news was so unfavorable that pressure was partly withdrawn There was enough cotton for sale on the hard spots, however, to hold prices. On the other hand there was a fair demand around for January and Craig brokers were credited with buying December on all the soft spots. A number of points in the Eastern belt reported heavy rains doing considerable damage and a few small buying orders accompanied the reports, but the local talent continues so bearish that no attention is paid to anything but good news.

FINANCIAL NOTES

The chief feature of the local market during the past week has been the activity in Spring Valley, the result of the published reply of the Water Company to the city concerning the negotiations now pending, in which the properties were offered to the city for the sum of $38,500,000, but 2,300 acres of Lake Merced land were withheld.

It is estimated in real estate circles that this land could be marketed for a sum somewhere in the vicinity of $12,000,000. It is felt in financial circles that the city realizes the necessity of bringing to a conclusion negotiations with the Water company, or abandoning the idea of a municipal supply by 1915. The stock has been active and strong, selling as high as 3 1-4, but reacting toward the end of the week to about 63. The bonds have remained unchanged, selling at 93 5-8.

The balance of the market has not been particularly active, although there were several brisk sales in Associated Oil stock at about 44. Gas and Power securities have not changed materially. Northern California Power remained at its low level of around 37 1-2, Pacific Gas & Electric Common selling at between 64 and 64 1-4 ex-dividend of $1.25 per share. Western Power securities remained unchanged, with several sales in the bonds at 88 7-8.

During the week Natomas bonds were advanced from 93 3-4 to 94. Oro Electric Corporation Sixties selling at 98 1-4 and being quoted 98 1-4 bid, 98 1-2 asked.

Sugar stocks have been dull, with a downward tendency, although no sales of importance were registered.

Money has been slightly easier, the result no doubt of returns from a large crop. Real estate loans continued at same rates.

On a Summer's Day

Maud Muller was raking the hay.

"I'm an intelligent agriculturist at the very time you are in danger of the recall," she explained in refusing the Judge.

A Hair Cut

Damocles saw the sword suspended by a hair.

"Just what that fellow Absalom needed," he remarked.

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

is very much the same Martinez, only a bit subdued by marriage perhaps. He wears the same old corduroys and confines his glistening straight long hair within the same old student's velvet cap. That hair is scissored from time to time, no doubt, but none has ever known when it wasn't long enough to get in "Marty's" eyes.

I asked Martinez what he considered his best work.

"One of my best pictures was my first," he says, "the Indian Sculptor which was bought by Ignatz Steinhart and destroyed in the fire of 1906. Another is the Bridge which belongs to Mr. J. D. Hahn of Oakland.

"I shall never do better work than I did in those. An artist advances so far, and no matter how much he may learn afterwards, his work is no better. That is a law of art."

And then he launched into his favorite subject of Velasquez, the greatest painter that ever lived; with side excursions into Zuloaga who, he insists, is the greatest painter in the world of today. How about Sorolla? I asked.

"His pictures are too much like snapshots," said Martinez. "But in the matter of making money he is much more successful than Zuloaga. When Sorolla came to this country he was so poor that Mr. Huntington had to pay his expenses; he went away with half a million dollars. Zuloaga came here poor, and went away no richer. Which goes to show that Nietzsche was right when he said—"

And the sign-painter who knows Velasquez from Jabez Swan and is on speaking terms with Zarathustra lit a fresh cigarette, tasted his absinthe drip and went on to expound philosophy.

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco
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Show me the Closed Shop town and I'll show the town that is on the down grade.

The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

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Dr. C. E. WILSON
323 Geary St. Suite 604 San Francisco

A Contribution to San Francisco History

(Continued from Page 6.)

rieros and servants. Two priests from San Luis Obispo accompanied them. Anza reached the junction of the Colorado and Gila rivers on the morning of May 11, exactly twenty-four days. He reached San Miguel de Horcasitas on June 1, 1776.

This march was remarkable in more senses than one. Anza's diary gives no intimation of any sufferings from hunger or thirst on this second expedition. He mentions some sufferings from cold on the outward journey to Monterey. But one death occurred on the whole journey, going and returning, that of a woman in childbirth, near Tubac, on October 24, 1775. This is remarkable for a journey of over nineteen hundred miles. It is only exceeded by the march of the Sixth U. S. Infantry from Salt Lake City to Sacramento, 790 miles, in 1858, without the loss of a single life.

The presidio was established in 1776; a fort was built on the summit of the rock where Fort Winfield Scott now stands. The garrison remained, changing from time to time by death or retirement of its members, until 1847.

Mr. Eldredge traces the career of many members of Anza's expedition. Among them were Moraga, Grisalva, Aloiso, Mesa, Peralta, Bojorques, Pacheco, Aceves, Soto, Valencia, Sanchez, Arellanes, Castro, Bernal, Vasquez, Pico, and others. The promise of the King of Spain, made upon their enlistment, was faithfully kept. They were all given grants of land in California.

There have been several historic marches since Anza's day, in the territory of the United States. Of these the march of Lewis & Clarke from the Mississippi river to the mouth of the Columbia in 1807, the march of the Sixth U. S. Infantry from Independence, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, in 1858, and the march of a battery of artillery from Santa Fe to Independence, Missouri, in 1860, without the loss of man, horse or gun, are equally celebrated. But I think that Anza's two marches from Altar, Sonora, Mexico, to San Francisco, may be justly claimed to vie with any of those named. Considering the opportunities and means of preparation, the unknown character of the country, the risks of death from hunger and thirst and savage Indians, it is certainly not the least of the expeditions named in accomplishment and results. When to all this is added the well known indifference of the Spanish race to preparation for great achievements, the wonder grows. But on the other hand, the indifference to hardships, especially to hunger and thirst, of the Spaniard is proverbial. Some of the marches from Northern Mexico into the now territory of the United States, are equally remarkable.

It remains but to add that after his two marches to California, Anza was appointed Governor of New Mexico, where he died on the nineteenth of December, 1788.

Mr. Eldredge has bestowed much labor upon this work. First of all he has in person been over most of the route in California and Arizona. Then his reading upon the subject has been most extensive. The journals of Melchior Diaz in 1540, of Father Knio in 1701, and of Father Garces in 1771 have been deeply studied by him. The long subsequent historical works of Franklin Tuthill and Bancroft have been explored and their contradictions harmonized or corrected. Maps made by the earliest explorers of California have been perpetuated. In particular there are two maps of the entrance to San Francisco Bay which deserve notice, and the painstaking search of the author in his investigations deserves to be commended. These maps accompanied the diary of Father Font, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. And where were the originals found? we may ask. In the John Carter Brown Library at Providence, Rhode Island. Both are now reproduced and restored to the knowledge of mankind from the dusty shelves of a library over three thousand five hundred miles away. In addition to this, Mr. Eldredge has inserted in his work maps of Anza's routes on his two trips to California. These are most interesting. They convey an idea of the dangers and difficulties encountered and overcome by the explorer which nothing else could. Finally this book may be welcomed as a permanent addition to the literature of California on a topic of surpassing interest.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 44,453; Dept. No. 10.

ARTHUR RITTER, Plaintiff, vs. MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. J. CRISP, Atty. for Plaintiff,
624 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-28-10

"Has he done anything since he went to the Legislature?"

"You bet he has. He has made a record."

"Funny I hadn't heard anything of it."

"You will. He solicited a bribe yesterday and there was a dictaphone concealed in the room."



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Father

(Continued from Page 8.)

can have the courage which I never had. I am doing a cowardly act, I have lived a cowardly life, but I do not wish to die like a coward. A hundred times I have been upon the point of fleeing from this house and carrying you away with me in my arms. I lacked the energy, the strength of mind, to do it. I would have done it had the slightest occasion arisen; had your father had a suspicion; had he ever said to me a single word in anger. But no, none. He was always, always good.

The young man stopped, stunned by this revelation. His mother had loved! And she had kept the secret so long. She had been able to talk, to smile, without a quiver on her lips to betray her secret or her remorse. And he, he had always been pitiless toward the weaknesses of other women, and all his pride and joy, all his veneration had been condensed in one word: "Mother." And he had grown up there, with them, a living insult to that grand, good man who had so loved him.

All the memories of his youth came to him. Looking back he could see himself a very little boy, taking long walks through the streets and holding desperately to father's hand. Then he grew older. A serious illness held him for months between life and death, and he could see his father, always seated at his bedside, trying to smile through the tears that always would come to his eyes. Then the wheel of time revolves. There are business troubles and he remembers the conversations he had overheard while he was lying in bed, supposed to be asleep. His mother said very little; his father said: "I will economize; I will not smoke any more; I will not go to the restaurants; the clothes I have will last for some time; the boy must not want for anything. By saving here and there we will be able to do everything for him that he needs. Children have time enough to suffer in the future, why add to their sorrows when they are young?"

And that was the kind of man she deceived!

He began to cry. That sentence in the letter came back to him: "You are old enough to decide upon your future."

It was true. He had not the right to hesitate. Not for a moment did the question of wealth tempt him, but he must have the courage she did not have. He would go away and say nothing. He would go very, very far away and never come back. And then the shame, the shame of it all would go with him. How would it be possible for him now to sit down at the table with this good man and hear his kindly voice say: "Darling," and then talk about his mother.

He had taken his decision. "Oh, mother, mother," he sobbed. "How could you do it?"

Farewell to that quiet, pleasant life which he had always lived, farewell to the home, farewell to the hearty welcome, for now he had no right to it, no right to continue a life of lying and hypocrisy.

He sat very quiet, numbed by his suffering. Then he heard voices in the dining-room:

"My poor little boy! How he will feel it. He is now in his mother's room and I know he is crying. What a misfortune! I am getting very old, but fortunately for me I have him left. He is a good boy, and will never leave me."

The young man listened, startled, and bit his lips till the blood came. The father kept on talking, and little by little, as the son listened, his thoughts took another turn. That which he had thought his duty now seemed less easy. The words: "He will not leave me," rang in his ears.

Had he the right to leave this poor being, to let him grow old seated alone by a deserted fireside? Leave him! Would that be fair payment for all the tenderness he had lavished upon him, all the efforts that had been made to protect him, all the privations that had been endured for his sake? But he was not his son. His very presence here, under this roof, had something odious about it, something that could not be endured. But he must deside, decide now, without a moment's delay.

He still held the letter in his hand, and he began to read it again. "I would have done it had the slightest occasion arisen; had your father had a suspicion, had he ever said a single word to me in anger. But no, none. He was always, always good."

Now he could hear his father's voice again. He was talking to the old servant.

"Yes, I lived twenty-seven years with her, and during all that time there never was a cloud that obscured for a moment the sun of our happiness, not a cloud."

The young man took up the letter again and began to read: "Now I am going to tell you the name of your real father. It is—"

His hand shook. One more look and the name would be forever graven upon his memory, would permeate his whole being and then he could not—

Now a voice called him, very softly and very tenderly. "Come, come, my boy, come to supper."

A great tremor shook him from head to foot and for a second he closed his eyes. Then he took a match and set fire to the letter. He watched it burn slowly, and when the flame reached his fingers he dropped the ashes upon the floor.

He went to the door, opened it and stood for a moment looking at that kindly face, at those eyes reddened by weeping, and at those trembling hands; and then he went to him and took him in his arms and said:

"Father! My own, dear, old father!"

Omar stood by in suspense while the editor glanced through his quatrains.

"They do you credit," murmured the editor.

"If you please, I'll take cash and let the credit go," said the needy poet.

But the editor said the Rubaiyat was not up to the standard of his paper.

Tramp—You know the sayin,' mum: 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'

Mrs. Subbubs—Very true. And since you speak in proverbs, I'll refer you to another old saw.

Tramp—Which one is dat, mum?

Mrs. Subbubs—The one back in the woodshed.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN H. RIORDAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of John H. Riordan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, 514-518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John H. Riordan, deceased.

PATRICK J. RIORDAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John H. Riordan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 7, 1912.

GEO. F. HATTON and HARTLEY F. PEART,
Attorneys for Administrator,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 9-7-5

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Letters

A Mystery Story

Samuel Hopkins has a well-earned reputation as a writer of stories of mystery and is of the few who can concoct a plot so cleverly that the reader is kept in the dark until the author, through the agency of his detective, is ready to reveal the solution. It is always unexpected, but always plausible and logical from the premises. "The Secret of Lonesome Cove" concerns the identification of a woman's body washed ashore on the New England coast. It is lashed by ropes to a grating, and at first glance would appear to be the victim of some wreck, but there has been no storm and no shipwreck on the coast, nor has the body been long enough in the water to warrant a supposition that it has drifted from a distance. To add to the mystery, around the left wrist there is clasped a manacle of an antique type once used in the slave trade. The usual congregation of village idlers has gathered, and from the gossip amongst them it appears that the woman, a stranger, had been seen in the vicinity at about sunset on the previous evening, that she had spoken to one of them, casually asked some question concerning an artist living near by, and had taken her departure in the direction of his bungalow, and that, further, she was seen to hold conversation with him,and he was probably the last one to have seen and spoken with her previous to the discovery of the dead and presumably drowned body washed ashore in the cove at the base of the cliff. Questions: Who was she? How did she come to be drowned? What was the purpose of the manacle on the wrist and what had become of the jewelry with which she was bedecked when last seen? What connection had the artist, Francis Sedgwick, with her? And what motive could he have had for putting her out of the way? Amongst those who had come together in Lonesome Cove was Professor Chester Kent, a scientist with a reputation for the solution of mysteries. His own summing up of his life after graduation from college was as terse as a telegram: "Post-graduate science. Agricultural department job. Lectures. Invention. Judiciary department expert," and his work was as decisive and clean cut as his speech. His present interest was an investigation of the currents of Lonesome Cove around which, because of some peculiarities, there had been woven a net of local superstittions. As a college mate of Sedgwick, the artist, he took an immediate interest in the mystery of the drowned woman, since it was evident that suspicion pointed to him as having at least some knowledge if not direct connection with the accident or crime. While not for a moment believing that Sedgwick could be guilty of a murder, Kent saw at once that the evidence, superficial and circumstantial, pointed towards him, and after winning the intimate confidence of his friend with a view to clearing him, he saw still more clearly that every fact revealed would, if made public, strengthen the suspicion. It goes without saying that in the sequel Sedgwick was cleared triumphantly, but meanwhile there was a curiously and intricately tangled skein to unwind. It led back to the artist colony of Paris, and took a loop around the history of a dead and gone slave-trader. It linked together a mystic cult of star-worshippers which had flourished two or three generations before and a very modern astrologer with a keen scent for immediate returns. There were family scandals to be concealed at any cost, involved venal public officials and faithful private servants, and the whole range of society from a millionaire manufacturer to a patent medicine fakir, with all the variety of village gossips between. Like all stories of mystery, once the right thread is grasped, the tangles unravel themselves automatically. The genesis of "The Mystery of Lonesome Cove" is as singular as the opening paragraphs of the novel. The dedication is: "To One Unknown—To the only living being who possesses the secret of the strangely clad and manacled body found beneath the cliffs of Cornwall on April 30, 1909, this story, changed in the setting, as he will understand, is blindly dedicated." The original mystery has never been solved. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Home Entertaining"

Mr. William E. Chenery could hardly have made a valid claim for originality on behalf of his small book on "Home Entertaining," had he so desired. The plays and pastimes which make up its contents may be new to the juveniles of the twentieth century, but their grandparents needed no printed reminders, and in those sections where "dayncin'" was looked upon as a crime in the sight of the Lord, if not under the law, old and young alike joined heartily in games which involved the payment of "forfeits" for mistakes and blunders. Some of the features described as appropriate for Hallowe'en are decidedly gruesome, and others require a considerable amount of preparatory work for the return of but an instant of final presentation. A large proportion depend altogether on the humiliation of the victim for any glint of humor, and in nearly every instance the meat of the nut is extracted at the first trial. Mr. Chenery has wisely omitted the kissing games once so much in vogue, but perhaps he is assuming that they are still too well known and too popular to need exploitation. To quote the aphorism of President Lincoln, "For people who like this sort of thing, it is about the sort of thing they would like"—merely a matter of taste. From Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

A Pike's Peak Story

Everett Tomlinson's "Four Boys" whom he started out some time since on a series of home travels in their vacations have completed their sixth itinerary with a trip to Pike's Peak and the surrounding territory. Mr. Tomlinson's plan was to awaken interest in our own country and to that end he selected four youths, school chums from approximately the four points, each of whom was primarily convinced that his particular section of the United States was superior to all the rest, and ready to maintain his opinion at the expense of endless argument. As all four are reliable and trustworthy young men, and well provided with means, they are able to travel comfortably, stay longer than the usual tourist allotment of between trains, and see something more than the view from the car windows. They have adventures enough, both unexpected and the result of their own attempts at joking with one another, and they do absorb not only history and geography but a wider appreciation of the resources and wonders of their own country than would come to them with any amount of mere schooling and the provincial culture of their individual sections of it. The quips and puns which older readers would find tiresome make a direct appeal to the younger generation. There is room for question as to the advisability of a steady diet of specially prepared juvenile fiction, and perhaps some day there will be a congressional committee appointed to pass on the merits of mental as well as physical food stuffs. Meanwhile, as long as there is no limit to the output nor its ingredients, Mr. Tomlinson's are amongst the best presented for consumption. From Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

"You are in love with a blonde," remarked the fortune teller, "but after you marry her, beware of a brunette who—"

"No danger," remarked the patron; "it's the same woman."

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LINEHAN-ARENDT CO., Plaintiff, vs. F. S. DOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: F. S. DOW, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

DONAHUE & GALE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 8-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,652; Department No. 7.

MAE J. RINEY, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

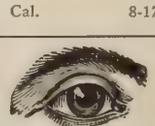
Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3d day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. J. FRITZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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ETHEL BARRYMORE

Who will make her first vaudeville appearance this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

TOWN TALK

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Blocking Prosperity

Politicians we have frequently been told cannot seriously impair business in a country whose fertile soil produces abundant crops. This appears to be one of the many fallacies with which we cozen ourselves into a feeling of security. Shakespeare defines a politician as a man who "would circumvent God." Our politicians do circumvent God. They convert plenty into scarcity. Civilization has grown complicated. The State is no longer to be divided into husbandmen and manufacturers. Though commerce still derives its strength and stamina from agriculture, though the farmer is still the founder of prosperity, both are dependent on something more than a plow in a field arable. What to the farmer are abundant crops if he has not the facilities to transport them to market? If the railroads do not provide those facilities the fertility of the soil is of no advantage to the farmer, and prosperity is not to be insured in a country where crops are greater than the capacity of the railroads. Now the politicians have control of the railroads, and the politicians have done and are doing great injury to business by discouraging capital from investing in our great transportation systems. This is a truth that that most unselfish of all patriots, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, has come to own. He tells us that the "railroad situation is receiving serious consideration on all sides," that while the Interstate Commerce Commission "is suspending rate increases the railroads are confronted with enormous present and prospective tonnage and are not equipped to handle it properly." Mr. Hearst has come to see the light. Mr. Hearst being the owner of a very long string of newspapers has a somewhat sensitive pocket nerve. When business is dull revenue from advertising decreases. It has cost Mr. Hearst considerable money to play the bull in the china shop. So he has decided to quit swatting the railroads for a while. The farmer also sees the light. He isn't so hostile to the railroads as formerly. In some sections of the country he is cursing the Interstate Commerce Commission, which but a short time ago he regarded as the most salutary institution ever constructed by the hand of man. It has been the policy of this commission to increase the expenses of the railroads and reduce their revenue, and the inevitable has happened. The railroads are short of money, and the Interstate Commerce Commission, despite the superfluity of brains with which it was endowed when Franklin K. Lane was diverted from incessant job-chasing in California and planted in Washington, has not yet devised means of compelling men to invest their coin in railroad securities. What the railroads need, it is estimated by competent authority, is eight billion five hundred million dollars. They need this enormous sum for extensions, betterments and maintenance, and the inadequacy of their plants will soon be shown, for four States have raised five hundred thousand more carloads of wheat and corn this year than in 1911, and the combined cotton crops of Oklahoma and Texas will have a cash value of more than four hundred million dollars. Verily the politicians have the power to halt prosperity.

Tooting Their Own Horn

The Bull Moosers at Sacramento in convention assembled must have felt that the English language required expansion to afford them a vehicle for self-felicitation. How they did laud their Administration! These Bull Moosers who never tire of telling us what they have done for the dear people appear to be imitating the Mohammedan fig seller—crying the louder as their wares grow staler. It appears there were no honest governors before Johnson. Gradually since the days of the Bear Flag the whole scene of life had become hopeless. Johnson waved his wand and presto! the ideal drawn down from the high region of dreams was here built on the actual; and here now it rests serene on the firm basis of human interest. In the profounds of his sympathetic, sensitive heart Hiram felt a thousand times more keenly what everybody else was feeling—hatred of the Octopus and all its works—and he bodied it forth in visible shape and gave it a habitation and a name. From the panegryric of his parasites we should judge that he is paragon and epitome of all the spiritual movement that has established headquarters at Armageddon. A notable essay, this of the Bull Moosers. With the quantity of utterance its positiveness does not diminish, nor its modesty increase. But how futile! The intrinsic worth and weakness of an Administration are not to be altered by the shrieking sentences of a flubdubian platform. However strong the denunciation of machine politics Satrap Finn of the water front looms large among his minions, somewhat more inspiring even to the dull than a modest primrose by a river's brim. Virtue may be shouted from the housetops but not in a voice to drown the clamors that come from Palo Alto where Building and Loan Commissioner Walker has been found in cahoots with Defaulter Black. The purity and goodness of the Administration may be guaranteed in a thousand ringing sentences, but sceptics are not to be dissuaded from looking askance at the conservation commission's secretary when he is found eating out of the hands of the lumber barons. However, it is not to be gainsaid that the people have a voracious appetite for flubdub, and after all it may be of scientific interest to have their capacity tested by sating them to nausea.

The Reasonableness of Wallace

Acting Governor Wallace though not a man of giant intellect has a certain amount of that sinister wisdom called cunning which in the midst of political exigencies might serve as a substitute for genius. Consider how neatly he retorted on his critics who stormed the capitol and rattled its rafters with their indignation when he lightened the labors of the hangman for the benefit of George Figueroa, the wife-murderer. The horrendous thunders of the press were still rending the empyrean when the acting governor calmly ordered the withdrawal from the condemned cell of three murderers whom he had reprieved. In this instance he "passed the buck" up to the people, the dear sovereigns to whom the government has been kindly brought back by a beneficent Administration. "I have decided to reprieve these men," says our obedient servant by way of rebuke to his critics, "because I find that over fifty thousand signatures have been obtained to the petition for the abolition of capital punishment in this State. This will result in the ultimate submission of the question to the people of the State." Not half bad for his acting Excellency. It is as though he would admonish his critics to assuage themselves, to reflect that after all there must be considerable sentiment in approval of his action in the Figueroa case, revolting as was the murder. If twelve men decided that Figueroa should hang, there are fifty thousand men who say that no man should hang. It might reasonably be urged in this matter that in view of the fact that the recall is a cardinal principle of our State government, and that justice is deemed to be best determined in California by a count of noses, the acting governor had some warrant, if not legal, for his action. After a fashion he is giving expression to the spirit of the Administration and the times. This is especially true of his action in the matter of the reprieve. Fifty thousand of the acting governor's peers, nay, his sovereigns, have said that capital punishment is repugnant to them, and that they would like a proposal for its abolition submitted to the electorate. The machinery having been set in motion why should not the acting govenor grant a stay of proceedings till the divine voice of the multitude is heard?

Wallace a Scapegoat

Though not at all in sympathy with the acting governor's action in the Figueroa case, he is not to be censured by us, the reason being that we regard him as the docile scapegoat of the Administration. Circumstances seem to justify the belief that acting Governor Wallace carried out the wishes of absentee Governor Johnson. The

pull that was exerted in behalf of Figueroa was the pull of an attorney who appears to be equally powerful with both the governor of the State and the mayor of San Francisco. For strange as it may appear the scandals of the past resulting from an affinity between lawyers and executives have had no deterrent influence on current dispensations. The Figueroa pull was made manifest some time ago when the murderer was reprieved by Governor Johnson. If Governor Johnson had intended that Figueroa should hang acting Governor Wallace would not have saved the murderer's neck. These are facts most cautiously blinked by the critics of acting Governor Wallace, among them being Administration editors, who by visiting their censures exclusively on the acting governor imply that the absentee governor is wholly blameless. Thus the editor of the Sacramento Bee, always intensely emotional, and constant in his fidelity to the governor, has lashed himself into a lather on account of Wallace's betrayal of justice, but Johnson he exempts from criticism. An energumen on the subject of law and justice, he is scattering epithets as from a mitrailleuse. Horrified at what he regards as the "hellish deed" of a "devil's spawn," he demands that hanging be given "a fair chance in California," and solemnly observes that if the acting governor "shall persist in his present course of conduct, the Bee will not be surprised to see California resort again to Vigilance Committees." There is a good deal of violent language in the Bee, but not one word of criticism of Governor Johnson; yet if the truth were known our itinerant Executive, however far above reproach, generally speaking, as a servant of the dear old fat-witted public, would not be held entirely impeccable in this particular matter.

A Bit of Misrepresentation

It is curious to find the Bee affecting a deep concern for justice in the very same breath in which it seems to evince a wanton disregard for justice by misrepresentation of the Supreme Court of the State. Discussing this very Figueroa case the Bee says: "What with the technicalities permitted in the courts to gag justice and the attitude of our Supreme Court in sustaining and canonizing those quibbles for the protection and sanctuary of cold-blooded murderers, it is not often a guilty fiend is brought within the shadow of the gallows." When we find a paper of the influence of the Bee uttering itself in this fashion the thought occurs, No wonder the recall was adopted in California. Even so calm and sagacious a philosopher as the editor of the Bee has permitted himself unconsciously to assimilate the staple errors of irresponsible criticism and to be influenced by them. What the Bee says about the Supreme Court is what more than half the people of the State believe, and they believe it on testimony no better than that of our Sacramento contemporary. Now let us see how much truth there is in it. Let us consult the records. The records show that in six years there have been thirty-two cases of capital punishment appealed to the Supreme Court. Of that number five were reversed, and not on what might be truthfully described as quibbles or technicalities. They have been reversed because of the stupidity of trial judges beloved of the people. For instance, in one of the cases sent back for a new trial, the judge had instructed the jury that if they found the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree they had no power to fix the sentence, whereas the jury is required to determine whether the punishment should be imprisonment or hanging. Now of the twenty-seven cases in which the Supreme Court affirmed the judgment, thirteen of the murderers are still living. Figueroa is one of them. The three reprieved by acting Governor Wallace are of the number. Most of the others, we believe, have also been reprieved by this Administration. It is too bad that the Bee, concerned as it is for justice, should unwittingly have acted as the accelerator of a falsehood that has been speeding on its way for many moons.

The Jap's Dearest Friend

The attitude of Theodore Roosevelt on the Japanese question some years ago has not been entirely forgotten. This is still a live question in this State. The men most deeply concerned about it are not influenced by industrial considerations alone, nor are they apprehensive of complications that might lead to war, but they have visions of a distant future when the whole character of California may be changed as a result of the spread of Oriental influence throughout the State. They look forward to the gradual absorption of the State by a steadily growing Oriental population, and chimerical as their melancholy misgivings may seem their feeling against Theodore Roosevelt is heartfelt. The part that he played as the friend of the Japanese during the years 1906 and 1907 they have taken occasion to remind us of in a circular containing excerpts from some of his messages. It will be remembered that international complications were threatened because the Japanese were not admitted to all the public schools. Theodore Roosevelt demanded that they be given the same privileges as white children, and said that if they were not he would enforce the observation of our treaty even if he had to "employ all the forces of the United States both civil and military." Subsequently, in his message of December 3, 1906, he recommended that an act be passed "specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese." That proposal was bitterly resented by our Building Trades Council. In January 1907 our Legislature, many of the members of which have since become Progressives, adopted a resolution denouncing the President for attempting to coerce the people of California and for threatening them with military discipline; also, for recommending that Japanese be admitted to citizenship. These are some of the matters that have not been forgotten by all of the citizens of the State.

The Consistent Hero

Some of the learned editors of the land are telling us that Roosevelt has made Bryanism respectable and respected. It may be truthfully added that Roosevelt has done the same thing for Rooseveltism. He made Rooseveltism respectable and respected as long ago as when he was in the White House. There is no difference between the Roosevelt of today and the Roosevelt who was belauded by the Republican National Convention four years ago. The great Republican party profound though its repentance be cannot escape the odium of having tolerated and approved a lawless President. It will not do to say that Roosevelt has changed his politics. Assuredly he has not changed his principles. Fundamentally his principles are the same today as they were when he was inciting class hatred in Washington and urging his darling scheme of centralization. If we read the views expressed from time to time by Roosevelt the President in his messages and speeches we shall see that he was impatient of the restraints of institutional democracy and eager to revolutionize our government. In what respect do the views of the Roosevelt who is seeking a third term differ from the views of Roosevelt the Chief Magistrate? In all essentials they are the same. The emasculation of the Constitution was and still is the consummation devoutly wished. Not yesterday was the instrument once recognized as the bulwark of American liberties first pronounced the shield of special priveleges. Formerly frankly asking to be clothed with greater power, now the Roosevelt desideratum is the bestowal of more power on the people that they may strengthen the hands of a popular idol in the White House. The Colonel has great confidence in the persuasiveness of his personality. And with good reason. When he was President he enjoyed an overwhelming popularity and almost an absolute freedom from criticism. Consider the imperiousness of him in those days when influential newspapers had not the courage to voice their sentiments so fearful were they of alienating public favor. In those days we saw our lawless President terrorizing judges, coercing Congress, suspending laws and evading the Constitution. What he might have done had the Executive branch of the government possessed just a little more power it is not hard to conjecture. We know that he demanded of Congress the power to dismiss without trial or court martial all officers of the army whose conduct displeased him. That is a power that Germany has refused to confer on its consecrated War Lord. Congress refused to gratify that particular whim of the Colonel's, but we learned from the public press of the time that General Bell had advised our soldiers in Cuba to say nothing in their private letters home which might displease the President. And so we say the respectability of Rooseveltism is not a matter of recent date. Rooseveltism was made respectable when the Republican party was in power. It has a new label today, but it is the same old nostrum.

Air Tight Churches

Some Splendid Specimens in San Francisco

By Arch Perrin, Rector Church of St. Mary-the-Virgin

As I walked slowly along the avenue I was thinking over many things, wondering and worrying and meditating and planning. Suddenly I stopped as it occurred to me that I might enter a church, kneel down and say a prayer or two. Across the street I saw a bright brick front. "Ah," I said, "the Church of Saint Hammam! I will go in." Over the door I read the inviting inscription: "Enter into His Courts with Thanksgiving." But alas! I had left my pickaxe at home and so couldn't make my way inside. The locks and bolts were all in perfect condition, so I decided to postpone my praying.

But I had only gone about a block when I saw the wide open doors of Saint Edward's! And in I went. What a relief it was to kneel down in the beautiful little Gothic church, beside a shrine of the Holy Mother of God, and say my prayers, while at the altar stood the priest in Mass vestments of pure white, elevating the Sacred Host and the Chalice with the Precious Blood. It was a Thursday morning but there were a dozen worshippers present and I remained for about half an hour thinking and praying.

Another day my eye was caught by the notice advertising a little church around the corner. I went around and was greeted by the hearty welcome printed in gilt letters over the entrance: "Enter, rest and pray." Now there was something so touching, so homely and friendly in the words, something almost compelling. They made a commandment to the reader who looked at them as he came along the street. But I had to break the commandment because I couldn't break in the doors. The Church of Saint Nothing Doing! It was a Wednesday afternoon and what do you want of religion that late in the week? I think the Saturday bath and the Sunday religion must be first cousins!

Now what is the matter with us when we allow this state of affairs? I have looked all over San Francisco and the same story is repeated over and over again:—closed churches. The Protestants succeeded in opening the Bible but in doing so they closed their churches.

Do the tax-payers ever stop to consider this? They are paying the taxes on these buildings, because the church buildings themselves are exempt. Why don't they demand that they be used? Is it enough to open the doors on Sunday and perhaps Wednesday evenings? Is the debt discharged that easily?

Another point. It is bad business. When the shop owner, the clerks and the professional men all go down to their work in the morning, why isn't the clergyman going to his? Why doesn't he open up the doors and welcome the community? The church is his place of business. His chief duty in life is praying. Now if on a wet day many of the parishoners can't come to pray with him, at least he can be there to pray for them. Orare est laborare. And experience proves that there would always be some of them there to offer their praises or petitions. If the clergyman answers that his religion is intended for Sundays, then he had better change his religion. I could show him a brand that is useful even on week-days.

Some of the ministers are very loud in their denunciation of the saloons. They wax eloquent on Sundays when they think of the Demon Rum. Can't you see the righteous indignation exuding from the person of the black-coated, red-faced preacher as he attacks the Alcohol Devils? And can't you see him stretched out in bed in infant-like slumber the next morning while the saloon-man across the street is opening up for business? The bar will be open to all. The church will be closed to all, because the religion has been put away in moth balls so that it may be kept until the next Sunday. If used too much it might spoil.

If the parish won't see that its building is used more than one day in the week, why doesn't the Community use it? If the church building is too good to be used for services and private prayer why not open it as a Rest-room? People could go in off the streets and sit down and take it easy. Good reading might be supplied. Perhaps we could arrange a daily and evening concert and make use of the big pipe organ. If the building isn't good enough for prayers possibly it is good enough for moving pictures. Why not have dances on some of the evenings, decently supervised and made more attractive than the cheap, rotten dance halls?

At any rate, why not use these big buildings? Isn't it a bad investment to erect an imposing edifice of green stone with huge pillars and great iron doors opening on Fillmore street and then keep it bolted and barred? What is the use of being a brilliant preacher and filling dear old souls with new wine of eloquence if you can't be a good enough business man to put to use one of the most obvious instruments for helpnig your cause? It is very nice and thoughtful for the Meant-Well M. E.'s to open up a playground for the young. But suppose you are not young, and suppose that instead of work for your body you want rest for your soul! You'd like to go inside the building next the playground and rest and perhaps pray. Wake up, tired soul, and pass along. You have forgotten to bring your dynamite and therefore how can you expect to get into that building?

The closed church is the result of the negative spirit, the spirit of "Thou shalt not." If the buildings are closed they cannot be desecrated, if open you can't tell what might occur in them. The negative spirit, the idea of protest, is useful, but it is incomplete. The Ten Commandments of the Old Testament must be supplemented and completed by the two Commandments of Christ in the New Testament. It is not enough to say to your people, "You must not commit adultery," or "You must not go to Nickelodeons." You should say what they must do. They must be decent, they must not get common or cheap. Why not suggest that instead of going to the rotten cheap Dance Hall they come around to a properly managed Dance in the Parish Hall of the Benighted Presbyterians? Why not suggest that they see the interesting and instructive Moving Pictures any week-day afternoon in the Beehive Baptists' Church? Let us not suggest to people only that they must not be bad. Let us try to show them many means to help them to be good. It isn't very helpful to tell them that evil doesn't exist except in the mind. Take a walk along the Coast and see how easily people fall into error. The laborers who work for the Devil don't belong to the Union. They work twenty-four hours every day. The Christian workers often seem to be on a strike, or to have forgotten which Master they are working for.

I wonder what Our Lord and Master thinks of all this waste? When He was Man on earth the Christian Church had no fine buildings for worship. Even He, the Son of Man had not where to lay His Head. Were He to walk the streets of San Francisco today He might go for blocks, passing many fine, big, empty structures bearing His name, looking in vain for an open door where He and His friends might enter in.

"The Lord is in his holy temple,"—but only on Sundays and Wednesday evenings.

"I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord,"—but how sad if they said such a thing on a Tuesday morning.

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XCIV—REV. J. S. RICARD, S. J.

By Edward F. O'Day

He puts the sun to work. He harnesses Phoebus Apollo to his chariot and compels the radiant god to do the bidding of science. He smiles knowingly at jolly old Sol and the eye of heaven winks back at him. There is a perfect understanding between them. He's onto the sun. It keeps none of its secrets from him. All day long, from the rising in the East even unto the setting in the West, they are in constant communication. If it comported with the dignity of science he could call the golden luminary by its first name and slap it on the back.

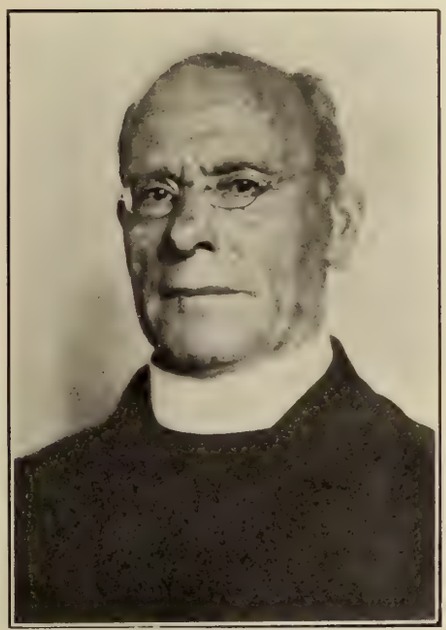
To the poet Phoebus Apollo may have a face of unspeckled glory, but not to Father Ricard. He knows better. He has seen the freckles that mar the god's complexion. And if he possessed all the lotions and creams that Venus brought to Olympus, he would not rub those freckles out. He needs them in his business.

Although the sun is his servant, it is no ordinary drudge but rather a familiar. And so he has borrowed from the sun. He has the sun's disposition, for he's a sunny old chap with a genial heat in his blood. He is warm always, sometimes torrid. And from being so much in the company of the god he is sun-burned in hand and face. That is one of the familiarities which he has allowed Phoebus to take with him.

When the sun speaks to him in the esoteric solar language which is their means of communication, I suppose it calls him "Rick." Everybody else calls him "Rick." The Santa Clara boys who have sat in his lecture room always speak of him as "Rick." And "Rick" himself never calls anybody by his right name. A chap named Attridge has always been Trowbridge to "Rick." When Martin Merle was at Santa Clara he was always Henry Miller. Another lad was The Count. It is one of "Rick's" peculiarities. And "Rick" has many peculiarities. He's as much an original, a character as any you've read of in fiction.

It is "Rick's" principal claim to greatness that he has put the freckles on the face of Phoebus Apollo to practical terrestrial use. He has a private arrangement with the sun, part of their perfect understanding, a clause of the indenture by which the sun became articled to his service, that the sun shall show a freckle whenever it wants to tell "Rick" what the weather is going to be. In other words he forecasts weather by sun spots.

I went down to Santa Clara to ask him about it all. I found him, not in his observatory where he talks to the sun but in his work room where he talks about it. A man of middle height past the meridian of life but as sound as a sun-kissed pippin and alert in every faculty, he has keen brown eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles and the brow of a thinker from which the hair has retreated, graying as it went. He talks slowly with a pronounced nasal drawl. Because he thinks deeply and logically as he talks there are ever recurring intervals of silence and these he occupies with puffing at his pipe. He fills his pipe continually from a long narrow black bag that looks like an old-fashioned purse. I couldn't account for the bag till I watched him fill his pipe. He inserts the pipe into the bag, smothers it in tobacco and crams it full from the outside, a process which couldn't be used with a rubber pouch. No doubt one of his own ingenuities. Certainly a great saver of time and tobacco.



Courtesy of the Call

REV. J. S. RICARD, S. J.

I didn't know a thing about "Heliospotology," as Father Ricard calls it, when I started to converse with him. All I knew was that by gazing on the face of the sun he had accurately predicted the September warm spell; that the farmers swear by him and that when the hot wave broke over San Jose his name was in everybody's mouth. But just what sun spots had to do with weather was a mystery to me. So Father Ricard, wrapping one skirt of his black cassock over the other, reduced the mystery to words of one syllable and expounded the elements of his discovery.

"The main thing," he said, "is that storms can be predicted by using sun spots, not as previous students of the sun have done, but simply by minding certain critical positions on the sun which have been found by experience. My first discovery was that when the sun spot is three days from the western limb of the sun a new meteorological disturbance occurs on the Coast. So, when I found a new sun spot on the eastern limb of the sun I calculated when it would be three days from the western limb and was thus able to forecast weather nine or ten days in advance.

"When I had advanced thus far there came a minimum period of sun spots. That was at the end of 1910, and the period will last till the end of this year. During this period the spots are few and far between. For months almost there is nothing on the surface of the sun, and when the spots are there they do not last long and disappear suddenly. But I stood by my law and found that it held the same as before. In other words, although I could not follow the spots with the telescope to the time when they were three days from the western limb, because they were not to be seen, I calculated the time when they should reach that position and was able to forecast just the same. So the minimum period proved a blessing in disguise.

"Next I found that when the sun spot crossed the surface of the sun (as we may express it, although of course the spot actually revolves with the sun), and was three days from the central solar meridian on the back of the sun, the same law obtained. This also referred not only to the actual spot which could be followed but to the spot which had disappeared as well. Then I asked myself, Would a real spot or the trace of an old one which had disappeared produce the same effect when it came within three days of the celestial meridian in front? The same law obtained. There was perfect harmony throughout. The phenomenon was not confined to the western limb but held good generally. The result is that by following the same law I can forecast practically a month ahead.

"The only trouble is that another spot, aside from that in one of the critical positions, may come along and exert its own influence. So I must watch for new spots all the time. That is a difficulty, but it is being passed over because I have found the causes of sun spots and the approximate positions in which they will occur either in front or in back. The spots are caused by the planets when they reach certain positions called heliocentric conjunctions. The spots are to the sun what either "highs" or "lows" are to the earth. But whether sun spots are highs and the brilliant patches called faculae are lows or vice versa, I am not yet certain."

So there you are. I am not at all sure that I have quoted accurately or quoted enough to make Father Ricard's discovery clear. I have done the best I could, considering my profound ignorance. I hope that I have at least made it clear that Father Ricard has penetrated the secret of the sun. If I haven't, the fact that hot weather comes when "Rick" calls it will prove his position much more satisfactorily.

"Labor omnia vincit improbus" was Father Ricard's Virgilian answer when I asked him how

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Correspondence

Music in the Public Library

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: In 1901-1902 Madame Emilia Tojetti of the California Club first suggested having music in the Public Library. The trustees asked Mme. Tojetti to select music to the amount of $100.00. After that a hundred dollars a year was appropriated, and among others Dr. Louis Lissner was asked to aid in the selections. He also gave liberally from his private library. This entire collection was destroyed in the fire of April, 1906. The present collection has been made possible by the splendid co-operation of Mr. Julius Rahn Weber who secured for the library the large circulating library of the Boston Music Company, branch of G. Schirmer's New York house, amounting to many thousands of pieces. Through Mr. Weber's untiring energy in building up this department of the library, composers, publishers and private parties were written to and all have contributed liberally. American composers are well represented. Among them are MacDowell, Arthur Foote, Horatio Parker, George William Chadwick, Frederick C. Converse, Edgar Stillman Kelley, Miss Constance Mills, John Orth, William Sherwood and many others. Local composers are represented by the compositions of Dr. H. J. Stewart, John W. Metcalf, William J. McCoy, Frederick Zech, Carlos Troyer (who published his Zuni Indian music), H. M. Pasmore, John Pratt, Arthur Fickenscher and others. Mr. Arthur Farwell, the eminent writer and composer who got out many beautiful works of the younger school of American composers, gave the Library a complete set of these compositions. The division is fully equipped as a music circulating library with the best opera scores, oratorios, cantatas, the great song composers, the classics in pianoforte music, with many examples of the modern school for two and four hands, also for two pianos, four and eight hands. At present there is only a "finding" catalog, but when the new Library is built it is hoped that there will be a music room to house the collection, and that a fully descriptive catalog will be issued.

Yours very truly,

—Robert Rea, Acting Librarian

Roosevelt on Cromwell

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I think the following excerpt from Theodore Roosevelt's "Oliver Cromwell" will prove interesting:

"Had Cromwell not become cursed with the love of power, had he not acquired a dictatorial habit of mind and the fatal incapacity to acknowledge that there might be righteousness in other methods than his own, he could certainly have avoided a break with his Parliament."

If you haven't read your Polybius lately it may interest you to be reminded of the natural cause to which he attributes the degeneration of democracy. "Democracy," he says, "is undermined first by a weakening in children's children of the value of equality and freedom which was intense in the fathers who won equality and freedom from their oppressors; secondly, by the rivalry for power and office in which demagogues deceive and corrupt the masses, and awaken in them hopes of a livelihood from the property of their neighbors."

Yours truly, —Taftite.

Verses From Redding

Redding, Shasta Co., Cal., Sept. 21, 1912.

Editor of Town Talk: As a reader and admirer of Town Talk I have been greatly interested in your sensible, painstaking and deep scrutiny of the Third Party Movement and its megalomaniacal leader, Theodore Roosevelt. Therefore I take the liberty to enclose a few facts about the Japanese question in San Francisco and Theodore Roosevelt while he was President. A local admirer of Mr. Taft claims to have hunted up the data and had over a thousand printed and distributed. If you see fit to make use of them in your valued publication and thus remind the blind public of some stern facts, it may do some good to the great cause of Mr. Taft. I also send you a little piece of poetry, entitled, An Ode To Teddy, which runs as follows:

From the shores of the Pacific,
From Nevada's snow-clad peaks,
There is but one opinion
When the western sinner speaks;
It's the voice of all the people
Who are neither fools nor vain,
But oft express opinions
In language blunt and plain.
From wild Montana's mountains
Way down to Sabine pass
We hear the wicked echoes,
"Old Teddy, you're an ass."

Respectfully,

—F. Stabel.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Roosevelt and the War with Spain

James Boyle who was President McKinley's private secretary and who was later appointed American consul at Liverpool, has just made a statement about McKinley's attitude toward war with Spain which is of deep historical interest. It shows that President McKinley considered Theodore Roosevelt, then an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, responsible more than any other man for the declaration of war. Boyle quotes the dead President as saying that if given time he could have averted hostilities. "But the pressure here at home became too great for me to resist," President McKinley told Boyle. "Certain newspapers were yelping for war, and the demands of Congress were increasing in insistence, the war fever being continually fanned by some hotheads, chief of whom were several men of prominence and influence at Washington. I refer to one man in particular. He was more clamorous for war than any other man, and he, more than any other man in Washington, was responsible for this wave of passion which swept over the country, and which I finally found impossible to resist. That man wanted war from the very commencement of the acute stage of the controversy with Spain. My grief is owing to my knowledge of the fact that I could have prevented that war had I been given a little more time, for I had confidential but reliable information that Spain was about to concede home rule to Cuba, and under the circumstances home rule would have been better than independence." Boyle asked President McKinley the name of the man responsible more than any other for fanning into an irresistible flame the demand for war. "It was Theodore Roosevelt," said President McKinley. This conversation took place in Canton; it was the last Boyle had with the President, so it was impressed upon his mind.

A Tunnel from England to France

There is revival of the proposal to run a tunnel under the Straits of Dover connecting France with England. Years ago Marshal von Moltke advised England not to construct the tunnel because "it would join France to England and do great injury to Germany." Political conditions have changed, and that advice might be given today by a champion of the project. England would need France's friendship in case of war with Germany. Next to Russia, France is the great food producing country of Europe. England would have to depend on France for food in the event of war, because the German fleet could easily cut the island off from her other sources of food supply. France and England have been joined by the exigencies of their foreign policy, and the tunnel would bring them still closer together, geographically and otherwise.

Women Outlive Men

The French insurance companies have been compiling statistics relative to the comparative longevity of men and women. They have found that the advantage on the feminine side is almost one-third. The average age at death of women on one company's books is 70, while for men it is barely 50. A distinguished doctor, name not given, has accounted for the condition thus: "Men live much harder and smoke and drink too much, even though they rarely work too much. Women are wiser and think of the future, rarely smoke, and drink one-tenth as much, while their preoccupations and moral sufferings are much less intense. At 40 a woman is in the plenitude of her physical powers, while a man at the same age has probably contracted organic weaknesses which will shorten life." All of that will meet with the approval of the dear women, except the statement that the "moral sufferings" of men are greater than the "moral sufferings" of women. On that point we may expect loud and emphatic protests.

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Perspective Impressions

An English apiarist has succeeded after several experiments in breeding stingless bees, thus making it all the easier to rob the poor insect of the product of his labor. Instead of the benign bee, why not the malign mosquito? And if the cactus can be rendered spineless and the bee stingless, why should not the wild ass of the desert be shorn of his bray?

A slumless world, we learn, is not unattainable; but it will take "years and much money." Add money to your list of panaceas, and revise the old saw so that it will read, "Money is the root of all good."

The federal commissioner of labor has filed a report showing just what the percentage of increase has been in the cost of fourteen of the principal food products in ten years. The report is probably an aid to reflection, but it doesn't tend to make meat cheaper.

Who's a liar now?

To be a successful leader in this year of our Lord is to be ready to lead wherever the multitude is minded to run.

Hearst is perfectly willing to let Wilson and Bryan pull his New York chestnuts out of the Tammany fire.

President Taft ought to be held responsible for the monetary disturbance at Palo Alto. If in deference to the wishes of Senator Works he had appointed Marshall Black sub-Treasurer Fortune would not have unmasked that unhappy rogue.

Colonel Cornelius Gardener is getting to be almost as popular with the newspaper photographers as "Mission Jim."

The Lawrence strikers show by their manifestoes that they are ultra-progressive.

The making of love is a matter of making money.

There is so much loose thinking nowadays that it has become greater folly than ever to let your happiness depend on the thoughts of others.

Acquiring a spouse is with woman an occupation; with man, a gamble.

A correspondent wishes to know if there is no law to prevent bare-legged women from swimming across the bay in "full view of passengers on the ferry boats." There is no such law, but neither is there a law requiring commuters to look at legs that are swathed in nothing but water.

The Chameleon

By Anton Chekhov (From the Russian)

The police sergeant Achumyelof, wearing his new cloak and with a bundle under his arm, is walking across the market-place. He is followed by a red-haired policeman carrying a sieve filled to the brim with confiscated gooseberries. Quiet reigns all around. Not a soul in the market-place. The open doors and windows of the stores and saloons gaze out sadly upon God's world like hungry mouths wide open. Not even beggars are hanging around.

Suddenly Achumyelof hears someone shouting: "So you want to bite, you accursed beast! Children, don't let him! Nowadays dogs are not allowed to bite. Stop him! Oh, oh!"

The howling of a dog is heard. Achumyelof looks in the direction from which the sound comes and sees a dog, limping on three legs, run out of Pichugin's lumber-yard. A man in a starched calico shirt and with his vest unbuttoned is chasing him. The man is close at the dog's heels; suddenly he lurches forward, falls to the ground and takes hold of the dog's hind feet. Again the dog's howling is heard and the cry: "Do not let him!" Sleepy faces appear at the windows of the stores, and at the lumber-yard a crowd quickly gathers as though it had grown out of the ground.

"Do you think it can be a riot?" asks the policeman.

Achumyelof turns to the left and walks toward the crowd. Near the gate of the lumber-yard he sees the man with the unbuttoned vest holding up his right hand and showing the crowd a bloody finger. On his half drunken face there is an expression as though he were saying: "Wait, I will make you pay for this, you scoundrel!" And the finger itself looks like a trophy. In this man Achumyelof recognized Khriukin, the goldsmith. In the centre of the crowd, with his forefeet spread out and trembling from head to foot, sits the author of the whole row—a young white greyhound with a pointed muzzle and a yellow spot on his back. In his watery eyes there is an expression of distrust.

"What is the matter?" asks Achumyelof, making his way through the crowd. "Why are you here? What is the matter with your finger? Who has been screaming?"

"I was just walking along, sir, not touching anybody," says Khriukin, coughing into his fist; "to see about the wood for Dimitri Dimitriyevich, when suddenly this vicious cur bites my finger. You will excuse me. I am a man who works; I have very particular work to do, and somebody will have to pay me, for I won't be able to use this finger maybe for a week! There is nothing in the law, sir, about having to stand things from animals! If they were all going to bite it would be better not to live in this world!"

"Now," says Achumyelof sternly, moving his eyebrows up and down, "now whose dog is this? I shall not allow this matter to rest. I will teach you people to let your dogs run around loose! It is time that something were done about people who won't obey regulations. When I punish the scoundrel he will find out what it means to let dogs and other animals roam about. I will show him who I am! Yeldrin," turning to the policeman, "find out whose dog it is and draw up a protocol. The dog will be killed. Make short work of it! He is probably a mad dog anyhow. Whose dog is it?"

"He looks like General Yigalof's dog," says someone in the crowd.

"General Yigalof's? Hm! Yeldrin, take off my cloak; it is terribly hot! It is probably going to rain. There is one thing that I do not understand: how could that dog bite you?" says Achumyelof turning to Khriukin. "He does not come up to your fingers. He is such a little dog, and you are such a big man. You have probably torn your finger on a nail, and afterward the idea of the dog occurred to you and you are trying to extort money. I know you people; you are devils!"

"He teased the dog by putting a cigarette in his face; but the dog is no fool and went for him. That man is a quarrelsome fellow, sir."

"You lie, squint-eye! He did not see it, sir! What does he want to lie for? You, sir, you are a smart gentleman and you can tell whether a man is lying or whether he is talking according to his conscience as in the sight of God. But let the judge decide whether I am lying! The law says that nowadays we are all equal. I have a brother myself among the gendarmes. If you—"

"Stop talking!"

"No, that is not the general's," observes the policeman pensively. "The general does not have dogs like that. His dogs are mostly setters."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, sir, quite sure."

"I know it myself, too. The general has high-priced thoroughbred dogs, but this is—the devil knows what! He has neither hair nor shape—just a common cur. For anyone to keep a dog like that! What are you people thinking of? If such a dog should show itself in St. Petersburg or Moscow, do you know what would happen? They would not stop to look up the law, but just simply—and that is the end! Khriukin, you have suffered pain, and I will not let this matter rest. I must give them a lesson! It is about time!"

"But perhaps it is the general's dog after all," the policeman thinks aloud. "It is not written on his muzzle. The other day I saw a dog like that in the general's yard."

"Of course, it is the general's," says a voice in the crowd.

"Yeldrin, help me put on my coat. It is

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LX—THE HILLS

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

(Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman's too-little-known book of poems, "In This Our World" has already been drawn on four times for the enriching of this series. "The Bed of Fleur-de-Lys," "Powell Street," "From Russian Hill" and "Our San Francisco Climate" have been republished here. The following poem is from the same volume, and is given without apology, because few San Franciscans have read it.)

The flowing waves of our warm sea
  Roll to the beach and die,
But the soul of the waves forever fills
The curving crests of our restless hills
  That climb so wantonly.

Up and up till you look to see
  Along the cloud-kissed top
The great hill-breakers curve and comb
In crumbling lines of falling foam
  Before they settle and drop.

Down and down, with the shuddering sweep
  Of the sea-wave's glassy wall,
You sink with a plunge that takes your breath,
A thrill that stirreth and quickeneth,
  Like the great line steamer's fall.

We have laid our streets by the square and line,
  We have built by the line and square;
But the strong hill-rises arch below
And force the houses to curve and flow
  In lines of beauty there.

And off to the north and east and south,
  With wildering mists between,
They ring us round with wavering hold,
With fold on fold of rose and gold,
  Violet, azure and green.

The Spectator

The Prison Hysteria

Notwithstanding the shock which acting Governor Wallace gave the State when he commuted the sentence of that depraved scoundrel the murderer Figueroa, the hysteriacs in our midst are still babbling of the superior virtue that belongs to the saints incarcerated in San Quentin and Folsom and of the injustice of continuing their martyrdom. If we may believe what we are forced to hear day in and day out California's thousands of convicts are progressives who have the misfortune to wear stripes. It appears that if the doors of their cells were set ajar they would march out in decorous rank, singing "Onward, Christian Soldier" and signalize their first taste of free air by joining the cult of Bullmoosia. They are good men, all of them, we are assured. They have been wiped clean of criminality; it is the State which is criminal in providing them with a compulsory boarding house. This glorification of the convict by men and women who have adipose tissue where their brains ought to be has gone so far that it has deceived a lot of unsophisticated folk who never break the crust of life to see what is beneath. Sometimes we don't realize how many people there are in the world for whom the superlative viciousness and degeneracy of life do not exist; they have never heard of the darker side of existence and wouldn't believe half of the truth if it were told to them. They are happy in their ignorance, but they suffer its penalty in that they are easily cozened by hypocritical canters and purveyors of pious platitudes. To such people the propaganda of the hysteriacs on behalf of the darling convicts makes a strong appeal. It hits them on the sentimental side where they are especially weak. When these people are told that a convict has reformed and is fit for restoration to the society from which he was banished for law-breaking they see no reason to doubt that it is true.

A "Reformed" Prisoner

For the benefit of these simple souls I have a story or two to tell. There is in the October number of the American Magazine a very interesting article by Rufus Steele of this city entitled "Where Stage Villains Are Real." It deals with the semi-annual theatrical performances which are given by the convicts in San Quentin; and it tells among other things how the convicts are incited to good behavior by the desire to take part in these performances. In one of these prison shows a quartet of prisoners sang. The leader of the quartet was a robber. "He was the worst prisoner they ever had had to handle in the Fresno County jail," writes Mr. Steele. "His 'bad man' reputation was established when, booted and cuffed, he was set down at San Quentin gate. Warden Hoyle told his new charge that no prejudice should be held against him, that his prison life should be what he made it, and sent him to a loom. The 'bad man,' sullen and scheming, learned of the semi-annual show. In a month the applications would go in. His went in; he wanted to try out as a singer. The warden was for him. The robber organized the Sunflower Quartet. An outlaw negro has found himself; he is an outlaw no more."

A Temporary Reformation

So far so good. From Mr. Steele I learn that when this article was written the name of this negro was mentioned in the text. The outlaw who had found himself, who was an outlaw no more, was Delehanty. But after the semi-annual show took place and after Mr. Steele's article was in type in the office of the American Magazine Delehanty forgot that he was reformed. He forgot about his reformation to such an extent that he ran amuck, killed "St. Louis Fat" and carved another prisoner. So Delehanty's name had to be deleted from the article. He had ceased to be an example of the prison uplift. The gold of his suddenly acquired virtue had been stage money, nothing more.

A "Converted" Prisoner

Father Sesnon who used to be the Roman Catholic chaplain at San Quentin can vouch for the truth of the next story I shall tell. If a convict desires in sincerity to receive the consolations of religion he is given every opportunity, and it must be said that there are men in prison who do their best to make their peace with God while they are paying the temporal penalty of their sins. But there are others who do not hesitate to use the chaplain for their own cunning ends. To gain the favor of the chaplain is to have a powerful friend who will plead on their behalf for favors and speak for them before the Prison Commissioners sitting as a board of parole. Such a prisoner went to Father Sesnon and stated that he wished to be prepared for admission to the Catholic church. Father Sesnon was of course delighted to give him instruction. The prisoner was a model catechumen. He studied his catechism till he had it letter perfect; he showed every outward sign of piety. Finally he was admitted to the sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist. And then, only then, Father Sesnon learned through a letter addressed to this convict by his mother in Ireland that he had been born a Catholic and had been brought up in the practice of his religion. The poor old mother exhorted him in her letter not to forget his religious duties. Yet this convict

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had not hesitated to desecrate the most sacred sacraments of his religion just to gain the favor of the chaplain.

More Prison Religion

I have heard another story somewhat similar. It is told by a Roman Catholic priest who was also for a time the San Quentin chaplain. In the Catholic church, I should explain, a convert is first baptized and admitted to the sacrament of the Eucharist; then at a somewhat later period he is given Confirmation. The priest I have in mind admitted a convict to the first two sacraments shortly before his term expired. "He went out in January," says the priest; "but he was back again in July, just in time to be confirmed."

Jimmy Lawler's Ambition

The spirit of uplift which has been breathed into the convicts by our penological sentimentalists must hit a man as soon as he dons stripes. Take Jimmy Lawler, the white slaver. Jimmy has only done a little time, but already he has conceived a big ambition. This ambition is of such a kind that the drudgery of the jute mill is out of all consonance with it. Jimmy is eager to have Warden Hoyle assign him to the library. The library is one of the nice places in the prison. The prisoner who works there has rather an easy time and better food than the common ruck of convicts. But that is not why Jimmy yearns for the library. By no means. Abe Ruef is in the library, and Jimmy says that he wants to study law under Abe Ruef!

Earl's Debut

The most interesting of all the incidents of the Roosevelt meeting in Los Angeles was not reported by the Associated Press. I allude to the reception given to the holiest of holy-rollers, Mr. E. Tartuffe Earl. This gentleman, feeling that he had been too long hiding his light under a bushel, craved the distinction of introducing the Colonel. He was kindly permitted to make his first public appearance. Meyer Lissner accorded him the favor. Meyer introduced him saying that Theodore Roosevelt would be presented to the audience by one to whom the people owed an undying debt of gratitude, one who had ever served their cause faithfully and unswervingly, one who, feeling that the great work of his evening paper lacked of completeness because Los Angeles had no morning paper to answer the venomous lies of a hireling press, at great expense to himself started such a paper to battle for the people's rights. He asked: "Need I name this man, Edwin T. Earl?" Edwin T. Earl took the platform amidst the profound silence of the audience. He began by saying he was honored by being permitted to present to that distinguished and most intelligent audience the greatest protagonist of and battler for human rights, the greatest living American. "Wealth," he proceeded to say, "flows in the United States in a boundless, limitless stream. All should share in its beneficence, but, alas! very few do so." So far had he gone when there was a wild shout, "Yes, and you are one of the few." Throughout that great audience and from every quarter of it came shouts: "Get off the platform." "Give him the hook." "Oh, you prince of rebaters." "Where did you make your money?" "Oh, you king of grafters." Throughout this, Roosevelt sat in amazed silence and Earl, without another word, was forced off the platform. The Los Angeles Times girded at the great and good Earl because of this scene, and Earl's Los Angeles Express felt forced to make an explanation. The explanation was that every word that Lissner had said in eulogy of Earl was true, but that the audience was naturally impatient to hear the greatest of Americans speak, and so asked Mr. Earl to curtail his own address.

The Renown of Hiram

"Count Hiram," as the New York Sun delights to call him, has become a man of great renown. Up and down and across the country they are not only hearing him but hearing of him. As a new acquaintance he delights the student of human nature, the while he gives to the groundlings that spinal thrill which the vulgar regard as the ultimate test of a good melodrama or a satisfactory circus. The newspapermen are eating him up, so to speak. They can't get enough of him. They lug him into the most unlikely articles. Take the New York Sun, for instance. An article on the beggars of New York might seem the most unlikely place to look for an allusion to our Hiram. Yet we read this: "Honest at heart, they dislike to seek alms but as one of the present candidates for the Vice-Presidency said, 'a man must eat,' and so they set out to fill their stomachs in whichsoever way they can." That is fame, nothing less. Our Hiram has given the language an imperishable saw; he has brought the belly into politics. For that at least let him be remembered forever.

A Bulletin Quip

Some of the journalistic fun poked at our Hiram is a bit coarse. The Saturday Evening Post, exempli gratia, calls him Theoram Johnsovelt, making him, as it were, one-half of a Siamese monstrosity. Such methods are obvious; they lack art. I prefer the subtle raillery of our own Bulletin. The Bulletin loves to take a gentle, furtive kick at Hiram, and there's no mortal offense because, in accordance with the Virginian's instructions, it smiles when it does it. Thus the special correspondent of the Bulletin wired this from New Hampshire: "When noon came and Nashua was still miles away, the Governor insisted he must lunch. So the car was drawn up to a lunch wagon where, seated on a stool, he ate the sandwich and drank the milk." A man must lunch! Aye, and breakfast and dine! But is it nice of the Bulletin to take this underhanded swipe at him whom the Bulletin affects to consider a friend?

The Epigrammatic Mrs. Atherton

To perfect himself in the gentle art of personal abuse Governor Johnson ought to sit for a while at the feet of the woman with the edged tool between her teeth. The woman is Gertrude Atherton, a woman with a talent for aspersion far surpassing that of our crude purveyor of vituperation from Sacramento. Being a literary woman Mrs. Atherton has contempt for the mere epithet. Her love is the pregnant epigram that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. She says things that are picturesque. She has the knack of metaphor, and when she characterizes the object of her detestation it looms before the mind's eye making an impression that lasts. As for instance when she says that Pierpont Morgan "sits in his library like a fat old spider in his web." Mrs. Atherton is the headliner of the campaign in California. She makes "good copy." There is nothing like personal abuse to titillate the mob, and Mrs. Atherton exudes it with a freedom of utterance that no editor, however reckless, would dare imitate. Pierpont Morgan, she says, treats everybody like a dog. He is the most ill-mannered old brute that ever was. One wonders whether Mrs. Atherton speaks by virtue of personal experience or from hearsay. It strikes one as incredible that the great Plutocrat would ever show himself as at all lacking in politeness to the suave and amiable lady novelist. Mr. Morgan loves art and its exponents almost as much as does Mr. Phelan who doesn't sit in his office like a spider but like an iceberg. Again: "The snobbishness of the Whitelaw Reids has caused much fun among the English people," says Mrs. Atherton. Why drag the Reids of Menlo Park (Mrs. Atherton's old home) into the campaign? What are they doing, or have they done? Dragged from its context this biting allusion is vague, but doubtless there was good reason for it. As for Roosevelt, Mrs. Atherton knows "for a fact" that he has responded to summonses for "midnight conferences" with Morgan. Where Mrs. Atherton was when the summons reached Teddy and when Morgan received him are matters of detail about which we need not inquire. Suffice it that the midnight hour is the one which the fat spider reserved for his distinguished guest. Are suffragettes eligible to the famous club organized by the Colonel? If so, Gertrude beware!

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Kent Sees a Light

Congressman "Billy" Kent of the changeable mind made a speech in San Rafael a few nights ago. It wasn't much of a speech considered oratorically, but it was interesting because it seemed to indicate that for Kent the dog days have passed and the season of political sanity is waxing. Kent told his hearers that he was tired of denouncing people; that the men against whom he had hurled his most minatory phrases were not so bad after all. His notion that most congressmen were thieves, liars and doubledealers died the death, he explained, when he had the opportunity to study them at close range. "For the most part," he admitted with magnanimity, "they are gentlemen and honest." An ineradicable instinct for "passing the buck" he considered the prime fault of the ordinary congressman. Incidentally, after a brief reference to the Big Bull Moose, Kent paid a glowing

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tribute to Woodrow Wilson and professed himself not unwilling to serve in the Congress while the doctor served in the White House. These strange remarks conveyed the impression that Kent preferred Wilson to Teddy. The impression was so strong that Gifford Pinchot who followed Kent, sought to remove it by extravagant eulogy of his idol.

Black, Walker and the Call

Two days after the Continental Building and Loan Association was compelled to close its doors the editor of the Call received a tip from a respectable source that the affairs of the Palo Alto Mutual Building and Loan Association were in a very bad state because Senator Marshall Black had been diverting the funds of the institution to his own private enterprises. A reporter was detailed to interview Black, and was met with an absolute denial that anything was wrong with the institution. The same reporter then went to State Building and Loan Commissioner Walker, and his denials were just as emphatic. It was natural that Black should repudiate the charge of wrongdoing, but how about Walker? If it is his duty to keep in constant touch with the affairs of building and loan associations he should have known that the Palo Alto institution was in bad shape. If it is not his duty to keep continually posted, why did he not say so instead of making a denial? It seems to me that this places Walker in a position that demands explanation.

Pardee the Job Hunter

The Harriman-Roosevelt correspondence that was brought to light in Washington this week is of special interest to Californians. In that correspondence is to be found an allusion to "Governor Pardee." The allusion is somewhat vague, and the date of the letter as printed in the Examiner is misleading. The letter is dated June 2, 1901. Obviously this is a misprint. The Roosevelt-Harriman correspondence did not begin till three years later, and Pardee was not governor in 1901. In this letter, signed E. H. Harriman, appears this somewhat mysterious language: "You saw something of Governor Pardee last year. Have you considered him in connection with the position we talked about?" Now what was the position that President Roosevelt and E. H. Harriman had talked about? Whatever it was presumably Harriman regarded Governor Pardee as available. And it is hardly to be supposed that Harriman would have suggested Pardee to Roosevelt without having been assured that Pardee was willing. Yet Pardee must have been governor at this very time; for he was never called governor before his election to the office, and it is certain that after the Santa Cruz convention the octopus took no interest in his welfare. In all the circumstances of the case the conclusion appears to be warranted that Dr. Pardee while governor of California cherished the hope of getting a federal job in which the Southern Pacific was taking a deep interest. In this connection it is interesting to reflect that Alden Anderson was lieutenant-governor of the State and would have fallen heir to the gubernatorial office had Roosevelt appointed Pardee.

The Job He Wanted

Perhaps it may be possible to fix the date of the Harriman letter and make a pretty accurate guess as to the job that the good Dr. Pardee hoped to get through the favor of E. H. Harriman. "You saw something of Governor Pardee last year," said Harriman. Now President Roosevelt visited San Francisco in 1903, the first year of Governor Pardee's term. He saw Governor Pardee in the parade on the day that the governor distinguished himself by wearing a collapsible opera hat in broad daylight, right out before everybody. The two Executives met after the parade. So it was probably in June 1904 that Harriman wrote to Roosevelt about Pardee. And it was at that time that the President was looking for interstate commerce commissioners, and there was no commission in which Harriman took a deeper interest. My guess is that our old friend of the pick-handle was eager to become an interstate commerce commissioner. An Examiner writer, observing that Roosevelt considered a certain congressman preferable to Pardee, concludes that the position under discussion was the Cabinet secretaryship that was given to Metcalfe. I'll bet the Examiner man is wrong and leave it to Pardee.

He's Tried and True

This Pardee be it understood is the man who posed as a victim of the octopus after the Santa Cruz convention. He is the same Pardee, by the way, who entertained Abe Ruef at the Pardee fireside on a cold winter's night just after the close of the gubernatorial campaign of 1902, on which occasion Abe quelled the doubt in the Pardee mind regarding the loyalty of the S. P. Also, this is the same Pardee who, regardless of the biblical injunction, goes through life being righteous overmuch, successfully demonstrating the while that it's wise to wear expansive phylacteries and do your praying on the street corner. Today this Pardee is a member of the conservation commission of California, conserving the interests of Pardee to beat the band. And he is exhibit A. in the case of Hiram the Just, a bit of incontrovertible evidence of the stainlessness of the Administration. Let us now sing the Doxology and hymn the praises of God's vice-regent of Oyster Bay.

A Bryanite Overlooked

In the published list of honorary vice-presidents for the big Bryan meeting in this city the name of one Bryanite was conspicuous by its absence. I refer to the name of Alexander M. Robertson, the bookman. Robertson is one of the State's original Bryan men. He has been reading and talking about Bryan, thinking about Bryan and dreaming of the day when Bryan would hang up his big black hat on the rack in the White House hall ever since the Peerless One from the Platte introduced the crown of thorns and the cross of gold into national politics. Even this year when Bryan was not a candidate for the presidential nomination, Aleck Robertson testified his devotion by writing in his name on the primary ballot. But apparently Robertson was not invited to sit on the platform when Bryan spoke here. He was not one of the two hundred and fifty distinguished Bourbons who formed a background for the Nebraskan. Why was this? I don't know, but I have heard the omission made the subject of caustic comment.

Buckley Was There

There was one man on that platform whose presence occasioned even more comment than did the absence of Robertson. The man was Mr. C. A. Buckley, capitalist. Mr. Buckley is familiarly known as "Chris." In the days of "Little Pete" he was known as the "Blind White Devil." Many years ago Mr. Buckley withdrew from the political arena in which he long played a con-



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spicuous part, and took a hurried trip to Canada. Almost ever since his return he has held himself aloof from politics. His interest in politics revived somewhat during the graft prosecution when he joined the reformers and talked scornfully of the wicked men who had looted the city. Now, it appears, his metamorphosis is complete, and he is admitted to the company of the elect. On the platform at the Bryan meeting, just five seats removed from the purified Buckley, sat the Hon. James D. Phelan, who, it may be remembered, at the outset of his political career promised to do to Buckleyism what Governor Johnson promised to do to the octopus. As Mr. Phelan is Woodrow Wilson's confidential agent in California and as he constituted himself a reception committee of one on the day of Bryan's arrival, the supposition is that Mr. Buckley appeared on the platform by kind permission and invitation of our patriotic young millionaire.

James R. Kelly

We have men who are laboriously and painfully good; men who are hopelessly or stupidly bad; and men like Kipling's Tomlinson who are neither the one nor the other. But of men like James R. Kelly there are too few. He wore his piety, as it were the favor of an unspotted mistress and he a Galahad. He made his devotions scrupulously, but there was in him naught of sanctimony: religion was charity to him, and he was as quick to sympathize with weakness as to relieve suffering. Cant was as alien to him as false judgment. A mystic with a cultivated taste for the literature of ecstacy, he was at the same time one of the most human devotees of the humane letters in California. The best in English was his passion; and the possession of a marvelous memory made his literary, as, for that matter, his ordinary, conversation the delight of his friends. He had too a genius for family happiness; could attach his relatives to him by a bond that was almost patriarchal. He outlived many of his dearest friends, but in the circle he loved all were believers and their separation was sanctified by an undoubting anticipation of ultimate reunion. The worth of James R. Kelly is not subject to the law of mortality; it lives on to better those who cherish his memory.

More Hymnology

Being a progressive who got on the band wagon early and elbowed his way to a front seat where he could eat his pie in the sight of all men, Deacon Pillsbury has developed such endurance that he progresses twenty-four hours every weekday and then some more on Sunday. Herein he differs from Holy Hiram who refuses to insult Taft on the Sabbath. Deacon Pillsbury went to church on a recent Sunday, and came away with a wonderful contribution to the progressive cause. He looked through his hymn book, and lo! he found a progressive hymn ready made and just as suitable for the praise of Teddy as for the praise of God, if not more so. So the Deacon "respectfully suggests the hymn as a proper one to be sung by a Jane Addams chorus of male voices, fitted to some Salvation Army tune." I am not going to give the hymn here, because I imagine my readers are sick of the canting humbug which the bullmoosers are mixing with their politics. Still the spectacle of Deacon Pillsbury going to church and finding a hymn to Teddy was worth visualizing. The Deacon is a pious sight as he says his prayers to the Big Bull Moose. Time was when he said them to that idol of the wicked, the Republican Machine.

The Spreckels Ananias Club

Rudolph Spreckels has organized an Ananias club, and Hiram Johnson is the first member thereof. Last week our governor told the people of New York that his political machine in California was operated by the people, whereupon Mr. Spreckels had himself interviewed by the New York Sun. He said:

> Unfortunately the facts do not bear out Governor Johnson's contention, for the record is made up and clearly demonstrates that our State politics are controlled by political job holders and that they are the organizers in every campaign in which our State administration is interested; and they control and obtain votes through many of the old political methods. Until public officials, employees and appointees to public positions are prohibited from taking part in any and all political activities, as organizers of political clubs, as members of political committees or in any other manner participating in campaign work we will continue to have boss rule, for every man holding employment or appointment under any administration knows that his position depends upon his faithfully and actively serving those who hold the power of appointment or dismissal, and California is no exception.

Horace Davis Honored

A foundation has been established at Harvard for the collection of data on Western history, and Horace Davis of this city has been appointed a member of the commission which will administer the work. The foundation was established in honor of Charles Eliott Perkins of Burlington, Iowa, the great railway builder, and men who have helped make railway history in the West are represented on the board. Andrew McFarland Davis, an old railroad surveyor who used to live in this State but is now a professor at Harvard is the chairman of the commission. The foundation means that the most ancient university in the East is to take the lead in the study of the West, and as it possesses plenty of money the work will go ahead with vigor. Speaking for California alone, it may be said that the foundation is bound to shed new light on parts of our annals which are now but imperfectly understood. Horace Davis who represents this State on the commission was once president of the University of California and is now the senior trustee of Stanford.

The Dinner to Patigian

Haig Patigian the sculptor is going to Europe soon, so his friends of the Bohemian Club gave him a rousing sendoff in the form of a dinner a few nights ago. I'm told that it was one of the most successful dinners ever given by the club, recalling the old days of simonpure Bohemianism when the club was not so opulent as at present but richer in the gold of good-fellowship. Patigian was born in Armenia, so the feast was redolent of Armenian atmosphere. Armenian rugs, Armenian tapestries and Armenian weapons decorated the red room. Armenian musicians from a Barbary Coast cafe rendered their native melodies. Mackenzie Gordon was disguised as an Armenian minstrel; Jack Leighton appeared as an Armenian pedler; Allan Dunn was a Turkish Ambassador who graciously took the diners into his confidence on the subject of life in the harem and other delights of the East. Justice Melvin and Rufus Steele wrote poems for the occasion which were gorgeously illuminated by Frank Unger. And there were speeches aplenty. Joseph Versatile Redding was toastmaster, and pointed out that while the club was in the habit of honoring celebrities it rarely picked out one as young as Patigian. Whereat Haig blushed to the roots of his jet-black locks.

The Old Sailors' Home

"I see that Andy Furuseth says that American sailors are becoming scarcer every year," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. "He says that we could not man one-tenth of our merchant marine or one-half of our navy with actual seamen, and that we could not supply even the captains, mates and engineers with native seamen. Andy knows. If you want to see for yourself how conditions have changed, take a walk down to the old Sailors' Home on the eastern edge of Rincon Hill. There was a time when the Sailors' Home swarmed with sailors; nowadays it's an event when a sailor drifts in for a bed. The place is principally inhabited by pigeons who make their home between the decaying clap-boards under the iron balconies. The big building is kept clean and the bed-rooms are always ready for roomers, but practically the only men who sleep there these days are the unemployed who are sent down there by the Associated Charities to split wood for an hour in exchange for a meal or a bed."

An Interesting History

"That old Sailors' Home," continued the Clock Winder, "has had a most interesting history. It was condemned as unsafe after the earthquake of '68, but it stood the shock of 1906 and is still a pretty stout building. They built honestly in the days when the Sailors' Home was put up. It was built, as the marble tablet in the office will tell you, in 1853, as a Marine Hospital. In 1857 the Marine Hospital found quarters in the Presidio, and the building was made a Sailors' Home, one of a string run by philanthropic men and women in all the great seaports of the world. When it was condemned in '68 it was abandoned. Then a queer thing happened. A family by the name of Christmas moved in bag and baggage and lived there for ten years. Nobody thought of disturbing them, and they used to keep the family cow in one of the rooms downstairs. But 1878 saw the building a Sailors' Home again. Those were great old days for the sailors, and that neighborhood was a busy place. Do you remember Hathaway's Wharf? Well, it was opposite the Home and was one of the most important on our waterfront. From '78 till last June when the

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lease expired the Sailors' Home was run by the association of women who took an interest in sailors. The first chairman of the association was Mrs. Rebecca Lambert, a fine lovely old lady whose grave is in the old City Cemetery. Cogswell put a monument over it, and it is still to be found in Lincoln Park if you look hard enough. Long before last June the sailors had stopped coming to the Home in any numbers. But even now a sailor who regards the big brick structure as his building goes there for a bed. Drop around with me some day, and we'll sit in the old garden and talk. I can tell you many a story of murder and dynamite and all sorts of violence connected with that old building." I am going to accept the Clock Winder's invitation.

Newlands Not To Resign

From an authoritative source I learn that there is no foundation for the report which appeared in the press despatches that Senator Newlands intends to retire to private life. The senator is taking as keen an interest as ever in Nevada politics, which, by the way, has recently taken a turn. Nevada is to swing to the Democratic column, and a Democrat will be elected to succeed Judge Massey, the man who was appointed by Governor Oddie to succeed Senator Nixon. This is the latest bit of news that has come down from the Sagebrush State. It is said that there is but one man who might have prevented the switch, and that one is George Wingfield, who put aside the plum that was offered him by Governor Oddie.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT

By The Peever

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew
And Burbank fed it with wizard dew,
And it opened its floral eye to the light
And cried like a babe in the dead of night.

"Let other plants laugh in their plantlike way
And careless bloom through the livelong day;
Let them all have their fun; let them smile—I shan't,
For I've troubles to burn," said the Sensitive Plant.

"Who was my mother? Who was my dad?
What are my relatives, good or bad?
Have I an uncle? Have I an aunt?
I'm blest if I know!" said the Sensitive Plant.

"Am I an apricot? Am I a plum?
What'll my blossoms be like when they come?
What is my foliage, full-leaved or scant?
How can I tell?" cried the Sensitive Plant.

"I may be a nectarine crossed with a fig,
Or a green rose stuck on a cherry twig;
When I think of my future I tremble, I pant,
For I'm Burbank's slave," sobbed the Sensitive Plant.

"He may graft me today and prune me tomorrow;
He may lend me a shoot or my root he may borrow;
I'd die on his hands if I could, but I can't!
My soul's not my own," sighed the Sensitive Plant.

"For what does he drench me, for what does he pick?
Do I deserve to be tied to a stick?
If I start to get stout he compels me to bant!
Oh where will it end?" asked the Sensitive Plant.

Great Burbank approached in the midst of his tears—
He plucked the complaining stalk out by the ears.
"I'll never complain if my life you will grant,"
Were the last feeble words of the Sensitive Plant.

Said Burbank, "No good; but we'll use him for seed;
If allowed to grow up he'd be nothing but weed."
And even the bees were too busy to chant
A funeral dirge for the Sensitive Plant.

MORAL:

Your future may worry, you may be in doubt,
Not knowing just how you were meant to turn out;
But suffer in silence—don't weep and don't rant;
A stoical weed beats a Sensitive Plant.

Just Spite

The rhapsodies of the callow Viscount were doubtless a trifle overdone, but had not Cerulia, the lovely chorister, promised he should be her host at supper that evening?

"Is she not charming?" he maundered. "Gems of purest ray serene are her eyes; her lips eclipse the glow of the ruby; her hair is rich in auriferous wealth; and her teeth—"

"Are like herself" interrupted the jealous Letitia Wallflower, who was rapidly annexing a complaint crystallized in her own picturesque language as 'the pip.'

"Like herself, by all means," babbled the Viscount, delighted to find his raptures endorsed in so unexpected a quarter. "Like herself, certainly; but in what especial particular?"

"They get taken out at night!" snapped the back number venomously. And the atmosphere became so chilly that, although somebody switched on Elinor Glyn, the thermometer remained at freezing point.

He Felt It

"Football," cried the old gentleman in the Red Lion smokeroom, "is a sin and a disgrace. Football," he continued, thumping the table with his fist, "is an abomination and a blot on civilization. The very name of football," he shouted, sweeping two glasses and a pint pot off the board in his excitement—"the very name of football is enough to make a decent, respectable man go and 'ang himself out of pure disgust!"

"The gentleman seems to feel rather deeply on the subject," said a commercial traveler, who had been listening to his remarks.

"He do," assented one of the natives.

"Has he lost something at a match?" inquired the commercial traveler.

"He 'ave so. 'Ad a relative killed at one," replied the other, oracularly.

"What relative was it?" asked the querist.

"'Is wife's first husband!" was the response.

Slightly Mixed

In a small newspaper office in a remote country place the printer, in making up the paper, got the type mixed. The first part of the obituary of a townsman had been placed next to a handful of type in which was the description of a fire. The country folk were much startled when they came to the paragraph, which read thus:

"The pall-bearers lowered the body to the grave. It was consigned to the flames. There were few if any regrets, for the old wreck had been an eyesore to the town for years. Of course there was individual loss, but it was fully covered by insurance."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Stir in Suburbia

One of our placid little sun-browned suburbs is all stirred up over a triangular imbroglio to which a well known physician, his wife and a hospital nurse have contributed the dramatic thrills. The story goes that hubby so far forgot his own fireside as to fan the embers of an errant liking in the apartments of the pretty nurse. Wifie found out about hubby's straying from the straight and narrow, sought out the nurse and in hubby's presence inflicted on her the physicial chastisement of indignant virtue. The result is that the nurse, from being an attendant has become a patient in the hospital to which she has been attached; hubby is "in bad" with his associates of the medical profession; and wifie is considering a divorce. Suburbia hasn't had so much excitement for a long time.

Engagements Broken and Remade

Many a girl in society cannot afford to break her engagement when she finds that the man to whom she has promised herself is unworthy. The reason is simple: the young man may be financially eligible, though otherwise unfit, and the girl needs the money. This is one reason for the multiplication of divorces which seems to have escaped our social muckrakers. Most fortunate are the girls who are so placed that they can sail out of an engagement with the same serenity which distinguished their entrance. Girls in this category may be wealthy or they may be so attractive that the fear of lacking suitors never enters their pretty heads. There is Elena Robinson, for instance. Old Gammer Rumor says she is about to announce her third engagement. She has broken two. The second was that which linked her name with Brewster Cameron's. After announcing that engagement she went to visit Cameron's people at Tucson, and on her return she broke the engagement. The only reason she gave her intimates for her sudden change of mind was that her fiance's hair was much thinner on top than she had imagined. Trivial, was it not? But girls like Elena Robinson can indulge in such trivialities. So can girls like Martha Calhoun. She is to marry young Hickox in Cleveland next week after a broken engagement. Last June she gave him his conge on account of his accidental slip from the water wagon. That was equally trivial—if a young man can't slip off the water wagon once in a while he isn't much of a blood. But Miss Calhoun had the good sense to reconsider her decision.

Very Eligible Young Men

Arthur Payne, the youngest of the three Payne boys, will reach his majority before the end of the year. That means that Clare, Herbert and Arthur Payne are about to come into the millions which their mother Mrs. Theo Payne has been holding in trust for them. The Payne estate is one of the biggest in San Francisco, consisting of improved property scattered over the busiest corners of our downtown section. The boys will have imposing incomes. So we may expect the managing mamas to rush them quite furiously. Girls of marriageable age will be thrown at their heads in the cold-blooded fashion which is not considered incompatible with our lovely social system. I shall watch the comedy with interest.

A. B. Spreckels Ill

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels may not go to Europe after all to select the furnishings for their mansion in Washington street. Mr. Spreckels recently suffered a severe attack of ptomaine poisoning and is still feeling the effects of it. Mrs. Spreckels is loth to leave him, so many of her plans for the new house have been left to agents to carry out. A number of handsome tapestries were ordered in France, I am told. The main drawing-room of the house that faces Holliday's hill and Lafayette square promises to be one of the handsomest apartments in a private residence in this city. It extends the length of the western side of the house with a superb view of the Golden Gate from the northern windows.



Photo, Scharz

MISS HELEN ACKER

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Acker who made her bow to Oakland's exclusive set last week at at tea given by her mother.

Wife Wouldn't Let Him

One of our best known artists went home to dinner the other night, beaming with satisfaction because he had been asked for an interview on the following day in which he was to express his opinion of the beautiful women of California for publication. His wife inquired the cause of his good nature and on being made acquainted with the reason for his self satisfaction remarked: "Well I guess NOT! Your opinion of beautiful women has always been too well known to have it recalled in a printed article. Don't let me hear of your permitting yourself to be interviewed." And with a vision of her threatening countenance in his mind's eye the artist has ever since been wildly dodging the reporter to whom he promised to talk.

Inherits an English Estate

Good fortune is to deprive us of a very interesting family. That may be paradoxical but it is true. The good wind which blows us ill comes from the balmy downs and upland pastures of Luxley, Staffordshire, England. It has blown a great estate in the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sneyd-Kynnersley of Broadway, this city. Mr. Kynnersley inherits the Luxley acres through the death of his nephew Gerald Kynnersley. Gerald Kynnersley died a bachelor and Ralph Kynnersley is the next of kin. The Sneyd-Kynnersleys leave this week and will sail for England on October 10. They will return to California about the first of the year, but only in order that Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley may close out his business interests here. Then they will return to England to live. Too bad! They have been long and prominently identified with California. Mrs. Kynnersley was Marion Shaw, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Shaw and niece of Mrs. William Hood. She is also a niece of the late Judge Jackson Temple of Santa Rosa. Miss Edith Kynnersley who is still in her early teens is an attractive member of the younger smart set. Miss Daisy Kynnersley who is now in New York is the daughter of Mr. Kynnersley by his first wife who died many years ago.

The New Way With Ushers

At the weddings of Marian Miller and Bernard Ford and of Isabel Donahue Sprague and William Pool, the new eastern custom of inviting young men to be ushers after their arrival at the church, was introduced. The arrangement heretofore has been to request half a dozen of the bridegroom's friends to act in this capacity, and they were formally incorporated into a pledged bridal party several weeks before the ceremony. This carried with it the obligation of giving at least one prenuptial entertainment in honor of the bride elect and her fiance, and necessitated the giving of an expensive wedding present. As a result it has been growing more and more difficult to induce men to serve as ushers at weddings, and many of the good-natured ones were being greatly overworked. On several occasions popular bachelors have left the State temporarily to escape the embarrassment of having to refuse to act as attendants at a friend's wedding. A trip to Chicago

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was infinitely cheaper according to the reckoning of one of them than the expense he would incur by appearing as an usher at a smart wedding. According to the new idea any four men among the guests may be asked quietly to oblige the bride and groom by joining the wedding party, and the good sense of it is appealing to many.

The Cunningham Girls

I know of no two girls among the youngsters in society who are more interesting than Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham. These two pretty misses have an equal ardor for the ball room and the great healthy out-of-doors. They are cultivated girls but have a charming modesty which prevents them from "showing off" their accomplishments. They are the daughters of Mrs. James Athearn Folger of Hazelwood Hills, Woodside. Mrs. Folger was Clara Luning before her first marriage to Mr. Cunningham. Last



Photo, Bianca Conti
MISS ADELE LUCKE
The attractive and popular sister of Mrs. Bruce Fair.

Sunday when the beautiful little Mission church of Our Lady of the Wayside was dedicated at Portola Mr. and Mrs. Folger were present with the two girls. At the Offertory Evelyn and Genevieve closed their prayer books, stepped out of their pew and took up the collection. They did it bashfully but I have no doubt that they rather enjoyed the novel experience. And I hazard the guess that the collection was larger than it would have been had two mere men passed the baskets.

A Descendant of Ponce de Leon

How many people know that we have in California a family which traces its ancestry back to Ponce de Leon who won immortal fame by seeking in Florida the font of perpetual youth? The fact has been called to my attention by the publication of a little book of verses from the pen of Maria Antonia Field of Monterey. Maria Antonia Field is a girl just past twenty. Her grandfather was Don Estevan Munras who came to Monterey in 1822 with an important commission from the King of Spain. Her great grandmother was Senora Catalina Manzanelli y Ponce de Leon de Munras, a member of the great old house of de Leon which gave to history not only a dreamy explorer but also a poet-philosopher renowned in the annals of the Spanish Church. Miss Field is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Field of Monterey. She is the author of a little volume of graceful verses entitled "Monterey Zephyrs."

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A Modest Singer

Miss Field is a modest singer. Her little book has been privately printed for circulation among her intimate friends. She does not crave the applause of the great world; perhaps too she shrinks from its cold criticism. I confess that a privately printed book appeals to me. I admire those who sing only to their friends. Miss Henriette Blanding is the author of a book of very good poems which has been scrupulously withheld from the hands of the public. And now comes Miss Field who even masks her identity on her title page. The verses are by "Maria Antonia." This sort of restraint is fetching; it charms by its very bashfulness. The "Monterey Zephyrs" are what such gentle winds should be, soft, fragrant, refreshing. They are simple little poems that exhibit a lovely character with a strong religious bent. One of them is addressed "To My Mother on Her Birthday," and one can imagine the delight of that mother at receiving so sweet a gift. "Eastertide," "The Angelus," "San Carlos Mission" and "Hymn of Love" are instinct with piety. The little book is illustrated with line drawings, some of them irresistible in their naivete, from the pen of the young poetess. And there are a number of reflections in prose which show vigorous thought. I am glad to welcome Miss Field to the company of our California poetesses. I hope that she will forgive me for betraying her identity. But her friends alone will see her privately printed book, and of course they are in the secret of its authorship.

An Interesting Blue Stocking

I am told that clever Henriette Blanding is translating the Iliad from the Greek into German, and this with no borrowings from translators before her. She has undertaken this work as an intellectual exercise, although with her undoubted poetic talent and excellent command of German the work should be a valuable contribution to German letters. Miss Blanding is a girl of rare attainments to whom society is a detail of minor import. Still she likes a good time as well as anyone and is a good sportswoman. She is a slight demi-blonde with the light of intelligence in her face and of attractive presence. Despite her attire which is conventionally modish she exhibits a distinctive personality for so young a girl. I predict a bright season for this interesting debutante who will be entertained by her devoted aunt Mrs. Fred Sharon and her uncle Dr. Harry Tevis who gives the most brilliant entertainment in society when he comes from his hermitage at Los Gatos to take part in the frivolous life.

Married at Benicia

The marriage of Mrs. Dulce Bolado Ashe and Frank H. Davis did not take place at the bride's home in Clay street as was given out to the society reporters. Instead the bride and groom journeyed to Benicia to wed. The ceremony was performed by an Episcopal clergyman there who is an old friend of the bride and whose wife was a girlhood chum of the former Dulce Bolado. They returned to the Fairmont the same day and thence departed on a honeymoon trip through Southern California. Mrs. Davis is one of the handsomest young matrons in society. She is

of the Spanish type and most cultivated and intellectual. She was only eighteen when she married Gaston Ashe, brother of Porter and of Mrs. McLaren and Miss Elizabeth Ashe. They were divorced several years ago. Mrs. Davis is the mother of two interesting boys who are attending a military academy. The groom is a popular member of the Bohemian Club.

Engagement Announcement

Last week came the announcement of the engagement of Miss Bernice Smith and Alfred L. Meyerstein, causing no small flutter of interest in social and club circles. Miss Smith is the very charming daughter of Mrs. Ida Smith of Nevada City. She has many friends in this city where she has spent much of her time since her school days. Mr. Meyerstein is one of our most active and enterprising young financiers and he is a popular member of the Olympic Club. Immediately on the announcement of his engagement there was a round-up of his friends personally conducted by that incorrigible bachelor William F. Humphrey, and on last Monday evening with Mr. Humphrey as host a dinner was given in honor of Mr. Meyerstein at the Cliff House. It was a most enjoyable affair, as a Humphrey dinner always is. The guests were Alfred L. Meyerstein, John J. Barrett, Judge Thomas Lennon, Judge Frank Kerrigan, Arthur Fisk, Gus Umbsen, Thomas McCann, William A. Lange, Roy Carruther, Theodore Bonnet. No date has yet been set for the marriage, but it is understood that it will take place within a month.

Popular Musical Matinees

The musical public has taken great interest in the weekly matinee musicales of Kohler & Chase, and the demand for admission has been so large of late that many people have had to be turned away, much to the regret of everyone concerned. It is planned, if the overcrowding continues, to accommodate two audiences. There was a time when musical people would not attend the concerts of resident artists even upon invitation, and it is to the credit of Kohler & Chase that they have made their events so attractive by engaging talent of unquestionable efficiency that the attendance is so large. The soloist for Saturday, October 5, will be Carl E. Anderson, tenor. Mr. Anderson is one of the most successful concert and church singers on the Pacific Coast. The complete program will be: Ballade, op. 23, G minor, (Chopin), the Pianola Piano; "La Nuit" (Holmes); Valse "Caprice," op. 7 (Newland), the Pianola Piano; "Songs My Mother Taught Me" (Dvorak); "I Know of Two Bright Eyes" (Clutsam); "The Pretty Creature" (Wilson), Mr. Anderson, with Pianola Piano accompaniment; "You Flaunt Your Beauty" (Liza Lehmann), Mr. Anderson, accompanied with the Pianola Piano; Offertory of two Christmas Hymns (Guilmant), the Aeolian Pipe Organ.

The Peninsula's Winter Season

The Peninsula Hotel is planning a full house this winter. To the attractions of its splendid location "in a garden" only thirty minutes from San Francisco and its excellence of cuisine and service have been added the unusually low rates for the winter; which cannot fail to interest those who prefer the freedom of the suburbs to the crowds of the metropolis. The Peninsula is so closely connected with the city, however, by frequent and excellent train and trolley service that it can hardly be considered other than one of the city hotels. All indications point to a large and fashionable patronage during the coming months. The unusually low winter rates took effect the first of the month and reservations should be made as early as possible.



Photo, Francis Bruguiere

MISS BERNICE SMITH

Whose engagement to Alfred Meyerstein was announced last week.

Luncheon at Tait's

Tait-Zinkand Cafe is serving something out of the ordinary these days in the way of a special fifty cent luncheon. One would have to go long and far to duplicate it at the price. And aside from the good things to eat to be had there every day from 11:30 to 2 there is an exceptionally good entertainment bill. John Tait promises that this special fifty cent luncheon is going to be still better in the future. If it is he'll be suspected of being a philanthropist for even now all who partake of this half dollar luncheon wonder how he does it.



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She—Pardon me, sir, for walking on your feet.

He—Oh, don't mention it. I walk on them myself, you know.

She—Don't you think a man has more sense after he's married?

He—Yes—but it's too late then.

Gossip of the Theatre

Tarquini in "Conchita"

"Conchita" comes to us as the last word in modernity of musical composition. It serves to introduce to us a composer of exceptional gifts, a man with a talent for orchestral writing and with a fine sense of tonal beauty. Wagner and Richard Strauss have a worthy disciple in Riccardo Zandonai. He has written a magnificent tone drama, and the wonder of it is that from so tawdry a theme could have come so much of genuine inspiration. Zandonai is susceptible to commonplace sentimentality. After all is it not a commonplace theme—the desire of the wealthy man to possess the fascinating and humble cigarette girl? Her coquetries by which she keeps him at a loving but respectful distance—these are of the commonplace too. But the music by the sheer beauty of its rhythms transports one far above the region of the depicted scenes. There is exaltation in the palpitant melodies of "Conchita." Yet it illustrates. The explanation of course is that Zandonai is a poet, an idealist. The commonplace is refracted through his personality. He elevates the object of his contemplation. But this will hardly do. The theme of the opera does not grip and operagoers must have their story as well as their music. "Conchita" will probably join the distinguished company of Paderewski's "Manru" than which nothing could have been more scholarly, but which failed from lack of dramatic appeal. The production of the new opera at the Cort was made doubly interesting because it served to introduce us to a new songbird as well as to a new composer. Tarquinia Tarquini is not yet to be ranked among the queens of song. She is a princess of the royal household. Tarquini compels instant attention by her youth, her beauty, her lissomeness, her lovely voice. I am not sure that she holds that attention very long, but if not, perhaps it is because of the monotony of the role. She has given much thought to Conchita, and enters into the spirit of it, but with decidedly studied effects and a somewhat cold temperament. With all her charm she is the most obvious poseuse I have ever seen. This doubtless is to be attributed to youth and inexperience. Tarquini is not yet mistress of the art of illusion. She impresses one, however, as the ideal Salome, and her resources are such that one feels certain she is capable of considerable achievement. Young and beautiful though she is her voice is her greatest asset. She sings her dramatic music with true artistry.

—H. M. 3.

Sublimated Vaudeville

Alexander Heinemann's supreme artistry may unfit him for appearance before a vaudeville audience, as some of the local critics aver, but that fact, if it be a fact, was not demonstrated when the master of lieder sang on Monday night. The audience not only listened eagerly but applauded with a warmth which betokened sincerity. And yet I do not think that the audience of Monday night differed from any ordinary Orpheum audience. It was not at all like the audience you would find at a Heinemann concert. Had it been so it would not have gone wild over Nat Wills immediately after Heinemann left the stage. No, it was the typical Orpheum audience, and its behavior as it listened to the grand songs of Schumann was a complete vindication of Martin Beck's judgment in deciding that the best in art is none too good for vaudeville. Some of the critics who took a contrary view mentioned the restlessness of the audience and cited the rustling of programs all over the house to prove it. The rustling did not come from the turning over of program pages but from the study of the extra leaves on which the songs sung by Heinemann were printed. Hundreds of people in the audience had never heard those songs before; hundreds were unfamiliar with German. They were reading the words of the songs in the English translation as the master sang. In other words they were doing their best to appreciate the treat which Martin Beck had provided for them. It is not too much to say that they left the Orpheum with a new desire to hear the best of ballad music. To mention only two of Heinemann's songs, "The Two Grenadiers" and "The Erlking" were received with tremendous applause. Are we to suppose that those songs went over the heads of the audience? Not a bit of it! Heinemann himself was pleased with the cordiality of his reception, for his serious face broke into smiles several times. Again I say, Martin Beck has



RICCARDO MARTIN
Tenor, Scottish Rite Hall, Sunday Afternoons, October 13th and 20th.

been triumphantly assured of the correctness of his new ideas for vaudeville. He is reconstructing vaudeville, and it is safe to predict that in the course of a few years an Orpheum program will be as different from what it is today as today's program is different from the old-time variety show. That the change will be for the better none will deny. Popular taste is being boosted all the time. Alexander Heinemann is the bill-topper of a splendid show. Nat Wills is back with clever parodies. Vaudeville will never discard performers like Nat Wills, because he is an infallible laugh-provoker and vaudeville will outgrow laughter when the millennium comes. Claud and Fannie Usher come again with their fine little skit "Fagan's Decision." Owen McGiveney performs a remarkable feat by playing the parts of Bill Sikes, Monks, Fagin, the Artful Dodger and Nancy in a playlet founded on Oliver Twist. McGiveney is not merely protean; he is a good actor. The other numbers are of a high standard of excellence.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Greenbaum Musical Season

With two great combination concerts by Riccardo Martin, one of the star tenors of the Metropolitan and Covent Garden, and Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss piano virtuoso and composer, Manager Will. L. Greenbaum will open his season at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Miss Lima O'Brien will be the accompanist for Mr. Martin. Very few cities will have the opportunity of hearing these artists in joint recital, for each is important and famous enough to attract an audience alone, but our energetic impresario wants to open his season in a blaze of glory; so our music lovers will be the gainers. At the first concert, Sunday afternoon, October 13, Mr. Martin will sing numbers from "La Boheme" and "La Tosca" besides songs by Dvorak, Sinigaglia, Leoncovallo, Chadwick, Henschle and others. Mr. Ganz will offer Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," a group of Chopin works, some rather rare Liszt works and two of his own compositions. The second and positively last concert will be given Sunday afternoon, October 20, with an entire change of program. Mr. Martin will sing numbers from Wagner's "Die Walkure" and Giordano's "Fedora" besides groups of songs, and by request Mr. Ganz will play Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata. The sale of seats for both concerts will open next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler and Chase's and mail orders should be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum at either office. On Tuesday night, October 15, these artists will give the first of the St. Francis Musical Art Society's concerts, and on Thursday night, October 17, Mr. Martin will give a recital at Stanford University under the auspices of the Peninsula Musical Association.

"The Nigger" at the Alcazar

"The Nigger" in which Sarah Truax and Thurlow Bergen will conclude their season at the Alcazar next week was one of the few American plays produced in the New Theatre, New York, and created a profound sensation by its daring treatment of a subject that older and more experienced dramatists than its author, Edward Sheldon, had either shunned entirely or handled in a manner at variance with realism. It was written soon after Sheldon, then a student at Harvard, had compelled recognition by the success of his "Salvation Nell," and when his courage was not curbed by consideration of managerial acceptance of his work. Indeed, if there had been no New Theatre there might not have been a public production of "The Nigger." It certainly required boldness to tackle with impartiality such a serious problem in American society and politics as the "color line," and that is what the young playwright did in his construction of "The Nigger." While fearlessly driving home his convictions he built a play of human interest interwoven with exceedingly strong dramatic situations.

The San Francisco Orchestra

The response of the guarantors of the San Francisco Orchestra to the requests contained in the prospectus issued by the Board of Governors for this season's series of concerts was so immediate and enthusiastic as to leave no doubt of the success of the coming season. The Board of Governors especially requested the guarantors to purchase seats for the combined season of symphony and popular concerts; thus selling outright seats for all twenty concerts. In very few instances has this request not been acceded to. In securing the services of Adolph Rosenbecker for concert-master, the Board of Governors place at the disposal of Mr. Hadley a man of established reputation as a violinist and conductor. Mr. Rosenbecker was the prize pupil of Ferdinand David, the celebrated violin tutor of Leipsig. He was brought to New York by Theodore Thomas and for ten years gave his valued services to that estimable conductor. It was with keen regret that Mr. Thomas saw Rosenbecker leave to conduct his own symphony orchestra. Arthur Hadley, the brother of Henry Hadley, will be

leader of the 'cellos. He comes direct from the Boston Symphony Orchestra of which he has been a valued member for the past nine years. Ralph Wetmore, a most capable violinist, has been secured as the principal of the second violins. B. Emilio Puyans, a flute virtuoso who has gained European distinction will be principal flute. Other artists whose engagements are worthy of mention are: Joseph Vito, the Chicago harpist; Adolph Bertram, for years first oboe of the Metropolitan; S. Meerlo, bassoon; Walter Hornig, principal French horn of the Victor Herbert Orchestra; Sakar Borodkin, the celebrated Russian trumpeter and A. Lombardi, one of the best English horn players.

"The Woman" Coming to the Columbia

Klaw and Erlanger's realistic production of Edmund Day's famous play "The Round Up" which begins its second and last week at the Columbia on Monday evening, continues its unbroken succession of crowded audiences. There will be matinees during the final week on Wednesday and Saturday. The new play "The Woman" will be produced at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night, October 14 with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. It is produced by David Belasco. William C. deMille who wrote "The Woman" is said to have given the stage one of its most forceful and realistic plays. The play gained great success in New York and Chicago last season, having been played for nine months in the former city and five months in the latter. Mr. Belasco will send here the same company that was seen in the play last season.

Franz Adelman at Pantages

A bright array of attractions has been secured for the week commencing Sunday afternoon at Pantages. It is headed by Boyle Wolfolk's "Chicklets," half a dozen dainty and pretty girl singers and dancers who support Raymond Paine, a comedian and Hazel McKee, a musical comedy favorite. The Keene Trio, young ladies who are good to look upon, will present the singing act which has won them fame in the principal vaudeville houses of the east. Paul Gordon, one of the best trick cyclists before the public, is assisted by Mlle. Rita Ricca. An act of the highest musical importance will be contributed by Franz Adelman, the famous violin virtuoso who has not been heard in San Francisco for many years. Before the fire Herr Adelman was one of the best known violinists who ever played in this city and he returns after a series of European triumphs and will be heard in a program including both classical and popular selections. Another San Francisco favorite who is bound to receive a warm welcome is Tom Kelly, the popular baritone and story teller. Fred Graham, Nellie Dent and their company will present an original one act comedy, "Just Like a Man." Alice Teddy, the roller skating and wrestling bear, will give the act which has frequently been seen here before but which is always received with salvos of applause. Sunlight Pictures will complete the bill.

The Third Week of Opera

The second week of the Lambardis at the Cort has proven quite as successful as the first. The theatre has had capacity audiences for practically every performance, and the work of the artists and orchestra has evoked general admiration and enthusiasm. The second week comes to a close with the performance tonight of "Madame Butterfly." The repertoire for the third week which begins tomorrow, Sunday night, is exceedingly attractive. "Rigoletto" will be the bill tomorrow night with Pereira, Giorgi and Giardini. On Monday night "Conchita" will be repeated with the peerless Tarquini. Tuesday will be given over to "Madame Butterfly" with Matini in the title role. At the Wednesday matinee "La Boheme" will be given with Virginia Pierce, the popular local singer, in the part of Mimi. This promises to be quite a social event. Wednesday night will see a performance of "Conchita" and Thursday will have the double bill "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci." Thursday night will see a sensation in the first Western production of Strauss' "Salome" with Tarquini in the title role in which she has won distinction abroad. At the Saturday matinee "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci" are to be repeated and another production of "Salome" on Sunday night will bring the third week's repertoire to a close. The fourth week's repertoire will be unusually attractive.



GIUSEPPE ARMANINI

The noted tenor who has scored with the Lambardi forces at the Cort.

Ethel Barrymore at the Orpheum

A distinct triumph for Orpheum vaudeville is the temporary acquisition of Ethel Barrymore who vies with Maude Adams as the foremost American actress. She has been secured by Martin Beck by special arrangement with Charles Frohman and will appear next week at the Orpheum in J. M. Barrie's remarkable play "The Twelve Pound Look." Regardless of what she might play Miss Barrymore in vaudeville is a remarkable achievement and in "The Twelve Pound Look" is doubly important because it brings to vaudeville a work of one of the most important authors in the English speaking world. There is not a playgoer who is not entirely familiar with Miss Barrymore's career. From the time she first became a star in Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" until her last tour in Sir Arthur W. Pinero's powerful play "Mid-Channel" she has held a foremost position in the stellar firmament. "The Twelve Pound Look" was presented by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre as a curtain raiser for one of Miss Barrymore's vehicles. The critics were unanimous in declaring that in it the delightful actress positively appeared at her best. The Ofedos' Manon Opera Company will be

heard next week only in excerpts from various grand operas. In organizing this company Monsieur Ofedos secured a splendid quartette of soloists. The prima donna Cealia Zawaschi was for several seasons coloratura soprano with the Chicago Grand Opera Company. The other three members of the company are singers of recognized ability. Their repertoire is large and among their favorite selections are the overture from "Sonnambula," "Ensemble Angelus," and the famous aria and finale from "Traviata." Owen Clark "the master magician" and the inventor of every trick he performs will exhibit his extraordinary skill as a conjuror. Fred Gray and Nellie Graham will present next week only a potpourri of comedy and music entitled "The Musical Bell Boy." Frederick Andrews will introduce his Wonder Kettle next week only. It is just a plain ordinary kettle which boils furiously on a huge cake of ice. Andrews removes the kettle from the ice and makes a delicious dish of ice cream which is distributed among the audience. With the same fluid he fries a chop till it is as brittle as glass and then to demonstrate that the liquid is harmless he drinks it. He also sets fire to the ice and performs many other entertaining experiments. McIntyre and Harty, "the sugar plum girlie and the marshmallow boy" will return for next week only which will be the last of Williams and Warner, and Owen McGiveney in his protean success "Bill Sikes."

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hough of Stockton and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Henry of Templeton were at the Hotel Victoria this week for a short stay. Mrs. Henry was Miss Lynette Hough before her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. McLeod of Astoria, W. H. Cole of this city and A. A. Deon of Liverpool, England, were among the week's arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hyde of Visalia with their two children and nurse motored up from the south this week. They are guests at the Victoria. Mrs. E. V. Foote has taken an apartment for the winter. Eliza A. Jewett, Anna E. Frye and Charles W. Frye are a trio of Boston guests. Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Williams of Los Angeles who with their young son have been spending a fortnight at the Victoria before starting on a world tour are motoring through Lake County this week. They have as their guest Mrs. W. F. Morris.



MARIAN BARNEY
With "The Woman" at the Columbia, October 14th, for two weeks.

An interesting foreign visitor who recently registered at Hotel del Coronado was R. Fertana of Brazil. He is on a tour of the United States and Canada, and chose Coronado as his headquarters while seeing Southern California. Mrs. A. S. Gage of San Antonio registered at Coronado Friday for an indefinite stay. Mr. G. M. Ruff, prominent in Chicago business circles, is enjoying his vacation trip at Coronado. Mrs. Ruff accompanies him. Among the more prominent New Yorkers at Hotel del Coronado recently were Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Purnie of Buffalo,



RUDOLPH GANZ
Piano virtuoso, Scottish Rite Hall, Sunday afternoons, October 13th and 20th.

Mrs. D. B. Parsons of New York City and Mr. P. S. Amiral of Rochester. Mr. and Mrs. Purnie and Mrs. Parsons are on pleasure tours, while Mr. Amiral is here on a brief business trip. San Franciscans registered at Hotel del Coronado recently included Mr. and Mrs. R. W. McCormick, Mrs. J. Wade McDonald, H. A. Williams, F. Riis Jr., and E. C. Bradley.

Leaving Him at Sea

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked the seedy-looking wanderer at the gate.

"Poor old sailor?" echoed the lady at work at the tub.

"Yes'm, I followed the wotter for sixteen years."

"Well," said the woman, after a critical look, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it."

Then she resumed her labors.

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Repertoire for Third Week
Sunday, "Rigoletto"; Monday, "Conchita"; Tuesday, "Mme. Butterfly"; Wednesday Matinee, "La Boheme"; Wednesday, "Conchita"; Thursday, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci"; Friday, "Salome"; Saturday Matinee, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci"; Saturday, "Salome."

Prices—50c to $2.00.

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They will Appear in

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To Follow—Maude Fealy and James Durkin in a Repertoire of Their Successful Vehicles.

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Second and Last Week Begins Monday, October 7th

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"THE ROUND-UP"

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Despite a steady hardening of money at an advance in call loans to 7 per cent., the highest rate of the year, last week's stock market continued its movements toward a higher level. The rise was frequently interrupted by realizing for profits and renewal of short selling, but offerings were freely absorbed, especially United States Steel which made a record figure for the year, as did also Amalgamated and Anaconda coppers and other issues of less speculative importance. All the known developments of the week excepting the monetary situation were conducive to the rise. The crop prospects have lost little if any of their brilliant promise. General trade continues to expand, and the inquiry for iron, steel and copper is steadily increasing at home and abroad. The increase in Anaconda dividend during the week gives promise of a similar move by the Amalgamated which controls Anaconda. The various independent steel manufacturing companies report large improvements, this condition applying with equal force to the equipment companies, although much of the week's activity was in the industrials. Many of the railway issues also showed strength resulting from better earnings. The Union Pacific and Southern Pacific earnings showed up very well in August, and other leading transportation systems reported gains over the corresponding month last year. With crop movements soon to be inaugurated it is fair to assume that earnings for the balance of the year will increase rather than diminish.

Wheat—There was little if any change in the wheat situation last week. It is the same record of big receipts and large disbursements, and values are practically the same as they were weeks ago. There seems to be but one predominating influence affecting the public mind, and that is big crops. But instead of encouraging the speculative trade this has the opposite effect, and frightens so much of it away that the volume has shrunk to small proportions. The puzzling feature of the situation is that the trade should take such a one-sided view, for if there ever was a big broad commercial demand for wheat both at home and abroad, we have it at the present time. But the trade is so overwhelmed by what it considers the immensity of the crop that it believes the demand will soon be supplied, and that we will enter upon a period of such burdensome stocks that values are bound to recede to a much lower level. Just at present there seems to be a lull in the northwestern movement, but it can be only temporary. It is too early for any permanent reduction, and the producer has suffered from the two previous crop years, and must now sell freely to make up all deficiencies. That supplies will pile up goes without saying. It is the time of the year for small grain to be marketed and for stocks to accumulate and then gradually work off and be distributed into consumptive channels. Another peculiar feature is the insistency of the trade that present values are too high and that there must be a further decline. No particular point lower down is given as a permanent economic foundation, so we are led to believe that if the market was 10 to 15 cents lower than it is now there would be the same insistence that values of wheat must sink to a yet lower level. We are of the opinion that before long bearish sentiment will have exhausted its force, that the strong underlying conditions will be better appreciated, and that there will be such a return of confidence and stability in values as will result in an active trade and contribute to the improvement of business in all its branches.

Corn—As far as corn is concerned, all anxiety about damage by frost has passed. The crop has practically matured and is fast being harvested. The domestic trade has absorbed the current supplies at 73 to 80 cents for months past without any aid from Europe, so it is natural to suppose that the demand will be far greater at around 53, the price at which it is selling for December delivery, especially as Liverpool quotations are on a parity with our own markets. With the December price 20 cents below the present price of cash corn, it is altogether likely that farmers will market their old corn as closely as they did their oats and that we will begin the new crop year with bare granaries just as was the case with other grains. There is every indication of big foreign demand, the market is heavily oversold, the big crop has long been anticipated and is now apparently overestimated and in all probability over-discounted. The present market price for December corn affords an unusually favorable opportunity for an investment.

Cotton—Instead of the weekly review, our correspondents have estimated the condition of the crop, and figures compiled show an average condition of 68.7. Unusual lateness of the crop is denoted by returns, showing that east of the Mississippi only 65 to 75 per cent of fruit on stock consists of mature bolls. The estimate by the same correspondents last year was that from 65 to 85 per cent of the cotton was open at this date, and practically the entire crop was matured. Correspondents were asked to estimate the crop in their respective localities as compared with last year. This estimate reflects the best informed conservative opinion of men who are in close touch with the crop. Returns indicate expectations, assuming a normal frost date,

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within 25 [illegible] last year in the States east of the Mississippi and 75 per cent in even figures west of the river. Telegraphic returns from Oklahoma covering the frost of last week denote [illegible] west of Oklahoma City, consisting of 10 to 20 per cent; but they show that the uplands were very slightly injured. [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] less.

SUMMONS

[illegible] No. 44,453.

[illegible] as MARY R. RITTER, [illegible] the State of [illegible] filed in the office of the County [illegible] California, Send Greeting to: [illegible] appear in an action brought [illegible] named Plaintiff in the Superior [illegible] City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed [illegible] (exclusive of the day of service) [illegible] of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty [illegible] and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony [illegible] and defendant, on the ground [illegible] of said plaintiff for more [illegible] commencement of said action; [illegible] as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made. [illegible] answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court [illegible] nded in the Complaint. [illegible] and the Seal of the Superior Court [illegible] in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1912. (Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk. F. I. CRISP, Attv. for Plaintiff. [illegible] 9.28 10

[illegible] you the champion hard-luck [illegible]

Ned—Yes. He got a Black Hand letter, and was on his way to deposit the money demanded when he was held up by bandits in a taxi.

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The Chameleon

(Continued from Page 9.)

draughty around here; I am shivering. Take the dog to the general's and find out there. Say that I found him and send him. And tell him not to let the dog out on the street. It is probably an expensive dog, and if every fellow is to hit him on the nose with his cigar, he will soon be ruined. A dog is a delicate creature. And you, blockhead, put down your hand! It is not necessary to exhibit that stupid finger of yours. It is your own fault!"

"There is the general's cook. Let us ask him. Hello, Prokhor, come here a minute! Look, is that dog yours?"

"That dog? We never had such a dog in our lives!"

"He is not worth asking questions about," says Achumyelof. "He's a tramp dog. There is nothing more to be said. If I say he is a tramp dog, he is a tramp dog! He will be killed."

"That is not ours," continues Prokhor. "That dog belongs to the general's brother, who has recently arrived. My master is not a lover of greyhounds, but his brother is fond of them."

"So his brother, Vladimir Ivanovich, has arrived?" asks Achumyelof, and a rapturous smile spreads over his face. "Well, well, and I did not know it! He is here on a visit?"

"Yes, sir, on a visit?"

"Well, well, he probably was homesick for his dear brother. And I did not know it! So it is his dog, you say? I am very glad. Take him! A nice little dog! A quick little dog—Snap, and he has hold of the fellow's finger. Ha-ha-ha! Why are you trembling, you dear little thing? That man is a villain!"

Prokhor calls the dog and walks away with him from the lumber-yard. The crowd laughs at Khriukin.

"I will catch you some time!" Achumyelof threatens him, and wrapping himself in his cloak, he continues on his way across the market-place.

AUTO NOTES

The new Rambler sales and service building in the newer Back Bay district of Boston will be dedicated and formally opened to the public next month. It is an imposing four story fire proof structure. It is 216 feet long. The property has been leased for a term of twelve years at a rental of $102,000. The exterior is magnificent. The total floor area is 60,000 square feet. The building will be used for show rooms and sales and service headquarters of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company for Boston and its vicinity.

Voice of a Crook

The cow with the crumpled horn looked to her laurels.

"I'm afraid the bull moose will be worse twisted," she cried.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

he had come to connect sun spots and weather.

"Labor, stubborn labor did it," he explained. "First I became interested in astronomy; then in meteorology and weather maps. It was idle curiosity in the beginning. But fooling with the two things at the same time it was natural to combine them. I noticed coincidences; then I found that the coincidences were too frequent to be mere coincidences. It took me six or seven years to get on firm ground. The first three years I was simply fooling, playing. I wrote nothing; I kept the data in my head. I was not sure of my conclusions.

"All the scientists laughed at me. Most of them are laughing still. They had failed outrageously, so why should I expect to succeed? But some of them have been converted, particularly W. T. Foster of Washington. He forecasts by means of the planets and I forecast by means of sun spots. We always agree in our results. He says I have caught the other end of the terminal. But others still show evidences of incredulity."

It is quite plain that "Rick" doesn't care a rap for the men who dispute his theory. Why should he? When he sights the storm from afar, the storm comes. When he predicts a warm spell, we swelter. He predicts hot weather for October, so don't put away your knee-lengths for a while yet.

At present he only predicts a month in advance. He says he won't go further for some time. But no doubt the time will come when he'll serve us our weather by the year; when we'll buy a weather calendar on New Year's Day and pick out the particular variety of weather we prefer for our summer vacation. You never can tell. When a man makes the sun work for him there's no telling how far he will go.

May—She has nothing on me.
Jess—And less on herself.

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Letters

The Heritage of Hiroshige

This is a work to be placed on the bookshelf right next to Henry P. Bowie's fine study "On the Laws of Japanese Painting." Both are from the press of Paul Elder who has done more, probably, than any other American publisher to acquaint Americans with the art of Nippon. Japanese art, insofar as it is known in America, is the passion of specialists; but this condition bids fair to be removed by the iluminating volumes which Mr. Elder is giving to the public. volumes which make it possible for all amateurs of art to approach Japanese painting with eyes that see and minds that understand. "The Heritage of Hiroshige" has for its subtitle "A Glimpse at Japanese Landscape Art." The book is by Dora Amsden who was assisted in its preparation by John Stewart Happer. Both names were known to students of Japanese art. Dora Amsden had already brought out, through Paul Elder, "Impressions of Ukiyo-Ye." The present volume will greatly enhance her reputation. Ukiyo-Ye means color printing, and Hiroshige was the master colorist of Japan. A study of his works introduces the student to the Japanese ideal of landscape beauty under the best possible conditions. Miss Amsden gives us what she modestly calls a "glimpse" at the entire field of Japanese art, but it is more than a glimpse; it is a thorough-going introduction to the subject. But the bulk of her interesting volume is devoted to Hiroshige the master. Mr. Happer's contribution to the work includes an explanation of his great discovery, the sealing dates of the Hiroshige prints by cycle-ciphers. This discovery, made after years of close investigation, enabled the great English connoisseur of Japanese prints to discriminate between the works of the master Hiroshige and those of the two other Hiroshiges who were his pupils and used the same brush name. The illustrations of this book are exquisite reproductions of rare prints belonging to the Happer and Amsden collections and are typical examples of the master's work. An appendix contains facsimiles of Hiroshige signatures, seals and marks, facsimiles of other artists' signatures and a bibliography of important books dealing with the subject of Japanese art. This bibliography is brought right down to date, and includes the title of Mr. Bowie's recent volume. The typography of the book is exquisite and the binding may be called unique. San Francisco should be proud that a work of this sort has been brought out by one of her publishers.

An Admirable Book for Boys

Clarence Messer has begun a new "Business Boys" series of juveniles, the first volume of which is "Mr. Responsibility, Partner." If there were nothing else to be said in its favor it would deserve a word of commendation for cutting loose from the stereotyped monkey-shine school and athletic exploitations. The practicability of any of these schemes for making youthful millionaires over night is doubtful, but as far as the mere story goes, "Mr. Responsibility" is at least original. There is no villain, no exposure of underhandedness and trickery, no dire disaster, no sensationalism. For the boys still young enough to revel in juvenile stories, "Mr. Responsibility" is about as good as anything to be found. From Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

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Estate of JOHN H. RIORDAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of John H. Riordan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, 514-518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John H. Riordan, deceased.

PATRICK J. RIORDAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John H. Riordan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 7, 1912.

GEO. F. HATTON and HARTLEY F. PEART,
Attorneys for Administrator,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 9-7-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LINEHAN-ARENDT CO., Plaintiff, vs. F. S. DOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: F. S. DOW, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

DONAHUE & GALE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 8-17-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,652; Department No. 7.

MAE J. RINEY, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

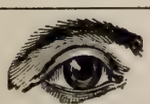
The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3d day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. J. FRITZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
428 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-17-10



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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MARIAN BARNEY

Who plays the title role in David Belasco's production of "The Woman" at the Columbia Theatre.

TOWN TALK

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The Lunacy of a Nation

The New York Sun, a journal distinguished for its wit and sense, is puzzled by the psychology of the political aberrations of the Hon. J. Downey Works, junior Senator from California. Of course it is not easy to follow Senator Works in the infinite windings of his inscrutable thoughts. As the Sun says, "He faces four ways without knowing which may he is turned"; also, "his mind is in a whirl of undigested conviction," and "he has the busy forward-backward movement of the self-centred crab"; but Senator Works is not at all singular in his day and generation. Why marvel at Works at a time when the public mind is unhinged, when the genius of the nation has its main screw loose? Our wits are wandering in the fogs of Bedlam, and if there is a sane man among us it must make him vertiginous to watch the corroborees of our leading statesmen as they whirl in Apache abandon on the dancing floors of the Midway of Buncombe. Senator Works has "gone back on his gang," he is for Wilson but not for the Democratic party, and as the Sun says, "One consolation he hugs to his bosom 'I am still a Republican.'" Nevertheless Senator Works is not at all singular. We have sworn Republicans in California who are for the Colonel and the Progressive party. Senator Cummins of Iowa is for Roosevelt and against the Progressive party. The Colonel himself is for the Commandments in Chicago and for larceny in California. Woodrow Wilson is for one principle in his books and for another on the public platform. This is the golden age of topsey-turveydom. Now as to the ingratitude of Senator Works, it ought to be considered his finest asset. Ingratitude is the homage of the head paid by our politicians to the selfishness of the mob. Most of the Colonel's political capital is ingratitude without alloy. Expediency dictating, he never hesitated to be false to any obligation of friendship that he ever glady incurred, and for nothing has he been more warmly acclaimed than for his treachery. Woodrow Wilson has proved himself as free from the trammels of friendship as from the inconvenience of his own sentiments, and by reason of this very sinister strength of character he has made himself the standard bearer of a great party. Assuredly this is no time for criticism of men on account of inconsistency or self-stultification or indifference to the old-fashioned virtues and standards of right conduct. The motto of the hour is that he who is not true to himself need not be true to any man. It appears to be the theory of the dear people that the man who is most treacherous in his private relations is bound to be most loyal in all that concerns the public.

President Wheeler At His Best

"We called a bath a 'bawth,' and I believe I wore a black, long-tailed coat all of one day to try and impress the people of that city that the University of California was a place worth while." The speaker was Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California. Thus he uttered himself on the occasion of the banquet in honor of the men from Victoria who came to town to return the visit of the Flying Legion to their hospitable city. President Wheeler was in happy, jovial mood. He was sustaining once more the reputation of the University of California as "a place worth while." This time with evening dress and an after-dinner speech sparkling with epigram. In Victoria with nothing but a long-tailed coat and a silk hat to attest the worth of our famous institution of learning President Wheeler was at a disadvantage. For President Wheeler's clothes do not bespeak the man. Indeed his outward appearance is deceptive. He has none of those mannerisms that are the patent of scholarship. There is no title page on his shirt front to proclaim the contents of the human volume. President Wheeler is at his best when he is on his feet with great thoughts bubbling on his lips. And so as an advertisement for the university he was far more effective as a speechmaker at the banquet than as a flying legionite in the streets of Victoria, where, as he said, he felt that he had "discovered a new entity regardless of political boundaries." Here we have a specimen of genuine highbrow wit—the use of a phrase that sounds big and means nothing. It was in just such diverting bon mots and jeux d'esprit that President Wheeler's scholarly speech abounded. There is a kind of wit by which a person makes a butt of himself, exhibiting his own foibles and absurdities. This is the kind of wit that runs through the whole character of Falstaff. It likewise ran through President Wheeler's speech at the banquet. He represented himself as affecting a pious air in Victoria, and he remarked of the Victorians, "They saw through the silk hat and the early morning godliness." It was a great ad. for Berkeley. In his peroration President Wheeler expressed himself like a man of taste with a natural elegance and the vivacity of a keen intellect. He said: "The visit to Victoria helped us to realize that we must get together, and that even if San Francisco is a hussy we love her just the same, and we want British Columbia to believe we have established a new entity and a new love for our city." President Wheeler is a Columbus for new entities, which the Victorians must realize while appreciating the uncommonness of his sentiments and the strong masculine sense that flashes from his intellectuals.

A Rare Political Type

In these days of impassioned politics, these doleful days of a boisterous campaign the atmosphere of which is charged with venom, spleen and hatred, the fruit of which is insincerity and intellectual meanness, let us be grateful to the Republicans of New York for having nominated Job Hedges for governor. In such unpleasant times as these, made uproarious by crimination and recrimination, the air vibrant with abuse and execration, it is refreshing to find a man of the character of Job Hedges running for a job. The Hedges type of man is as rare these days as a black swan. We have heard a great deal of Lincoln these days. Many times we have heard him likened unto his antithesis. "Away to heaven respective lenity, and fire-eyed fury be my conduct now." Thus Roosevelt, and his followers exclaim, "How like Lincoln!" Many strong points of resemblance to Lincoln we find in Job Hedges. When Job Hedges decided that he wanted to be governor he came out with what the press of New York describes as a characteristic announcement. He said: "I am announcing my candidacy because I believe I can fill the job, and I want it. Nobody is fooled by this coy air that most candidates assume, nor by that talk about offering themselves for the good of the party. I want the job." Something of this frankness was a characteristic of Lincoln. Hedges, like Lincoln, is a man eminently lovable, with the virtues of an ardent kindness and a generous nature. Like Lincoln Hedges is distinguished for his homespun humor. A few years ago he published a book called "Common Sense in Politics." Here are two of his aphorisms: "The most pathetic case is the man who thinks he is in himself a moral reform"; "While charges of inconsistency, maladministration and graft are occupying public attention, it may be pertinent to remark that the political crime of the present decade is not larceny but hypocrisy." In his speech of acceptance at Saratoga he said: "It is instinctive to want to sell at the highest and buy at the lowest. There should be a fair line between these two propositions, and this is the square deal. But it is natural to grow suspicious of the man who wants to deal all the time." It is clear that Job Hedges has a keen sense of kindly humor. But he has other qualities that should commend him to the people. He was a deputy attorney-general of New York in 1900 when Theodore Roosevelt, then governor, directed him to prosecute the election fraud cases in New York city, taking them away from the district attorney. He resigned in 1902. In 1908 President Roosevelt offered to appoint him assistant treasurer of the United States at New York. He is a member of the Bar Association of New York, the Sons of Veterans, the Sons of the American Revolution, and belongs to the Union League,

University and Princeton clubs. Immediately after his nomination President Taft wired him, "Your campaign of truth and common sense will elect the whole ticket." Job Hedges is something more than a humorist. He had the confidence of Roosevelt and he has the confidence of Taft, but above all he has the friendship and admiration of men in all walks of life because of his kindly nature and his instinctive candor.

Those Campaign Contributions

As in the case of that other great man Jonathan Wild, if we view but one side of the character of Theodore Roosevelt he must be acknowledged equal if not superior to most of the heroes of antiquity. The side we refer to is the one painted by himself. There are other points of resemblance between Fielding's great rogue and our former President, but we need not go into all of them. Suffice it that we observe that Wild achieved success in defiance not only of the laws of his country but of the common sense of his countrymen. Something of this same audacity is to be perceived in the conduct of the Colonel, especially at the senatorial inquisition in Washington, where because of certain well defined imputations he affected the indignation of outraged virtue and stormed with all the apparent fury of a man of honor justly resentful of infamous calumny. There was a time when the Colonel's dithyrambic denial was all that was necessary for self-vindication. The short and ugly word used to be as conclusive as a geometrical demonstration. But it may be doubted whether the obsession endures that for so many years insured the Sagamore saint against suspicion of wrongdoing. The Colonel has lost none of his power of protest. His lungs are still sound and his vociferations are as resonant as ever, but the facts that irritate have become more insistent, more clamorous, and even more obvious. Every letter in the Harriman correspondence may be interpreted in a manner conclusive of the integrity of the surviving author, but in bulk the epistles are damning beyond hope of redemption. The big, insuperable truth is that whatsoever was Harriman's understanding of the matter he enjoyed the intimate confidence of the man in the White House, he could presume to suggest the sentiments of a President's message, and request the appointment of men to high station. Mr. Roosevelt may now inform us that nobody who expected a favor was permitted to make a campaign contribution, but the tone of Harriman's letters is clearly that of a man who must have been assured that he had a right to expect favors. That he did not get them is not of the slightest importance. The reason he did not get them may be that the man who had it in his power to give had made other arrangements. Are we not justified in conjecturing that such was the case? Colonel Roosevelt could not serve two masters—Harriman and Morgan. Those two men became implacable enemies. Harriman was denied but not Morgan. That voracious money-grubber, who tells us that he contributed $150,000 to a campaign fund for the benefit of his country, managed to have his son-in-law appointed to the Roosevelt cabinet. He was permitted to absorb the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. He was given an enormous sum of public money to halt a panic in Wall street; and until a few months ago all the world believed that it was his own coin that he had used and that for using it he was entitled to praise as a great public benefactor. Morgan wielded a great power throughout the Roosevelt administration, and now the Colonel would have us believe that not until last week did he ever hear of a Morgan contribution. It is remarkable how little the Colonel knew of what was going on in the campaign of 1904 and to what an extent he was compromised by his confidential adviser Mr. Cortelyou, who nevertheless continues to enjoy the esteem and affection of the great statesman. Cortelyou never told him that Harriman had been urged to serve as a member of a secret campaign committee. Cortelyou never told him of the Standard Oil contribution till it was too late to return the money. Cortelyou kept to himself knowledge of the two contributions made by J. P. Morgan. The Colonel didn't even know of Frick's contribution. It appears from his testimony that during the campaign of 1904 the usually alert and omniscient Colonel was groping in Egyptian darkness. Apparently he was not at all curious as to the magical process by which prodigious sums of money were made continuously available for the purposes of the campaign. But how incompatible this apparent indifference with the incessant importunity of Harriman as evidenced by the correspondence! From the Harriman letters it appears that the pecuniary affairs of the campaign deeply engrossed the Colonel's mind, but at this time it appears that whatever it was better for him not to have known he was in blissful ignorance of. Considering how great is the tax the Colonel would impose on credulity he ought to be somewhat less impatient of the scepticism of the benighted citizen of little faith.

The Dread of a Holy War

Events are giving the lie to the optimists who told us that the establishment of the Young Turks in power would prove a guarantee of peace. From the moment of their accession to power the Young Turks showed that they were spoiling for a fight with some one and making every preparation for it. First they irritated the Greeks by boycotting their goods, and then the Bulgarian Government was obliged to remonstrate against the cruelty and injustice practiced against their fellow-countrymen in Macedonia where the attempt to make "good Ottomans" out of diverse nationalities led to the persecution of Christians. Later there was trouble in Albania precipitated by a Turkish commander's desire for distinction. And there was an uprising that was soon suppressed, but beneath the surface there remained danger of insurrection, a large section of the country being under the government of a secret court-martial of Young Turks of a most arbitrary disposition. So even before Italy, provoked by efforts to cripple her trade in the Mediterranean, resolved upon assuming a Protectorate over Tripoli the Young Turks had done little to encourage their well-wishers in Europe. Indeed they had only succeeded in justifying the worst fears of those who predicted that Turks, whatever they called themselves, remained the same, incapable of really assimilating Western ideas or of learning from the past. It has been made too clear to subject races in the Ottoman Empire that they had little to hope from the new Government. The little finger of the Young Turk has proved thicker than the loins of Abdul Hamid. And now we hear that the long threatened break-up of the Turkish Empire is imminent. The Balkan problem is once more pressing for solution. Perhaps it will be submitted to the arbitrament of the sword to which there has already been recourse, but it is more likely that we shall see a halt called and another international Congress such as that of Berlin, which the Russian victory over the Turks and the treaty of San Stefano in 1878 made necessary. There is one great menace which is always to be feared when the Turks are at war, and it is that menace that makes European diplomatists eager to pacify them. It is the menace of a Holy War. Long ago there would have been a general scramble in the Balkans were it not for the danger of a conflagration fed by religious fanaticism. England, especially, is in great dread of a Holy War, for the numbers of her Mohammedan subjects throughout the world much exceed those of any other Power. A Holy War would lead to insurrection in India and in Egypt. France, too, has reason to dread a Holy War, for France has large spheres of interest in North Africa peopled by Mohammedans. All of which makes clear the ticklishness of the Balkan problem and the expediency of a solution by conference. The treaty of Berlin, which has in a large measure directed European politics ever since 1878, is no longer effective. The recent operations of Italy in the Aegean have made a new treaty necessary, and a conference for that purpose must be held, but the Turk must first in a measure be pacified. He will of course concede something to Italy, just as at Berlin he was obliged to yield Tunis to France, but doubtless he will insist on keeping his hold on the Balkan States. At Berlin the congress coerced Russia into a retreat. The Powers will now coerce the Balkan States. Italy and Germany may be depended upon to stand with the Turks, for Italy, before assuming her Protectorate over Tripoli, warned the Balkans to keep quiet, and it was Germany that encouraged Italy to look to Tripoli for compensation when France had gone to Tunis. As long ago as 1866 Bismarck was whispering that Italy might hope for a Mediterranean Empire, and it was after the treaty of Berlin that Italy entered into the triple alliance with Austria and Germany thus establishing the present balance in European affairs. Italy having obtained what she wanted the Balkan States will not be permitted to keep Europe on edge very long.

The Spilling of the Sago

By Susan Gregory

(When the cook spilled a bag of sago on the kitchen floor, Miss Gregory was inspired by the mishap and set down the following verses showing how different poets would have treated such a tragedy. Miss Gregory is a member of the old de la Guerra family of California, and the accident embalmed in the following verses happened in her Oakland home.)

Swinburne

O sack of the succulent sago,
All shattered and strewn o'er the floor,
Dost thou know that thy lover is grieving,
That his soul in thy sadness is sore?
Thou hast cheered and sustained and consoled him
With thy substance more meaty than meat,
O what will life turn to without thee,
O saccharine sweet!

What country first found thee and used thee,
O frail unforgettable food?
Did Semiramis know thee and love thee
Or Charmian find thou wert good?
Or was it in ages still older
That the goddess foam-footed and fleet
Said nectar was nauseous beside thee,
O saccharine sweet!

Farewell! From my life thou departest -
Thy globules gyrate on the floor—
I will live out my life to its last days
But the lilt of my living is o'er.
All things that are rare shall remind me
Of the times thou didst tempt me to eat,
And I'll miss thee till kind death shall blind me,
O saccharine sweet!

Browning

Stop, What is that you say?
Broken? the sago bag?
That would be sad indeed
Were it but true—
But somehow as you chatter
That news, the soul-destroying
Gloom that was with us goes,
Evanishes—and comes

I know not how—
Great courage to endure—
To probe to th' heart of it—
To defy the worst, ere doubting—
Ever unreconciled

Mrs. Browning

I felt that now at last my fragile feet
Could bear me on to thee, my hands the while,
Those pale weak hands, for work too small and sweet,
Bearing to thee a gift to win thy smile,
A gift wrought while my tears ran ever fleet
In hope to pay thy kindness in this style
And o er and o'er again thou would'st repeat
Sweet words my chronic sadness to beguile.
But when great joy we'd quaff there oft come slips—
These sobs still wrack my sorrow-sunken frame—
When all was ready and the milk was boiled
To cook the sweet dish for thy kingly lips,
My frail strength tried to lift it to the flames,
But dropped it and the sago all was spoiled.

Wordsworth

'Twas nothing but a sago bag—
Sago was all its store—
Then someone, careless, punched its side,
And it spilled on the floor.

No jewels did the white bag hold—
Sago and nothing more—
And now it's gone, and I must go
To buy some at the store.

Rossetti

In Italy our people love good sago,
(Ah me! ah me! the sago sack is torn!)
Some times they put it into milk to boil
Or eat it in the good old style with oil;
(Sago is sweet, and oh! my soul is sad!)
The sago sack is torn, and now I know
(Ah me! ah me! the sago sack is torn!)
That once before I felt this selfsame woe
Those unrememberable years ago;
(Sago is sweet, and oh! my soul is sad!)

Poe

The Beautiful Sago
Is spilt on the floor,
And now I can see
I shall ne'er taste it more,
That sago I never
Shall taste any more!

How supine it lies
In the midst of the room,
While my passionate heart
Is enveloped in gloom,
My poor throbbing heart
Is enveloped in gloom.

All the glory is gone,
(And my sorrow is keen)
From those spherical shapes
Of the globes crystalline—
Those shapes of the spherical
Globes crystalline.

Keats

Pale sorrow floods my fever weakened brain,
And all my soul is trodden down by Care;
E'en Fancy's wings are drooping and in vain
I cry to her to help me rise in air.
Olives yet ripen, full of luscious oil,
Peaches in perfumed orchards blush and bloom,
Still Smyrna figs come wrapped in sandalwood
And bright tin foil—
But in my heart there is a vacant room,—
Gone is the sago—life's no longer good!

"Anywhere Out of the World"

By Charles Baudelaire (From the French)

Life is a hospital, in which every patient is possessed by the desire of changing his bed. One would prefer to suffer near the fire, and another is certain that he would get well if he were by the window.

It seems to me that I should always be happy if I were somewhere else, and this question of moving house is one that I am continually talking over with my soul.

"Tell me, my soul, poor chilly soul, what do you say to living in Lisbon? It must be very warm there, and you would bask merrily, like a lizard. It is by the sea; they say that it is built of marble, and that the people have such a horror of vegetation that they tear up all the trees. There is a country after your own soul; a country made up of light and mineral, and with liquid to reflect them."

My soul makes no answer.

"Since you love rest, and to see moving things, will you come and live in that heavenly land, Holland? Perhaps you would be happy in a country which you have so often admired in pictures. What do you say to Rotterdam, you who love forests of masts, and ships anchored at the doors of houses?"

My soul remains silent.

"Or perhaps Java seems to you more attractive? Well, there we shall find the mind of Europe married to tropical beauty."

Not a word. Can my soul be dead?

"Have you sunk then into so deep a stupor that only your own pain gives you pleasure? If that be so, let us go to the lands that are made in the likeness of Death. I know exactly the place for us, poor soul! We will book our passage to Torneo. We will go still further, to the last limits of the Baltic; and, if it be possible, further still from life; we will make our abode at the Pole. There the sun only grazes the earth, and the slow alternations of light and night put out variety and bring in the half of nothingness, monotony. There we can take great baths of darkness, while, from time to time, for our pleasure, the Aurora Borealis shall scatter its rosy sheaves before us, like reflections of fireworks in hell!"

At last my soul bursts into speech, and wisely she cries to me: "Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!"

Varied Types

XCV—ETTORE PATRIZI

By Edward F. O'Day

He went to war and came back with a cage of song birds. A most unusual eventuation, you will admit. Men have gone to war and returned with wounds or empires or diseases; but never in the previous history of war did it happen that the man who went out to fight came back with a lot of trillers in tow.

To be accurate, Ettore Patrizi didn't go out to fight. And to cap that instance of slavish adherence to fact with still another, he didn't snare his song birds on the battlefield. Ettore Patrizi, being an editor, went to write about war, not to wage it. He went to Tripoli and found the Italians lambasting the Turks, a situation from which he derived unimaginable pleasure. But before he returned to America he began collecting singers, and by the time he had gathered together enough to make an opera company he had all but forgotten the glories of the Italian campaign in Africa. Going away from here his thoughts were all of battle; coming back they were all of opera. After all, what's a war among artists?

Ever hear of the battle of Zanzur? Probably not. It took place somewhere in Tripoli and afforded the Italians an opportunity of sending fifteen hundred Turks and Arabs to Mahomet's paradise. From all accounts it was as pretty a battle as has been fought in many a day. Patrizi saw it; arrived in Tripoli just in time tc see his countrymen dealing eternal happiness to the paythans on the plain of Zanzur aforesaid. Patrizi was thrilled; he exulted in the fight and rejoiced becomingly in the victory. But not wholeheartedly. His thoughts were not on fighting.

The fact is, Patrizi had been to Milano. Milano is an immense municipal cage full of twittering canaries, so to speak. Patrizi had heard a lot of the canaries twitter, and he had made up his mind to bring some of them to San Francisco. So while his eyes were following the battle of Zanzur his brain was at work on the operatic problem. He stood on the edge of the battle field and wondered whom he'd cast for this part and whom for that. Every time a countryman picked off a Turk or did for an Arab Patrizi cried "bravo!" or "bis!" for all the world as though he were sitting in the gallery of the old Tivoli.

What's the result? Simply that we've been treated to the best Italian opera company that has come this way in—well, just how many years doesn't matter. Think of popular-priced Italian opera singers who drive to their apartments at the St. Francis in taxicabs! In other years they used to hoof it to the Italian quarter and cook their own spaghetti. But there are singers at the Cort who hail a taxi as casually as you or I signal a street car. And the bringing of such to San Francisco was, I submit, no small achievement on the part of Patrizi.

Of course running up taxi bills isn't the measure of the greatness of these singers. It is merely a proof of their prosperity. Patrizi, as might be suspected, hired them for their voices. Whether or not he is a good judge of voices may be left to opera-goers to determine. The attendance at the Cort seems to be a sort of indorsement of his ear.

Patrizi tells me that it's no easy matter picking your singers in Milan. Milano is the world market for vocalists, as he expresses it, and it seems that there is a good deal of dishonest trading. The agents are prepared to "slip one over on you," to use an elegance of current diction, at any time. They are schemers, says Patrizi; when the demand is large the prices jump.

But Patrizi knew what singers he wanted. He was not an inexperienced marketer. He had been reading the Italian papers quite a bit, as you may imagine, and the good singers were not strangers to him. Tarquini, for instance, he had had his managerial eye on for ten months. From the night of her first appearance in Zandonai's opera just a year ago he had tabbed her for his company. He looked her up the moment he got to Milan. Incidentally he got the best of Dippel.

Patrizi heard that Tarquini was going to



ETTORE PATRIZI

Covent Garden. He knew that once she sang there her price would be prohibitive. So he hastened to tie her up with a contract before she left Milan for London. Dippel was not so foxy. He waited till after the Covent Garden season. And then he found that he couldn't get Tarquini till San Francisco was through with her. But he wants her so much that he'll be glad to take her anyway. All of which may be musical history some day. You never can tell. Covent Garden may be as proud, a few years from now, of having given Tarquini to San Francisco as San Francisco already is of having given Tetrazzini to Covent Garden.

Patrizi had more trouble with some of the less important twitterers than with Tarquini. They tried his patience woefully. He was haled from city to city to hear them sing. And some of them wouldn't sing for him—wanted to be engaged on the strength of their reputations.

"An artist of fame is offended if you ask him to sing," says Ettore; "it's a very dangerous request to make."

So he engaged two without hearing them. And he's sorry he did it. For they haven't made good. But wild horses wouldn't suffice to drag their names from me.

"Are the song birds very hard to handle, once you've caught them?" I asked Patrizi.

"These? Well, these are not as bad as the usual run," he admitted cheerfully. "They are actually on good terms with one another. Think of it! Two of the baritones live together in perfect amity. Why, they're as friendly as could be. And the prime donne get along without friction. They eat together. There is no jealousy. It is all very remarkable."

Of course Patrizi may exaggerate a bit out of loyalty to his cage of twitterers. An opera company wherein the dear women didn't pull hair and scratch occasionally and the men didn't sneer and shrug the expressive shoulder would be a miracle, and we are usually assured that the age of miracles has passed.

"You know one of the reasons things were easy for me?" asked Patrizi.

How could I guess?

"Publishers, composers and singers all ask one question: 'Who is going to be your conductor?' And when I told them Bavagnoli, it was all right. I wanted Polacco in the first place, but when I couldn't get him I was glad to take Bavagnoli."

Which must be regarded as a sort of compliment to the hardest working man of the whole musical organization.

"Reward?" mused Patrizi in response to another question. "There is no reward in all this except the artistic satisfaction. But is not that enough? I have given San Francisco 'Conchita.' That is a great satisfaction. Ours was the first city in America to hear 'Boheme.' I was instrumental in bringing it here. Our city is also the first to hear Zandonai's opera. But there is this difference: That first night of 'Boheme' at the California in Bush street was not a great occasion; there was not a big house, and the company was poor. The first night of 'Conchita' was a triumph in every way.

"We are more wide awake about our music now than we were then. Perhaps the change started about the time Mascagni came here. I brought him here, you may remember. He came for a rest from his eastern law suits and went away with over $20,000."

Eager to hear musical history I encouraged Patrizi to go on. The result was that I discovered another discoverer of Tetrazzini. Just add Ettore to the list.

"I brought her here from the City of Mexico," he says proudly. "Leahy tried to get her, but came back in despair. Then I went and succeeded."

Very interesting, but I wonder what Doc Leahy's version of that incident is?

I don't have to remind you that Patrizi has been fiddling with opera for some little time. In

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Viereck Replies to Witter Bynner

New York, Sept. 28, 1912.

Town Talk, Gentlemen: In your issue of September 7 you print a few remarks by Mr. Witter Bynner which I cannot let pass without protest. Mr. Bynner speaks in a derogatory manner of my verse. This surprises me as he repeatedly asked me to submit my books to a firm of publishers which he represents. He must be unfaithful either to the firm or to his critical judgment, if he has so low an opinion of "Viereckless-ness." Mr. Bynner attributes a remark to William Marion Reedy concerning "Pimples and Puberty" which Mr. Reedy never made. The bon mot in question was coined by a smart young man of Mr. Bynner's own set. Let me assure you that whatever may be said of my poetry, my complexion is impeccable. When Mr. Bynner says that I "claimed" that my father was the illegitimate son of old Kaiser William, he utters an untruth, but I have no wish to discuss that subject. I regret that the verse my attitude inspired in Mr. Bynner is so hopelessly bad. That is indeed adding insult to injury. Mr. Bynner is equally at fault when he remarks that my poem, "The Haunted House" was written to the body of a dead woman. If he will take the trouble to look up the poem in question he will find that the lady was, on the contrary, very much alive. It is quite possible that I may have made the remark about "St. Alfred" and "St. Oscar" in my green days. Meanwhile, I have grown up, but Mr. Bynner evidently has not. Mr. Bynner finally falsely accuses me of being witty. I admit I was clever in the past but I had to give it up because it ruined my reputation.

Sincerely yours,

—George Sylvester Viereck.

"Open-Faced Barber Shops"

Editor Town Talk: Is there any reason why proprietors of barber shops could not be compelled to screen the windows of their establishments and save the passerby the very disagreeable sight of seeing men undergoing their tonsorial obligations? It is anything but pleasant I assure you for a lady to see their "dear men" perched upon chairs swathed in towels, their faces covered with lather, and the artists standing over them wielding their dangerous looking implements of execution as if about to cut their throats. Others with steaming towels being applied to their lobster-hued faces appearing as if they were about to choke, and then there is the hair clipper—Oh my—for my part, and hundreds of others, the sight is very unpleasant. What would you men think if we women were to sit in the windows of fashionable hair dressing "parlors" and go through the evolution of having our faces steamed, bleached, rouged, powdered, hair crimped, dressed, and our nails manicured? Why there would be a great hue and cry. Then for Heaven's sake, men, don't patronize open-faced barber shops whose owners have not the decency to screen their customer from the common gaze, to the disgust of the ladies.

Respectfully,

—Woman Subscriber.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Oldest Royal Line Extinct

With the recent death of Prince Nicholas Lusignan in St. Petersburg ends the oldest royal line in the world. Prince Nicholas was the only son of Lusignan VI., King of Cyprus, Syria and Jerusalem until the year 1878, when the English occupied Cyprus. His house had reigned there since the days of the Crusades—a matter of seven and a half centuries. The British Government offered King Lusignan a handsome pension if he would formally renounce his claims and retire to some spot in the British Empire, but the monarch refused, saying he would rather die in penury than renounce his rights to his foes. He was exiled from Cyprus and went to St. Petersburg, where his family was brought up. They all died in the greatest poverty and Prince Nicholas ended his life in a public hospital in that city. This ancient line came from the town of Lusignan in France. They were known in history as Counts of Forez till the eleventh century, when one of them became King of Cyprus and Jerusalem which were taken from the Moslems by the Knights of the Cross

The Danger of Measles

Measles, which is regarded as one of the necessary and not serious ills of childhood, had a death rate in 1910 more than half as large as that for both diphtheria and croup. A death rate table compiled for the States which make an annual report on vital statistics, or for the so-called "registered area," which includes half the population of the United States, was exhibited at the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, which met in Washington, September 26. It showed the following death rates:

	Death per 100,000 Population	
Diphtheria and Croup	11,512	21.4
Whooping Cough	6,146	11.4
Scarlet Fever	6,255	11.6
Infantile Paralysis	1,549	2.7
Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis	2,272	4.2
Measles	6,598	12.3

Cigarettes Least Harmful

We used to think that the pipe was the least harmful means of consuming tobacco; that the cigarette was the most harmful; and that the cigar came in between. But the London Lancet, a great medical authority, asks us to revise our notions. The Lancet experts have made an investigation and report that pipe mixtures contain the most nicotine and yield the largest percentage when smoked. In other words, more nicotine reaches the mouth from a pipe than from a cigar or cigarette. At the same time the Lancet investigators say that perhaps too much attention has been paid to nicotine and not enough to other harmful constituents of tobacco. One of these, they say, is furfural, a toxic and highly irritating substance. There is a lot of furfural in cheap cigarettes, and that may explain why they cause throat trouble when smoked to excess.

The Male Nude in Paris

The Paris authorities covered the new statue of Oscar Wilde in Pere Lachaise with tarpaulin because it was a male nude. The result was that the sculptor, a young American named Jacob Epstein, waxed so indignant that he took the first boat from Dover to Calais, rushed to Paris and tore the covering off. The incident calls attention to the fact that there is a ban on the male nude in France. The female nude is tolerated but not the male. This is rather a curious situation, and hard to account for. The reverse seems to be the case in Berlin. There are lots of male nudes there but the female nudes could be counted on one's fingers. As for the Wilde statue, Rodin is using his influence to let the statue stay in the cemetery without its tarpaulin covering.

Conditions in Spain

At the instigation of King Alfonso of Spain, Premier Canalejas recently directed the Minister of the Interior to prepare a report giving particulars regarding the emigration of Spanish subjects, of educational conditions and measures and other information regarding the economics of the land. The report has shown a shocking and deplorable state of affairs. It has revealed that 60 per cent of the land in Spain is uncultivated and that 38 per cent of that under cultivation lacks irrigation utterly. Forty-five hundred villages in Spain have no roads or methods of communication, not even bridle paths, and entirely lack railroad communication. Two thousand villages are constantly under fever plagues. Thirty thousand towns and villages (two-thirds of those in the country) possess no school or any means of education and 12,000,000 of the 17,000,000 inhabitants of Spain can neither read nor write. The neglect of the soil and the lack of educational opportunities have turned the more ambitious Spaniards to the Latin-American republics. The National Agricultural League denounces these conditions as shameful and constituting a national disgrace, and the Spanish press demands reformation in the name of the very life of the nation.

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Perspective Impressions

All the Presidential candidates are satisfied with the outlook. Not so all the people.

"Breakfastless, Johnson left Schenectady for Auburn." Dear, dear! This will never do. The Stomach in Politics is getting careless.

Now comes a Methodist preacher of Pittsburg who insists that men should shave before entering church. This is a case of recognizing the razor as an instrument of salvation.

The Candid Friend says that Bill Kent is no hypocrite. To be sure not. To do what one disapproves in others is not hypocrisy. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.

The feminine passion for thinness has spread to Germany where the ladies of the nobility are assiduously cultivating the pangs of hunger. If the Kaiser likes them fat what an awful roar he will emit!

See what politics has done to Gertrude Atherton. She has consented at the request of the provincial suffragettes of Los Angeles to hold herself aloof from Lady Nicotine in public. This is tragic. It savors of the politician's passion for popularity.

David Starr Jordan has discovered the cause of the high cost of living. It is the military system that reduces the number of men available for labor. If there is anything else you don't know, ask Dave, the oracle, to whom political economy is a paradox.

If Teddy wants to be an editor why doesn't he start a paper of his own and call it "The Short and Ugly."

After looking over the field very carefully we have found that Teddy has settled every national problem except the tariff and every international problem except the Balkans.

"I am hurrying home to work for Wilson and Marshall and Sulzer and Glynn," writes W. R. Hearst. But if he works for Sulzer the way he has been working for Wilson, our sympathies are at the command of Sulzer.

"What Christianity has failed to accomplish Bahaism has already accomplished," said the Unitarian Bradford Leavitt in introducing Abdul Baha Abbas to his congregation. And what is this great accomplishment? Simply the teaching of "the fundamental unity of all religions." But a Sunday school pupil could tell Dr. Leavitt that Christianity never dreamed of teaching anything of the sort.

In Los Angeles where evil comes up softly like a flower, a censor of public morals has been caught in a lapse from virtue much to the indignation of the communtiy. That's what the young man gets for being momentarily sober! Los Angeles is the land of Cockaigne where they follow the counsel of Baudelaire: Be always drunken—with wine, with poetry or with virtue. They eschew wine and poetry in Los Angeles.

Governor Johnson has made a name for himself in the East. But the folk at home have no reason to be proud of it.

Dr. Jordan says he is going to resign his university job to fight for international peace. More work for Rozinante. Gidap!

Why put a time limit on the quaffing of foaming beakers by the frolicsome breakers on the Great Wine Way? Some people seem to be under the delusion that the clock is a sacramental killjoy in the interest of virtue.

The McNamaras missed the opportunity of their lives when they failed to blow up the Panama Canal. That would have been a dandy social crime, a beautiful protest against war and the powers that be. Is there no Industrial Worker meditating on the glory of such a grand achievement?

Hearst has a new issue of tremendous importance—the throwing open of public school houses for public meeting purposes after school hours. He says: "When every American school house becomes as it should be a political and civic center the foundations of a true people's government will be forever safe." Yet we are told that we are too sophisticated nowadays for spread-eagle claptrap. The orator of the crossroads is not dead. He is writing flubdub for the Hearst papers.

The Balkans Today

By James Baker

We were at Pirot in Servia, on the Bulgarian frontier, and close to the Turkish frontier: a town that is strongly fortified, and where watch is kept for agents and spies. The Servian journals were full of the war between Italy and Turkey, and suspicious of advantage being taken by Albanians and Austrians, so one had to be careful. At this Pirot, in the heart of the Balkan district, one was at the heart of the Balkan question. I was with a man who knew all the surrounding countries and their tongues, who had lived in Turkey and Asia Minor; and gradually, as we visited primary schools, churches, and gymnasiums, from his talk, and others I had had in Belgrade and Bucharest, I obtained a more lucid idea of these complications than I had before. The Balkans simply means the mountains. The peasants here say "I am going into the Balkans"—i. e. the hills; hence the difficulty of getting exactly to know what are the Balkans locally. The Balkan question involves the States of Austria, Hungary, Turkey, Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, Russia. It is almost wholly a question of race and religion and largely, too, an aspiration after ancient dominion possessed by these different kingdoms centuries ago. The territory in which the smaller nations live is beautiful. Rushing rivers flow through awful gorges and defiles; range on range of hills lead up in involved masses to the greater mountain chains where winter rules, as was shown to the world in 1878, in the war horrors of the Shipka Pass and the heroism of Plevna. Encircled by the hills are rich valleys and vast marshy plains where formerly yellow fever was plentiful, but today cultivation has destroyed it. Through a great part of this Balkan district flows the Danube, and all the States involved in the Balkan question are linked with or border on this fascinating river; Bosnia and Herzegovina are linked through their Austrian connection, and Montenegro, far from the Danube, is linked with the Balkan question by race relation with the Slavs.

The Balkan States are just emerging from the centuries of fierce and corrupt Moslem rule. Mosques are still in these cities, and Oriental customs and habits of thought still cling to their peoples. Not fifty years have passed by since the power of the Sultan was dominant in the Balkans, and this fact must ever be remembered when the state of the towns and villages is considered; and, being remembered, the great advance in the general welfare of the people, and the developments in the cities and towns are deeply interesting and very remarkable. This town of Pirot is, as it were, an advance guard of the Slav folk against the Moslem, but it also illustrates the division of the Slavs amongst themselves, for its extensive fortress, now partly a picturesque ruin, was only a few years ago taken by the Bulgarians and the next day retaken by the Servians after a fierce two days' bloodshed. How suspicious they are today, and even watchful, was proved to me promptly by my being accosted rather roughly in Servian, when I had gone alone to the outskirts of the town, and was looking round on the Bulgarian hills, noticing the position of the old fortress, and the numerous modern sunk forts on the hills around. My questioner followed me back into the town asking questions I did not understand, a gendarme joining him, until I regained my friend, who then explained; and he told me the man was a Government official in plain clothes; there were many spies from the neighboring Powers around them. The civilization or culture in these towns in the Balkan States is in a transition state. Everywhere one sees the late developments of science and education being adopted, towns are being rapidly changed. But get on to the outskirts, or in the poorer quarters of these towns, and you are

(Continued on Page 23.)

Going Abroad?

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Poems About San Francisco

LXI—OUR LADY OF THE GATE

By Samuel J. Alexander

(Some time ago a poem "To San Francisco" by Samuel John Alexander of Beresford was published in this series. Since then Mr. Alexander has published, through A. M. Robertson of this city, a very meritorious volume of poems entitled "The Inverted Torch and Other Poems." The following which may be termed a rhapsody is taken from that volume.)

While still the pillars of the earth endure
The deep foundations of Her house are sure
Though the red flag of cosmic hate unfurled
Flash through the caverns of the underworld;
Though Titans struggling in the primal deeps
Fling hill on hill, to gain Her sun-crowned steeps,
Still shall She reign, Our Lady of the Gate,
Where all things enter, come they soon or late.
Still North and South, still East and West shall meet
To lay their vassal homage at Her feet.
Still Time, Her handmaid, gathers to Her hands
The sea-flung tribute of Her subject lands.
Oh Thou, beloved! Mother of many men,
Strong sons, who build Thy broken walls again,
Who with enduring labor set the base
Of all Thy future in its ancient place.
Temples to Hermes shall they build, to meet
The needs that spring beneath his winged feet.
Yet at those altars, where the God receives
The tangled vows of traders and of thieves,
Yea, even there, diviner, drifted down
From higher heights, a higher light may crown.
Oh, may that Flower of Beauty that was Greece,
That Star of Splendor that was Rome, increase,
And bloom familiar round Thy wonted ways,
And shine above Thee with serener rays.
So shalt Thou hear, the while Thy walls aspire,
The throbbing music of the Sun God's lyre.

The Spectator

To Douse the Red Lights

The oldest profession on earth is soon to come to the end of its days in this State. This I learn from a letter and some circulars sent me by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of California. The ladies of this ascetic society have started what they call "a campaign" against prostitution. They purpose to abolish it by legislation, and they ask me to give support to an act to be introduced at the next session of the legislature. I am told that the proposed law is similar to the "red light injunction and abatement law in Iowa which has proven effective in the wiping out of public prostitution in that State." I am told that the "chief advantage of this law is that any citizen with the help of any attorney he may select may bring action against the property owner who is held responsible for the unlawful use of his property." The ladies of the temperance union must struggle along without my assistance. The kind of reform that Herbert Spencer has described as "spontaneous reform" does not appeal to me. I have no faith in legislative short-cuts to purification of morals, nor do I approve a proposal to give "any citizen" and "any attorney" a power that ought to reside exclusively in the hands of the constituted authorities. The law which the ladies wish to have enacted may do more toward promoting blackmail than abating prostitution. The ladies tell me that the law has proved "effective in the wiping out of public prostitution in Iowa," which may be so, but I cannot see what advantage is to be derived from making prostitution private. The chief purpose of the campaign, it is said, is to prevent the spread of disease, but this is not to be accomplished by abating public prostitution and increasing the private variety. Like all reformers the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union lack worldly knowledge. Their law if adopted will have an effect directly opposite to that which they are aiming at. In this matter they are jumping at a wrong conclusion with the same enthusiasm with which they advocated the abolition of the army canteen.

The Moral Spasm in Chicago

In Chicago there is a law similar to the one which the temperance women hope to have enacted in this State. What the effect of the law has been may be learned from a press despatch in the Chronicle of last Tuesday. It says: "Disposition of the large number of women who have left the 'levee' is a problem. Many of them have sought lodging in hotels and boarding-houses in the residence neighborhood." This is what may be expected in any city where the law is enforced. The evil may be scattered by statute, but it is not to be extirpated by that means.

The Perennial Problem

This social evil problem has been solved many times in the minds of American reformers. At the suggestion of doctrinaires many laws have been passed, some guaranteed to check the evil, others designed to regulate it, not a few to stamp it out, but there is not a big city in this country where it does not flourish. We are no nearer to the solution of the problem today than were the sanguine reformers in the days of Lecky, whose views on the subject might be read to advantage by the temperance women of California. There is one paragraph in the History of European Morals which has been frequently quoted, but which will bear repetition at this time. Says Lecky:

> "There has arisen in society a figure which is certainly the most mournful, and in some respects the most awful, upon which the eye of the moralist can dwell. That unhappy being whose very name is a shame to speak; who counterfeits with a cold heart the transports of affection, and submits herself as the passive instrument of lust; who is scorned and insulted as the vilest of her sex, and doomed, for the most part, to disease and abject wretchedness and an early death, appears in every age as the perpetual symbol of the degradation and the sinfulness of man. Herself the supreme type of vice, she is ultimately the most efficient guardian of virtue. But for her, the unchallenged purity of countless happy homes would be polluted, and not a few who, in the pride of their untempted chastity, think of her with an indignant shudder, would have known the agony of remorse and of despair. On that one degraded and ignoble form are concentrated the passions that might have filled the world with shame. She remains, while creeds and civilisations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people."

Cocksure Jordan

David Starr Jordan, I see, is in sympathy with this feminine reform movement. This is quite natural. Dr. Jordan instinctively decides every question on its own basis, however narrow, with never the slightest thought of the possibility of light being thrown upon it from principles more extensive than itself. Dr. Jordan is the greatest haphazard reformer of the age. He is for everything that looks good at first blush—everything from reforming orthography to improving the instincts of the seals. Not in him is there any eagerness for comprehensive inquiry or curiosity regarding principles he knows nothing about. Label a thing "Reform" and Dr. Jordan is for it. And so he says: "There is no more important matter to come before civilized nations than that of the absolute extermination of the red light districts of our cities." Neither is there any matter more important to come before civilized nations, according to Dr. Jordan, than the Carnegie

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system of bad spelling, not barring the Carnegie scheme for putting the nations of the world on a perpetual peace basis. The extermination of the red light districts is important says Jordan because they are plague spots and by destroying them we shall destroy the plague. The cocksureness of Jordan is perennial.

The Problem Solved

If Dr. Jordan will consult one of Stanford's former professors he may learn something worth while with reference to this very matter under discussion. The professor is Earl Barnes who has written a book on "Woman in Modern Society." Earl Barnes is one of the cocksure school of philosophers. He is not concerned about red light districts, but unconsciously he has suggested a method of accomplishing the very thing desired by Dr. Jordan and the ladies of the temperance union. He tells us that the only complete realization of life for both men and women lies in romantic love and that to make this realization possible we should abolish the medieval system of marriage. Professor Barnes is for free divorce. He regards those communities as "progressive and enlightened" in which divorce is increasing rapidly, and he says that in the course of time there will be no restriction on married persons. The millennium will come, according to Barnes, when men and women have nothing to bind them but mutual love for their children. Now this is the millennium that Dr. Jordan should seek to hasten. When divorce becomes free with marriage as lasting only as passion, the oldest profession on earth will fall into innocuous desuetude.

The News About the Call

Is it news? From time to time we heard that John D. Spreckels contemplated changes in the management of the Call, but nothing happened. Now the rumor is revived in slightly different shape. It is being told in newspaper circles that Charles W. Hornick, the general manager of the Call, will soon be succeeded by William Wallace Chapin of Seattle and that Chapin will eventually buy the paper from Spreckels. This may be true, but you never can tell. Newspaper deals have a way of falling through. But there seems to be no doubt that Hornick will discontinue the management of the paper. His health has been very bad of late, and I understand that his physician has stated that he will not live more than three months unless he quits active work. I believe that Hornick has decided to lease his home here and betake himself to the European watering places for rest and recuperation.

Who Chapin Is

William Wallace Chapin who is mentioned as the man to succeed Hornick as general manager of the Call, was until recently general manager and part owner of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. John L. Wilson is the principal owner of the P.-I. and, I believe, bought out Chapin's interest when the latter decided to retire. Chapin has not been in the newspaper business long but he likes it and wants to have a paper of his own. It is said that he considered launching an afternoon daily in Seattle, but that after going over the field very carefully, he decided that starting a new paper was too risky a business when there were papers already established which might be acquired. Then followed, if the story may be believed, his dickering with John D. Spreckels. It is said that Chapin has entered into a deal with Spreckels by which he will take over the Call at once with an option of buying the newspaper within one year. I believe that Chapin is expected in this city soon. He has a lot of money; his interest in the P.-I. brought him a handsome sum, and he recently came into a fortune through the death of a rich relative in the East. There is a report in Seattle that Chapin offered the managing-editorship of the Call to Erastus Brainerd who used to be editor of the P.-I. Whether true or not it seems to indicate that Ernest S. Simpson, the present managing editor of the Call, will leave the paper with Hornick. They went to the Call together from the Chronicle.

Pinchot Gives Up His Goat

Gifted Pinchot has come away from Eureka with no high opinion of the intelligence of the people of that thriving town. Their intelligence he put to a test while shedding on them the light of his countenance and edifying them with sentiments dear to his heart. "All those who want to see Roosevelt elected hold up their hands," said the Cabinet candidate. That was the test. There were a thousand people in the hall. Pinchot was able to count not more than fifty hands. He was astounded. He was also peeved. He frowned on his audience, and his face, never at any time good to look at, resembled a gargoyle. And then as if to rebuke the audience he observed that Roosevelt would be elected in November. A storm of "Noes" shook the house. One man got on his feet and offered to bet the speaker ten dollars on Wilson. Pinchot ignored the proposition, and closed his speech with a few words on conservation.

Huntington May Come Back

That Henry E. Huntington may again make San Francisco the centre of his financial operations some of his friends in this city believe. The outlook in this city is inviting to a man of Huntington's wealth and enterprise, and there appears to be a very good opening for him. That mammoth corporation that was organized some time ago when "Borax" Smith and Will Tevis combined forces under the direction of Hanford the promoter, is believed to be very much in need of the talent for organization that Huntington possesses. Mr. Hanford has not succeeded in vitalizing that colossal corporation. Its nicely engraved and artistic securities have not caused any flurry among men skilled in the imponderabilities of high finance, and thus far there has been little done toward development of the united properties. Some months ago Mr. Huntington was induced to look them over, and now it is said he is thinking of buying the Hanford interests. If he does take hold it is unlikely that he will be satisfied with a minor interest. Indeed if he is to take part in any deal at all the probability is that he will take control.

The Passing of Lucien Young

He died a rear admiral, but it is doubtful whether any of his friends ever called him aught but "Captain." His friends were scattered all over the world, but there were very many of them here. He loved this city for its cosmopolitan gaiety and its easy-going democracy. For he was one of the most democratic of men. Too democratic the snobs of the navy always considered him. But he laughed at them for their pretense, their ram-rod stiffness and their wouldbe assertion of superior caste. So they hated him and did all they could to retard his promotion. The bureaucrats at Washington held him in bitter enmity, and when his boat, the Bennington, was blown up in San Diego harbor they tried to fasten the blame on him. They failed, and he was completely exonerated. How horrified some of his brothers in the service were when they saw him on the Vallejo boat drinking with a scow captain or passing pleasantries with a deck hand. The enlisted men in the navy loved him for his genuineness, for his bravery and for the kindly way he treated them. He liked to see merit recognized by promotion from the ranks; and, an Annapolis man himself, never stopped to inquire whether a brother officer had gone through college before extending to him the consideration which his worth deserved.

A Typical Sea Dog

The stories of his bravery are part of our naval annals. For that Huron affair he was voted a medal of the first class by Congress and from his native and beloved State of Kentucky he re-

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ceived a sword and an honorary membership in the Legislature. He was the youngest man of his rank in the service despite the fact that promotion came to him slowly. The bureaucrats sent him from Mare Island to Pensacola to sidetrack him, but they could not withhold from him the rank of rear admiral which was his due. He was a typical old sea dog who loved fighting, drinking and story telling. There never was a better raconteur or a sounder judge of good whisky. How contemptuous he was of cellar made goods! He had some curious notions. One was that the reason Manila cigars were not as popular as they should be in the United States was because they had become seasick on the way over! He insisted that they had to rest after the voyage to regain their flavor.

He Was Known Everywhere

He knew the great men, the men worth while, in every country. He could go nowhere that he was not hailed with delight. Whenever he set foot in Honolulu the whole populace seemed to turn out to grasp him by the hand and pledge his health. He used to tell how he was once crossing the wild mountains of South America with a pack train and two mozos and came one afternoon to a mean shack in a most God-forsaken part of the route. A dirty, hairy, savage-looking man came out at his call. Captain Young asked for shelter and food and drink. "You're Lucien Young, ain't you?" asked the man. It turned out that the hermit was a New Yorker who had fled the law at the time of the Jake Sharp graft exposures. And so it was everywhere. In the most unlikely places he ran into people who knew him. In this connection let me give some verses which I have never seen in print. I have had them a long time, and don't know who wrote them. They are addressed

To Lucien Young of the Navy

I.

I've sailed the wide seas over,
Been in many a foreign land;
The Tartar's yell and the Hindoo's howl
I've managed to understand.
And in many tongues this question,
With his praises has been sung;
"Do you know an American over there
"By the name of Lucien Young?"

"Wha-at? Lucien Young of the Navy?
"Wh-o? Captain Young of the Hist?
"Why, we point with pride on the other side
"To Lucient Young who rules the tide,
"(Be the tide of wine or the deep sea's brine),
"To Lucien Young of the Navy."

II.

In Russia and in Germany,
With their vodka and their beer,
They do such stunts of drinking
As are seldom witnessed here.
But there's one man they remember,
And their heads with shame have hung,
When they asked, "Do you know an American
"By the name of Lucien Young?"

"Wha-t? Lucien Young of the Navy?
"Who-o? Captain Young of the Hist?
"Then a friend of his is a friend of mine,
"And we'll pledge his luck in the foaming wine.
"Here's a toast at last shall not be passed,
"To Lucien Young of the Navy."

III.

In Yokohama one fine eve I was feeling rather tacky
And I made some sign to Geisha girl
To join me in some saki.
She toddled over to my side, and this query on me sprung:
"You savee 'Melican man, allee samee
"By namee Lucy Young?"

"W-h-a-t? Lucien Young of the Navy?
'W-h-h-o? Captain Young of the Hist?
"If you'll only take the trouble to look,
"You'll find his name in the spelling-book."
And I clinked the glass of the slant-eyed lass,
To—Lucien Young of the Navy.

IV.

In Chile, Spain, Alaska, in Java and Samar,
In Honolulu, Hudson Bay, Port Said or Zanzibar,
In every sort of gibberish I've heard this question sprung:
"Do you know a man in your countree
"By the name of Lucien Young?"

"Wha-t? Lucien Young of the Navy?
"Wh-o? Lucien Young of the Hist?
"Oh, yes, he'll put you up for the night,
"And he'll put you under the table all right,
"So here's to his health, long life and wealth,
"To Lucien Young of the Navy."

In a Havana Sewer

So much credit was given to General Leonard Wood for the cleaning up of Havana after the war that the part the navy played in that campaign of sanitation has been ignored. It was found necessary to clean out the sewers which were a menace to health, and the bluejackets were ordered from the ships in the harbor to do the work. They didn't fancy the job at all, and stood about uncertainly, fingering their shovels. Captain Young took in the situation. "Here, give me a shovel," he cried; "I'll show you how to do it." And he jumped down a manhole and set to work. Out of pure shame the men had to follow his example, and the work was well done.

Mixed Drinks in St. Petersburg

Once when Young was at St. Petersburg a grand banquet was given to the naval officers by the Russian nobles at Tsarkoe Selo. Young sat next to a grand duke who plied him with vodka with the evident intention of getting him drunk. The grand duke was curious about American mixed drinks, had never tasted any. Could Captain Young mix him a cocktail? Captain Young admitted that he was a skilled mixologist. So he took champagne and mixed it with catsup, salt and pepper. The grand duke was delighted. Every time Young drank a glass of vodka the grand duke punished one of Young's cocktails. The catsup was soon exhausted, so Captain Young substituted tabasco sauce or Worcestershire as the fancy seized him. "After a while I began to feel the effect of the vodka," he would say in telling the story. "First I noticed the salt cellar running round my plate. Then the pepper shaker began chasing the salt cellar. Pretty soon all the bottles were playing ring-around-with-Rosy. The last I remembered was the grand duke still sitting there perfectly sober and smacking his lips over one of my cocktails."

Mosher on Mrs. Atherton

Thomas B. Mosher who publishes the Bibelot at Portland, Maine, paid his disrespects to Gertrude Atherton in the September number of his



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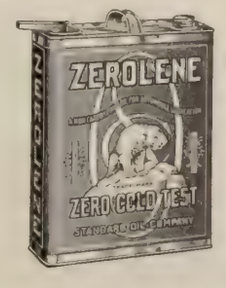
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little publication which was devoted to two stories by Ernest Dowson. "There is one aspect of Dowson's case," says Mosher in his foreword, "that we may at once grapple and have done with. Considerable rubbish at all times has been printed on the literary genius gone wrong. It was reserved for the author of The Gorgeous Isle to rake in the ashes of the poet's lamentable life and seek, as it would seem, to justify her ways; assuredly not of God to man, but rather of the enterprising novelist keen for sensational advertising 'copy.' In an interview graciously granted the New York Times reporter, December 12, 1908, we see this lady 'sitting in her apartment at the Hotel Wellington,' giving an absurd theory of the sources of inspiration of the poor little wretch of a poet who was only at white heat when drunk. The 'Warner' whose experience in her book 'is wholly founded on fact' seems to have been two persons in one; Dowson and another whose name is not given, but whom we may confidently take to have been no less a personage than the late Algernon Charles Swinburne. We can safely leave the dead Swinburne to his friend, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and we can just as safely affirm that the notion of a man being able to write anything worth while when under the influence of drink is, at least, a very doubtful assertion. It certainly was not so with Rossetti or Poe. Do you believe it likely to have been so with Francis Thompson or Ernest Dowson?"

A Chance for Mrs. Atherton

Here is a chance for Mrs. Atherton. As she is a painstaking student of human nature and resourceful in argument, I have no doubt of the result if she undertakes to pulverize the claims of Mr. Mosher. I have heard Mrs. Atherton say that both Swinburne and Dowson did actually write good poetry "while the booze burned in the brain," as Louis Robertson put it. In fact she has told me that Swinburne ceased to write good poetry when Theodore Watts-Dunton carried him off to the country and undertook to cure him of the drink habit. A comparison of dates will show that Swinburne ceased to do the sort of work which made him immortal just about the time that Watts-Dunton pinned a blue ribbon on him. As for Dowson his latter days were pretty nearly one long glorious jag, if what I have heard from men who knew him is true. So there may be a good deal of assumption as well as petty malice in what Mr. Mosher of Maine says about Mrs. Atherton. I hope that the author of The Gorgeous Isle will pause in her political labors long enough to reply to him.

Rudolph Wants to Know

It is impossible not to be in accord with Mr. Rudolph Spreckels at times either in his affections or his antipathies. For Mr. Spreckels is variable of temperament. At present there are many people in accord with Mr. Spreckels who were never so before. They are in accord with him in his attitude toward the Johnson administration and toward his old ally, the Colonel, who used to send him telegrams for publication in the Bulletin, telling him what a noble citizen he was and what great work he was doing for the dear people. Johnson and Teddy have become detestable to Mr. Spreckels, and the Bulletin, by which he was so often guaranteed in the past, he regards as intolerable. Nowadays Mr. Spreckels is getting a good deal of pleasure out of life girding at his old cronies and holding up their pretensions to public ridicule. Mr. Spreckels has become a facile writer, and he turns out readable stuff; as, for instance, his open letter to Governor Johnson in which he demands information as to the governor's intentions with regard to Abe Ruef and the McNamaras. According to Mr. Spreckels the governor is playing both ends against the middle, thus cultivating for political purposes the friends of Ruef who wish to see him pardoned and also the men who wish to see him kept in jail. Mr. Spreckels says that though the governor promised Lincoln Steffens that he would pardon the McNamaras, he has since said that he did not intend to pardon them. Mr. Spreckels calls on the governor to "declare in unequivocal terms his true attitude on both of these matters." The governor may make reply, but I doubt it. He is very busy singing Onward, Christian Soldiers. Besides in this campaign Mr. Spreckels is a heretic.

A New Member

The Bulletin which once upon a time, conceiving Mr. Spreckels to be but little lower than the angels, basked proudly and ostentatiously in the soft radiance of his aureole, took occasion promptly on the appearance of his open letter to elect him to membership in the Ananias Club. Says my contemporary: "The Bulletin is in a position and therefore informs Mr. Spreckels and the public that Lincoln Steffens never visited or talked with Governor Johnson by telephone or otherwise while he was on his recent trip to California and that therefore he could not and did not discuss the McNamara case with him either to ask for a pardon or for any other purpose." Thus does my contemporary betray its clairvoyant power. It "is in a position to know." Some sort of ethereal position manifestly it must be, for certainly the Bulletin could not know unless it played the part of invisible guardian angel either to Steffens or the governor during the muckraker's last visit. But assuming—and this is what gives a naive touch to the statement—assuming that what the Bulletin says is true it does not follow that Mr. Spreckels is a liar, for Mr. Spreckels has not said that the interview between Steffens and Johnson took place on the occasion of the muckraker's last visit. Both Johnson and Steffens have been wandering all over the country. They may have met in a hundred places. Moreover Steffens has been in California more than once since the McNamaras went to the penitentiary. But doubtless Mr. Spreckels is able to take care of himself. He will probably have something more to say on the subject.

The Old City Cemetery

Taking my cue from what my friend the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock told me last week about the history of the Sailors' Home, I went out to the old City Cemetery to have a look at the grave of Mrs. Rebecca Lambert. For years Mrs. Lambert was the good angel of the sailor lads, and when she died she was buried among them. That indefatigable erector of monuments, the late Dr. Cogswell, commemorated her in wrought iron, a fact of which I was ignorant till the Clock Winder told me about it. The old City Cemetery is now Lincoln Park, and it is indubitably one of the city's most attractive beauty spots. With the exception of the Lambert grave and monument only a broken slab or two remain to tell the stranger that Lincoln Park was once a city of the dead. Its grassy slopes are given over to golfers and a few children; occasionally an automobile climbs its road so that the motorists may enjoy the view. I don't know where you can get a more glorious view in San Francisco. From the summit of the park you have a feast of water and hill scenery that is enough to inspire a poet. The Marin coast, Point Bonita, Fort Point, the Golden Gate and the city's hills are spread out before you. The "bare, brown hills" that run down to Baker's Beach, Lone Mountain, Parnassus Heights, the sandy elevations south of Golden Gate Park are all at the command of your eye. If you don't know this wondrous view hasten to get acquainted with it.

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The Lambert Monument

Dr. Cogswell, ridiculed as he has been for his monumental monstrosities, must have been something of a poet after all; otherwise he would never have picked out the ideal spot for the shaft to Mrs. Lambert. It rises just south of the highest point in the park and consists of a wrought iron column on a granite base. It bears the following inscription:

Presented
to the
Ladies' Seaman's
Friend Society by
Dr. Henry D. Cogswell
A Landmark Of The
Seaman's Last Earthly
Port And Resting-Place
In Which He Awaits The
Advent Of The Great Pilot
For His Eternal Destiny.
Dedicated To
Mrs. Rebecca H. Lambert,
The Founder Of This Society,
Who, By Universal Consent,
Has Merited The Unqualified
And Lasting Gratitude Of
The Seaman's Friend For Her
Unselfish And Lifelong
Devotion To Their Cause.

Next to this monument in a square formed by evergreens is the grave of Mrs. Lambert; the name Lambert is carved on the granite coping.

An Indignant Italian

The visitors from Victoria attended the performance of "Conchita" at the Cort last Tuesday night. Before the overture the orchestra took formal notice of their presence by playing "God Save the King" and the audience did them the courtesy of standing up. Then "The Star Spangled Banner" was played and everybody stood up again. After that the overture started. But an Italian in the gallery took offense. Here was an Italian opera sung by an Italian company, and there was no recognition of Italy. "Why you no play Italia march?" he shouted in indignation. It was some time before he could understand the explanation volunteered by his better posted neighbors.

A Derangement of Epitaphs

I quote from that airy-fairy persifleur Cholly Francisco of the Examiner: "The play and the play alone is the thing, and everything else is leather and prunella—or something to that effect—is the way a certain Englishman—no, he was Irish—stated the situation." Accurate quotation may savor of pedantry in the exclusive circles which Cholly honors, but I cannot help setting him right. If Cholly will look into his Hamlet he will find "The play's the thing." Then if he looks into Pope's Essay on Man he will find

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

May I add that neither Shakespeare nor Pope was an Irishman?

He Needs the Money

I have been told that Alexander Heinemann, the great lieder singer who was at the Orpheum last week, went into vaudeville for the very simple and satisfactory reason that he needed the money. The story is that Heinemann was victimized by an Easterner with whom he had business connections, his loss amounting to about $20,000. That wiped out all the profits of his last American tour, and he would have started across the Atlantic to fill his European engagements practically penniless had not Martin Beck obtained his ear at the psychological moment and unfolded to him a means of putting money in his purse. Heinemann didn't like the notion of going into vaudeville, but he was hard up and the liberal offer made by Beck proved irresistible.

Cabaniss Tagged

"Do not interrupt the witness," roared Assistant District Attorney Jim Brennan.

"I am not interrupting the witness," retorted Attorney Tom O'Connor.

"You are interrupting the witness," ruled Judge Cabaniss.

"I submit to the authority of the court," replied O'Connor; "for your honor is an artist in interruptions."

Club Jealousy?

The members of the Family are wondering whether a certain prominent member of the Bohemian Club was indulging in a sarcastic reference aimed at the Family men on the occasion of the After Glow jinks a few nights ago. The After Glow is a jinks given every year a month or so after the Grove Play. At the conclusion of this year's After Glow which was quite a success, the prominent Bohemian announced that the jinks would be repeated for the benefit of "the Fourth Methodist Church." The members of the Family who were present did not join the Bohemians in the laugh which followed. Rightly or wrongly they interpreted the remark as an ill-natured reference to the entertainment they gave two weeks ago for the benefit of the new Catholic Church at Portola.

A New Name

They were discussing Brown, his charming manners, and his lack of moral responsibility in all matters connected with money. "He means to be honest as the sun," said one of his friends, "but he doesn't get around to paying his debts."

"He ought not to have any debts," said another man. "He ought to have what my boy in college wrote me for the other day—'Kathleen Mavourneen' loans."

"What are they?" asked one of the party.

"A Kathleen Mavourneen loan 'may be for years and it may be forever,'" said the father.

Hobb—Your wife looks like a well-built woman.
Nobb—Yes; but you should have seen her during the course of construction.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MORITZ NICKELSBURG, Deceased—No. 14114 N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Melvil S. Nickelsburg, executor of the last will and testament of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, room 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased.

MELVIL S. NICKELSBURG,
Executor of the last will and testament of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased.

Dated, October 12, 1912.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco. 10-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LINEHAN-ARENDT CO., Plaintiff, vs. F. S. DOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: F. S. DOW, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

DONAHUE & GALE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 8-17-10

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN H. RIORDAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of John H. Riordan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, 514-518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of John H. Riordan, deceased.

PATRICK J. RIORDAN,
Administrator of the Estate of John H. Riordan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 7, 1912.

GEO. F. HATTON and HARTLEY F. PEART,
Attorneys for Administrator,
514-518 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 9-7-5

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

She Scented Naughtiness

If Felton Elkins would only say that he expected to get married—as rumor persists in putting it—he wouldn't have anything like the difficulty he seems to be having in trying to rent a palatial apartment. In negotiating for a ten room apartment last week he admitted inadvertently that it was just for "himself and his valet." "O, I couldn't think of renting it to you" exclaimed the woman who owned it; "this isn't Paris."

A Salesgirl De Luxe

Mrs. Phoebe Binney Harnden is working as a salesgirl in one of our big department stores. This news is of particular interest to graduates of the University of California who remember Phoebe Binney as the belle of the campus. When she was at the University a few years ago Phoebe Binney was regarded as one of the most beautiful and most brilliant of the coeds. She was president of the women's student body, prominent in sorority life and active in all sorts of collegiate doings. And now she is a salesgirl in a department store. But before you shed the ready tear let me explain that Phoebe Binney Harnden was not driven to toil by dire necessity. Far from it. She has quite a large fortune and just before her recent marriage to Robert Harnden of Berkeley she made a leisurely tour of the world, taking a girl friend along for company. No, Mrs. Harnden is working in the department store as a salesgirl de luxe. She has been taking a seminar course at the University and has become interested in social problems. The status of the salesgirl, about which so much is written these days, appealed to her as a subject worthy of investigation. Does the salesgirl receive a living wage? Is she exposed to insults from male customers? Are the temptations in her path too strong for her to resist? Mrs. Harnden decided that the only way to find answers to these questions was to go and be a salesgirl. So a salesgirl she became. On the first day of her adventure two of her girl friends were discussing the unconventional move. "Oh, dear," said one, "I'm just crazy to see Phoebe and find out what happened. I'm longing to ask her whether anybody insulted her!"

Signing Up Dancing Men

We have fallen upon hard times socially. The scarcity of dancing men in the Greenway set amounts to a positive famine. The greatest finesse and diplomacy are necessary on the part of the most attractive girls in order to procure even mediocre partners for their waltzes and two-steps, while eligible partis have become so elusive and expensive that the fathers of some of the debutantes are demurring at the value that these young men place upon themselves merely as ornamental accessories. A girl must now give a large and elaborately appointed dinner before a Bachelor and Benedick ball in order to be assured of as many dances as she has men at her table—and in few cases does she have any more, maneuver as she will. Every Greenway bachelor is already pledged as a dinner guest preceding all of the balls of the season and the best of them were all "taken" by the early birds who had the foresight to invite them as long ago as last winter. Imagine the desperate state of affairs that necessitates asking a man to dinner six months before the date of a ball in order to be sure of having a partner for one dance! If Horace Greely were alive he would surely change his tune from "Go West, Young Man" to "Girls, Go East."



Photo, Boye

MISS DAISY K. ADAMS

Who gave a reading of "Salome" at the Sorosis Club Monday afternoon.

Anent Three Army Bachelors

Major Leon Roudiez, Captain Murray Baldwin and Captain Harry Howland were a trio of army officers rated as three most popular bachelors in service circles here last winter, and in local society where they were welcomed most cordially they were the rivals of every civilian beau in the smart set. But matrimonial immunity was conceded them when they danced through the entire season without succumbing to the fascinations of the buds and belles to whom they were apparently devoted. Captain Baldwin's penchant was for the girls of the debutante set, and he had one or two narrow escapes—going to the very brink of an engagement with one pretty girl. Major Roudiez's attentions to an interesting widow who left last week for New York to spend the winter was very marked up to the sailing time of his regiment, the 30th Infantry—a few months ago—but he departed alone. Foreign stations however have taken all of the heroics out of them as far as bachelorhood is concerned. Captain Baldwin was ordered to the wilds of Mindinao in the Philippines with the 8th Infantry—and in two months he sent for a girl to come all the way from California to marry him. Now comes the news that Major Roudiez, banished last month to the frozen wastes of Alaska for two years' service, induced Miss Lulu Gray Horan of Bronxville who was visiting friends at the fort to become his bride after an acquaintance of only two weeks. Unless Captain Howland is ordered away from San Francisco to some desolate army post he may cling to his bachelor freedom for another season—or at any rate until he decides between one of the pretty heiresses who makes her home at the Fairmont and the fascinating little Spanish beauty who came here recently from the South.

Charlie Clark and His Books

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark have returned from Europe to their beautiful San Mateo home. They have brought with them a lot of rare books and editions de luxe. Charlie Clark is as fond of books as he is of horses. He can talk incunabula with an expert, and knows a valuable first edition from a worthless one as well as some of our librarians. His library at El Palomar is one of the best in California. Mrs. Clark who was Cecilia Tobin shares his enthusiasm for rare volumes and helped him gather additions to the home library during the recent tour abroad. I am reminded that she nearly lost one of Charlie's treasures some time ago. It was the first edition of Thackeray's "Funeral of Napleon," one of the rarest items in Clark's splendid collection of Thackerayana. Mrs. Clark took it to the Burlingame Country Club one day. She read it at the club house but thoughtlessly left it on a chair when she went out on the links and motored home without it. When the loss was discovered Charlie and his wife were in despair. But the next day it was returned by a non-literary chauffeur who was handsomely rewarded.

A Beautiful Salome

It is rarely indeed that I screw my courage to the point of invading a woman's club, but having been bidden to the Sorosis on Monday for the pleasure of listening to a recitation of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," I took my boldness in both hands and went. I am not going to gild the refined gold of my bravery by telling just how few men were in the audience beside myself. Suffice it that the very attractive assembly hall of the dear ladies of the Sorosis was filled with an eager audience. "Salome" was given by Mrs. Daisy Kimball Adams, a statuesque woman of unusual attractiveness reinforced by mental brilliancy. Mrs. Adams does for Wilde's "Salome" what Marshall Darrach does for "The Tempest" and "Hamlet." That is to say, she gives the play from

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memory, investing each character with unmistakeable personality. This is not mere recitation; it is interpretation in the best sense of the word, and Mrs. Adams achieves it most happily. Every character stood out with such distinctness that it was just as easy to follow the recited dialogue as it would have been to read it, although Mrs. Adams only indicated the names of the speakers on the occasion of their first speeches. Her Salome is a most arresting figure, full of the weird beauty and the tangled passions of the Orient. Her Iokanaan was equally impressive, almost a disembodied voice, crying in the palace of Herod as it had cried in the wilderness. Let me convey to Mrs. Adams the congratulations which I was too bashful to extend in the presence of so many women.

The Capitulation of Lawson

Now that John Lawson has finally capitulated to Cupid society would not be surprised if Dick Tobin should follow suit. The surprise of Lawson's surrender has prepared it for anything. Close friends of the handsome Mrs. Babcock knew of his professed admiration. So did one or two of his intimates, but beyond a few in the secret no one guessed that the most popular bachelor of the Burlingame set contemplated matrimony. Lawson is a tall broad-shouldered Englishman who has been much sought by designing duennas, but his engagement was never even rumored before, although at one time the possibility of his marrying Jennie Crocker was seriously discussed. Both Miss Crocker and Lawson laughed at the idea, however, and the Crocker-Whitman engagement was announced soon afterward. Lawson is an intimate friend of Richard Tobin and together they introduced polo in San Mateo. Lawson is a crack player who will enter games in England this season on his honeymoon. Unlike most young Englishmen who take up a residence in the West he is a man of means, and for this reason has never been propelled by the necessity of making a rich marriage. Mrs. Babcock who was the lovely Miss Eels is an undoubted beauty whose first marriage was a sad one. Her husband, Captain Babcock of the army, was an invalid for several years before his death two years ago at the Eels home in this city. The marriage in Ross Valley next week will be attended only by intimate friends.

A Spoiled Honeymoon

When Mr. and Mrs. John Piggott planned their honeymoon they decided to go to Inverness. As Bessie Ashton the bride had frequently visited this quiet resort and its seclusion commended it as an ideal place for a honeymoon. The Henry Williams had closed their summer cottage. Likewise the Van Fleets and Beavers who had returned to town for the winter season. A few guests might be found at the hotel but none to bother the bride and groom who could count on being safely lost to their friends for a fortnight. Unluckily they did not take their friends into the secret of their plans. Judge of their chagrin on reaching Inverness to find at least a score of the young people of their set there to welcome them. The beautiful Fall weather had inspired those with country homes to visit them for a few days and there were four house parties in progress. Of course no one would have thought of deliberately upsetting a quiet honeymoon in this fashion, and had the bride and groom stated their destination the cottages at Inverness would have remained closed. Since it was unwittingly done Mr. and Mrs. Piggott made the best of it and joined in the merry-makings of their friends.



Photo, Bianca Conti

MISS LEOTA TUTTLE

A sister of Mrs. Charles Cooper and well known in the younger set.

Sensible Wedding Gifts

A few brides may have received more gorgeous gifts than those bestowed on winsome Constance McLaren, but none a more useful and well selected array. Instead of many jewels for the bride, friends of the young couple have sent a collection of beautiful things for the new home. There are half a dozen Oriental rugs of great value and an assortment of old mahogany that would make a collector of antiques green with envy. It includes a davenport, chairs, tables and a dining room set of rich old wood. A number of good pictures were also sent to the lucky young people who will set up their Lares et Penates in a pretty residence in Octavia street which Millen Griffith has had entirely remodeled and renovated for his bride.

Was Charlie's Wife

Mrs. Clarence Eddy who will appear here in concert with her husband next week was formerly the wife of Charles Dickman and a social favorite in this city a decade ago. She was Grace Dohrman, niece of William Dohrman when she married the young artist and Bohemian whose pictures have since brought him fame. After several years of married life they were divorced, but remained excellent friends. Mrs. Dickman would frequently say that as a friend Charlie was all that could be desired. She possessed a good voice heard to advantage in a number of amateur operatic productions and after the separation she went to New York to enter upon a professional career. In the East she met and married Clarence Eddy the organist. Dickman has also married a second time and happily.

Society and the Balkans

One might not think offhand that the war cloud in the Balkans would darken our social horizon. But such is the fact. Here we have Prince and Princess Lazarovich-Somethingorother about to start for Servia so that the Prince may fight for his country. The Princess was Nellie Calhoun of San Jose and has a lot of friends here who will regret her departure. But Princess Nellie is doubtless keen to go. She wrote a ponderous history of Servia in two volumes, and may get material for another work if the war clouds let out any real thunder. It remains to be seen, though, whether they'll let the Prince enter Servia. He's an exile. But perhaps they'll be glad to enlist him for the scrap. It is interesting to note that the Prince is now at Stanford. Went there to deliver two lectures on world peace. Just as soon as he has delivered them he'll hie him to the South of Europe and help break the world's peace. I wonder if Starr Jordan sees the joke? Another social disappointment is also due to the trouble in the Balkans. Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Herbert, Lord Innes-Ker and Viscount Gower were coming to California to play polo. But they've wired Walter Dupee that they can't come. Why? War cloud in the Balkans. What that's got to do with it I can't imagine. But it sounds impressive.

Our Suspicious Patronesses

Miss Caroline Alexander, an interesting little Southern girl from Tennessee who is arranging to give a society recital of negro dialect stories, has had the greatest difficulty in interesting our local smart set women as patronesses. Simply because she told them that she had appeared before princesses, duchesses, countesses and the like in the English Capital. They haven't yet recovered from the jolt that Mrs. Soley-Morle gave them last winter, when they "patronessed" the fiasco she "put over" to their discomfiture. Miss Alexander was subjected to the most rigid tryouts before any of them would venture to lend their names but as the list is now quite lengthy and formidable it may be taken for granted that she made good.

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Joe and Hank at Work Again

When the Haig Patigians departed for Europe they leased their apartment at The Gables to the noted collaborators, Joe Redding and Henry Hadley and I am told that librettist and composer are engaged on a new work for professional production. Both were greatly disappointed that a public performance of The Atonement of Pan was denied by the Bohemian Club owing to the sentiment attached to the Grove plays. It determined them to try their talents in collaboration for the public and as a result Hadley and Redding have withdrawn largely from the distractions of club life to spend their evenings at work. In the absence of the Patigians their domocile may see the conception and execution of a great work. Let me make a guess that it will find its inspiration in fairy lore. Wait and see if I'm right.

The Hard Road of Art

The artist who undertakes to cater to the taste of society women or to paint their portraits, and the physician with a fashionable clientele are the best paid and most to be pitied of any in the category of professional men. Foreign artists have been very much the fad of the fashionable women here for the past two years, but these painters pay the price of their popularity in nerve fag and dissipation of their temperamental energies. After a controversy with a woman who ordered a picture, one of them was so frazzled that he couldn't paint a sunset for days. Only an artist would be foolish enough to argue about "tone values" in a landscape with a woman who has never measured anything except in terms of dollars and cents. In Piazzoni's studio are two exquisite panels painted in the artist's best style. He designed them as gifts for the ladies who had commissioned him to paint several canvasses to be hung in a country club. The panels have never been delivered to the parties for whom they were intended. Fearing that he might be requested to "paint in" numerous extraneous objects that would cause revolt in the soul of any artist—as he had been ordered to do in the purchased pictures—he substituted offerings from the florist and kept his panels for more appreciative patrons.

Southern Women Entertain

In keeping with its yearly custom of giving an elaborate entertainment for the benefit of the soldiers, widows and orphans under its care, the United Daughters of the Confederacy will present a varied program this Saturday afternoon in the ball room and adjoining parlors of the St. Francis Hotel. The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter will officiate and the leading sketch will be "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," which will include a potpourri of clever doings. A prominent musical feature will be songs by one of the members of the Lambardi company. The concessions, of which there will be several, will have the accompaniment of a string orchestra and other amusements will include fortune telling. Sales tables will contain such attractions as Maryland biscuits, home-made candy, punch, tea and cake. The affair will have the patronage of a large number of society women and the committee of arrangements will comprise Mrs. Virginia Beede, chairman; Mrs. D. S. Lisberger, vice-chairman; Mrs. S. A. Pleasants, Mrs. M. H. Crittcher, Mrs. M. M. Funston, Mrs. Mary Polk Du Bose, Mrs. H. O. Jones, Mrs. D. C. Farnham, Mrs. Alexander Jones, Mrs. Squire V. Mooney, Mrs. W. H. Creed, Mrs. C. P. Mathey, Mrs. Howard Barbier, Mrs. George Hellman, Mrs. Hervey Darneal, Mrs. James C. Sims and Mrs. William Pritchard who is the daughter of Albert Sidney Johnston. The entertainment will continue from 2 to 7 o'clock.

Special Musical Features

Among the most appreciated features of the weekly music matinees at Kohler & Chase Hall are the selections interpreted by the magnificent Aeolian Pipe Organ. In order to please all who admire this fine instrument two numbers of the program arranged for Saturday afternoon, October 12, have been chosen for the organ. These consist of Rubinstein's admirable Kammenoi Ostrow overture which will be interpreted by the organ and the pianola piano, and selections from Puccini's La Boheme. These arrangements have been made especially for the Aeolian Pipe Organ and those who were entrusted with this task succeeded in securing a beautiful orchestral effect on the instrument. The soloist will be Chas. F. Robinson, basso, who will on this occasion, make his public debut. Among the most important of the works to be sung by him will be an aria from Rossini's famous Stabat Mater, which is generally conceded to be one of the greatest compositions of a religious character ever written.

In the Social Spotlight

Miss Mollie Hayes and Mr. James Lyle were married in Los Angeles on Wednesday. There was a nuptial mass and afterwards a small reception at the home of the bride's mother Mrs. Mary Hayes on Figueroa street. After an Eastern honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Lyle will live in Los Angeles except for a few months every year when Mr. Lyle's interests require his presence in Alaska. The bride's sister Mrs. John J. Barrett and her cousin Mrs. Paul Kingston went down from this city on Monday to participate in the wedding festivities. They will return next week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Comte Jr. and their beautiful children are again settled for the winter in their Clay street home.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Mulcahy have closed their country home at Fair Oaks for the season. Mrs. Mulcahy will spend the winter and coming summer abroad sailing from New York on Thursday. Mr. Mulcahy will join Mrs. Mulcahy in Paris in April, when they will make an extended motor touring trip through Europe.

The Beringer Musical Club held its first meeting of the sixth season last week at the Beringer Conservatory of Music in Pierce street. The newly-elected officers took charge with Miss Zdenka Buben as president. The club purposes to give a number of concerts this season, each program to include pianoforte, vocal and ensemble numbers which will be of great interest to the public. The first public recital will be given by the club at the end of October at Century Club Hall.

Geo. W. Lewis who is in the United States navy stopped at Hotel del Coronado for several days last week. Mrs. Lewis accompanied him. Mr. and Mrs. Thos. E. Murphy of Philadelphia who are here on a vacation trip, registered at Coronado last week, to remain while seeing Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Barton of Chicago will remain at Coronado for a brief visit, Mr. Barton being on a business trip. Mrs. A. L. Reed of Omaha has arrived at Coronado to remain during the Fall, and possibly through the Winter. An interesting visitor at Hotel del Coronado is Mr. H. B. Coffin who has registered from Argentine Republic. He is on a tour of North America and will be at Hotel del Coronado indefinitely. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Cary, prominent society folk of the Capitol City, are now at Coronado, to remain several days. Mr. C. A. Cairns, a well known Chicago merchant, arrived at Coronado recently to remain indefinitely. Mrs. Ruth W. Brewster of Connecticut registered at Coronado a few days ago for an unlimited visit.

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Great Agostini

Through the medium of that delightful opera "Madame Butterfly" I renewed acquaintance with the glorious voice of Giuseppi Agostini, and I could not but marvel at the freshness of it and reflect on the years of comparative neglect through which this wonderful singer has gone. He sings as though his voice is just come to maturity, which is as it should be, for he is only in the early forties. Here in San Francisco we love to boast of our sensitiveness to art and genius. We never weary of reminding ourselves that we discovered Modjeska and Tetrazzini and others too numerous to mention. But what about Agostini? San Francisco had the opportunity to discover him. It is one of the traditions of the city that here for the first time in America was La Boheme sung. Agostini was of the cast. Did the critics enthuse over him? It is not of record that they did. When he came back with a provincial company some years ago they remembered that he was the Rudolfo of other days, but apparently they regarded him as a has-been. Since then he has appeared at Covent Garden and in other places where song comes high, and though he has never been celebrated for his art it is certainly of the very highest quality. Now one of the tests of the art of song is the endurance of a voice. For a voice cannot last if its possessor is not skilled in the art of tone production. So skilled is Agostini that, frail lyric tenor though he is, his voice after many years retains all the freshness of youth. But Agostini, one of the world's greatest exponents of bel canto, has never soared to great heights in his profession. Perhaps it would have been otherwise had he been a little less modest, little more given to the art of self-laudation. Perhaps his manner and appearance have counted against him, for Agostini has never been a matinee idol. In "Madame Butterfly" he is not an ideal naval officer, but his voice more than compensates for the misfit of his clothes. It is a voice with soul in it, a voice that goes straight to the heart. There is a quality in that pure, virile voice that searches out the deepest emotions and flutters them on the surface. The Lambardis have given us a very fine production of "Madame Butterfly." Artistically it is an emphatic success, and it is in every sense theatrically effective. Amino Matini is a most charming Butterfly. A beautiful voice has Matini, and her singing is faultless. Ida Zizolfi gives an excellent impersonation of Suzuki and her duet with Madame Butterfly is one of the big hits of the performance.

—H. M. B.

The Barrymore in Vaudeville

Last week Alexander Heinemann and this week beautiful Ethel of the House of Barrymore! If vaudeville keeps on soaring like this, where will it stop? There was much talk of the unfitness of Heinemann for the Orpheum milieu. There can be none in relation to Ethel. She steps upon the Orpheum stage as one to the vaudeville manner born. It is a way all the Drews and Barrymores have; wherever footlights glow they are at home. An artist "ab imis unguiculis" is Ethel, which would be the Roman's way of saying that she is "class" to the fingertips. In one of the finest one-act plays ever written she abated not a jot of her artistry, and because she gave of her best the Orpheum rose to her as a man and gave her a soul-warming ovation. She is slenderer than she was when saw her in "The Twelve Pound Look" a year ago. Then she was quite matronly; now she is like the dear old Ethel of the "Captain Jinks" days, and in a wonderful blue gown of the very latest cut she was a vision to rhapsodize about. Not a line of the play did she slight, and what great lines they are! "Oh the fat talk while we ate too much." Barrie's playlet is crammed with meaty expressions, and some of the wit is just a little subtle, but not a point was lost. Nothing went over the heads of the Orpheumites, those maligned listeners sometimes considered low-brow. The more Ethel Barrymores Martin Beck signs up the better the Orpheumites will like his bills. But of course there is only one Ethel—never will be another.



ETHEL BARRYMORE
Who will close her wonderfully successful engagement next week at the Orpheum.

The other newcomers must not be mentioned in the same breath with Ethel, but they are good, very good. There are McIntyre and Harty, the "sugar plum girlie" with a pretty voice and the "marshmallow boy" with an all-conquering smile. Then there is Owen Clark with his illusional magic and Frederick Andrews with his natural magic. Fred Gray and Nellie Graham are back, as amusing as ever; although Fred would be just as funny if he left the harelip out of his facial makeup. The Ofedos' Manon Opera quartet is another hit. The holdovers are Williams and Warner with their "slapophone" and Owen McGiveney in his amazing protean production of "Bill Sikes."

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Martin-Ganz Concert

Riccardo Martin, one of the important star tenors of the Metropolitan Opera House, in conjunction with Rudolph Ganz, the famous Swiss piano virtuoso and composer, assisted by Miss Lima O'Brien as accompanist, will open Manager Will Greenbaum's season this Sunday afternoon, October 13, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The combination of two such stars in joint recital is one of the strongest attractions ever offered in this city. Martin will sing arias from two of his greatest successes, "La Boheme" and "La Tosca," besides songs in German, French, Italian and English. Ganz will play Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," a group of Chopin works and other important numbers. The second and positively last appearance of these artists will be on Sunday afternoon, October 20, with an entire change of program. Martin promises arias from "Die Walkure" and "Fedora" as his principal numbers, and by special request Mr. Ganz will include Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" in his offerings. Seats are now on sale at Sherman Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's. On Sunday the box office will be open at the hall after ten o'clock, and phone orders will receive courteous attention.

The United States Marine Band

By special permission of the President of the United States and the Secretary of the Navy granted at the request of sixteen Senators and Congressmen from the West who were anxious to have their "home folks" hear the famous official band of the White House, popularly called "The President's Own," but whose formal title is "The United States Marine Band," Manager Greenbaum is enabled to present the world renowned organization in four concerts at Dreamland Rink, the dates being Sunday afternoon and night, October 20, and Monday afternoon and night, October 21. The Marine Band is the largest and oldest musical organization in the United States and has been the official band at all big events in Washington ever since the term of John Quincy Adams. During the McKinley administration a law was passed greatly increasing the pay of the members of the band, so that the finest instrumentalists could be induced to enlist and the leader was given the rank and pay of a first lieutenant in addition to his regular pay. Such great musicians as Francis Scala, Louis Schneider, F. Fanciulli and John Philip Sousa have been directors of the Marine Band. Mr. Sousa served for twelve years and wrote many of his finest works for its use. The present leader is Lieutenant Wm. H. Santelmann, a splendid artist from the Leipsic Conservatory who is equally at home as a band or symphony orchestra conductor, and under his regime every member of the Marine Band must be able to officiate in both capacities for the string concerts of the organization are as popular in Washington in winter as are the famous open air concerts on the White House lawn in summer and spring. This will be the first lengthy furlough allowed the band in twenty-one years when it played at the old Grand Opera House here under Sousa. Magnificent programs will be given and two soloists will appear at each concert. Seats will be ready Monday at Sherman Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's. Popular prices will prevail and in order that the young folks may have this opportunity of seeing and hearing Uncle Sam's only big musical organization in its magnificent uniforms of red and blue a special price of twenty-five cents will be made for children under sixteen at the matinees. The Marine Band will play at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley at the invitation of the University authorities on Saturday afternoon and night, October 19. For these events special programs have been arranged and tickets

may be secured at the box offices in this city and at Sadler's, The Sign of the Bear, Glessners-Morse Co.'s, Tupper and Reed's and the Students' Co-Op Store in Berkeley.

Gadski Coming

The one and only concert in this city by Mme. Gadski will be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, October 27. Mail orders may now be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum and as one concert is scarcely enough to accommodate one-half of Gadski's admirers in this community it might be well to give this matter prompt attention. In Oakland Gadski will also give one concert. The date is Thursday afternoon, October 24, at "Ye Liberty Playhouse." Mme. Gadski writes Mr. Greenbaum that she is preparing two special programs entirely different from those she is giving in any other cities.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society

The members of the St. Francis Musical Art Society will be entertained with two special programs this month, the first being by Martin and Ganz on next Tuesday night, October 15, and the second by Gadski on October 22. Later in the season Kitty Cheatham , the renowned "diseuse," will make her first appearance on the Coast under the auspices of this splendid art-supporting society.

"The Woman" at the Columbia

Great expectations are aroused as to the value of "The Woman" by William C. deMille which will be offered by David Belasco at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night, October 14, with matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. "The Woman" was the dramatic sensation of last season in New York and Chicago where it ran nine and six months respectively. There are only two female characters in "The Woman." One is a young matron who is haunted by an indiscretion committed before marriage. The other is a girl, an optimistic little telephone operator who becomes entangled in an intrigue of congressional statecraft through the nature of her duties. How this weak, demure girl defies a cross-examining conclave of shrewd lawyers and rough politicians in order to spare the fair name of the older woman, forms the supreme moment of the swift moving story. "The Woman" is a tale founded on what might be logical incidents in the experience of an average girl and a woman whose life has been tranquil save for a single unfortunate episode. But natural and simple as are the links in its chain of events the climax of "The Woman" is perhaps the most powerful and stirring situation in the current dramatic calendar. Majorie Wood plays Wanda Kelly, and Marian Barney the title role. Other members of the cast are James Seeley, Howell Hansel, Austin Webb, Hugh Dillman, Hallett Thompson, Peter Raymond, Homer Granville, Kalman Matus and Frank Austin.

Fealy and Durkin at the Alcazar

What promises to be an event of exceeding importance in Alacazar annals will be the opening of a limited engagement next Monday evening by Maude Fealy and James Durkin as co-stars in "The Easiest Way." The drama was written by Eugene Walter and originally produced by David Belasco in one of his New York theatres, where it ran throughout a twelvemonth and then repeated its artistic and pecuniary success on a tour that embraced every city of considerable size in the United States, including San Francisco. It drew capacity-taxing audiences to every performance during its two weeks' stay at one of the local high-price houses two years ago. This play was selected as the medium of inaugurating the Fealy-Durkin season at the Alcazar because of its proved intrinsic worth and of the exceptional opportunities it affords both stars to exhibit their most impressive acting methods. In the cast with them will be the cream of the regular stock company, and a pictorial production of more than ordinary realism is assured by strict adherence to David Belasco's directions as to scenic and lighting effects.



GAETANO BAVAGNOLI

One of the most magical musical conductors that San Francisco has known, who is with the Lambardi forces at the Cort.

Last Week of Opera

Success has been stamped all over the season of the Lambardi company at the Cort. During the past three weeks capacity audiences have been the rule rather than the exception. The fourth and final week of the engagement at the Cort starts with a performance of "La Boheme" tomorrow night. Matini will again sing the role of Mimi, and Armanini will once more be Rudolfo. Tonight will see a repetition of "Salome" which proved a sensation on its first presentation Friday, with Tarquini in the title role. Monday night will be devoted to another performance of the Strauss masterpiece with the same cast as before. The interest in this opera has exceeded even that in "Conchita" which occupied the attention of opera followers during the early part of the Lambardi engagement. "Madame Butterfly" will be given on Tuesday night with Matini in the title role and Agostini in the tenor part of Pinkerton. At the Wednesday matinee "Salome" will be repeated and on Wednesday night the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci" is to be the offering. The real feature of the week however will be the appearance of Tarquini in "Carmen." There is a great desire on the part of the opera patrons to see the prima donna as Bizet's cigarette girl. The opera will be repeated on Saturday night, the farewell performance of the season. "Il Trovatore" will be given its first and only performance on Friday night, and at the Saturday matinee "La Boheme" will be repeated. On Sunday night, October 20, comes John Cort's own production of "The Rose of Panama," a comic opera that has had a tremendous success and which comes here with the original cast that appeared at Daly's Theatre, New York. Chapine, the dainty French actress, appears at the head of the company and an augmented orchestra will interpret the beautiful melodies with which the opera abounds.

One Week More of Ethel at the Orpheum

Ethel Barrymore's engagement at the Orpheum

is resulting in one of the greatest theatrical furores this city has ever known. Her performance of Kate in J. M. Barrie's one-act play "The Twelve Pound Look" will be repeated all next week which will most positively be the last of her season here. The other attractions for next week will be new and of a high order of merit. Jack Wilson supported by Franklyn Batie and Ada Lane will appear in "A 1912 Review" which is a receptacle for some clever songs, an eccentric dance or two and an abundance of bright, clean and spontaneous humor. Considerable uncertainty exists concerning the identity of the clever comedienne who under the name of Mary Elizabeth has become a pronounced success in vaudeville. Rumor has it that she is a prominent New York society girl. Interest however centers rather upon what she can do than who she is. In a dainty little act of song and story she displays great charm and ability and she is expected to prove one of the greatest hits of the new bill. Mary Quive and Paul McCarty, recent recruits from musical comedy and prominent features of "Louisiana Lou," come with a combination of talents. Miss Quive who is the sister of Grace Van Studdiford, sings with great charm and beauty of voice, and her vocalization is considerably enhanced by the manner in which she performs delightful violin obligatos. Mr. McCarty excels both as as a pianist and vocalist. The eminent English actor Ben Lewin will introduce next week only his marvelously accurate delineations which include Fagin in his prison cell, Grandfather Trent and other characters from Dickens. One of his greatest hits is his recital of Chevalier's "A Fallen Star" which is the complaint of an aged and decrepit actor. Leonard Gautier's Animated Toyshop is one of the best animal acts in vaudeville. Deiro, the famous piano accordeonist will display his wonderful musical ability next week only, and Owen Clark will mystify with his astounding feats of magic.



LIEUT. WM. H. SANTELMANN
Conductor of the United States Marine Band.

Programs for Popular Concerts

The first symphony concert of the San Francisco Orchestra is scheduled for Friday afternoon, October 25, and the first popular concert for Sunday afternoon, October 27. The manager has announced the programs for the two popular concerts, Sunday, October 27 and Sunday, November 17, which will be a surprise and a delight to music lovers of San Francisco. The program for October 27 is: Grieg, March of Homage; Wagner, Overture, "Flying Dutchman"; Charpentier, (De puis le jour), "Louise," Beatrice Fine; Christian Kriens, Suite, "In Holland," (first time here), 1. Morning on the Sea, 2. The Dutch Mill, 3. Evening Sounds, 4. Wooden Shoe Dance; Strauss-La Forge, "Storielle del Bosco," Viennese (waltz), Beatrice Fine; Massenet, Meditation "Thais," Adolph Rosenbecker; Strauss, Waltz, "Artists' Life."

Monkeyshines at Pantages

For the week commencing Sunday afternoon the bill at Pantages will be headed by Robert Everest's Monkey Hippodrome, the cleverest aggregation of simians ever shown here. These four-legged actors offer a monkey orchestra, monkey aerialists and all kinds of monkeyshines generally. Earl Dewey and his four "Dancing Dolls" will present an act abounding in terpsichorean surprises and catchy songs, the girls showing several beautiful changes of costume. A burlesque on "You Beautiful Doll" concludes their number. Chot Eldridge and Harriet Barlow will be seen in their original comedy sketch, "The Law." Gladys Van and Arthur Pearce will offer a skit of an entirely different character in "Get a License." "The Bow and String Maids," as Miss Helene Schiller and Miss Olive Hurlbut are known, will be heard in a delightful number, including a duet for violin and 'cello, violin duets and songs. Davis and Scott, "mirth and melody dispensers," promise a highly original and fetching specialty, and the management has another act in reserve that promises to be a great surprise. Sunlight Picture will complete the varied program.

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ETHEL BARRYMORE
Presenting J. M. Barrie's One Act Play
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In Conjunction With AN ENTIRELY NEW SHOW
JACK WILSON, supported by Franklyn Batie and Ada Lane in "A 1912 Review"; MARY ELIZABETH, Comedienne; MARY QUIVE and PAUL McCARTY; BEN LEWIN; GAUTIER'S ANIMATED TOYSHOP; DEIRO, Piano Accordeonist; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES; AWEN CLARK.
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

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"THE WOMAN"
A Gripping Drama of NOW by William C. De Mille
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Commencing Sunday Night, October 20th—"THE ROSE OF PANMA."

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MAUDE FEALY and JAMES DURKIN
Assisted by the Alcazar Company in
David Belasco's Greatest Success
THE EASIEST WAY
By Eugene Walter
Prices: Night 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c.
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Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week of October 13th
A MONKEY HIPPODROME
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—New high records were scored early in the week in some of the principal stocks, but prices did not hold and at the end of the week the market was inclined to drag a little. It was the general belief that the market would not move much pending some important development in the foreign situation, and no one seemed to know what to expect in that matter. Some of the specialties like Lead and Interboro took quite a spurt, advancing about five dollars a share. At the advance there was heavy selling of Interboro by a prominent house. The stock, however, appeared to be well taken and it was predicted that after this selling is over Interboro will come in for a good advance. Steel common sold up to 80 3-4 early in the week, but as this stock has had a good advance it was in order for a fair setback which took place later in the week. The high price for call money also had some effect on the market and it was feared that if the situation in the far east did not improve money rates might be advanced still further. It was predicted that the Atchison statement for September would show a gain in gross between $850,000 and $1,000,000. The Great Northern statement, showing a gain of $1,005,000 gross for the month, excited favorable comment. The market is acting as if in need of some further favorable news as a basis for a renewal of bullish operations. We feel very friendly to the market on all minor setbacks and believe stocks bought around present prices will show a handsome profit a little later on.

Wheat—The wheat market, as far as prices are concerned, is in the same uneventful rut as characterized it for so many weeks past. But from a standpoint of supply and demand, receipts and disbursements, it presents a most interesting situation. One which augurs well for appreciating values later on in this crop year. Just now the energies of the trade seem to be absorbed and exhausted in marketing and distributing the crop in the proper channels of domestic and foreign consumption. The world's shipments this week furnished an object lesson to the trade. They show a total of 13,968,000. 5,840,000 of this amount came from America, leaving 8,100,000 bushels that were supplied by all the exporting countries of the world. This statement contains all the more force when it is realized that of the 5,840,000 of American wheat shipments, practically all comes from the United States and little or none from Canada. The visible supply statement also supplies food for reflection, for with all the big receipts, the increase for the week was but a little more than one million bushels which was slightly less than that of a year ago and greatly under expectations. Late advices from the United Kingdom state that while the harvest has at last been gathered, the quality of the wheat is so poor that it can be used only in proportions of one-fourth to one-half of native wheat with a mixture of foreign wheat for the remainder. Then too, the prevailing prices indicate a phenomenal condition of some kind. Liverpool maintains steady quotations at 21 to 22 cents above our market, while Paris has a chronic upheaval in values at the end of every contract month and the closing price of $1.60 for the last day of September is an indication of the acute situation there is in wheat in France. Taking everything into consideration the price of our wheat is not high and a pronounced move from this level will be to the advantage of the purchaser.

Corn—The trade can now settle down to a supply and demand basis for its calculations, as the crop has matured without any serious curtailment by frost. Investigations made by crop observers in Iowa convince us that a big yield of this cereal is assured for that State and the same conditions are approximately true of most of the other corn sections of the country. Now comes the question of how current values of old corn and new crop prices are to adjust themselves. It is a big drop from 68 cents, the price at which cash corn is selling, to 53 cents, the present price for December. This wide difference suggests the producer will market his old corn as closely as he did his oats and other grain. Accordingly it is altogether likely that we will begin the new crop year with bare granaries, the same as in wheat and all cereals. Sentiment is aggressively bearish, but perhaps it may turn out that the bearish conditions have been over discounted, that we are to have an oversold market for December and that the consumptive demand will continue to absorb the supplies as fast as they are furnished. As there has been a domestic demand that has absorbed the supplies it is pretty evident that the demand will be far greater with prices 25 cents less, especially as it is likely to be supplemented by heavy foreign requirements.

Cotton—The market has shown a declining tendency the past week and prices are off from $2 to $3 per bale compared with last week and are now at the lowest price on this year's crop. Rallies have been in order from every quick decline due to the predictions of frost which has as yet not materialized except in the northern part of Oklahoma and the extreme northwestern part of Texas where very little cotton is raised. The census report showing over three million bales ginned up to September 25 and the Government condition report of 69.6 were the principal factors in the market and both were much better than expected. There were rumors the past week of storms approaching from the Gulf and this was also used to rally the market from time to time

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but so far there has been no damage done except possibly a little too much rain in Georgia and Alabama. Temperatures too have been dangerously near the frost line at times. Spot cotton has held up remarkably well, considering the enormous receipts. In fact, receipts at times were larger at the ports than for the same time a year ago. This would indicate that the Government figures were nearly correct as to the amount of cotton ginned and the condition of the growing crop. Farmers show no disposition as yet to hold their cotton and are free sellers on the basis of 11 cents for middlings. Export business is not on as large a scale as last year. The total exports up to date show a falling-off of around 300,000 bales compared with last year. This is probably due to the large crop in both India and Egypt where it is said the crop this year will break all records. However, business in all lines is good. This will mean a good consumptive demand for our cotton both here and abroad. While we look for lower prices temporarily due to the part of the spinner, ultimately we expect higher prices and believe that cotton for May delivery around 10 1-2 cents will look cheap later on.

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP—No. 1057

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are co-partners doing business under the firm name and style of PACIFIC COAST HOTEL GAZETTE CO.; that our principal place of business is in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at No. 163 Sutter St.; and that the following are the names in full of all the members of said partnership, and their respective places of residence, to-wit:

William P. Harrison, 1440 Euclid Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.
Martial Davoust, Mendel Apartments, Ellis at Jones Street, San Francisco, Cal.

In witness whereof the undersigned and above named partners have hereunto set their hands this 24th day of September, 1912.

WILLIAM P. HARRRISON.
MARTIAL DAVOUST.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 24th day of September, 1912, before me John D. Gish, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared William P. Harrison and Martial Davoust, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

JOHN D. GISH,
(Notarial Seal) Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed): Filed Oct. 2, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk. 10-12-5

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 32,803.

PETER KOCELJ, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of PETER KOCELJ, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning on the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue at a point distant Northerly Three Hundred Sixteen (316) feet measured along said line, from the Northerly line of Lake Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Twenty-fifth Avenue Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet to the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue and the point of beginning. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block 47.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 26th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, none; Addresses, none.

BRADLEY L. WALLACE and JEROME M. POLITZER, Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-12-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 44,453; Dept. No. 10.

ARTHUR RITTER, Plaintiff, vs. MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. J. CRISP, Atty. for Plaintiff,
624 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-28-10

HENRY P. TRICOU

NOTARY PUBLIC

525 CALIFORNIA ST. Phone Kearny 3074

Residence, 882 Grove St. Phone Park 1870

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

1902 he went to Italy with Doc Leahy to gather the first all-Italian company that ever sang here. Before that we had companies which sang English, Italian, German and French in the same production. But in 1902 Patrizi helped Doc Leahy discover Tina di Spada, Montanari, di Padova, de Frate and others. Then again in 1907, he says, he was "crazy enough" to go to Italy with Lambardi and engage the Milan Opera Company to sing in the ruins. He's rather proud of Bertozzi, Ferrabini, Pimazonni and the others who filled the Chutes with melody that year.

Which brings us around to Lambardi. Poor old Lambardi! He is with us, but not as exuberant as of yore. He has even quenched the flame of his flamboyant waistcoats. He is as sad in success as he was formerly joyful in failure. Perhaps because it's not his success. The editor who went to war and came back with song birds has eclipsed him.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,652; Department No. 7.

MAE J. RINEY, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3d day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. J. FRITZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
428 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-17-10

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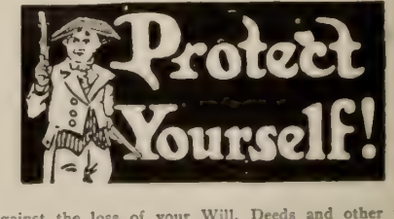
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The Balkans Today

(Continued from Page 9.)

back in Moslem modes of life, although the mosque has disappeared.

Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, a little Brussels as it may aptly be described, is full of handsome streets, boulevards and palatial buildings. But go into the outer portions of the city, and you are in the midst of clusters of the tiniest huts, thrown together, inhabited by people raggedly picturesque. The aspiration of the Roumanians in the Balkan question is to include again Bessarabia in their kingdom, as Roumanians live there. It will be seen that each of the Balkan States has ambitions for an enlarged territory. But the Roumanians have internal troubles; they have not the system of peasant proprietorship that their Slav neighbors possess, and it is only about four years ago that the peasants rose and set on fire many of the properties. From the Danube steamers all down the river these fires were seen blazing on the Roumanian side. Perhaps a town that illustrates the culture and development of Roumania more than its capital is Turn Severin, a new Danube port which is young and progressive. The principal part is a very handsome oblong Grand Place, surrounded on all sides (save at the river end, where there is a garden promenade) by fine buildings and shops. At the upper end is the market-house, and perhaps the most picturesque folk to be seen in Europe. The women's dresses are full of color, and the needlework and embroidery upon them are artistic. The groups of women are standing or sitting about in their long white skirts with the parti-colored broad borders and decorated sleeves and breasts, over which is the sheepskin jacket, with a brilliant-colored apron before and behind. These groups give masses of color and artistic poses such as can only be seen in this Near East. The description given of these peasants by a young Roumanian avocat was, "They are intelligent, but savage" and his friend standing near asked if I knew Hungary. Knowing the antipathy between the races, I did not own to any great knowledge of Hungary. "Ah, they are savages," was the exclamation. "There are three million Roumanians in Hungary; the rest are savages." And this word "savage," so utterly untrue of all these Balkan peoples, is hurled by the people of each State at the peoples of all the other States. At Giurgevo, in Roumania, I heard also a Bucharest lady speak of the Roumanian peasants as savages.

The code of laws of Roumania is founded on the Napoleonic code, and in the law courts it was interesting to see the peasants, some in modern dress, waiting to talk with their lawyers, and the witnesses waiting to be called. I asked my avocat friend how Roumanians accounted for this Latin race, with a language printed very like Italian in Roman letters, being left here amidst the Slav races, whose language approaches the Russian and is printed with similar characters. "The Romans came here," he replied, "got mixed with the Dacians, and that mixed race and tongue has remained here." The schools in this small new town are large and important, and they do not neglect their history, for there is a good modern monument to Trajan; but I saw a man taking part of the stones of the ruins of Trajan's castle, that with the bridge form such interesting objects here, for building purposes.

The ambition of Bulgaria is to go back to the days of the Emperor Samuel, who early in the eleventh century had grouped the whole of the Macedonian tribes into one State. On landing in Bulgaria at first one feels in Russia; there is the same type of burly, powerful gendarme, some in serviceable dark-blue, red-faced uniform, with revolver and short sword, and others in the spotless white that is so noticeable directly one touches a Russian port. The Bulgarians have great individual freedom, and yet their Constitution was drawn up for them by a Russian Count. Their peasants are proprietors, and many are very wealthy, most well-to-do; and this year the enormous piles of sacks of produce waiting to be shipped at every halting-place of the Danube steamers told of their great harvest. Whether the increase of income will make the Bulgarian bureaucracy more aggressive remains to be proved. As one lands at such a town as Lom Palanka there are two significant signs of the evolution of the Bulgarian—the minaret speaking of the Turkish oppression, and the Russian-like gendarme, active, energetic, taking down the names of everyone going on and off the ship. But, as I have said, they have advanced from the Russian rule.

The old kingdom of Servia, as it was under Dushan in the fourteenth century, included Bosnia and Herzegovina and the Sandyak of Novi Bazar and Montenegro. As an enthusiastic Servian exclaimed, "We had it for 180 years." This was the cause of the excitement in Servia when Austria closed her thirty years of development in the two Balkan provinces by annexing them, so cutting off Servia from all hope of her dream being realized. There is a practice peculiar to the Serbs in all this part of Europe that proves their nationality, say the Servian enthusiasts, and that is the practice of "Slava," a veneration of the household gods. Penates in old days; today the veneration of the household saints. This is the purest proof of the Serb nationalities. Each house adopts a saint from generation to generation, and the priest comes to the house and prayers are offered up, a special cake is made that the priest cuts, and boiled corn is eaten, much as our "frumenty" of the West of England is eaten in mid-Lent. The Servians are intensely patriotic, and given a period of settled government their country would develop rapidly. They have reduced their illiterate population from 90 per cent. to about 60 per cent., and are building schools, gymnasiums, and girls' schools in all their towns, and education is now compulsory throughout the State. In the frontier town of Pirot I went into several of their primary schools and over a well-fitted-up gymnasium, but the life of the people is still quite a fifteenth-century life. Everything in a house is made by the indwellers of the house. One sees picturesque women coming into market in their long white skirts and colored aprons and cunningly worked sheepskin jackets, with distaff and spindle busily drawing yarn as they briskly walk on with heavy loads on their backs. All clothes are not only woven, but artistically worked and dyed by their own hands. The wood and metal work in their houses is all of their own handicraft, and at carpet-weaving in brilliant colors and original designs they are masters.

If one looks at the map of Europe at the time of the Crusades, early, say, in the thirteenth century, it will be seen that the kingdom of Servia reached from the Danube by Belgrade to the whole of the Dalmatian coast, and the kingdom of Bulgaria reached from the Danube, including the Black Sea coast, close to Adrianople, only a narrow strip of the Eastern Roman Empire separating her from the Aegean Sea. It is these ancient kingdoms the people of these districts are taught to dream of, and the enthusiastic patriots in the country talk of; and Turkey's extremity is, they think, their opportunity; meanwhile they are extending their propaganda by establishing newspapers in the Servian tongue wherever the Serbs live, in Hungary or elsewhere, and they point to the fact that there are 700 newspapers now being issued in and around Servia in Servian. One lies before me now, "Zastava," printed in Hungary. At the present time keen watch is being kept on the Albanians, and if they rise there is likely to be a movement in Servia, as the Albanians, it is said, persecute the Servians. Religion—or rather, one should say, sectarianism in the Churches—has a great deal to do with this race problem, and the Servian priests have very frequently led the people into battle and fought and fallen in the fight.

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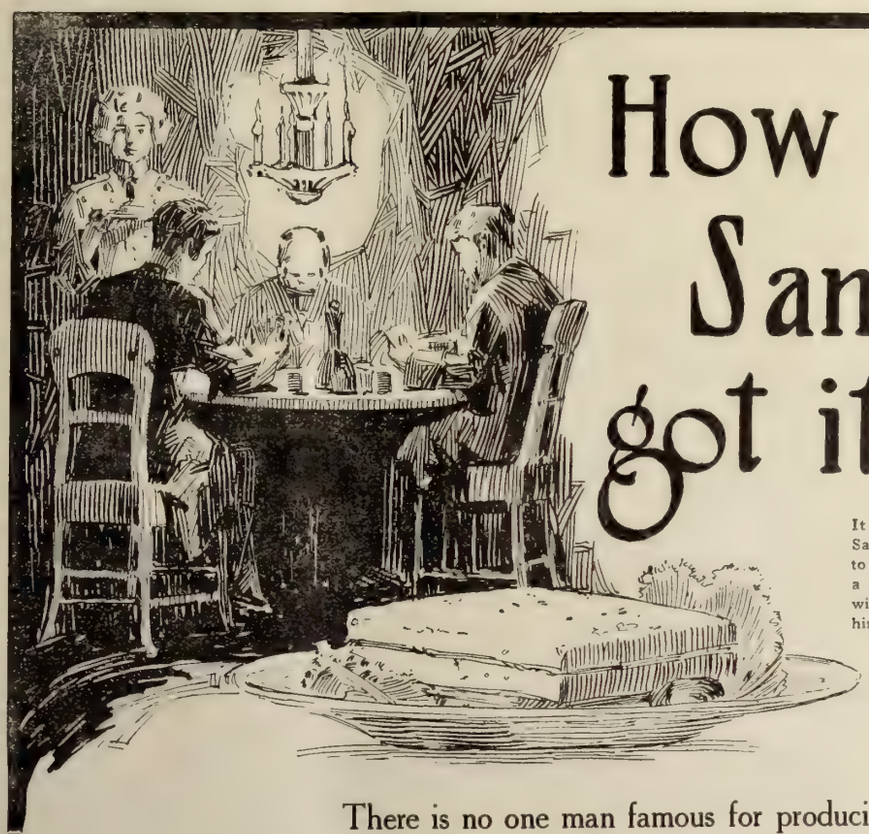
SAN FRANCISCO STATE

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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How the Sandwich got its name

It was named after John Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, who on one occasion not wishing to leave his place at the gaming table, called a waiter and ordered some slices of bread with ham between them to be brought to him so that he could go on playing without interruption. He was born in 1718 and died in 1792, and became famous as the inventor of sandwiches about the middle of the eighteenth century.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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The Shooting of Roosevelt

The Milwaukee episode may serve a good purpose. Mr. Roosevelt assumes that the shooting was the result of the unbalancing of a mind by perfervid personal abuse. Perhaps as a consequence the tone of the campaign may change somewhat in the closing weeks. This would be a very happy outcome of an incident that is universally regretted. For in this campaign, as we have heretofore remarked, there has been generated much heat and passion. The atmosphere is charged with spleen and hatred. It reeks of insincerity and intellectual meanness. It is certainly time to call a halt. Mr. Roosevelt promises that so far as he is concerned a halt will be called. "I will disown and repudiate," he says, "any man of my party who attacks with vile, foul slander and abuse my opponents of any other party." From this it is to be inferred that Governor Johnson will be muzzled, and that the President will never again be referred to as "the most humiliating spectacle in the history of his country." It is to be hoped of course that the Colonel will also assuage himself and moderate his language. But unfortunately Mr. Roosevelt is a law unto himself. Even in the very speech in which he deplored the vulgar character of the campaign he spoke of the "foul mendacity and abuse" that had been heaped on him in the interest of his opponents, and he added: "I say now I have never said on the stump one word against any opponent that I would not defend in the library. I have said nothing that I could not substantiate and nothing I ought not to have said, nothing that, looking back, I would not say again. I am all right." How characteristic of our former President! He was probably never more sincere than when he uttered himself with a bullet in his breast on the platform in Milwaukee; and his utterances are those of a man who has constituted himself a cult. They are naively illustrative. Affecting a complete detachment from self he indulges in self-criticism, and finds himself flawless. The man famous for his crescendoes of vituperation, deplores the fury of partisan spirit, censures his opponents for their violent language—and repeats by implication everything he has said in the campaign. The first among all the candidates to make mean accusations, he now assures his hearers that he stands ready to substantiate everything he has said, and in the same breath in which he calls for surcease of calumny he declares that he has said nothing he would not say again. This is the talk of a wilful, petulant child. It is the talk of a man who is assured of his own infallibility. "To talk about me," he says, "is calumny; to talk about you is my special privilege because I do not err." This is the sentiment of the new Roosevelt, not the Roosevelt who was elected President, but the Roosevelt who has come to remind us of what was said of Disraeli, that he first deceived his party and then himself. These observations we make dispassionately, with no feeling but that of commiseration. Brought to reflection by the bullet of a madman, we find in our heart no feeling of bitterness toward the man whose conduct we have often reprehended and passionately denounced in these columns. There is but one feeling that he excites in us, the feeling of pity. This feeling has been heightened by the psychological study which he presented in Milwaukee. Who that is capable of detachment from the politics of the moment can fail to realize the infinite pathos of the career of Theodore Roosevelt?

The Third Term Issue

If Mr. Roosevelt, as we all earnestly hope, has a speedy and complete recovery perhaps he will have no reason to regret the shooting. It may give new impetus to the cause in which he has shed his blood. In the modern acceptation of the term to be shot as a result of partisan leadership is to suffer a species of martyrdom. And so Colonel Roosevelt is now a more interesting figure than he was a week ago. He appeals more strongly than ever to the imagination of the public because of the pluck and coolness and magnanimity that he displayed at the supreme moment. In the circumstances it is unnecessary for the Progressive organs to accuse the Money Lords of having inspired the shooting; nay it is stupid, since it savors too pungently of an unsentimental, business-like disposition to transmute the blood of Roosevelt into coin for the campaign fund. It is especially stupid when attention is called particularly to the fact of the madman's insisting that every third-termer ought to be regarded as a traitor to the American cause. This the Bulletin tells us is the sentiment of the special interest press. It may be well to remind the Bulletin of its self-confessed sin of unscrupulosity and warn it against a disposition to return to forsworn tactics; also, to observe that sentiment against a third term was prevalent throughout the country long before there was any talk of special interests. It is a sentiment that has come down to us from the Founders of this Republic. It is a sentiment the absence of which we are told by some very sagacious students of history, who never had any interest in American politics, is the first symptom of the hopeless degeneracy of a Republic. It is a sentiment that had a very strong hold on the public mind of this country even as late as the time when the special interests induced General Grant to become a candidate for a third term. The argument was made in those days that the principle of a third term had reference only to a third successive term; and if the editor of the Bulletin wishes to know what was said to the contrary he has but to read the political literature of the period. Now it is not to be gainsaid that the mind of the man who thinks he was directed by the shade of William McKinley to assassinate Theodore Roosevelt is unbalanced, but let us not be so disingenuous as to pretend to believe that the issue on which he worked himself into a murderous frenzy was manufactured merely for political effect. There are many intelligent lovers of their country who regard that issue as the paramount issue of the campaign, who believe that nothing is more deplorable than the neglect of it. And that belief is by no means inconsistent with faith in the sincerity or honesty of Theodore Roosevelt.

In the Interest of Beauty

Our consuming passion for the beautiful now finds expression in terms of hostility to high fences plastered over with the debasing literature and art of trade. Let us give credit to the business managers of the dailies, the lordly leaders of this esthetic propaganda that has for its salutary object the curtailment of the profits of the bill-sticker. The newspaper business manager is an ardent lover of the beautiful. It grieves him much to see pictures staring at him from the walls along the highway while good space is going to waste in journals devoted to the uplift of the masses. And so he has been educating our public servants up to a sense of the shame of a city that tolerates so much ugliness. May we not hope that in the course of time this same propaganda may devote some attention to the architectural monstrosity which symbolizes the ruling passion of the electorate? We refer of course to the election booth which daily and nightly serves to remind us that the government has been brought back to the people. In other days

the curb-stone shanty was an eyesore only at long intervals. It was removed from sight after every election. But now as we are called upon every little while to vote for something or somebody or other, and as women cannot be expected to walk long distances to cast their precious ballots, the election booth has multiplied and has come to stay. In the circumstances it behooves us in our enthusiasm for the beautiful to mitigate as far as possible this civic nuisance. We might take a hint from continental cities of the old world, and fit the election booth up with certain "conveniences," thus making it less intolerable by making it more useful. But whatever we do let us have it monumental and graceful. The problem beckons the dear people once more to alluring polls. Perhaps it may be made to serve as a pretext for another bond election.

The Rosenthal Murder

The story of the Rosenthal murder as it has been told on the witness stand has the fascination of a monstrous abnormality that is beyond the apprehension of the ordinary individual. But the assassins, though it appears there survives in them the genius of primeval man, the dominant instinct of the prehistoric savage or brute beast, are not such uncommon persons as we might fancy at first blush. Men of their type infest the haunts of criminals in all large cities. Lieutenant Becker is the one picturesque character in the drama. His is a figure that might have stepped out of one of the blood-boltered plays of D'Annunzio. This policeman who orders a murder as he would a mutton chop, and who gloats over the corpse, possessed of the notion that he would like to cut out his victim's tongue, is a character that has something of the supreme attraction for us of a Borgia. He makes a strong appeal to our imagination. We can conceive of him rollicking amid clotted horrors of his own contrivance. But his servitors, the accommodating assassins, if they have distinguished themselves it is because of their faith in the prerogative of their master. Never was royal mandate for the effusion of blood heeded with less thought of consequences. Here was a curious tribute to the majesty of the law as incarnated in the person of a police official. It serves to enable us to realize how great is the respect which the criminal has for police power. "Croak him!" said Becker; "croak him in front of a policeman!" Even Henry II was not so bold when to rid himself of the pestiferous priest he but suggestionized his sycophants. A literal minded lot were Becker's gangsters, wholly devoid of imagination. They might have got rid of Rosenthal in a score of ways, but they chose the worst possible way, like amateurs in carnage such as De Quincey tells us of in his essay on Murder as a Fine Art. Anatole France says there are murders that are superb on account of the dramatic spectacle they present to the mind's eye. The Rosenthal murder is not one of them. This murder is repellant in its ugliness, shocking by reason of the state of things it reveals in the life of a great city. But that state of things is not peculiar. This is a thought startling enough in itself. The truth is that between policemen and criminals relations are not always strained. The police make professional use of criminals and criminals make professional use of policemen. "Police protection" has come to be a familiar phrase in our language. How few of us stop to ponder all that it means! There have been many police scandals in American cities, and there has been bloodshed in more than one instance as a result of the criminal relations between policemen and thugs. A mighty disquieting phenomenon this, of the tendency to collusion between policemen and criminals, but how it is to be curbed is a problem of the most perplexing character. In some of the countries of Europe there are Government spies employed to watch the police, and in Napoleon's day there were spies employed to watch the spies, but experience teaches that the more elaborate the system of surveillance the greater the evils that flow therefrom.

The College Oracle

It may be well to felicitate ourselves on the awakening of the public conscience, but it does no harm to reflect that the age which has just gone by with all its sins, all its glitter and material opulence, was at least an age of tranquillity and opportunity. We are now in the midst of vast disquietudes, beset by forces that we cannot estimate, and there is no certainty of an afternoon serene and unending. Repeatedly we are told that we are in times similar to those preceding the French Revolution. This is not to be disputed. This is an age of intellectual revolt. The French Revolution was preceded by schools of philosophy. It had its inception in a literature of protest, which was succeeded by a yellow journalism of the most detestable character. We are having both at once, but there is this difference,—that the literature of France was of a high order while ours is on a level with our yellow journalism which is a product of our school system. This country is now experiencing the ill effects of miseducation. For many years a passion for the kind of learning to be obtained in our universities has been a national disease; and we have reached a point where ridiculous pedantry of the very kind that Rabelais helped to extinguish with a laugh is rampant in every city, town and hamlet in the land. Education is with us a kind of fetish, and educators we have exalted till they have become in the popular mind something of the nature of supermen. To them we look as to infallible guides for light and leading. The college professor with a message has become the pre-eminent matinee idol of the American people. Swollen with self-importance, he presumes to set us right in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the body and the soul. This is no new state of affairs in the world's history. The ostentatious obtrusion of the presumption of scholars is an old story. In many countries, in many periods, the vacant skull of pedantry has furnished out a throne and temple for mischievous vanity. But the pedant as a political and social reformer never before wielded the influence that he has in this country today. For never before were his opportunities so great. Such is the passion for culture that he is the most popular of lecturers, and so universally is he acknowledged as an authority that his books are best-sellers and his essays are printed in magazines and daily papers. He is producing a shabby literature of protest against the ideals of all time and against what he regards as the cramping boundaries of convention. He is the symbol of the fresh child mocking at the limitations of his father. If we read him we find that there is no dogma, no theory of sociology or politics, however foolish, to which he does not set his seal. Indeed of most of the strange dogmas and theories of the day he is the proud and pompous author. He is the same old familiar pedant that men of sense and wit have so often made the object of ridicule. As always, he sees things not as they are but as he fancies they should be, and "shuts his apprehensions up" in order that he may discover nothing to interfere with his prejudices or convince him of their absurdity. All the loose ideas in circulation among the non-thinking of the day are to be traced to our universities. Whatever of dissatisfaction there is with existing institutions owes its origin to the speculative and subversive philosophy that is tried out on the minds of students in the class-room by pigmy Voltaires and incipient Huxleys. The American pedant is above all things an iconoclast. By speaking disrespectfully of whatever is sacred he acquires a reputation for boldness and originality, and so he scouts tradition because it is tradition and recommends innovation because it is innovation. To study the development of thought in our universities is to trace the genesis of our great Progressive movement down to the epitomizing of it in a platform made in Chicago at a conference of college professors. The Progressive movement is an academic movement. The enthusiasm behind it is the enthusiasm of men keen for the perception of anomalies but never for the truth that might rectify them. Great multitudes of men are pinning their faith on the understandings of these sophomoric philosophers, not a few of whom are skilled in metaphysics, versed in the teachings of Nietzsche, familiar with the castes of the Hindoos, most learned in whatever is least liable to be brought to the test of experience and as ignorant of human nature as a bull moose is of the Darwinian theory.

A Professor at Close Range

Every little while we are permitted to study a college professor at close range—a Wheeler at a banquet, a Jordan on a hobby. Now comes Earl Barnes, a potentate of the mind from Palo Alto, oracular like all his breed on something of which it is impossible that he should know anything but by conjecture. "Two centuries from now," says Barnes, "family life as at present constituted with its sacramental sig-

nificance, its lack of a eugenic conscience and its medieval ethical standards will be almost incomprehensible." Here we have the typical dogmatist of the cocksure school of philosophy, which flatters itself that it is going to produce another French Revolution. Here is a prophet who looks into the seeds of time, and at a safe distance—two hundred years hence—sees the passing of the night of the old religions when men will hurl imprecations at whatever gods may be. According to Professor Barnes the ideal state of civilization will come when there shall be no impediment to divorce. He insists that "a eugenic conscience" should take the place of the old "theological conscience," and he declares that when men and women are permitted to marry as often as they please marriage will be brought back to its "eternally binding realities." The eugenic conscience will do the trick. The eugenic conscience will generate romantic love, says Barnes. Barnes reminds us of that penetrating thinker imagined by George Eliot, who could see his way through the centuries to a society composed of machines of perfect mechanism, a State in which by pressing a button brains were let loose to give readings of the spiral vortices concerned in the production of epic poems and judicial harangues. Of the college professors of other days it was said they knew nothing but books. The American college professor is ignorant even of books. That is why he is so progressive along lines that extend back into the mists of time. This ideal state conceived by Professor Barnes, like most of the political cure-alls of the day, has been experimented with by several peoples, who found in every instance it wasn't an ideal State at all. The Greeks had a eugenic conscience and gave it play not with admirable results. The Romans had free divorce, and their romantic love was soon converted into a pig stye passion. If Professor Barnes had ever read David Hume, who is fairly well esteemed in academic circles, perhaps he would not be so enthusiastic about the eugenic conscience. Hume says that nothing is more dangerous than to unite two persons so closely in all their interests and concerns as man and wife without rendering the union entire and total. When, according to Hume, the tie between man and wife is wavering and uncertain there are bound to arise endless quarrels and suspicions. He points out that when there was no impediment to divorce in Rome marriages were most rare, and Augustus was obliged by penal laws to force men of fashion into the married state. But we need not go back to Hume or to Rome to see the absurdity of the college professor's ideal state. Divorce is as free today as it is possible to make it. No man or woman needs to remain married while there is a Reno, the most progressive city in the world from the Barnes viewpoint. But we see no sign of marriage being brought back as Barnes puts it to "its eternally binding realities." The happiest marriages today as always are those which by long acquaintance have ripened into a lasting friendship. Human nature is such that romantic love in the married state, with or without a eugenic conscience, endures not beyond the ecstasies of the honeymoon. Hence the fond conviction of man that he is a polygamous animal, a conviction so well grounded that society, which takes care of itself first and the individual afterward, deems it advisable to take no chances with the eugenic conscience.

The House of Clay

A day shall break—the widening rose of dawn
Petal on petal lifting from the gold
Until the neutral earth is green, the stars
Reborn as dew—that day shall break,
And thou sleep on.

Sleep so serenely that the pitcher left
To brim and overflow, the whitened ash,
The needle rusting in the seam
Shall be as recollected play;
So deeply, not the push
Of dimpled fingers at thy breast
May call thee back.

Beneath a coronal of bloom, the fruit
Is ripening ere the petals fleet
Through quiet airs,
A fragrant generation at a breath.

When is fulfilled
The law, the purpose of our earth,
We too may wing into the vast.

The sacred fire
Smoulders upon the hearth, though red
On circling wall the pageantry of hell
Within the shrine
The priestess pours libation till the years
Are numbered and a younger vestal brings
The oil and wine.

From the low house of clay we look
Through storied window of the creeds;
From the low house of clay—the altar lit,
Or black with dying brand—we step
Into the light.

—C. A. Dawson Scott.

Perspective Impressions

John D. Works is herby placed in nomination for house manager of the Club of Bores.

Let us hope that the Los Angeles couple who married in Esperanto will not repent in English.

If the Balkans refuse to go to the Hague will Dr. Jordan bring the Hague to the Balkans?

War is a lesson in geography. Brush the dust from your old text book and test the fascination of following the armies in the Balkans.

"The growth of ——— ——— in popular favor is indicated by the spread of enthusiasm all over the country." The name is merely a question of newspaper partisanship.

When you hear that sweet trio, Pecksniff Rowell, Tartuffe Earl and Blue Jay Lissner singing Onward, Christian Soldiers, remember it is written, "Woe unto you that laugh."

Having paid the tribute of our undivided attention to the Red Sox and the Giants let us now consider the brave struggle that the Montenegrins are making for their liberties.

Of course nobody has abused President Taft in this campaign. Far be it from any Progressive organ or orator to impute to our good President a fondness for stolen goods.

Teach yourself the gospel of content. For instance: Remind yourself that the joyous-looking joyrider with the carful of peaches may be an embezzler who'll be caught next week or a chauffeur stealing his employer's gasoline.

Tom Lipton thus: "I am looking for a race, and I long to see my fighting flag flying from the mast and hear the boom of the signal gun off Sandy Hook." And of course a boom in Lipton's tea is the source of an inspiration all its own.

The bare knee skirts may be immodest, but the law of compensation gives us the feminine knee bared which is quite another thing.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, says the press despatches, has been buying gowns suitable to wear at White House functions. So even the candidate's wife must be pressed into service for the campaign.

When a man has grit enough to talk to an audience for ten minutes while bleeding from a bullet wound in the chest the probability is that he has determination enough to pull through with very little surgical assistance.

The women of the Ellendale Methodist Church of Ellendale, Del., have agreed to contribute every egg laid on Sunday on their farms toward paying off the church debt. Now let us see if the Methodist hens are Sabbatarians.

The Vase of Clay

By Jean Aicard (From the French)

I.

Jean had inherited from his father a little field close beside the sea. Round this field the branches of the pine trees murmured a response to the sighing of the wind.

In this field grew roses and raspberries. The pretty girls of the neighborhood came to Jean's home to buy these fruits and flowers, so like their own lips and cheeks. The roses, the lips, and the berries had all the same youth, had all the same beauty.

Jean lived happily beside the sea, at the foot of the hills, beneath an olive tree planted near his door, which in all seasons threw a lace-like blue shadow upon his white wall.

Near the olive tree was a well, the water of which was so cold and pure that the girls of the region with their cheeks like roses and their lips like raspberries, came thither night and morning with their jugs. Upon their heads, covered with pads, they carried their jugs, round and slender as themselves, supporting them with their beautiful bare arms, raised aloft like living handles.

Jean observed all these things, and admired them, and blessed his life. As he was only twenty years old he fondly loved one of the charming girls who drew water from his well, who ate his raspberries and breathed the fragrance of his roses. He told this young girl that she was as pure and fresh as the water, as delicious as the raspberries and as sweet as the roses. Then the young girl smiled.

He told it her again, and she made a face at him. He sang her the same song, and she married a sailor who carried her far away beyond the sea.

Jean wept bitterly, but he still admired beautiful things, and still blessed his life. Sometimes he thought that the frailty of what is beautiful and the brevity of what is good adds value to the beauty and goodness of all things.

II.

One day he learned by chance that the red earth of his field was an excellent clay. He took a little of it in his hand, moistened it with water from his well, and fashioned a simple vase, while he thought of those beautiful girls who are like the ancient Greek vases, at once round and slender.

The earth in his field was, indeed, excellent clay.

He built himself a potter's wheel. With his own hands, and with his clay, he built a furnace against the wall of his house, and he set himself to making little pots to hold raspberries. He became skillful at this work, and all the gardeners round about came to him to provide themselves with these light, porous pots, of a beautiful red hue, round and slender, wherein the raspberries could be heaped without crushing them, and where they slept under the shelter of a green leaf.

The leaf, the pot, the raspberries, these enchanted everybody by their form and color; and the buyers in the city market would have no berries save those which were sold in Jean the potter's round and slender pots.

Now more than ever the beautiful girls visited Jean's field. Now they brought baskets of woven reeds in which they piled the empty pots, red and fresh. But now Jean observed them without desire. His heart was forevermore far away beyond the sea.

Still, as he deepened and broadened the ditch in his field, from which he took the clay, he saw that his pots to hold the raspberries were variously colored, tinted sometimes with rose, sometimes with blue or violet, sometimes with black or green. And these shades of the clay reminded him of the loveliest things which had gladdened his eyes: plants, flowers, ocean, sky. Then he set himself to choose, in making his vases, shades of clay, which he mingled delicately. And these colors, produced by centuries of alternating lights and shadows, obeyed his will, changed in a moment according to his desire.

Each day he modelled hundreds of these raspberry pots, moulding them upon the wheel which turned like a sun beneath the pressure of his agile foot. The mass of shapeless clay, turning on the center of the disk, under the touch of his finger, suddenly raised itself like the petals of a lily, lengthened, broadened, swelled or shrank, submissive to his will. The creative potter loved the clay.

III.

As he still dreamed of the things which he had most admired, his thoughts, his remembrance, his will, descended into his fingers, where —without his knowing how—they communicated to the clay that mysterious principle of life which the wisest man is unable to define. The humble works of Jean the potter had marvellous graces. In such a curve, in such a tint, he put some memory of youth, or of an opening blossom, or the very color of the weather, and of joy or sorrow.

In his hours of repose he walked with his eyes fixed upon the ground, studying the variations in the color of the soil on the cliffs, on the plains, on the sides of the hills.

And the wish came to him to model a unique vase, a marvellous vase, in which should live through all eternity something of all the fragile beauties which his eyes had gazed upon; something even of all the brief joys which his heart had known, and even a little of his divine sorrows of hope, regret and love.

He was then in the full strength and vigor of manhood; and yet, that he might the better meditate upon his desire, he forsook the well-paid work, which, it is true, had allowed him to lay aside a little hoard. No longer, as of old, his wheel turned from morning until night. He permitted other potters to manufacture raspberry pots by the thousand. The merchants forgot the way to Jean's field. The young girls still came there for pleasure, because of the cold water, the roses, and the raspberries; but the ill-cultivated raspberries perished, the rose-vines ran wild, climbed to the tops of the high walls and offered their dusty blossoms to the travellers on the road. The water in the well alone remained the same, cold and plenteous, and that sufficed to draw about Jean eternal youth and eternal gaiety.

Only youth had grown mocking for Jean. For him gaiety had now become scoffing.

"Ah, Master Jean! Does not your furnace burn any more? Your wheel, Master Jean, does it scarcely ever turn? When shall we see your amazing pot which will be as beautiful as everything which is beautiful, blooming like the rose, beaded like the raspberry, and speaking—if we must believe what you say about it—like our lips?"

Now Jean is ageing; Jean is old. He sits upon his stone seat beside the well, under the lace-like shade of the olive tree, in front of his empty field, all the soil of which is good clay but which no longer produces either raspberries or roses.

Jean said formerly: "There are three things: roses, raspberries, lips." All the three have forsaken him. The lips of the young girls and even those of the children have become scoffing.

"Ah, Father Jean! Do you live like the grasshoppers? Nobody ever sees you eat, Father Jean! Father Jean lives on cold water. The man who grows old becomes a child again! What will you put into your beautiful vase, if you ever make it, silly old fellow? It will not hold even a drop of water from your well. Go and paint the hen-coops and make water-jugs!"

Jean silently shakes his head, and only replies to all these railleries by a kindly smile. He is good to animals, and he shares his dry bread with the poor. It is true that he eats scarcely anything, but he does not suffer in consequence. He is very thin, but his flesh is all the more sound and wholesome. Under the arch of his eyebrows his old eyes, heedful of the world, continue to sparkle with the clearness of the spring which reflects the light.

IV.

One bright morning, upon his wheel, which turns to the rhythmic motion of his foot, Jean sets himself to model a vase, the vase which he has long seen with his mind's eye. The horizontal wheel turns like a sun to the rhythmic beating of his foot. The wheel turns. The clay vase rises, falls, swells, becomes crushed into a shapeless mass, to be born again under Jean's hand. At last, with one single burst, it springs forth like an unlooked-for flower from an invisible stem. It blooms triumphantly, and the old man bears it in his trembling hands to the carefully prepared

(Continued on Page 21.)

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XCVI—SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE

By Edward F. O'Day

An orator to the tip of thy index finger! An advocate whose tongue drops manna on the aridities of the law, and not unskilled at times to make the worse appear the better reason! Whether discoursing philosophy in thy Tusculan villa at Menlo, exalting genius in the rostrum or pleading causes in the forum, to whom can I so fittingly compare thee as to the friend of Atticus, the champion of Archias, the scourge of Catiline and the savior of Milo? Samuel, thou are the Cicero of California! the Marcus Tullius of a later republic!

Gentle reader, do not regard this as too haphazard a comparison. In many respect Shortridge has formed his life on the life of the Roman orator. The Ciceronian disertitude is the model of his eloquence; the Ciceronian suavity mellows his manner and softens the rudeness of our speech as it falls from his lips; the Ciceronian polish is in his gestures and his diction; a not unciceronian cultivation fashions the matter of his thought and directs the course of his reading. And, as if to accentuate the comparison, a bust of Cicero in purest Carrara marble stands by his desk, the presiding genius of his law office, the cidolon of his intellectual worship.

Cicero, as Macaulay's schoolboy knows, loved the theater and was the warm friend of Roscius, the greatest actor of his day. Herein too did Cicero prefigure our Samuel. Shortridge has been so familiar with the plays of Shakespeare all his life that the hardest tug at his memory will not suffice to bring back the occasion of his first reading them. They are as much a part of his mental equipment as the alphabet. In fact, if there should arise, some time or other, a legend telling that the infant Shortridge came into the world holding a volume of the bard in one hand and pointing out a passage in "Hamlet" with the index finger of the other, I rather think it would find ready belief among those who know him.

"But I do recall very vividly," he told me, "the first time I saw a play of Shakespeare on the stage. I saw Lawrence Barrett in 'Hamlet,' and the effect was tremendous. I was in a trance, a state of ecstacy for days. I went about oblivious of all external things, my mind concentrated on that wonderful experience."

It is the classic drama which Shortridge loves.

"I don't care for the modern school of playwriting," he says. "The theater should idealize life. If I want to see a crowd of men in a bar room I can walk down Market street. Why should I go to the playhouse for such a sight? The drama which talks hogwash may turn men's minds from sorrow, may make them forget their troubles. In that sense it may be a wholesome antidote. But it doesn't improve mind or morals. The great classical plays are educational and altogether good. In them virtue triumphs and the wicked things of life bear their bitter fruit. They preach a sermon."

The phrase brought our Cicero back from the realm of Roscius to the subject of oratory.

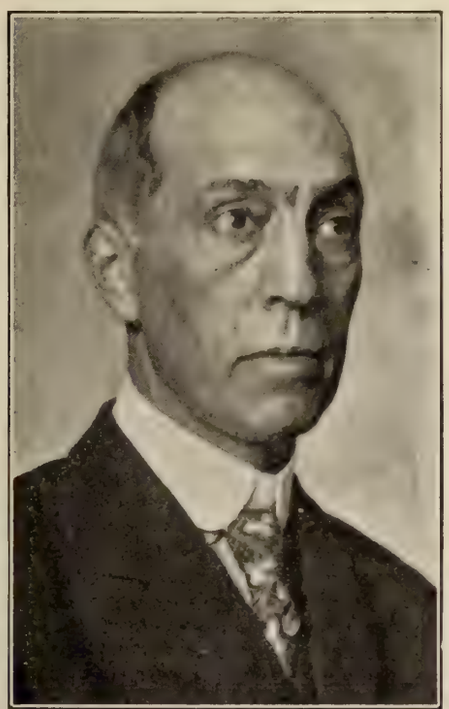
"Yes," he repeated, "they preach a sermon, and it is well that they do. For the pulpit is empty. Where today is there a Henry Drummond? a Beecher? a Spurgeon? a Phillips Brooks? This great field of oratory lies untilled. Great indeed! for it includes all earthly and immortal things. The lawyer deals with hearts; the preacher with souls."

Shortridge knows whereof he speaks. His father was a clergyman and a master of oratory. Indeed oratory runs in the family. Eli Shortridge was one of the great lawyer-orators of Kentucky. There is something in heredity. The young Shortridge proved it, not by turning to the church but by shaping his course toward the law and learning to conjure with the spoken word.

"It was always understood in our family that I was to be a lawyer."

Was there the hint of a sigh as he spoke? I almost thought so. I probed a bit. The conversation of Cicero veered back to Roscius.

"My city of San Jose," he explained, "produced John T. Malone and Sam Piercey. For a time I dreamed that it might produce a third.



Courtesy of the Chronicle

SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE

We had an amateur dramatic club, and I played the leading parts in 'The Marble Heart,' 'Coralie,' 'Diplomacy' and other plays. I shall never forget the praise I received for my acting in that beautiful old play of 'Coralie.' It was bestowed by Eugene T. Sawyer, then a writer on the Mercury but afterwards exalted to a proud eminence as the author of the Nick Carter stories of blood and thunder. Sawyer suggested that I should follow in the footsteps of Malone and Piercey.

"I thought so too for a time. But you remember that Goethe cherished the belief that he knew more about the theory of light than any other man in Germany. I have thought at times that I could play the great parts. After all, you may count on your fingers the actors of today who are also students. How few grasp the subtle meanings of Shakespeare! How many glide over sentences pregnant with philosophy! And so, having been a passionate student of the plays I have sometimes dreamed that I could interpret them not unworthily.

"And yet I remember what Cicero said in his essay 'De Oratore.' The great advocate must be an actor and something more; he must, says Tully, combine all knowledge with the art of Roscius. The actor from Roscius to Burbage and from Burbage to my dear friend Sothern does not create the noble thoughts, the grand situations to which he gives his powers of interpretation. After all, the dramatic is a poor art as compared with the ideals represented yonder."

Whereupon Shortridge turned with a smile to that magnificent bust of the Roman Shortridge.

So it happened that our Cicero resisted the blandishments of Eugene T. Sawyer, gave up the dramatic club and joined the Lecticonians. All old San Joseans remember the Lecticonians, an earnest group of students who gathered for frequent debate on the burning issues of government, politics and literature.

Curiously enough Shortridge's first speech before the Lecticonians was made in opposition to the Baconian theory. From the time that Mrs. Bacon started that curious controversy he has been a consistent, a passionate champion of Shakespeare. Cicero defended Roscius and Archias with just such flaming enthusiasm.

That speech against the Baconians won the hearts of the Lecticonians; thenceforth he was their leader. From his lectica of eloquence he looked down, though not unkindly, upon the lesser orators.

That was his first triumph of golden speech. There have been many others more conspicuous, though perhaps not quite so sweet. Later on in life when Shortridge was invited to a dinner given at the Bohemian Club to Frederick Warde, he was asked to respond to the toast, "Shakespeare," and unprepared acquitted himself so well that he was immediately elected to membership.

Come to think of it, there should be a bust of Shakespeare in Shortridge's office as well as a bust of Cicero. Why not the prince of poets on one side and the prince of orators on the other?

Perhaps, though, he would prefer to carry the image of the bard in his heart. Cicero is not merely an affection but also an inspiration. An advocate and orator was Cicero. So too is Shortridge. But Cicero was more than that. A senator, you recall. . . . Who knows of what Shortridge is thinking when he studies that marble effigy?

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Correspondence

The Cost of Tunnels

Editor Town Talk, Sir: If tunnels are to be built for the purpose of bringing the Ingleside tract and other tracts nearer to the city wouldn't it be a good idea to start proceedings at once and let the burden of cost fall on the people who are now selling off outside lands at enormous profits? There has been much speculation of late in lands south of the Park and west of Twin Peaks. Real estate speculators are selling lots at the price at which but a few weeks before they bought whole blocks. I suppose the suckers who buy the lots will have to pay the cost of the tunnels. I don't pretend to know anything about this game, but it seems to me to be a sucker game. Compare the value of residence property south of Market and in Richmond with the residence property south of the Park that was cow pasture six months ago and you will see that prices have been inflated beyond all reason.

Sincerely yours,

—R. L. G.

Information Wanted

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I read with much interest the paragraph about Henry Huntington and the United Properties Company. It would be a fine thing if the deal went through, as Huntington has lots of money, but what about Tevis and Smith? Haven't they lots of money too? Or are they depending on the public to finance their business for them? Meanwhile what I'd like to know is whether the Oakland Traction Company is to benefit from the deal in the event of its going through.

Respectfully,

—Francis Lennon.

Oakland, October 5, 1912.

Mr. Bynner Concludes

October 12, 1912.

Town Talk, Gentlemen: Lest poets seem to set up in Town Talk a department of mutual advertising, I have answered Mr. Viereck in a personal note, with penitence and patience.

Very truly yours,

—Witter Bynner.

The Danger of the Beauty Contest

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I notice that Arthur Putnam, the sculptor, has been giving his views about beauty contests to the morning paper which is conducting one at present. He says: "Beauty contests are mighty good things for the public, because they educate its taste for real beauty." That is all very well; but I have long been of the opinion that beauty contests are not a good thing for the women who take part in them. In fact, I think they are a mighty bad thing for the contestants. They encourage vanity, envy and other weaknesses to which women are prone enough without them. A beauty contest is particularly bad for the woman who wins it. She regards herself as a very fortunate woman, whereas she is really most unfortunate. I know a man who attributes the wreck of his domestic happiness to the fact that his wife once won first prize in a beauty contest. From that day, he says, there was no holding her. It turned out that she had more beauty than brains. Her head was turned by flattery. She answered every request for her photograph; made use of all the lotions which were sent her by dealers in exchange for testimonials; in fact, lived for her face alone. The result was the breaking up of a once happy family. So at least the husband has told me. I think that girls make a mistake when they take part in beauty contests. They are mortgaging their future peace. They should be congratulated when they do not win.

Very sincerely,

—A Bachelor.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Germany Would Attack Egypt

One of the most candid statements about Germany's plans for a possible war with England has been made by the German Admiral Breusing. He says that Egypt would be Germany's first objective if she came to blows with Great Britain. The Admiral says that the attack on Egypt would be by land and would be made with the co-operation of Austria and Italy. The purpose would be to control the Suez Canal and intercept the English food supply immediately on the outbreak of hostilities. The Italian forts in Tripoli would be the base of the attack. There are good roads along the rim of northern Africa into Egypt. England now sees the need for a strong naval base within striking distance of Tripoli, and for a squadron of offensive strength in or near Egyptian waters.

Juvenile Crime in France

In a report that the administration of Criminal Justice has addressed to the President of the French Republic the alarming statement is made that crime flourishes among minors three times more than it does among adults in France. The maximum of criminality, both for males and females, was found among the prisoners from 18 to 21 years of age. Among men of that age there are 301 prisoners for every 10,000 inhabitants of the same age and sex. This ratio is three times greater than that established among those who have reached their majority. While crimes against property among minors are falling off, crimes of violence are increasing. This is attributed to the fact that absinthe drinking and other vices among adults have produced in their offspring tendencies to violence and lack of mental restraint.

Is War with Japan Impossible?

A Japanese authority thinks that geographical conditions make the waging of war between the United States and Japan impossible. This novel view is advanced by Y. Takegoshi, a leader in the Japanese House of Commons who says: "I think I am right in saying that some Americans are talking about war between the two countries without thinking much. If they will study geography and learn how wide the Pacific Ocean is they will doubt the possibility of such a war, and if they will study further and learn how much coal a battleship needs during a voyage from Japan to the Pacific Coast, they will come to the conclusion that Japan cannot attack America until the globe is remodeled, because she has no coaling station between Japan and America. America has a coaling station at Hawaii, but no battleship can load enough coal to sail from Hawaii to the Japanese coast, fight, and sail back to Hawaii. These two countries are so situated that they cannot fight before political geography is changed."

Alas, Poor Woman!

Man is literally the salt of the earth, according to the very latest scientific dictum that has come out of Paris. In other words, man has a larger percentage of chloride of sodium in his blood than woman has. The fact that man's blood is saltier than woman's gives him some decided advantages, say the Paris savants. The more salt, they say, the higher the intelligence and general development. Because woman has less brine—and therefore, we are told, less red corpuscles—she is inferior in reason as well as in physical force. Besides, they say the facial angle of the woman more closely resembles that of a brute animal than does the facial angle of the man. So her senses are less keen and she feels less pain. All of which is referred to the suffragettes and the women's clubs for comment.

English College Men

The British youth has been much chastised recently for his own good. His critics are of his own household. A writer in a London daily has severely criticised the public schools and universities. "Swank" and snobbishness were declared to be the distinguishing characteristics of both. A much discussed article in an English review added preparatory schools to the list and carefully demonstrated how all three combined to turn out a nice fellow who had learned nothing useful, and unless he "found himself" quickly after his university career was only fit to become a remittance man abroad or a country house loafer at home. The Duke of Argyll, who is himself an Etonian and a Cambridge man, now joins the critics. The Duke points out that in foreign universities, such as Berlin and Paris, men assemble for real study in stern preparation for the hard work of life, but to Oxford and Cambridge students go less for study than to obtain a knowledge of the natures of their fellow beings. "An extravagant life is led and injurious habits are formed," says the Duke, "against which a half monastic show is provided, but the monastic rule and spirit are wholly absent." Let us be thankful that for once the American Rhodes scholars are not sneered at.

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Poems About San Francisco

LXII—GREETING

By Alberta Bancroft

(The following little poem was written for Sunset Magazine where it was published September, 1905. Alberta Bancroft has written a number of graceful verses for various magazines.)

The copper-sailed feluccas
Are out upon the bay,
Past Alcatraz a-skimming
Like sea-gulls on their way.
Yo-ho, you swarthy fisher folk,
A-tacking in the strait,
May luck attend your fishing nets
Beyond the Golden Gate;
And may a shining harvest
Be yours, my friends, to weigh
Your copper-sailed feluccas
A-tilt upon the bay.

The Spectator

Abbas and Voliva

Abdul Baha Abbas sounds the slogan of universal peace and the unification of all the religions on the earth. Wilbur Voliva, trailing the robes of John Alexander Dowie, swats the pulpit-pounders and sets himself up as the only simon-pure, blown-in-the-bottle Messiah. It may all be very interestng but it is not impressive. Not impressive at least to those who know something of the rise and fall of crazy cults and of the coming and going of religious pretenders. That such men as Abdul Baha and Wilbur Voliva should receive serious consideration is a meaningful sign of the times. In times of mental softness and moral laxity the religious pretender always appeals. In such a time the Jews set up a Golden Calf and fell down before it; under similar conditions the Romans of the decadent Empire embraced the Zoroastrian cult of Mithras. And so today. We have our sun worshipers and we have Bahaism and we have the exceedingly profitable Christian Catholic Apostolic Church of Zion. Weak intellects are attracted and open their hearts and purses to the picturesque trailers of Oriental garments who wear their sleeves large and loose so that they may laugh in them with comfort and security.

Jarring Sectarians

It is an easy life these propagandists live. They are missionaries de luxe who sit on silk cushions to preach their gospels. They breathe an atmosphere of roses and adulation. "In a sunny apartment sat Abdul Baha, the Servant of God, surrounded by roses," we read. They are always in the sun, these unifiers of religion who would unite all men by adding another to the list of jarring sects. There are so many of them that all tastes may be satisfied. If you don't like the crudities of Voliva's Zion you can sample the dreamy oriental platitudes of Bahai. But alas! they are forever beset with turmoil. Abbas would reform the world and give us peace, but he can't keep discord out of his own household. His own nephew says he's a fakir and a twister of the truth; even quotes Bahai scripture to prove him a lying impostor. Abdul says he's "the center of the covenant," but his nephew attempts to take the center of the stage by claiming that title for the Almighty alone. Such broils might breed suspicion among the followers of Abdul if those followers were not made-to-order devotees who blind themselves to everything but the light of the countenance which smiles upon them. There is a similar fight going on in the ranks of Theosophy. From time to time printed matter comes to this office wherein the Besantists and the anti-Besantists air their differences, one faction accusing the leader of the other faction of all high crimes and misdemeanors. But the rank and file go right on worshiping with their eyes shut and their checkbooks open.

The Heathen Invasion

I should like to call to the attention of foolish San Franciscans who feel the lure of these various manifestations of oriental craziness an article written for Hampton's last year by Mabel Potter Daggett. It is called "The Heathen Invasion" and it tells part of the story of the oriental cultists in the United States. The invasion began, says the writer, with the Congress of Religions at the Chicago World's Fair in '93. "The Swamis and Babas who came to America discarded in India the simplicity of their Sanhyasin garb for gorgeous robes more tempered to Western taste. They arrived silken clad and sandal shod, to prove an attraction that outshone the plain American variety of divine, the minister in a frock coat and a white tie." And so they were lionized in fashionable drawing rooms. "It was far better," says the writer, "than squatting, clad in a yellow loin cloth, at some heathen temple's gate." Naturally they sent word to others to follow them, and those others "combed out their matted hair, allowed to hang uncared for during the years of sacred meditation, and leaving their begging bowls behind, hurried over to this so much more lucrative field." The result is apparent on the Pacific Coast. There is a Buddhist temple in Seattle; a Hindoo temple here; a Krishna temple in Los Angeles; down at Point Loma the Purple Mother holds sway. It is the same in other parts of the United States.

Yoga and the Women

The swamis from India who preach yoga have found their American disciples principally among weak-minded women. In this connection the writer of the article in Hampton's gives some arresting data. "Miss Sarah Farmer, a New England spinster with a beautiful idea of universal brotherhood, gave her fortune in the founding of Green Acre, where for years she was a familiar figure in her flowing gray gown and veil. The study of many religions unbalanced her mind and she has been for several years an inmate of an asylum at Waverly, Massachusetts. In Chicago, a few years since, Miss Aloise Reuss, a woman of culture and refinement was taken, screaming and praying, from the Mazdaznan Temple of the Sun to be incarcerated, a raving maniac, in an Illinois asylum. The death of Mrs. Ole Bull, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, widow of the world-renowned violinist, occurred in January last, and her will bequeathing several hundred thousand dollars to the Vedantist Society was set aside by the courts on the grounds of mental incapacity. On the very day of the decision, her daughter, Mrs. Olea Bull Vaughn, in whose behalf the verdict was rendered, died technically of tuberculosis but actually, the doctors said, of a broken heart. Mrs. May Wright Sewell, the club woman of national repute, who spent much time with Mrs. Bull at the latter's Cambridge home, is suffering from ill health, and is said to be a physical wreck through the practice of yoga and the study of occultism. The relatives of Mrs. Ellen Shaw of Lowell, Massachusetts, a while ago petitioned the courts that a conservator be appointed to prevent her from bestowing her property on the sun worshipers. Witnesses at the trial testified that Mrs. Shaw had taken nude sun baths on the lawn of her residence in the fashionable Tyler Park section of Lowell. Last spring Dr. William R. C. Latson, a New York physician, was found mysteriously dead in his Riverside Drive apartment, and Alta Markheva, the young Jewish girl who called him her man-god or 'guru' in the study of yoga, at-

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tempted to follow him in suicide. More recently the handsome and cultured wife of President Winthrop Ellsworth Stone of Purdue University abandoned her home and husband and children to join the sun worshipers in the study of yoga."

The Lure of Bahai

The abominations of sun worship may have nothing in common with the cult which Abdul Abbas preaches, but you never can tell about these religions until you are deeply initiated. When Dr. Ameen Ullah Fareed of Teheran first came here a year ago to preach Bahai he was accompanied by the estimable wife of a Washington physician. Mrs. Getsinger was this woman's name, and she dressed in a blue mantle corded at the waist. She had been to Acca to teach children and nurse the sick. Now I see that a Los Angeles woman has yielded to the spell and will journey to the Far East for the same philanthropic work. Is it necessary for women to leave their homes and their own country to do good in the world? Are there no children to teach here, no sick to nurse? I should like to know just what is behind this Bahai movement, and I sincerely hope that these and other foolish women won't find to their sorrow that they have been duped by the specious patter of wily religious pretenders.

The Phelan Contribution

Rumor has it that the Hon. James D. Phelan will be pleased to take an ambassadorship in the event of Woodrow Wilson's election. Rumor goes so far as to mention two posts either of which will be satisfactory—Rome and Madrid. Somebody in my judgment has been guessing wide of the mark. Mr. Phelan might be satisfied with an ambassadorship, but not with one beyond the range of the calcium. Mr. Phelan's ambition is to shine in home politics, and doubtless he would like to be in a President's cabinet, but it appears to me he is neglecting his opportunity. With all his wealth, all his passionate devotion to the cause of democracy, he has contributed only the measly little sum of two thousand dollars to the campaign fund. Mr. Phelan shows signs of becoming a tight-wad in his declining years. Fancy a multi-millionaire who has paid as high as ten thousand for a work of art putting up less than the yearly salary of his imported chauffeur to help elect a Democrat to the Presidency! One would be justified in suspecting him of being already haunted by the bourgeois hallucination common to rich Americans—dread of the poor house. His acquaintances explain that he hopes to "get by" inasmuch as he got his friends Rudolph Spreckels and Gertrude Atherton into the fight. Mrs. Atherton is one of Wilson's strong cards, and Mr. Phelan, the hero of one of her novels, is pointing to her with pride as though she were a specimen of his handiwork. I hope that our darling publicist is not deceiving himself.

Rudolph and the Editor

Certain points made by Rudolph Spreckels in his open letter to the editor of the Bulletin are not touched upon by the editor of the Bulletin in his answer to Mr. Spreckels' letter. The editor of the Bulletin addresses himself chiefly to the question whether Governor Johnson should tell what he intends to do about Abe Ruef, and the editor says that the power to parole Abe Ruef is exclusively the power of the board of prison directors. This is a good enough answer if it is to be believed; that is, if people believe that Governor Johnson has no power over the prison directors. But what about those other questions asked by Mr. Spreckels? This one, for instance: "Can any one fail to see the significance of the fact that of all the prisoners in our State prison seeking parole Ruef alone seems worthy of the most unprecedented and continual fight made by that paper?" Mr. Spreckels adds: "This community and the people of this great State should be able by now to determine who of those enlisted in the fight to make our city and State clean politically, are now doing personal politics and politics for gain." After reminding us that practically every man associated with him in the graft prosecution has landed in a job notwithstanding that he paid them all liberally for their services Mr. Spreckels observes that if the editor of the Bulletin "had followed his own inclinations and beliefs unselfishly" he would have refused to desert La Follette. This means, I take it, that the Bulletin had some ulterior reason for switching from La Follette to Roosevelt. Mr. Spreckels does not conjecture that such was the case. He says it was the case. Yet, nothing on this subject in the answer.

Jones and Johnson

"Down in the grime and dirt and dust of unremitting toil and poverty there are men and women who from dire necessity are performing their part in the scheme of society. . . . At last the object of a great national party is to reach down there to those who are less fortunate among our fellows and lift them up till they shall have some of God's sunlight. That, oh! that is our cause my friends. . . . We intend to prevent occupational diseases. We demand minimum wage standards. Oh, the sin, the shame of this great nation that we should annually feed to the greed of men hundreds of thousands of unformed children. This year Progressivism will stop it." This speaker of course was our Hiram. The occasion was his first meeting last week in New York City. I read the speech and my mind went back to "The Crusaders," not the historic crusaders but the men and women in Henry Arthur Jones's play of that name, and I reflected that here was another instance of fiction going before reality. Twenty-one years ago in London was produced a Jones play that satirized men and women of the same character as those who are now singing Onward, Christian Soldiers. Jones held the British reformers up to ridicule by playfully exaggerating the type and he succeeded in producing persons who talk just like Governor Johnson. After reading the Johnson speech I read over again the old Jones play. I find that Philos the eccentric poet thus described the object of his Progressive movement:

> I want to put an ideal London before every Londoner. I want all good citizens to stand in line and say to London filth, to London ugliness, to food adulteration, to slums, to bad drains, to legal chicanery, to horse-racing, to the Stock Exchange and to all other ways of living on your neighbor without working for him, to the thief, to the idle, to the drunkard—I want London to say to all of them,—"We'll abolish you!"

Philos was asked where he would begin. He made reply:

> Everywhere where there is dishonesty, misery, disease, despair! I want to make every Londoner feel that every broken waif of humanity in this city, no matter how evil, wretched, ignorant, sunken, diseased, is his brother, his sister, his child.

And the cynic of the play observed, "I fancy we've heard something like this before."

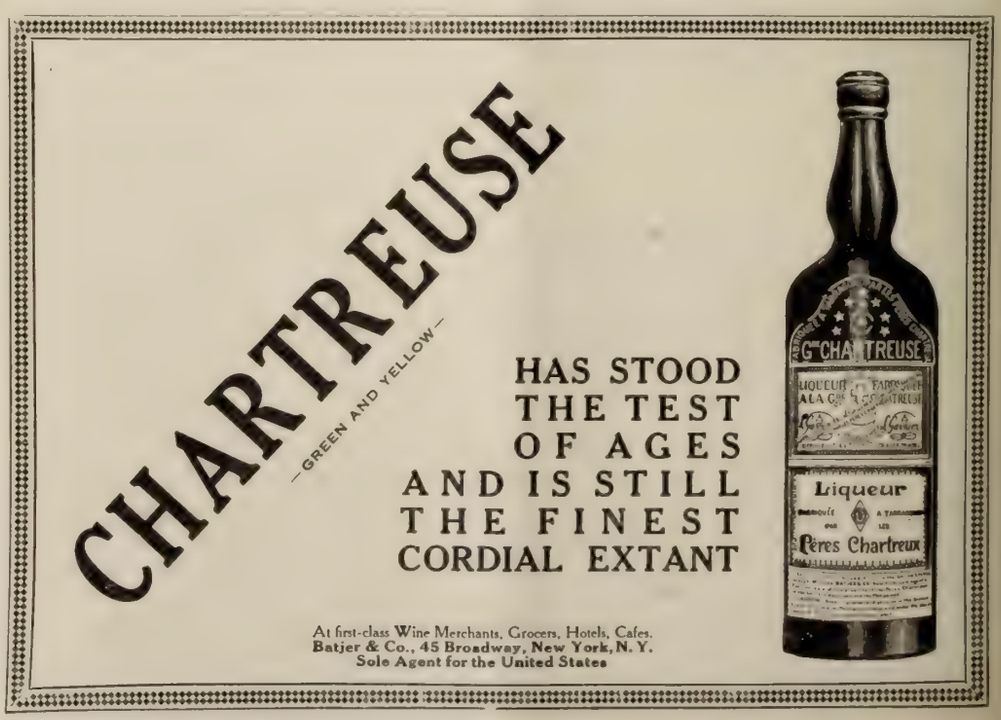
The Power of Love

The crusaders conceived by Jones have strutted their brief hour and will probably strut no more, for the play is hopelessly old-fashioned in its technique, but the satire is of the freshness of the flower in bloom, and the reading of it I heartily commend, especially to my sentimental friends who read John D. Barry and the other gushing mouthpieces of the uplift propaganda. I almost suspect Mr. Barry of borrowing from Mr. Jones. Listen to Una the sly lady reformer: "Oh, but I love blackguards! I love gaol-birds! I love outcasts of all sorts! I love everybody that's unfortunate and miserable and ugly and wicked and stupid. Don't you love them?"

"At some distance," said Lord Burnham.

"Oh," said Una, "but you'll have to love them if you want to reform them. You'll never do without love."

And then comes the poet who declines an



invitation to dinner because, as he says, he can't feast while his brothers and sisters are starving. Asked where his brothers and sisters are he says: "In the gutters, in the alleys, in the gaols and work-houses. There are hundreds of thousands of them in the East End of London that never smile." The net result of the reform movement conducted by the Crusaders was a revolution in South America and two cents added to the income tax.

The Loquacious Wheeler

Schrank is not the only crank that has been gendered in the dust and heat of this campaign. Everywhere are minds o'erstrung, at random driven. Take Mr. Charles Wheeler, for example. One of the leaders of the bar is Charles, a man once wedded to his profession, a stickler for the law as it is writ; now give him a case with the law against him and at once he talks of the rights of the people. The Progressive bug has its grip on Mr. Wheeler. The other day he was invited to speak at a Unitarian Church conference called to devise ways and means for the advancement of the cause of religion, and he talked an hour and a half about the stealing of delegates in Chicago. He was as much of a bore as Joe Leggett on single tax. Then he turned to and wrote an answer to Senator Works for the Bulletin in which he thought he justified the stealing of electors in California. It's in Monday's Bulletin. Read it, and then take Locke's differentiation of a fool and an insane man and try to classify Charley. Surely that once bright mind that argued so well for the breaking of the Fair trust was not in its normal state when it affected the belief that the Republicans of this State have already passed upon the question whether they should repudiate the nomination of President Taft. He says that by an overwhelming majority the Republican party declared in favor of such repudiation. It might be unfair to charge Mr. Wheeler with wilful deception, but he has no hesitation in accusing Taft Republicans of trying to deceive the people. Nor does he lack the effrontery to argue that the Progressives have the right to use the name of the Republican party in California. This conclusion he reaches by first assuming that the Republicans of California have repudiated the nominee of the party and that the Republicans of California are absolutely independent of the national Republican party. He has nothing to say however as to the perjury it was necessary for the puppets of the Johnson machine to commit in order to enable the Progressives to masquerade successfully as Republicans, or as to why the Progressives should prefer to be designated as Republicans if they really believe that the party in California does not stand for the nomination of President Taft.

Dr. Bryant's Mistake

Dr. Edgar R. Bryant, the well known member of the Bohemian Club, created a brief sensation in the St. Francis Hotel at midnight last Wednesday. Among those who were lingering over their supper or chatting in the lobby and the club room were several friends of the genial doctor. Imagine their surprise when Dr. Bryant entered the hostelry, not clad in conventional afternoon or evening clothes but looking like a picture cut out of a comic supplement. He wore an absurd black hat with a broad flapping brim, a crimson scarf flaming against a background of lurid shirt, and his short overcoat exposed the legs of a pair of trousers with the largest and loudest checks ever seen outside of negro minstrelsy. In addition, he carried a small satchel. Everybody who saw this apparition wondered what had suddenly gone wrong with Doctor Bryant. Friends and strangers gathered in knots to observe him while he stopped at the desk to speak to the night clerk. The night clerk, suppressing a laugh with difficulty, shook his head negatively, and Doctor Bryant with a woe-begone expression that accentuated the weirdness of his makeup turned and walked toward the club room. There Harry Cosgriff of the Olympic Club accosted him, with considerable misgiving, and asked him to explain his clothes. The explanation was very simple. Dr. Bryant had been asked to the masquerade given by Mr. and Mrs. Mooser in honor of Clarence Kolb and Max Dill. But he had come just one week ahead of time. The doctor took a drink or two to sustain his courage and then went his homeward way, a very unhappy masker.

The Change on the Call

Now it is being said in the newspaper shops that the ownership of the Call will not pass from John D. Spreckels to William Wallace Chapin of Seattle. It is stated that the Call has not been sold and will not be sold. Still you never can tell. That a man like Chapin who really wants to own a newspaper should take charge of the Call during the temporary absence of Charles W. Hornick, incapacitated by illness, seems strange. Besides, Chapin is to bring a man with him from Seattle, I hear. I am told that Carl H. Brockhagen has resigned as manager of the Post-Intelligencer and will soon leave for this city to assume a similar position on the Call. Brockhagen has been with the P.-I. for years and has demonstrated his capacity. He and Chapin were business associates while Chapin was part-owner of the P.-I., but in addition there is a bond of friendship between the two men. Perhaps they will come to stay.

"Exposition Fatigue"

This is a phrase invented in Germany, and it will be disquieting for San Franciscans to learn that it is being used in connection with our World's Fair. What the Germans will do for our Fair in 1915 is still a secret. It seems that the German Government does not intend making any public announcement of its intention until after the presidential election. Besides, the various industries usually interested in expositions have not yet concluded their deliberations in regard to the desirability of taking part. A number of the interested parties are using that unpleasant phrase, "exposition fatigue." They say the German people are surfeited with fairs. Belgium, for example, is now planning her fourth world's fair within twelve years. That is regarded as too much. Paris which had a world's fair every eleven years up to 1900, has abandoned it. But since then there have been the St. Louis in 1904, the Brussells in 1910 and the Turin in 1911. The world's progress is undoubtedly rapid, say the Germans, but they gravely question whether it is swift enough to justify the herculean labor and expense of universal expositions within so brief a span. However, let us not worry. Germany will probably exhibit despite "exposition fatigue."

He Wants the Job

"Pop" Cahill, acting on the theory that Congressman "Billy" Kent is no hypocrite and that he is better than the company he keeps has been trying to retrieve the millionaire political plunger from the error of his ways. But "Billy's" acquaintance with himself is more intimate than "Pop's." And "Billy" doesn't want a certificate of character that is too hard to live up to. He prefers the job, and it makes him sore to be told he can't win. So he not only ignores "Pop's" compliments but snubs him for his pains somewhat after the manner of Scribe who answered the millionaire by whom he had been asked for the loan of his genius for a consideration that it was contrary to Scripture for a horse and an ass to plough together. Nevertheless the amiable Candid Friend insists that Kent is in bad company, thus implying that the millionaire congressman has a character to lose. And we find "Billy" himself taking it for granted that he is a man of ripe ethical judgment, for he presumes to acquit his friend U'Ren of "any improprieties in his actions." And this is the "Billy" Kent that herds with the wild ass of the desert! the same "Billy" Kent who, when he was grooming himself for the job as a civic reformer and backer of the graft prosecution saw no impropriety in becoming a member of Mayor Taylor's phoney committee appointed ostensibly for the purpose of making an honest investigation. Let us not worry about "Bill." If he isn't immune from contamination he ought to be. "Bill" is from Chicago.

The red and white grape wine vinegar of the Italian-Swiss Colony gives "fineness" to cooking and is used by all chefs. Order it from your grocer.

A Curious Display

There was a curious display of theatrical pictures in the lobby of the Alcazar last week. On one side of the lobby were two "frames," as they are called in the lingo of the craft, advertising "The Nigger," last week's bill. One frame contained pictures of Sarah Truax, the leading lady. The other contained flashlight photos of the New York production of "The Nigger" with Guy Bates Post in the principal role. Thus Guy

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Bates Post and Sarah Truax were brought side by side, for the first time since a very spicy divorce action severed the bond which made them man and wife. On the other side of the lobby were two more frames. One contained photos of the New York production of "The Easiest Way" with Frances Starr appearing prominently in every picture. The other contained photographs of Maude Fealy and her husband James Durkin who have been appearing in "The Easiest Way" this week. And so James Durkin and his erstwhile affinity Frances Starr were brought together for the first time since David Belasco separated them.

The Band Wagon Orators

All the spellbinders of the local Democracy are anxious to take the stump this year. Their sensitive nostrils scent the fragrant odor of victory from afar, and they are crazy to be in at the kill. To make a speech may mean to get a job later on; to make a number of speeches may mean to get a better job. So the orators are tumbling over one another in their eagerness to be given the route. The committee at headquarters which has charge of the speechmaking end of the campaign has been overwhelmed with applications. As there are only fifty-seven speeches to be made by orators from San Francisco there has been an embarrassment of talking material to pick from. So the committee devised a means of giving satisfaction to the country towns. A request was sent to all the cities and towns where San Francisco orators are wanted, instructing the local political managers to name their choice of orators. The result is that a lot of the wouldbe stump speakers will have no chance to tear loose.

Painful Poker

Captain John J. Shea, the genial pilot, has developed a grudge against poker. Not because he has lost, for the captain is a good player and takes his infrequent setbacks like a true sportsman, but because he met with a rather serious accident while playing. The captain was sitting in a game at the Transportation Club the other day and was doing very nicely. In the midst of the play a friend whom he hadn't seen for some time approached the table. The captain rose hastily to shake hands, but stumbled over a cuspidor and was picked up with a broken rib. The captain says he won't play another game for some time.

Harmon on "The Coast"

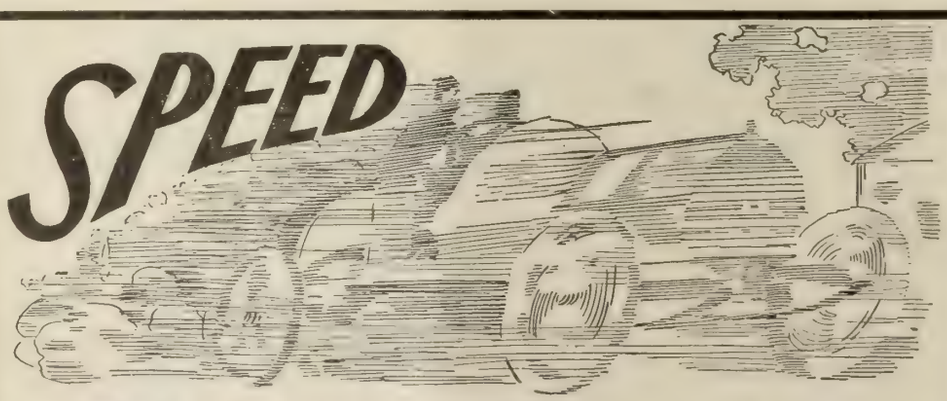
Judson Harmon, the big, handsome governor of Ohio, made many friends during his stay in this city. And he enjoyed himself in the most whole-hearted manner. He went everywhere, observed keenly and commented with the shrewdness of a seasoned thinker. Of course he made a tour of the Barbary Coast and the neighboring Alsatia. His comments on that part of our city may shock some of our uplifters. When the tour was over he said to John Uri Lloyd who accompanied him: "San Francisco seems to me to have handled this very difficult problem sensibly and satisfactorily. The people of such a district cannot be ignored; they must be regulated. This city has shown wisdom in keeping them within a restricted district." Or words to that general effect.

Raleigh's Beautiful Wife

San Franciscans who knew Harry Raleigh when he was an artist on the Examiner here, will be pleased to hear that he has a very beautiful wife. Raleigh is one of the best known illustrators in New York; his work is to be found month after month in the best magazines. Recently he married Dorothy Marian Scott. The New York World has been making inquiries among photographers for the most beautiful women in the metropolis, and one of the photographers produced a picture of Mrs. Harry Raleigh. Then he enthused as follows: "She's really beautiful. There is something in her face that we photographers are always searching for. It is ideal and still splendidly human. It has what we call appeal. Its outward beauty appeals to the eye, and yet, even in the photograph, you catch that something else. Some people call it soul. Some let it go at psychic attraction. But it's there." Then the photographer took breath and went on: "See her eyes, eager, wistful, with the slight droop at the corners, and heavy lashes. In them is the call that artists seek all their lives in women's faces. See those little delicate shadows around the mouth, and again the beautiful throat line and clean cut chin. Her hair and eyes are both brown." The picture bears out what the photographer says. The Raleighs are spending their honeymoon on a sea-going power boat fifty-five feet long. There is nobody with them but the engineer. Mrs. Raleigh named the boat "Aloha." When last heard from the bride and groom were in the Bermudas.

Subtle Feminine Flattery

It has been often said that women will never succeed in politics because they have no diplomacy. But it seems that the very tricks of flattery that men have been working on them for so long they are now trying on each other. Mrs. Charles Bentley who beside being a society woman and a golf champion is an ardent suffragette, started out the other day to interest the shop girls of the city in the coming election and to urge them to be present at a series of luncheons that the women of the Civic League had





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arranged for every day this week at different hours in order to accommodate the girls who lunched from 11 until 2. She passed up and down the aisles in one of the big stores explaining that luncheon would be furnished free, also that a temperate talk would be given on politics, and urging the girls to accept one of the tickets of admission that she was distributing. They were not very enthusiastic and made the usual feminine excuses for their inability to be present. It was evident that Mrs. Bentley was discouraged in spite of her smiling face, and the stereotyped question, "Have you registered?" which opened her conversation with each group, began to be half-hearted. Approaching one of the department counters she glanced over the long line of women and put the question, "Have you registered?" and then added regretfully, "No I expect not. You are all too YOUNG to vote." Every girl at the counter rose to the delicate insinuation, and so successful was the ruse that Mrs. Bentley was tempted to try it on several other groups with equally good results.



ARTHUR HADLEY

Noted musician who is principal of the 'cellos of the San Francisco Orchestra, talented brother of Conductor Henry Hadley.

Steamship "Cleveland" Lecturer Departs

R. S. Wheeler, Principal of the Piedmont School, Oakland, starts today on the Overland Limited for New York, which city he will leave on October 19 on the Hamburg-American Line Steamship "Cleveland" which will on that day commence her annual pleasure cruise around the world due to arrive in San Francisco on January 31, 1913. Mr. Wheeler has been selected as lecturer for this cruise, and during the voyage will deliver lectures touching on the following countries visited: Madeira, Gibraltar, Italy, Egypt, India, Burma, Java, Strait Settlements, Philippines, China, Japan, Honolulu and California. The several thousand colored lantern slides featuring Mr. Wheeler's talks are believed to be the most complete set ever collected for travel talks encircling the entire globe, and it is noteworthy that the Hamburg-American Line had the entire collection of lantern slides made in San Francisco, as even the large Eastern cities did not possess the wide choice of necessary subjects, of which our local dealers may be proud. Reverend Charles C. Champlin, formerly of San Francisco, and at present Chaplain of the First Congregational Church of San Rafael, accompanies Mr. Wheeler. Rev. Champlin has been engaged as Chaplain aboard the "Cleveland" during her world cruise.

Nonsense

Seymour—I don't see how you are going to manage to reach London from Chicago in less than a day's time.

Ashley—It will be easy. The world is 25,000 miles in circumference, isn't it?

Seymour—Yes.

Ashley—And it makes a revolution on its axis in twenty-four hours, or at the rate of about 1,000 miles an hour?

Seymour—I guess that's right.

Ashley—Well, sir, I'll get in my airship, ascend from Chicago, and just wait a few hours in the air, till London rolls around to me.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The New Order of Things

Socially a new order of things has been inaugurated with the Hallowe'en recital that Clara Alexander will give at the St. Francis in conjunction with a number of society girls and men. That recital is causing a small-sized tempest as to Who's Who. Miss Alexander is classed as a "professional," having been associated with Forbes-Robertson, Coquelin and others of equal note in the theatrical world beside having the endorsement of a number of the English nobility. Heretofore it has been the custom for society to give a benefit and invite professional talent to help out but on this occasion Miss Alexander is giving the "show" on her own account and she will be assisted by society. Already there has been some contention as to who should be exploited in large type in the complimentary newspaper notices. Enid Gregg, Mrs. George Armsby, Ernestine McNear—our society amateurs—and Felton Elkins, our local play amateur are supporting the professionals.

"Felton's First Play"

By the way, I noticed Felton Elkins and beautiful Miss Enid Gregg at luncheon together in the St. Francis the other noon. As Miss Gregg is to play the principal role in the youngster's play, it is quite natural that playwright and leading lady should be much together. They were deep in conversation, and a professional-looking manuscript was more than once consulted by the blonde young Clyde Fitch. The play is to be on the order of G. B. S.'s "Fannie's First Play," I am told. For that reason I have heard it referred to as "Felton's First Play." The title gave one ill-natured society chap the chance for a jibe. "Why advertise the fact that it's his first play?" he demanded. "We'll discover that soon enough when it's produced." But as a matter of fact it isn't his first. Felton has tried before. Let us hope for his sake that the new venture will be very like G. B. S. in wit. And still, why insist on dragging in Shaw? Still Felton is very young, only about twenty-two, and the wonderful genius his admirers credit him with may develop one of these days. Let us remember that most men don't reach the full maturity of their powers till they are forty.

Californians in Paris

Miss Eleanor King who went to Paris some months ago with Bessie Bowie to study music and cultivate her voice has been heard by Jean de Reszke who at once consented to accept her as a pupil. But Miss King for the present will continue a course of study with Miss Bowie and later on she will put herself under the tutelage of the famous tenor. I hear that she has become quite a social favorite in Paris, and that she spent last summer on the Riviera as the guest of distinguished foreign friends. After the holidays Miss King will be joined by her mother Mrs. William Townsend and her sister Mrs. Pedar S. Bruguiere who is going over with her husband Dr. Bruguiere and their little daughter. Emile and Francis Bruguiere, by the way, have been in Paris for some time and have acquired the Parisian air. Both spend all their time in art circles. Emile is taking life very seriously, devoting himself to music and giving promise of becoming a maestro. He is now at work on an opera.

Prefers London to San Francisco.

Miss Ether Moreland isn't coming here this Winter. Too bad! We've all been waiting eagerly, ever since she announced that she would favor us again, for a sight of those wondrous gowns which cost oodles of money but which she never thinks of wearing more than once. We were all interested in Miss Moreland's career at Newport this Summer because we had the opportunity to see her last Winter when she came here as the guest of Mrs. George Marye. Her beauty took more than passing notice, but we didn't realize what a personage she was until she descended on Newport and shed glory on her native city of Pittsburg by getting herself acclaimed the most beautiful girl of the season. Then came that story about the gowns which, of course, made Miss Moreland a national figure. So, when it was announced that she was coming here for another Winter, we couldn't have been more stirred up if "Tommy" Sears herself were coming. But alas! She isn't coming. Going to London instead. No matter how apocryphal some of the Newport stories about her may have been, she has arrived at last. The perennial Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has taken her up. That gives her the cachet. So she's to have a season in Lunnon which means a great deal more to her than a season in San Francisco. She may be presented at court in a superlatively wonderful gown.



Photo, Scharz

MISS MILDRED PORTER

A girl who is prominent in Oakland society and whose engagement to Mr. Albert Rowe was announced recently.

Has a Press Agent

I am told that Miss Moreland has acquired a press agent since she was in San Francisco. I'm not surprised. That story of the gowns that are worn only once is a typical press agent story and not a very good one at that. Many of the women at Newport have press agents. Mrs. Fish started the custom, and see what it has done for her! Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont followed suit. At present she has two, a social press agent and one for her political doings. Mrs. Tessie Oelrichs has a press agent, but her sister Birdie Fair Vanderbilt has not followed her example. Mrs. Ava Willing Astor has one; so has Mrs. "Billy" Leeds. The last named has one of the most industrious of all. Among the unmarried women of Newport Eleanor Sears and Connie Warren may be mentioned as two who have hired press agents. So Miss Esther Moreland is in very splendiferous company.

There Are None Here

There are no regularly employed social press agents in San Francisco. One or two women who know how to write and how to get their "copy" into the papers have from time to time press-agented girls in need of artificial boosting, but it has been done for the most part on a basis not strictly financial. But why shouldn't the custom be introduced here? The only reason is that we are still very provincial. Our newspapers are so eager to publish any sort of story about a society girl that they keep reporters busy all the time hunting them out. The hired press agent would have to get up very early in the morning to beat our newspapermen on a story having to do with a society girl. That being the case, our social lights are spared the expense of hiring one. But it's a profitable field. The press agents at Newport (who are mostly women) make enormous sums. They are retained by their principals to get the names and doings of those principals into the papers, but they are clever enough to make the papers pay for the stories too. So they make money coming and going, as the saying is. One Newport press agent boasted: "I can marry any girl to any man I pick out, just by starting a rumor of their engagement and following it up week after week." Truly, a formidable power to wield!

Affection Wasted on Dogs

The amount of maternal affection that is being dissipated in San Francisco, the existence of which was betrayed at the Toy Dog Show given at the St. Francis, should certainly be conserved by some of the modern methods known only to

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club women. The "mothering" that was lavished upon these tiny dogs was a revelation to the onlookers who had old-fashioned notions that such sentimental affection should be reserved for the infants of the race. The "Prince of Pilsen," catalogued as the smallest black and tan in America was the idol of his mistress Mrs. J. T. Halling who confided to her intimates the circumstance under which he had come into her possession. She couldn't vouch for his pedigree, because her agent, while negotiating for his purchase in Toronto, discovered that the only reason he was being offered for sale was that the gentleman who offered him had quarrelled with his wife and was selling her pet toy dog for spite. (The lady had no baby to kidnap and whisk away in the obsolete fashion of breaking the heart of a mother). Mrs. Halling's agent consequently closed the deal as expeditiously as possible, and departed from Toronto in the dead of night, without the usual credentials of good ancestry required by the purchasers of expensive dogs. But the Prince of Pilsen looked aristocratic and took a prize.

A Pet With a History

Mrs. Mersero confessed to having had in her possession a Chinese sacred sleeve dog, strangely obtained, but still very much loved. He was stolen from the Palace in Pekin, smuggled out of the country and into California—after the manner of much of the "loot" that came to this city at the time of the Boxer war in China. He lost his life during the excitement of the fire of 1906 and was hurriedly buried in the garden of the Mersero home in Jones street. Afterward he was disinterred and his remains now rest in a cedar wood box under a willow tree at Burlingame. Mrs. Charles Sutro's "Annabel" is a pampered pet, and if Lydia Hopkins and Margaret Barron ever expend as much time on babies as on their dogs, they will easily take prizes as model mothers. There was the usual growling and grumbling over the distribution of prizes and one exhibitor exclaimed with tears in her eyes as she held her defeated pet close in her arms: "It's bad enough to think Toto didn't get a prize, but to have him beaten by a mutt is too much."

Miss Klumpke Explained

A pretty trick was played Monday afternoon by Miss Anna Klumpke on an audience of women at the Sequoia Club made up of members of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. Miss Klumpke had occasion to read a letter from Rosa Bonheur. She read it first in French and then translated it into English. She prefaced her translation with a sweetly apologetic smile while she remarked: "There are so many young girls in the audience that translating the letter into English for THEM will not be amiss. The others will excuse me, I know."

An Old Romance

I am told that the engagement of John Lawson to Mrs. Gertrude Eels Babcock grew out of an old romance. It is said that John proposed to Gertrude Eels while she was still the belle of the smart set and long before she gave her hand to Franklin Babcock. He was rejected then, but his love remained, and his fidelity is now being rewarded. By the way, I saw John at the opera the other night. He was alone and a beatific smile played over his face as he sat through the music. I'll wager his thoughts were far away from the Cort.

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A Millionaire Widow

When Henry Koehler of St. Louis died recently he left his wife, Mrs. Margaret Craven Koehler three million dollars. The amount was a surprise, as it was not thought that he was nearly so wealthy. Mrs. Koehler is remembered here as the daughter of Mrs. Nettie Craven of Fair estate notoriety. She has one child, a daughter named Dorothy, fourteen years of age. Mrs. Koehler is executrix as well as sole heir of her husband's estate.

A New Way

To Miss Kate Peterson who announced her engagement last week to Ward Mailliard is due the credit of an original and pretty way of making the news known to her friends. As the guests entered the dining-room envelopes were distributed. They were directed to the guests by name "in care of Miss Kate Peterson, Belvedere." When the seals were broken the cards inside announced the charming hostess's engagement. The pasteboards also served as place cards for the luncheon. Thirty-two guests were informed in this fashion. Both young people are still in their teens, but Ward Mailliard has been a persistent wooer for the past five years.



Photo, Moore and Clark

MISS A. G. PRESTON

A young lady who is prominent in Alameda society. She is an enthusiastic motorist and is frequently seen at the wheel of her own car.

Cards in a Worthy Cause

A number of well known ladies have arranged a card party for the benefit of St. Ignatius College. It is to take place this Saturday night, beginning at half after eight, at the St. Francis Hotel. Scores will be computed and prizes awarded at half after ten when a delightful supper will be served in the White and Gold room. The party is sure to be largely attended, for the cause is a most worthy one and the entertainment promised is of the most attractive sort. The patronesses are all prominent in society.

The dream of the best dressers is realized in our offerings.—Vogel's, Ladies Tailor—420 Sutter Street.

Three Well Known Soloists

Those in charge of the regular weekly music matinees given through the courtesy of Kohler & Chase every Saturday afternoon at Kohler & Chase Hall have left nothing undone to make Saturday's event a particularly brilliant one. Three soloists have been engaged and a musical treat of the highest order may be expected. The soloists are Miss Ella R. Atkinson, soprano, Zdenka Buben, pianiste and Prof. Joseph Beringer, pianist. Miss Atkinson is one of California's leading singers and her popularity in the concert field is well established. Miss Buben is one of the younger set of musicians. She is quite a clever performer, being the possessor of a brilliant technique and reading very intelligently. She is an advanced pupil of Professor Beringer who himself is one of our prominent pianists. Miss Buben and Professor Beringer will play the Polonaise from Mignon which the latter has especially arranged for two pianos. Another feature on the program is a most successful arrangement for the Aeolian Pipe Organ of Tschaikowsky's powerful Marche Slav.

Doings at "The Peninsula"

As autumn advances the Peninsula Hotel is again becoming the scene of many pleasant social affairs. Its delightful surroundings and the charm of its beautiful lobby make the hotel a most desirable place for holding these events. The Peninsula Club, an organization of San Mateo's most desirable young people, gave their initial dance of the season at the hotel on Saturday evening, October 5. Over fifty couples participated. It is the intention of the club to give a dance each month during the winter season. One of the select luncheons given recently at The Peninsula was presided over by Mrs. John Lee Jr. of Palo Alto as hostess to seventeen of her most intimate friends. The luncheon was served in the private banquet room. The decorations were many and beautiful. It was a delightful event and Mrs. Lee was highly complimented

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on her ability as a hostess. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Breeze of Menlo Park who have been visiting in the East for several months, returned recently and are making the Peninsula their temporary home. Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve with their daughters Miss Agness and Elizebeth are among the most recent arrivals at the hotel. The Shreves will make the Peninsula their winter home this season. Mrs. A. M. Talbot accompanied by her daughter Miss Amylita Talbot is pleasantly domiciled at the Peninsula. They arrived early in September and will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Graham's Clothes

Mrs. William Miller Graham is going to take our breath away by the grandeur of her clothes this Winter. Mrs. Graham was abroad for two months, dividing her time between Paris and Venice for the most part. In Paris she shopped; shopped in the luxurious fashion possible to a woman with a successful man like "Bill" Graham for a husband. We shall see the result this Winter whenever Mrs. Graham favors us with her presence which, I am afraid, will not be very often. Mrs. Graham likes Santa Barbara but has never been overwhelmed by the grandeur of San Francisco or peninsular society. Still she will be with us from time to time, especially for musical affairs of the first order; and then we shall peep at her gowns. I emphasize this, because they are gowns worth waiting for. A writer who saw her in a Paris atelier just before she crossed the ocean to New York and the St. Regis on her way to California described how she was dressed: "She wore a gown made of the most supple grey moire, folded over on the left side with a sufficient movement to have a peep at one foot, and where the other folds were revealed a pleating showed, held in place by buttons. Of course there was the inevitable fur collar of Pekin, a new fur. Her hat was exceedingly large, of black plush and the plumes were set in the erratic fashion called the aeroplane, sweeping across the front of the brim and drooping, or rather caressing the shoulders."

A Hint to Truxtun Beale

The following unkind remarks addressed to one of our citizens are taken from Town Topics of New York: "An eyesore that has long been a subject of comment in Washington is the shabby old mansion in Lafayette Square, the property of Truxtun Beale. It makes one think of creeping things just to walk past it. The extended wing along H street in the days of Commodore Decatur and his immediate successors was given over to the slaves who attended the household, and these rooms have not been occupied for upward of twenty years. Not in a decade has Truxtun Beale expended a cent on this property, except the superficial furbishing the front rooms got when he brought his second wife to try out Washington socially. The effort was not as successful as he wished and he soon moved westward. The presence of Hattie Blaine Beale in the same city made it embarrassing for Mrs. Beale Number Two, and she found few congenial companions in the Capital. Mme. Bakhmeteff is more amenable to her brother and his wife than was the late Mrs. John R. McLean. Perhaps they may try it again, and if they do Truxtun really should do something to improve the old Beale mansion.

A Mizner Marries

Dr. Henry Mizner of the Mizner family was married this week in St. Louis, choosing for his bride Miss Eleanor Postlethwaite. Dr. Mizner is not, like his brother Dr. William Mizner, a physician but a clergyman. He ministers to an Episcopal congregation in St. Louis. Of course he is well known here, having paid us several visits since he took up his pastorate in St. Louis. Congratulations are being showered upon him and his bride. Which serves to remind me that the Mizner boys cannot be called a marrying crowd, at least not to any great extent. Addison is a bachelor in New York, and I've not heard that he thinks of giving up his single blessedness. Edgar is a bachelor in San Francisco, with more or less set ideas about remaining so. The same holds true of Lansing who would hate to give up the Pacific-Union Club for a domestic establishment. Wilson is an exception of course. He married, but not with conspicuous success. His union with Mrs. Yerkes did not last long, and today he's more interested in footlights than a hearthstone. On the other hand, Minnie Mizner, the sister of the Mizner boys, is happy as Mrs. Howard Blanchard Chase.

"The Dangerous Age"

Those who have read the book will appreciate the following. It was at rather a large social gathering which took the form of a musicale, and one of our well known young clubmen, recently returned from a tour of the world, regarded the assembled guests rather critically. "I think I shall leave," he told a friend, with every outward evidence of trepidation. "Why so?" demanded the friend. "Because," answered our young clubman, "there are so many women here who are at the dangerous age."

A Pretty Tea

Mrs. C. O'Brien Reddin entertained at tea Saturday afternoon in honor of her daughter Miss Florence Reddin whose engagement was announced to Dr. Frank Sarll of Madera. Dr. Sarll was formerly dental surgeon at Yerba Buena Island, but for the past four months has been practicing in Madera. Mrs. Reddin was assisted by Mrs. William Breen, Miss Roberta Holmes, Miss Mary Bates, Miss Lily Katz, Miss Ethel Graham, Miss Elizabeth Bates, Miss Edmee Artiques, Miss Elizabeth McCarthy, Mrs. Parker Wood, Miss Florence Katz and Miss Margaret Reddin.

Society at Coronado

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. MacPherson, prominent society folk of Oakland, are now at Hotel del Coronado to remain several days. Mr. Gus Ormsby of Kansas City is stopping at Coronado. Mr. Frank Biggar is registered. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Murphy, prominent in Pasadena, arrived Sunday to remain several days. Mr. C. R. Richards of New York is enjoying the comforts of Coronado. Mr. Jas. Bachrach of Tacoma arrived this week for a short stay. Miss Henrietta Buckler of El Paso is spending some time. Mr. R. R. Bauss is spending a few days. Los Angelenos arriving at Hotel del Coronado recently included: Miss Leslie E. Brand, Miss J. T. Stewart, Mrs. P. H. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Emmet Y. Murray, Harrison Albright, F. M. Byron, Mr. and Mrs. Henenberger. Among the prominent people from Long Beach were: J. M. Young, Wm. Holz, S. G. Chapman, Geo. S. Noble, Mrs. J. O. McSorly, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tesmer. Prominent San Franciscans include: Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hamburger, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. Schilling, Mr. R. Barnes.

The Lure of Tait's

Always an attractive place to eat, Tait's Cafe is more than usually alluring these days. The cuisine is of course always excellent. In addition to this, however, are the attractions of tasteful decorations of an original order and splendid music, vocal and instrumental, by artists and entertainers of unsurpassed skill. Of course there are other attractions at Tait's. The resourcefulness of the manager of this popular cafe is inexhaustible. He is always devising means of interesting his patrons, particularly the women patrons. Women who drop in these days between the hours of three and six are sure to find their visit worth while. The Tait's special luncheon at fifty cents is undoubtedly the finest in town, both as to the quality and the variety of the food.

Modern Maud

Maud Muller, on a summer night,
Turned down the only parlor light.

The Judge, beside her, whispered things
Of wedding bells and diamond rings.

He spoke his love in burning phrase,
And acted foolish forty ways.

When he had gone Maud gave a laugh
And then turned off the dictagraph.

"I thought you told me you were paying for an auto?"

"So I was."

"I don't see any auto?"

"You haven't looked in the right place. Go look in my grocer's garage."

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Lambardi Salome

Let us be grateful to Lambardi and Patrizi for giving us Salome. If it is not the sensational Salome that has been seen and heard elsewhere let us consider that perhaps after all it is an opera in which we should have some preliminary shocks before taking the full voltage. Anyway we have heard Strauss. He sounds like Chaos, but we know he isn't, as the most sceptical music mathematicians in the world are compelled to admit that there is a good and sufficient mathematical reason for every note that Strauss ever wrote in his wildest, most anarchistic scores. Every instrument goes on as if superbly scorning all



FELICE MORRIS
The clever young comedienne who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

the others, yet there is never a moment when the ear can be unmindful of the perfect harmonies pervading the sound battle. Always we hear musical phrases—new ones. It's never the same idiom of melody, but distinctive are the component parts of the stupendous structures. The severest harmony experts must acknowledge that the crashes make music. But there is nothing to remember in the music of Salome, and that is why most of us don't like it. The vocal score is decidedly secondary, and the singers just declaim their lines through the superb orchestration. Every Lambardian sings his and her music beautifully, but there isn't a soul on the stage that acts Wilde except the man who manipulates the moon. Constantly the moon at the Cort symbolizes for us what Wilde intended should be the condition of mind and state of heart of those tragic Judeans. Look up to it, oh chilly Lambardians! for though like you it cannot sing with a voice that scatters strange perfumes its pantomime is perfect. Tarquini, though physically equipped for an ideal Salome is a disappointment. She looks the little princess, whose hands are like butterflies, who has little white doves for feet, who is like the shadow of a white rose in a mirror; and she has the courage to dare try to be Salome, that most unpleasant miss. Yes Tarquini looks the part and means well. See how she undresses her little body to look the alluring child of the lascivious Judean court, and how boldly she sings her amorous lines, but always without bodily or facial expression. I think that Salome is a role like Juliet of which tradition says, "It is that of a child, but a woman to play it must have had much actual experience in love and many years to think it over." Tarquini looks very innocent and very young, and she deserves generous praise and loud applause for her industry and energy in learning the strenuous role. If she would only be a little less deliberate she might affect us as with the fire of inspiration. There is deliberation even in the veil dance when she carefully unpins each veil. She might at least try like Mary Garden to send her women auditors home to waste their time in front of mirrors winding and unwinding perfectly good yards of wrinkly chiffon about their bodies in a vain effort to light upon the mysterious way in which she keeps her veils on and gets them off. On the whole the performance was unsatisfactory. Even Nicoletti as John—well, his eyes are not like black lakes troubled by fantastic moons, he is not like a thin ivory statue, his body is not like the snows that lie on the mountains of Judea, his hair is not like clusters of grapes, his mouth is not like the bow of the king of the Persians, and he wears for camel's hair what looks like a mid-Victorian piano mat. But Nicoletti sings his music superbly and Agostini though anything but the lustful Herod sings delightfully the most beautiful music in the opera.

—H. M. B.

"The Woman" at the Columbia

It's a very exciting game of Cherchez La Femme that they are playing at the Columbia this week. They hunt relentlessly from the rise of the first curtain and the woman isn't found till the end of the third and last act. In between there are thrills aplenty; thrills for the audience, and for the miserable woman heart aches that the audience feels too. It is the old, old story, old but ever new, of a transgression that rises up out of the past to haunt the transgressors. A scandal is needed by a group of unscrupulous politicians who are trying to down a reformer. They smell it out as such vultures always smell out carrion, but the name of the woman who was compromised eludes them. They must find the woman, or the scandal will have no sting. In the end they do find her, but she is the daughter of one of the plotters and the wife of another, so the plot collapses. That is the outline of a skillfully constructed play. It is a play which wrings the heart more than once with its spectacle of a good woman driven to the verge of despair by the apparition of a single indiscretion. It is a play too which starts a train of thought about reformers. The reformer in "The Woman" is a member of Congress who has led the fight against the old machine and sees the Speakership in sight. We are asked to regard him as typical of the reform movement of the day. The playwright has drawn him with considerable care, and one may even say, with a good deal of sympathy. There comes a time in the play when the reformer believes that the woman he compromised years before is about to be sacrificed to shameful publicity. He is told that he can prevent the exposure with its consequences of sorrow and disgrace by withdrawing his opposition to a railroad bill which the old machine is trying to pass. Blackmail? Of course it's blackmail. But the sort of blackmail to which a man of real manhood would submit. When a man has wronged a woman and is sorry for it he will bow to the penalty involved in saving her from public disgrace. But our reformer doesn't see it that way. It wasn't his fault, he says; it was the woman's. Besides, he is making a fight for "the people," and the good name of a single woman must not be weighed in the scale against the welfare of "the people." If this is not typical of the meanness, the cowardice and cant which are masking themselves today under the name of reform, I wonder what is? There was some applause for the reformer when he took this stand, applause from the gloved hands of women softly patted together. Strange, is it not? I don't think any man in the Columbia admired the reformer at that particular moment. He made us ashamed of our sex.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Martin and Ganz

Herr Greenbaum opened his season last Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Hall with two famous stars of the music firmament for his attraction, one a singer, the other a pianist. The singer is Riccardo Martin, an artist who comes to us with high encomiums from the Metropolitan Opera House. There he sings tenor roles, but his voice is hardly of the tenor quality. In the upper tones especially it is distinctly baritone. Mr. Martin made a favorable impression on his first appearance in this city, but on Sunday he did not appear to be in good voice. Interest was centered in Mr. Ganz, a pianist from Switzerland who plays with a great deal of force and virility. He proved himself a musician of high rank, a man en rapport with his instrument and something of originality in his interpretations. He is the sort of pianist who provokes discussion. Both artists will be heard again this Sunday afternoon.

—H. M. B.

Joe Jefferson at the Orpheum

Joseph Jefferson, a son of the famous American actor of that name and Felice Morris whose per-



MME. JOHANNA GADSKI
Who will appear in one concert only at the Columbia.

sonal magnetism and histrionic ability have made her very popular will appear in Jesse L. Lasky's production of William C. De Mille's problem play of the future entitled "In 1999" at the Orpheum next week. Albertina Rasch's "Le Ballet Classique" will be presented with Mlle. Domina Marini and Marcel Bronski, dancers of international fame and late of the Metropolitan, New York. It con-

sists of a series of classic dances in which the premieres have the support of ten skilled and graceful coryphees. "The Suffragette," a political satire, will be played next week only by Franklyn Ardell who is its author, with the assistance of Marie Walters. Mae Melville and Robert Higgins will amuse with a skit entitled "Just Married." They are favorites in this city and are sure of enthusiastic recognition. The Great Asahi and his Quintette will be seen in their feats of magic, mystery and risley. The feature of the act is the "human fountain." The act is beautifully staged and the equipments include the famous $4,000 curtain which is hand-embroidered. Next week concludes the engagements of Mary Quive and Paul McCarty and Leonard Gautier's "Animated Toyshop." It will also be the last of Jack Wilson and his clever associates Franklyn Batie and Ada Lane.

Last Week of "The Woman"

"The Woman" will be seen again this week at the Columbia. One of the most talked of actors in America today is Julian Eltinge, the star of "The Fascinating Widow" which comes to the Columbia on Sunday night, October 27. Eltinge in his dual role in this musical play is called upon to impersonate various types of beautiful women. He does this so thoroughly and artistically that he has inspired the paradoxical expression "the handsomest woman on the stage today is a man." An immense chorus and elaborate production will be found surrounding Eltinge.

The United States Marine Band

The famous United States Marine Band under the leadership of Lieut. Wm. H. Santelmann will give its opening concerts this Saturday afternoon at three and this Saturday night at 8:15 in the Greek Theater of the University at Berkeley under the auspices of the Faculty Committee on Music and Drama. At the afternoon concert such numbers as Wagner's "Rienzi" Overture, two of the most beautiful movements of Dvorak's "From the New World Symphony," Bizet's Suite "L'Arlesienne" and Liszt's "Polonaise" are programed, and the soloists will be Mr. Robert Steel, flutist, and Mr. Peter Lewin, said to be a virtuoso on the xylophone. At the evening concert the complete "Peer Gynt" suite by Grieg, Gungl's "Spring Festival in the Alps," selections from Humperdinck's fairy opera "Hansel und Gretel" and half a dozen other gems will be given. Tickets are on sale at the usual Greenbaum box offices in this city and the usual places at Berkeley. On Sunday afternoon and night and again on Monday afternoon and night the Marine Band will give four entirely different programs at Dreamland Rink. Different soloists will appear at each concert, and Miss Mary Sherrier, a brilliant coloratura soprano, will lend variety to the programs by singing works by Bizet, Bemberg, Tosti, etc. Complete programs of all the concerts may be secured at the box offices at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's. Special tickets for children under sixteen will be sold at 25 cents, both for the concerts in this city and at the Greek Theater.

Martin and Ganz Farewell Concert

Riccardo Martin, the dramatic tenor of the Metropolitan and Rudolph Ganz, the pianist, will give their farewell concert this Sunday afternoon, October 20, at Scottish Rite Auditorium at 2:30 p. m. Mr. Martin's numbers will include the "Lovesong" from Wagner's "Die Walkure," the aria "Amor ti vieta" from "Fedora" by Giordano, "Si mes vers," Hahn, "Chant Venitien," Bermberg and numbers by Bimboni, Chadwick, Edward Elgar and Roger Quilter. Mr. Ganz will play, by special request, Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, "Rhapsody" in C major, Dohnanyi, "Intermezzo" Op. 110 and "Capriccio" Op. 76, Brahms, and works by Liszt and Ganz. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's and on Sunday the box office will be open at the hall after 10 a. m.

Two Headliners at Pantages

Next Sunday comes to Pantages a bright aggregation of attractions, with two distinct headline acts, Mercedes, "the musical enigma," and Hassan Ben Ali's Arabian troupe. Mercedes, assisted by Mlle. Stantone, will offer a series of startling demonstrations of thought transmission as applied to music. With his assistant seated at the piano on the stage, he passes through the audience, requesting the spectators to mention the name of any familiar musical selection, which Mlle. Stantone immediately plays, although she does not hear the request. The act of Mercedes has created a genuine sensation both abroad and in America. The eleven "sons of the desert," comprising Hassan Ben Ali's troupe, are the very best gymnasts that ever came to this country and they give a whirlwind act that is said to be little short of marvelous. Lowell and Esther Drew, well known in musical comedy, will present their original conceit, "At the Drug Store." Andrew A. Copeland and "Lankey Lew" Payton present "Fun in a Dining Car." They have been here before and are as funny a dusky duo as ever faced the footlights. Flo and Ollie Walters will offer "the act dainty" in which they will be heard in some delightful songs and be seen in unique dances. The Great Harrah and Company are exceptional roller skaters. An event of especial interest to San Francisco will be the vaudeville debut of Sylvia Sabolcsay, a well-known young lady of this city who will be heard in classical and popular selections on the violin. Sunlight Pictures will complete the program.

The Gadski Concerts

On account of her many operatic engagements this season Mme. Gadski will sing but one concert in this city in addition to her appearance next Tuesday night, October 22, before the St. Francis Musical Art Society. The date of this one public concert is Sunday afternoon, October 27, at 2:30 p. m. and the place, the Columbia theater. When it was discovered that this queen of song would have only time enough for two concerts in public, the one in San Francisco and the other in Oakland, she cabled Manager Greenbaum that she would make up two of the greatest programs possible for these events and she has more than kept her promise. Her offerings at the St. Francis will likewise be unusually fine. At the one and only concert at the Columbia she will sing the Aria "Ritorna Vincitor" from "Aida," the "Suicide Scene" from "La Gioconda," "Isolde's Narrative to Brangane" and the wonderfully beautiful "Liebestod" from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" besides a group of most important lieder by Schubert, Wolf, Franz and Strauss and works in English by Saar, Schneider, Metcalf, Rummel and Oley Speaks. Mr. Edward Schneider will be the pianist. The sale of seats will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's and mail orders should be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum. The Oakland concert will be given this coming Thursday, October 24, at Ye Liberty Playhouse at 3:15 p. m. An entirely different program will include the Aria from "Tannhauser," three other Wagner gems, groups by Schubert, Brahms and Richard Strauss and songs in English by Branscombe. For this concert seats will be ready Monday at Ye Liberty box office and mail orders should be sent to H. W. Bishop at that theater.



CHAPINE and JOHN R. PHILIPS
Who will appear Sunday at the Cort Theatre in John Cort's original production of "The Rose of Panama."

Maude Fealy in "The Inferior Sex"

Maude Fealy and James Durkin will open the second week of their season at the Alcazar next Monday night in the leading roles of "The Inferior Sex," a three-act comedy by Frank Stayton which was successfully utilized as a starring vehicle in England and this country by Maxine Elliott. Unlike any other work constructed with especial view to suiting that actress, however, it affords ample opportunity for effective effort by

everyone in the cast, and rehearsals have shown that Miss Fealy, Mr. Durkin and the Alcazar company will make of it a very pleasing entertainment. All the action takes place aboard "The Firefly," an ocean yacht owned by a bachelor who has started on a long voyage to obtain seclusion while ventilating his disesteem of femininity by writing a book to be entitled "The Inferior Sex."

"The Rose of Panama" at the Cort

John Cort's production of Heinrich Berte's Viennese operetta "The Rose of Panama" will be the attraction at the Cort for one week, commencing Sunday evening with the complete wealth of costumes and beautiful scenery that so impressed the large audiences which gave it patronage during the engagement at Daly's Theatre, New York, last season. Chapine, the little Frenchwoman who captured New York in a single night, will be heard in the prima donna role of Jacinta, while many others of the Metroplitan company have been retained for this tour. Heinrich Berte's music is perhaps the principal feature of the opera. The score contains more than twenty really high class numbers that are reminiscent of "The Pink Lady," "The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Merry Widow," but sufficiently removed to absolve the composer from plagiarism. The scene is laid in a Central American republic whose president, Remy de Valmore, is anxious to surrender his job and hie himself to dear old Paris. Holbrook Blinn in "A Romance of the Underworld" follows.

The First Symphony Soon

The fact that the San Francisco Orchestra has been daily and diligently rehearsing since Tuesday, October 8, and that the sale of tickets for single seats will open for the first concerts, Monday, October 21 at the box offices of the Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co., and Kohler & Chase's, reminds us that the season is quite close. Conductor Hadley and the music committee of the Musical Association are pleased beyond measure with the Orchestra that has been assembled and predict for lovers of orchestral music a genuine treat. The Board of Governors are extremely anxious to make known the fact that it is not the intention to make the popular concerts cheap in any respect, excepting as regards the prices of admission which are one-half those asked for the symphony concerts. The Board of Governors state that the programs for the popular concerts will be fascinating, impressive and instructive and that many new works will be given. In selecting for the first concert Antonin Dvorak's Symphony No. 5 in E minor "From the New World" Mr. Hadley was influenced by the fact that it would claim the very best efforts of the conductor and his men. "The New World Symphony" which is a beautiful example of orchestral music, was written by Dvorak in New York and was first performed by the Philharmonic, December 15, 1893. It follows the lines of a classic symphony.

Up Against the Bars

Old King Cole was a merry old soul;
A merry old soul was he!
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
But only two of the fiddlers came;
The third, they said, was barred
From earning his living thenceforth, because
He carried no union card.
Nor came the pipe with its fragrant weed,
Nor the bowl with its golden brew;
For all such things had been driven from court
By the W. C. T. U.

He Stuck to It

The girl asked the polite salesman if he had good cheese.

"We have some lovely cheese," was the smiling answer.

"You should not say lovely cheese," she corrected.

"Why not?" he declared.

"Because—with boarding school dignity—"lovely should be used to qualify something that is alive."

"Well," he retorted, "I'll stick to lovely."

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455

Week Commencing Monday Night, October 21st
With Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

MAUDE FEALY and JAMES DURKIN

Leading the Alcazar Company in
Frank Stayton's Delicious Comedy

THE INFERIOR SEX

Maxine Elliott's Most Successful Starring Vehicle.

Prices: Night 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783

Second and Last Week Begins Sunday
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

Once More Belasco Triumphs
The Play That Has Set the Nation Thinking

"THE WOMAN"

By William C. De Mille

Perfect Belasco Cast and Production

Sunday Night, October 27th—JULIAN ELTINGE in his big hit "The Fascinating Widow."

Pantage's Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week of October 20th
Sensation of London and Paris

MERCEDES

The Musical Enigma.

HASSAN BEN ALI TROUPE

11 ARABIAN WHIRLWINDS—11
And an ALL FEATURE SHOW.

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.

Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

SINGLE TICKET SALE

SAN FRANCISCO
ORCHESTRA

HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR

SEASON 1912-1913—CORT THEATRE

Opens Monday Morning, October 21st

At Box Offices; Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase

Make all checks, etc., payable to

Musical Association of San Francisco, Cal.

SECOND SEASON OF THE KOHLER & CHASE

MATINEES OF MUSIC

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
AT 3 O'CLOCK

26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco

Featuring eminent California Soloists, the Pianola Piano and the wonderful Aeolian Pipe Organ.

No Cards of Admission Required
Open to the Public

AMUSEMENTS



MARTIN and GANZ
FAREWELL CONCERT
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 20 at 2:30



SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Tickets, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's.
On Sunday All Day at Hall.
Steinway Piano.



THE
UNITED STATES
MARINE BAND

From "The White House at Washington"
Half a Hundred Musicians Directed by
LIEUT. WM. H. SANTELMANN

"DREAMLAND RINK"

THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON and NIGHT at 2:30 and 8:15
and MONDAY AFTERNOON and NIGHT at 3:15 and 8:15

General Admission 50c. Reserved Seats 75c and $1.00.
Children at Matinees 25c.
Box Offices as Above. Sunday at Dreamland.

MARINE BAND AT GREEK THEATER
This Saturday Afternoon at 3 and Night at 8:15
Take Two and Seven O'clock Boats for Berkeley



MME. JOHANNA
GADSKI

ONE CONCERT ONLY

COLUMBIA THEATRE
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCT. 27 at 2:30

Tickets, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50, ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's.
Address Mail Orders with Funds to Will. L. Greenbaum.

IN OAKLAND AT YE LIBERTY
This Coming Thursday Afternoon at 3:15

Coming YOLANDA MERO, The Hungarian Pianiste.

CORT Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460

Tonight Lambardi Opera "CARMEN"
Beginning Tomorrow (Sunday) Night—One Week Only
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
JOHN CORT Offers His Great New York
Comic Opera Success

"THE ROSE OF PANAMA"

With CHAPINE, the Dainty French Prima Donna
Company of 75. Orchestra of 30
The Only and Original Company
Nights and Saturday Matinee—50c to $1.50.
DOLLAR WEDNESDAY MATINEE
Next—Holbrook Blinn in "A Romance of the Underworld."

Orpheum
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

A GREAT NEW COMEDY BILL

JOSEPH JEFFERSON and FELICE MORRIS in Jesse L. Lasky's production of William C. De Mille's Problem Play "In 1999"; ALBERTINA RASCH'S "LE BALLET CLASSIQUE" with Domina Marini, assisted by Marcel Bronski and Co. of Ten; FRANKLYN ARDELL & CO. in "The Suffragette"; MELVILLE & HIGGINS in "Just Married"; THE GREAT ASAHI, assisted by his Quintette; MARY QUIVE & PAUL McCARTY; GAUTIER'S ANIMATED TOYSHOP; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of JACK WILSON, assisted by Franklyn Batie and Ada Lane.

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—European developments were the chief factors in determining the course of the market the past week. All continental stock exchanges were disturbed by the unrest in the Balkan states and the probability of war between Turkey and some of her old provinces. Panic or something nearly like it reigned on the Vienna Bourse and the Bank of France refused to part with gold at any price. London and the Continent sold stocks very freely in our market, and the big interests here were kept busy trying to stem the tide. Money rates were very high early in the week, but the return to the banks of the October disbursements eased the strain and money was fairly plentiful and cheaper at the close of the week. Trading was broad and active and less attention was paid to specialties as compared with the regular market leaders. Treasurer McVeagh decided not to deposit the vast surplus under his control with western and southern banks for crop moving purposes unless the situation became more acute. He was assured by the New York banking fraternity that assistance was not necessary, and matters were so arranged here that large sums were forwarded by the subtreasury to New Orleans which relieved the strain as far as cotton was concerned. So enormous are the profits the banks are making at present that bank stocks have advanced sharply in the New York market. As far as the domestic situation is concerned existing conditions and the outlook for future business could hardly be better. No attention is being paid to politics. The railroads are making more money than ever before, as far as gross receipts are concerned and all important lines of trade are expanding rapidly. The claims that are made for the steel business are almost fabulous. The labor situation is also improved. We believe stocks bought around present levels will show handsome profits later on.

Wheat—The influences surrounding the wheat market the past week were much the same as those which have prevailed for weeks past. It is a record of big receipts, of enormous domestic distribution and seaboard clearances that are several times greater than those of a year ago. There are also the same predictions of an enormous spring wheat movement which we are about to realize and which has been delayed by wet weather. It is these extravagant estimates of the amount of wheat that is to come forward that restrict trade, as an investor naturally waits to see what the extent of the movement will be and the effect it will have on values so that the buying is limited to the commercial demands for consumptive requirements alone. The wheat crop of the United States for 1912 is universally conceded to be a large one, but it is not an overwhelming one, and probably has been exceeded once or twice before, and whatever the amount of production, it will all be disposed of in the usual channels of consumption. Accordingly, in considering the bountiful production of 1912, it is well to remember that the population of this country is the largest in its history. Furthermore about 100,000,000 bushels of our wheat are raised on the Pacific Coast where, on account of the prohibitory transportation charges, it might as well be counted out of consideration, as far as utilizing it east of the Rockies. The foreign demand is several times larger than last year, as is shown by the daily seaboard clearances. As far as the Balkan situation is concerned, the great powers of Europe seem to be united in their pacific efforts and while they will probably succeed, it is by no means assured that they will be successful. It would seem however that nature itself for a while will furnish a formidable barrier against war in the near approach of winter.

Corn—The Government now estimates the crop at a little over three billion bushels. If there were normal supplies of cattle and hogs to which this could be fed and only the normal amount of other food stuffs raised, there would be some reason for buying corn at present prices, but with the largest supply of all feeding materials combined which this country has ever seen, and with less than usual the number of animals to be fed there does not seem to be any reason for investment unless there should appear an extraordinary foreign demand to relieve the market of what will otherwise be a large surplus. We cannot feel that there is any good reason as yet for buying corn for an investment.

Cotton—The cotton market continues to drag to new low levels, and at the close of the week prices are about at the lowest point of the season. This is primarily a weather market and the weather could hardly be better for the crop than it has been the past week. No frost was reported and very little rain. The promised gulf storm that was to come whirling up the Atlantic coast was sidetracked by the high barometer and raged in fine shape two or three hundred miles out at sea whence it was reported by wireless by vessels caught in it. Weather map readers can see nothing that can affect the cotton belt in the next four or five days and the crop is making wonderful progress. The pressure of new cotton is now approaching its height and every spot buyer in Texas seems to be selling hedges. Some northern banks are also selling for the account of customers borrowing against purchases of cotton. This is the regular and inevitable course of events at this season, but the pressure is unusually severe just

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank
No. 2 MONTGOMERY STREET

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits....$11,070,803.23
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 12,281,957.46
Deposits 30,104,366.00

Officers—Isaias W. Hellman, Pres.; I. W. Hellman Jr., V.-Pres.; F. L. Lipman, V.-Pres.; James K. Wilson, V.-Pres.; Frank B. King, Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier; C. L. Davis, Asst. Cashier; A. D. Oliver, Asst. Cashier; A. B. Price, Asst. Cashier.

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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.
Safe Deposit Vaults

Merchants National Bank of San Francisco
Corner New Montgomery and Market Streets

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits..$1,768,076.98
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 1,639,482.36
Deposits 6,368,228.50

OFFICERS

Alfred L. Meyerstein.....President
J. H. Spring.....Vice-President
C. A. Hawkins.....Vice-President
R. B. Murdoch .....Assistant to President
W. W. Jones.....Cashier
Geo. Long .....Assistant Cashier
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The officers of this Bank will be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.
Safe Deposit Vaults open from 7:30 a. m. to 12 p. m., Sundays and Holidays included.

The German Savings and Loan Society
(THE GERMAN BANK)
Savings — Incorporated 1868 — Commercial
526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 MISSION STREET
Between 21st and 22nd

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 601 CLEMENT
Corner of 7th Avenue

HAIGHT ST. BRANCH, 1456 HAIGHT ST.
Near Masonic Ave.

JUNE 29th, 1912:

Assets $51,140,101.75
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,656,403.80
Employees' Pension Fund..... 140,109.60
Number of Depositors 56,609

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

Telephone DOUGLAS 2487 — R. E. MULCAHY, Manager

E. F. HUTTON & CO.
THE PIONEER HOUSE
BROKERS

Members
New York Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
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490 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
Branch, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

Two Private Wires to Chicago and New York
Washington, D. C., 1301 F Street
Los Angeles, 112 W. Third Street
New York, 31-33-35 New Street

now because ocean freight room cannot be found for cotton bought for export. Some of the largest spot houses bought on the break but this did not encourage the ring crowd. Sentiment was very bearish and traders said Texas would raise a 5,000,000 bale crop and Oklahoma would score a new high record, which taken together would make up for the shortage in Georgia and Alabama. We see nothing in the situation at the moment except a scalping attitude, and believe around 10 cents cotton can be bought for an investment.

AUTO NOTES

That the American woman sits in the court of final judgment when it comes to the purchase of a car is the decision that has now been reached by every progressive motor car manufacturer in America. Even the leaders are going far beyond ordinary limits to attract the attention of the woman to the car. The demand this year, according to E. S. Jordan of The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin, is for a car that is just as near an electric as possible in comfort, equipment and convenience but which has the power and the long distance ability of the gasoline car. To satisfy the taste of women, a new model, the Sedan, has been designed. This Sedan has all the advantages of the electric coupe without its limitations. It is equipped with the unit gasoline and electric motor which makes it possible for a woman to start the car and drive with the same comfort and ease as she formerly enjoyed in her electric. Not only in the designing is the manufacturer catering to the woman. Some concerns are now employing women to sell. While there are but very few women who have had training in this line, if there are any today who feel that they have special ability in that line they need only convince one of the leading manufacturers of that ability and a position is open.

"I hear you had words with Casey."
"We had no words."
"Then nothing passed between ye?"
"Nothing but one brick."



In a Safe Deposit box in the
CROCKER SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS
All it will cost you is $4.00 per year and you have the assurance that your valuable papers, etc., are safe.

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults Crocker Building Post and Market Sts.
John F. Cunningham, Manager

The Vase of Clay

(Continued from Page 6.)

furnace where fire must add to its beauty of form the illusive, decisive beauty of color.

All through the night Jean has kept up and carefully regulated the furnace-fire, that artisan of delicate gradations of color. At dawn the work must be finished.

And the potter, old and dying, in his deserted field, raises toward the light of the rising sun the dainty form, born of himself, in which he longs to find, in perfect harmony, the dream of his long life. In the form and the tint of the frail little vase he has wished to fix for all time the ephemeral forms and colors of all the most beautiful things.

Oh, god of day! The miracle is accomplished. The sun lights the round and slender curves, the colorations infinitely refined, which blend harmoniously, and bring back to the soul of the aged man, by the pathway of his eyes, the sweetest joys of his youth, the skies of daybreak and the mournful violet waves of the sea beneath the setting sun.

Oh, miracle of art, in which life is thus epitomized to make joy eternal!

The humble artist raises toward the sun his fragile masterpiece, the flower of his simple heart; he raises it in his trembling hands as though to offer it to the unknown divinities who created primeval beauty.

But his hands, too weak and trembling, let it escape from them suddenly, even as his tottering body lets his soul escape—and the potter's dream, fallen with him to the ground, breaks and scatters into fragments.

Where is it now, the form of that vase brought to the light for an instant, and seen only by the sun and the humble artist? Surely, it must be somewhere, that pure and happy form of the divine dream, made real for an instant!

Tabloid Truth

An ounce of tomorrow is worth a pound of yesterday.

Glittering generalities are really the rhinestones of speech.

The fellow with money to burn may live to sieve the ashes.

Ever notice that the man who says he only drinks to forget never forgets to drink?

Happiness is a toss-up between a married man's warning and a bachelor's advice.

Hard work offers small odds, but is generally a winner. Genius is a 100-to-1 shot.

Many a man's extravagance consists largely of adjectives.

The woman who reigns in her home doesn't storm about it.

In picking the winners it is safe to wait till the race is over.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,898; Department No. 10.

WILLIAM GREIG, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Greig, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publicaion of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

PIECE NO. 1.

Commencing at a point, situate on the Northerly line of Mariposa Street, distant thereon 50 feet Easterly from the Northeasterly corner of Mariposa and Missouri Streets; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Mariposa Street, 25 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 25 feet, and thence a right angles Southerly 100 feet to the Northerly line of Mariposa Street and point of commencement.

Being portion of Potrero Nuevo Block Number 270.

PIECE NO. 2.

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Mississippi Street, distant thereon 225 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Mariposa Street, running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Mississippi Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Easterly 100 feet, thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 100 feet to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Potrero Block No. 305.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles,, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of October, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of October, 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-10

Don't Get Up in a Hurry

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation not so strong.

A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts pumping the blood suddenly. Don't be in such a hurry. Stretch and yawn and yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and legs, stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch is better even than a cold bath. Take time. It will keep you young and add years to your life.

The Gloomy Guest

The best man noticed that one of the wedding guests, a gloomy looking young man, did not seem to be enjoying himself. He was wandering about as though he had lost his best friend. The best man took it upon himself to cheer him up.

"Er—Have you kissed the bride?" he asked him by way of introduction.

"Not lately," replied the gloomy one with a far-away expression.



ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

SAN FRANCISCO

Paid-Up Capital.....$ 4,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits .....$ 1,600,000
Total Resources $40,000,000

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HERBERT FLEISHHACKER	President
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Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco
OPEN SHOP

The brotherhood of man in the unions means a close corporation to keep freemen enthralled to labor bosses.

The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet. Post Office Address 88 First St., San Francisco; Managing Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Business Manager, C. W. Raymond, 88 First St., San Francisco; Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First St., San Francisco.

Owners: (If a corporation, gives names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.) Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Ralph Grover, Berkeley, Cal.; G. L. Baraty, Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco.

Known bondholders, mortagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

THEO. F. BONNET.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of October, 1912.

(Seal) HENRY P. TRICOU,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires August 5, 1913.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

LINEHAN-ARENDT CO., Plaintiff, vs. F. S. DOW, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: F. S. DOW, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of July, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk.

DONAHUE & GALE,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 8-17-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 32,803.

PETER KOCELJ, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of PETER KOCELJ, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning on the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue at a point distant Northerly Three Hundred Sixteen (316) feet measured along said line, from the Northerly line of Lake Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Twenty-fifth Avenue Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet to the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue and the point of beginning. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block 47.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 26th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, none; Addresses, none.

BRADLEY L. WALLACE and JEROME M. POLITZER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-12-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MORITZ NICKELSBURG, Deceased—No. 14114 N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Melvil S. Nickelsburg, executor of the last will and testament of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, room 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased.

MELVIL S. NICKELSBURG,
Executor of the last will and testament of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased.

Dated, October 12, 1912.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco. 10-12-5

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP—No. 1057

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are co-partners doing business under the firm name and style of PACIFIC COAST HOTEL GAZETTE CO.; that our principal place of business is in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at No. 163 Sutter St.; and that the following are the names in full of all the members of said partnership, and their respective places of residence, to-wit:

William P. Harrison, 1440 Euclid Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.
Martial Davoust, Mendel Apartments, Ellis at Jones Street, San Francisco, Cal.

In witness whereof the undersigned and above named partners have hereunto set their hands this 24th day of September, 1912.

WILLIAM P. HARRRISON.
MARTIAL DAVOUST.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 24th day of September, 1912, before me John D. Gish, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared William P. Harrison and Martial Davoust, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) JOHN D. GISH,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed): Filed Oct. 2, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk. 10-12-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 44,453; Dept. No. 10.

ARTHUR RITTER, Plaintiff, vs. MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. J. CRISP, Atty. for Plaintiff,
624 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-28-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 42,652; Department No. 7.

MAE J. RINEY, Plaintiff, vs. JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: JOSEPH M. RINEY, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's wilful desertion and wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3d day of June, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

A. J. FRITZ, Atty. for Plaintiff,
428 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-17-10

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO BECOME A SOLE TRADER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, within and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of WINIFRED KIMBALL DE WOLFE to Become a Sole Trader.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Winifred Kimball de Wolfe, the wife of Edgar S. de Wolfe, who is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, intends to make an application to the above entitled Court on the 18th day of November, 1912, at the opening of the Court on said day, or as soon thereafter as said application may be heard, for a judgment and order of said Court, permitting and authorizing her to become a Sole Trader and to transact business in her own name, and upon her own account, as a Sole Trader, under the provisions of Title XII, Part III, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; that the nature of the business to be conducted by the undersigned is that of an Interior Decorator and Designer, and to buy and sell goods, wares and merchandise, and the place at which it is proposed to conduct said business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 5th day of October, 1912.

WINIFRED KIMBALL DE WOLFE.
CHARLES H. FAIRALL, Atty. for Petitioner,
Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-5

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Letters

Anonymous But by a San Franciscan

The contents of "The Master of Mysteries" consist of twenty-four clever short stories each having for its central interest the same character, "Astro," a mysterious Oriental who reveals past, present and future through his wonderful occult gifts; and, of course, gathers into his studio all the credulous, curious and bewildered who are able or willing to pay his enormous fees. "Astro" really is a remarkable man, with naturally keen intuition, quick observation, a logical mind and daring imagination, and to these natural gifts well cultivated, he has added a wide and deep if not profound knowledge of all the arts and sciences. If he is not certain of facts he always knows where to turn for verification of theories. He would be a valuable man in any business, but, whereas he would be unable to command more than a fair salary restricted by more or less hampering supervision in any "legitimate" occupation where his miracles would be performed confessedly as a result of knowledge and sublimated common sense, as a Seer he is independent of all interference, and his clients stand in awe of his uncanny abilities and do not attempt to conceal or distort facts which, they are assured, he will discover in spite of them. "Astro" receives his clients in a studio draped with black velvet and furnished with genuine treasures as well as with the usual paraphernalia of the crystal gazer, astrologist and palmist. He sits cross-legged on a divan, wrapped in a red silk robe with a jewel-decorated turban on his head and his oriental water pipe at his side. His attitude of repose completely conceals his active mind as his long, dark lashes veil his quick, keen sight, and his professional patter of vibrations and emanations mystifies if it does not convince his callers who, however skeptical at first, are apt to be soon surprised by some casual remark which suggests second-sight if not omniscience. Valeska Wynne, the pretty blonde assistant who ushers the visitors from the reception room to the studio and busies herself with bookkeeping and other commonplaces of recording is, in fact, a very clever girl under the training of the master mind, courageous, resourceful, and willing. Moreover, she is self-possessed and despite the necessary intimacy of her confidential employment, quite capable of keeping a respectable distance between herself and her singular master, so that the progress of the attachment which springs up between them, and the question of how it will terminate, though it is never obtruded upon the reader's attention, forms another story within a story. In the course of time every conceivable baffling situation which can beset people disinclined to call upon the assistance of the officers of the law comes to "Astro" for solution, and even the police department is not averse to an exchange of favors entirely sub rosa. There are mysterious disappearances both of people and of valuables, murders, anonymous letters, double personalities, a ghost to be laid, dynamite outrages, an elopement to be assisted and the excesses of a Greek-letter fraternity to be checked. In one instance a five-year-old child in an East-side street held up for the inspection of a police officer an enormous opal and the mummified hand of a dead negro. In another, a fantastically dressed ape appeared at a second-story window and presented to a young lady of social position a black bag filled with the proceeds of a recent burglary and took his departure after delivering himself of a speech which was a jumble of algabraic formulas and uncouth sounds. A lieutenant in the construction department of the United States navy in charge of some secret work suddenly began to display evidence of mental disturbance at certain intervals. A young lady in her own home passed from the living room to her boudoir for a forgotten handkerchief and was discovered within a few minutes, dead, strangled, with both doors locked on the inside. These are a few of the uncanny occurrences which the high priest of the occult was invited to deal with. The reader is taken behind the scenes every time. Alone with Valeska we have the clever, keen, clear-eyed logician who occasionally drops into the jargon of his cult and laughs in his sleeve at the credulity of the world. He has a well stocked library and knows its contents by more than their titles, and a well equipped laboratory in which he keeps himself in touch with chemistry. He could lecture to a class of young doctors to their profit or take a chair in language in any college. The oriental pose was as easily thrown aside as the garb, but it is a truth well known before Barnum put it into homely speech, "The people love to be humbugged." The publishers' announcement informs us that, "This book was written by a well-known author who, for reasons of his own has preferred to remain anonymous. For the benefit of his friends, however, he has incorporated in the book two messages, one revealing his name and the other his motive for withholding it from the title page." It is unfair to tell the answer to a riddle till all have had a chance to solve it, but there really is no necessity for any one familiar with current literature to study out the cypher. The author is well known in San Francisco where he lived for a number of years and he has written more than one book both characteristic and realistic, of phases of life in our city. Any one with even a remote interest in the methods of seers will find "The Master of Mysteries" both absorbing and amusing. From Bobbs-Merrill.

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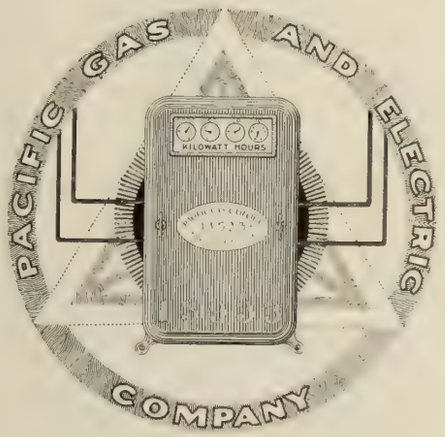
CALIFORNIA STATE

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XX | San Francisco, October 26, 1912 | No. 1053



JULIAN ELTINGE GOES TO PARIS TO HAVE HIS PICTURES TAKEN

Here is one of the most remarkable pictures of the year. It is the result of a trip which Julian Eltinge, star of "The Fascinating Widow," recently made to Paris with a special representative of White's Studio, New York. The famous A. H. Woods star received permission to pose on the Grand Staircase of the Paris Opera House and the photographer did the rest. Eltinge comes to the Columbia Theatre Sunday, October 27.

TOWN TALK

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Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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The European Blaze

The expected appears to have happened in the Balkans. But it didn't happen in the way that was expected. For years European prophets have been predicting that Turkey would soon be involved in a war the consequence of which would be the removal of the checks which normally preserve the status quo, and now that Turkey has a war on her hands the colossal struggle seems to be not far distant. But how singular that nobody should have dreamt of the fire being lighted by the hand that struck the match in Tripoli! Of all the Christian nationalities with which the Turkish Empire is concerned the Greek caused the most uneasiness. Very large numbers of Greeks are to be found in all the various provinces, and these all look to Athens as the centre of their race and religion. Most of them are sharp and born intriguers, and many are wealthy. They have always been regarded as a dangerous element to be reckoned with in any contingency. The Greeks not the Italians were expected to start the inevitable conflagration, and the Turks at the first sign of trouble were expected to overrun Thessaly and extort terms of peace in a time to be reckoned by days rather than weeks, and never did anybody imagine that the Montenegrins would take the initiative and slaughter the Ottomans in their mountain fastnesses. The drama is not at all in accordance with the technique outlined in the speculations of sagacious statesmen. Yet let it not be supposed that at the outbreak Europe was taken by surprise. Ever since Italy opened hostilities in Africa Europe has been on the tiptoe of expectancy. Indeed ever since Austria secured her position in Bosnia and Herzegovina wise statesmen have been anxiously waiting for the rise of the curtain on the great catastrophe. Both in England and Germany it was confidently asserted that unless something were done by one or both of these Powers to stay the hand of aggression all Europe would soon be in a blaze. And both have remained quiescent through fear of alienating a possible ally. This is the whole story in a few words. Each of these Powers sees the other in fancy as a Colossus seeking to bestride the globe, and as a result of this obsession each acquiesces in the aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey of every State whose neutrality or alliance they must buy. And that is why the amiable notion of inducing all nations to stereotype their existing scale of armaments has come to nothing. What the end is to be no man can predict. Assuredly it will not come with an early settlement of the present difficulties in the Balkans. Something more practical than a peace conference is necessary to conjure away the jealousies and savagery of mankind. When two of the most civilized nations cannot sit down and agree together on means of handling their greedy associates it is palpably lost time to discuss the institution of universal arbitration.

Uplifting the Drama

Nothing more deeply affects the life of the people than the theatre, and the art of the theatre were it made to exercise a beneficent influence would render unnecessary many of the schemes of reform and regeneration that now engage the attention of people with a passion for setting things right. It is therefore one of the good signs of the time that in New York, Boston and St. Louis societies have been organized for the cultivation of the dramatic art. This uplift movement will doubtless receive encouragement, the dramatic art having been far from languishing of late. The pessimists who tell us there is no demand for anything but the frivolous drama, and that people go to the theatre to be amused, not to think, are not telling the whole truth. There are many people who stay away from the theatre on account of the inanity and stupidity of the great bulk of the dramas that are supposed to be popular. If frivolous dramas, the dramas of mawkish sentimentality and silly motifs, are really popular why are there so many people who go nowhere for entertainment but to the vaudeville houses? And if there was no demand for serious, well-written dramas, why are there so many people reading Sudermann, Strindberg, Brieux, Schnitzler and Hauptmann? These are playwrights whose plays are so seldom acted in this country that to know anything about them one must read them. They are not played because the supposition is they are not profitable, and while this may be true there is a reason for it. The newspapers have created a prejudice against what is known as the highbrow drama. Many witticisms have been written on this subject, and the consequence is the popular impression that a highbrow drama is something esoteric, something beyond the comprehension of the herd, something exclusively for esthetes, for lovers of the symbolical and for fantastic cultists. Of course nothing is further from the truth. A highbrow drama is a drama that depicts actuality with the help of real men and women. In a sense "The Easiest Way" is a highbrow drama, and at the same time it is one of the few genuine dramas of American workmanship. Most of the so-called highbrow dramatists are men with messages, and though they have at times failed to convey their messages through the medium of genuine drama they have written some powerful dramas, dramas that stir the emotions of lowbrows as well as highbrows, and these are dramas for the multitude as well as for the minority. They are worth while not for the messages they convey but for the effect they have as artistic scenic compositions. These plays are to be commended not because they make people think, but because to enjoy them one does not have to discard his intellectuals before taking his seat in the theatre. If work of the high standard reached in the dramas of some of the European playwrights were the staple of the American theatre the probability is that the clientele of the theatre would be greatly increased; for whereas the majority of theatregoers may be entertained by art as well as by flub-dub there is a substantial minority that cannot tolerate anything but the genuine article. The theatre will be uplifted when all have been sufficiently enlightened to be able to detect the spurious.

Partisan Malevolence

If we may judge a cause by the tactics employed for its advancement what shall we say of the cause which has for its prophet the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt? Immediately after the prophet was shot in Milwaukee his apostles devoted themselves to the business of rousing a false sentiment against their opponents by illicit means. At once they assumed that the shooting of the former President was the result of the bitter animadversions of a hostile press, and strove to suggestionize the public mind into rage against everybody who had denounced Mr. Roosevelt for his third-term aspirations and his pernicious influence in American politics. Mr. Roosevelt himself gave the cue to his apostles in his speech in Milwaukee when he converted the incident into a spectacular drama and induced a thrill by means of a bloody shirt while contrasting the mendacity of his opponents with his own purity of conduct and high respect for the amenities of polite controversy. Mr. Roosevelt's high-minded running-mate took public occasion to assume that the shooting was instigated by the opponents of the former President, and though Mr. Roosevelt had announced his intention to repudiate any member of his own faction who stooped to scurrilities we find him a day or two later [illegible] Johnson and urging him into the fray. Now it ought to be unnecessary to characterize this sort of political strategy; but it has been so often adopted in recent years that only by the pusillanimous pigmies of parochial politics but also by men who are presumed to be scrupulous and honorable that something should be done toward making the shame of it so apparent even to the multitude that no man with the slightest pretension to authority would risk the infamy of so cowardly a subterfuge of indulging his numerous antipathies or possessing partisanship. Can a figure more pitiful be conceived than that of an editor who resorts to this expedient [illegible]? The inconsistency of him is obvious. Asserting that a madman who has shot a party leader was influenced by newspaper editorials, is that sufficient reason for refraining the

public mind against the authors of the criticisms? Does the act of the madman prove that the criticisms are unjust? Because there are men in whom newspapers by their perfervid language produce brainstorms must newspapers sterilize their editorial columns and see to it that their appeals to the electorate are innocuous? In other words must the press in the interest of law and order submit to the test of being read in an insane asylum without fretting a patient? All these questions the editor of the Older type if he is sincere will answer in the affirmative. Whenever a madman shoots anybody who is putting water on the Bulletin wheel Mr. Older wants every opposition editor to be pronounced particeps criminis. He was especially insistent at the time poor Haas, driven to frenzy by the inhumanity of Heney, sent a bullet tearing into that bully's jaw. Let us suppose that at the time Older was nagging Warden Hoyle and censuring the prison commissioners for not interpreting the parole law in the interest of Ruef, there occurred an outbreak at San Quentin during a meeting of the commissioners and the warden and all of them were killed, would Older feel that his contemporaries were justified in pointing to him as the inspiration of the horrible crime? We think it quite improbable that he would. If a madman had killed President Taft at the time that Older and the editors organized to traduce the Administration in the interest of the Progressives were disseminating mean insinuations against our Chief Magistrate, and if the madman had said that he was influenced by the criticisms growing out of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, would Mr. Older have been pleased to have the Administration organs impute to him what he imputed to Hearst after the killing of Mr. McKinley? We think not. As a matter of fact Mr. Older doesn't believe that newspapers should abstain from the expression of their views on public questions and public men on account of the homicidal tendency of maniacs. We have brought the matter home to Mr. Older, but only to serve the purpose of illustration. Mr. Older is no different from the political orator who indulges in the same form of unfair controversy. It is really not Mr. Older who does this sort of thing. It is the spirit of a blind partisanship carried away by zeal for faction.

The Crank and the Hero

Why accuse the Money Lords and the Interests and the Reactionaries and the Servile Press of inciting the madman who tried to assassinate Colonel Roosevelt? It has been said that history by some specious appearance of real good often furnishes pretexts for great crimes. Perhaps it was history that influenced John Schrank. Who knows but that Shakespeare is more to blame than anybody for what happened in Milwaukee. Nowhere is there to be found a more charming hero than Marcus Brutus as he appears in the play of Julius Caesar. Is it not likely that the worship of Brutus induced chiefly by Shakespeare had its effect on the shallow mind of John Schrank? This crazy individual explains that his motive was a patriotic one, and singularly enough, crazy as he is, were it possible to justify his deed, the one plea in justification he made when he said in substance that for a man who has been President to become a candidate for a third term is to menace the liberties of his country. Now Brutus even as pictured by Shakespeare had not so plausible an excuse for his crime. As Coleridge has pointed out Brutus in his thinking aloud bottoms his purpose not at all on anything Caesar has done or is doing but simply on what he may become if crowned. Schrank's pretext is that Colonel Roosevelt is running for a third term, and he has very high authority not among the Colonel's enemies but among wise statesmen long since dead that it is a matter of the very gravest importance to the institutions of this country to keep the third term tradition inviolate. We are not making a plea for Schrank; we are pointing out how a moral lesson drawn from history may be used to vitiate our minds and destroy our happiness. Incidentally we are taking Shakespeare to task for elaborating too much on Plutarch. He has made a very fascinating figure out of a man who ought to be held in very great contempt. It is no wonder that Caesar exclaimed "Et tu Brute!" Brutus owed more than one undying debt of gratitude to Caesar. It is more than probable that to Caesar he was indebted even for his life, though of this he was ignorant, a circumstance that ought to have rendered his gratitude all the more profound, since he was treated as a son without ever knowing the reason why. Brutus may have acted from a motive of patriotism, but it is significant that he permitted himself to be led by Cassius. Brutus himself was the cause of the hatred that Cassius bore Caesar, for that hatred was incurred by giving Brutus an office that Cassius wanted. It is also significant that Brutus was the logical man for the job in which he caused a vacancy when he led the conspirators against his benefactor. And this Brutus, descendant of Servilius Ahala who was one of the most cowardly assassins in all history, is celebrated to this day as a hero while John Schrank, a wretched madman, is lucky that he wasn't torn to pieces by an infuriated mob. Life is indeed a comedy.

Courage or Vainglory?

None of us is able to make a correct estimate of a man who has inspired in us a deep feeling either of aversion or affection. The reason is that our judgments of men are the result rather of feeling than of intellectual process, and feelings are swayed by personal likes and dislikes. Thus in the case of Mr. Roosevelt, opinion of him errs in both directions. Bias leads to ridiculous extremes of judgment with regard to everything Mr. Roosevelt says or does; as, for instance, in the case of the Bulletin which believes that he qualified for a third term simply by his behaviour at Milwaukee. In an ecstasy of adoration our contemporary tells us the shooting episode was "a test of his metal," that he "met the test without a quiver," that "he rang true." The Bulletin quotes the Colonel thus: "I do not care a rap about being shot. What I do care for is my country." And the Bulletin adds, "This was the real Roosevelt"; furthermore, "it was the same courage that led him to fight law-defying financiers in the White House." After a fervent prayer to restrain us from going to the opposite extreme we will take up the psychological study presented by the Colonel at Milwaukee with a view to seeing whether it tends to vindicate his claim to the confidence of the American people. First let us point out the absurdity of confounding physical and moral courage. It does not require physical courage for a President to discipline financiers. The courage shown by Mr. Roosevelt in Milwaukee was not the kind of courage he needed when J. Pierpont Morgan opened his maw to swallow competition in iron ore. Although when Mr. Roosevelt was shot he showed considerable presence of mind, it may be questioned whether he exhibited genuine courage, what Napoleon described as "two o'clock in the morning courage," explaining that he meant unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion. The captain of a ship who goes gallantly to the bottom with his vessel does not exhibit genuine courage. He has thought a thousand times what he should do in just such an emergency, he has steeled himself for the supreme moment. To give his due to a captain who chose to perish with his vessel it is only to be said that he had the bravery to follow a hazardous occupation and the determination to live up to its traditions. It is no disparagement of him to say that men are usually brave in the dangers to which they have accustomed themselves either in imagination or practice; nor to insist that a superior kind of courage is that which for a beneficent purpose bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from. Now we may be sure that Mr. Roosevelt had often imagined the experience that came to him in Milwaukee. Made President by the hand of an assassin, attended through the years by a bodyguard, reading at intervals of attempts on the lives of rulers in Europe, and doubtless struck by the superb serenity of their behaviour, is it to be supposed that he had not determined on his course of conduct in like circumstances? To be sure Mr. Roosevelt did not merely comport himself like a brave man. He did not exhibit that circumspection that distinguishes the courage of the wise man from the hardiness of the fool. He exhibited a reckless, rash indifference to consequences. He was spectacularly imprudent. He did something wholly unnecessary, something that might have been attended by fatal consequences. Instead of going to bed and getting surgical treatment, he went to a hall and harangued a multitude. This performance reminds us more of Don Quixote than of d'Artagnan, especially as the esteemed candidate exclaimed, "I don't care about being shot; what I do care for is my country." An

heroic utterance, if it had been made on a battlefield; somewhat rodomontadonous in the city made famous by Schlitz and Schrank. Yet, as the Bulletin exultingly tells us, "This was the real Roosevelt", the man, alas! without that divine prophylactic against megalomania—a sense of humor. If instead of a bullet Mr. Roosevelt had been penetrated with the healthful spirit of humor, which has for its offspring a sense of proportion and fitness, he would take things less seriously—even himself. No really great man is without that spirit. Even the solemn, spectacular Caesar had it, and he could joke with the pirates when they were holding him for a ransom and promise them that he would hang them later on. Even the proud and arrogant Bismarck had it, as we learn from Motley, who describes him in his garden talking in the simplest, funniest and most interesting manner about things of tremendous importance. Great is the self-confidence of great men, but self-consciousness they temper with the spirit of humor. Airs of importance are the credentials of impotence. The man who thinks aloud that his life is essential to the welfare of his country reduces himself from whatever actual proportions to the size of Aesop's fly that observed as it sat on the coach-wheel, "What a dust do I raise!" But to return to the psychology of this Milwaukee affair. Was there not more of vainglory than of courage to be observed in the performance? The most powerful of all the principles of human conduct is a timorous and slavish regard for what other people will say. It is this solicitude about opinion that is at the bottom of all our vanity. It makes men do what is unnecessary, what is foolish, and restrains them from doing what conscience dictates should be done. Was not this the principle that delayed the Colonel's trip to the hospital? Discussing this very principle Schopenhauer tells us of a murderer, who, on the morning he was to be hanged, was anxious only to acquit himself bravely before the spectators of his ignominious end. He bowed to the crowd, and "his coolness," says Schopenhauer, "called forth a tremendous cheer from the degraded crowd beneath." "This," the philosopher continues, "is an admirable example of the way in which a man with death in the most degraded form before his eyes and eternity beyond it will care for nothing but the impression he makes upon a crowd of gapers." Now while it is not to be denied that Mr. Roosevelt by his coolness made a profound impression on the crowd in Milwaukee, we think it would be too bad were the American people to have their judgment influenced in the way suggested by our contemporary. To assume that they are to be so influenced is to put the American electorate on a level with the crowd described by Schopenhauer. We think it unjust to Mr. Roosevelt to form an estimate of him from his behaviour in Milwaukee. A much better estimate of him is to be formed from the record of his past career; at least a much better, much more satisfactory, estimate of his physical intrepidity. Great presence of mind has the Colonel, and he has much better judgment than he showed when as a candidate for President he preferred a hall to a hospital and exhibited a bloody shirt rather than a sound discretion.

An Old Friend

We met again the other night
With people; you were quite polite,
Shook my hand and spoke awhile
Of common things with cautious smile;
Paid the usual debt men owe
To fellows whom they used to know.
But, when our eyes met full, yours dropped,
And sudden, resolute, you stopped,
Moving with hurried syllables
To make remarks to some one else.
I caught them not, to me they said:
"Let the dead past bury its dead,
Things were very different then,
Boys are fools and men are men."

Several times the other night
You did your best to be polite;
When in the conversation's round
You heard my tongue's familiar sound
You bent in eager pose my way
To hear what I had got to say.
Trying, you thought with some success,
To hide the chasm's nakedness.
But on your eyes hard films there lay;
No mock-interest, no pretence
Could veil your blank indifference;
And if thoughts came recalling things
Far-off, far-off, from those old springs
When underneath the moon and sun

Our separate pulses beat as one,
Vagrant tender thoughts that asked
Admittance found the portal mas'ked;
You spurned them when I'd said my say,
With laugh and nod you turned away
To toss your friends some easy jest
That smote my brow and stabbed my breast.
Foolish though it be and vain
I am not master of my pain,
And when I said good-night to you
I hoped we should not meet again,
And wondered how the soul I knew
Could change so much; have I changed too?

—Simon de Montfort.

Perspective Impressions

"That's just like Johnson—never thinking of himself," said the Colonel with a tear in his eye. How these running mates do know each other!

Inflated unimportance is a phenomenon that obtrudes in campaign times when the newspapers print the opinions of the village Hampdens.

Those persons who tell us that Governor Johnson may resign should remember that the high cost of eating is still the paramount problem.

Chairman Ryan of the Progressive State Committee predicts that Roosevelt will carry California by 100,000. A Daniel come to humbug.

The Hearst newspapers having abolished prize fighting and removed icebergs from the path of ocean liners are now leading a campaign for the extermination of the pistol. Will Doc. Jordan please take a hand?

It was reserved for a madman to remind the American people of the only really important issue of the campaign, the one that may be discussed without heat and without passion.

Delicate inattention is the highest form of well-bred incivility.

There is a warning for all of us in the case of Joseph Marski who died in Chicago at the age of 110. After passing the century mark he had the hardihood to swear off on alcohol and tobacco.

Another grand passion! The errant wife is working in San Francisco and the amorous pastor is polishing hardwood floors in Oakland, but a temperamental affection reaches from shore to shore and holds them together.

Infant prodigies are not half so remarkable as those feminine prodigies, the bedizened grandmothers who wear sheath skirts and hats in full bloom and are described in the social columns as beautiful.

"I'm going to take this little old town apart and see what's inside it. Maybe there's a play or two here."—Thus Paul Armstrong in the patter of Forty-second street, proving himself a typical New York provincial.

The quick recovery of Colonel Roosevelt is gratifying to all the people.

Says Mr. Rudolph Spreckels of the Progressive angel Mr. George W. Perkins: "He thinks he can capitalize public opinion." Rudolph knows from experience how difficult is the achievement.

Slowly we are adding to our stock of information on royal etiquette. Hays Hammond always nudges a king. Now comes Handy Andy Carnegie who says: "I always laugh when I'm in the presence of a king. As a rule he does not mind. He knows he is something of a fakir, so he laughs with me." The way the augurs used to do in Rome, you remember.

In view of the fact that the Christian Soldiers are battling for the Lord to the tune of the Doxology why not praise God for sparing the prophet's life? It would seem that even the Colonel himself, with all his piety has neglected to offer up thanks to the One who sees with equal eye "a hero perish or a sparrow fall." How unlike Lincoln!

Varied Types

XCVII—WILLIAM H. LEAHY

By Edward F. O'Day

"I brought Tetrazzini here from the City of Mexico. Leahy tried to get her, but came back in despair. Then I went and succeeded."—Ettore Patrizi.

"Patrizi brought Tetrazzini here? Oh, yes! So did the Southern Pacific!"—Doc Leahy.

Two weeks ago when Ettore Patrizi told me in an interview that he deserved the credit for introducing San Francisco to the great Luisa, I reserved the right to obtain Doc Leahy's version of the incident. So I dragged him away from his blue prints in the old Tivoli lot and asked him about it. To say that the Doc replied with some heat hardly does justice to the torrid vigor of his tones. He was mad clean through and made no bones about it.

"Patrizi went down to the City of Mexico as an employe of mine to act as interpreter and handle the baggage of the opera company on its trip to this city. He was paid by me to act as escort and interpreter. I had already made the trip for the purpose of securing Tetrazzini. I could not get her without engaging the whole company, so I signed up the whole bunch of them. Then I came back and sent Patrizi down to see their baggage through the Custom House, selecting him simply because he knew Italian. I paid him from $1800 to $2000 for that work. I employed him then, as I had employed him for many years, as an interpreter. The idea of his saying that he brought Tetrazzini here! So did the Southern Pacific railroad train! Why, Patrizi got his knowledge of the operatic business, such as it is, from me. And at that he doesn't know anything about it today!"

All of which is set down to keep the record straight. We can't be too careful in the matter of a Tetrazzini, you know.

"I'm not a Columbus," continued the Doc. "I don't claim to have discovered Luisa. She had been a great success in Buenos Ayres, in Russia, in Germany and Madrid before she sang in this city."

The Doc may not have discovered the great diva, but he made her. She's worth a million dollars today, largely through her association with Leahy.

When I could steer the Doc away from the subject of Tetrazzini—no small task, believe me—I led him to the discussion of the Tivoli and elicited some half-forgotten history.

"Joe Kreling," he told me, "came to San Francisco from New York with his father in '76. Joe started a small hotel, but he was ambitious musically, spoke German and French with fluency and cast about for a chance to invest his musical knowledge. At that time Dr. Bowie owned an old place in Sutter street next to the Temple Emanu El. It was an old-fashioned home set in the middle of a fifty-vara lot with a garden around it, and it had wide verandas enclosed with glass. The place had been partially burned some time before and had remained unrepaired and unoccupied.

"There Joe started the Tivoli, opening with the Spanish Students who had come here from Mexico, and a number of variety acts. You paid two bits for admission and received a check which entitled you to two glasses of beer. Sandwiches, salads and other light refreshments were also served at the tables. The entertainment was given on a platform. The Spanish Students stayed for six months and made a great success. The place became a rendezvous for prominent people and various little coteries made a practice of meeting there some night once a week. The next attraction was the Ladies' Vienna Orchestra which had not been very successful at Platt's Hall, but they made a big hit at Joe's place.



Photo, Terkelson and Henry

WILLIAM H. LEAHY

"About this time Joe's brothers, William and John, came to San Francisco, and the resort was doing so well that Joe made up his mind to move to a bigger place. So he leased the lot in Eddy street and put up the old Tivoli in '79. That was cut in the sand dunes then; all the places of amusement except the Grand Opera House were in Bush street.

"'Pinafore' was the rage at the time. There had been a surfeit of 'Pinafore' and lots of the singers were stranded. Joe determined to go in for opera at the new place, so he gathered together a 'Pinafore' company and opened the place with the Gilbert and Sullivan piece. It ran for sixty-three nights. Then he put on 'The Wreck of the Pinafore' written by a San Francisco woman named Mrs. Church and that ran for three or four weeks. Then he revived 'Pinafore' with 'Trial by Jury.' Altogether these attractions ran for five months. Imagine that in a city of about 100,000 population!

"There was no stage in the Tivoli when it was built, and the performances were given at first on a platform. Then Joe tore a hole in the back wall and built a stage on the lot in the rear. Later the regular stage was built. After that he began to produce all sorts of operas. For one thing it was easier to get good singers in those days. Opera was in vogue and bel canto singers were numerous and could be engaged at low salaries. Artists would straggle into the city broke and Joe would snap them up. In this way he got Baldanza, and Guile who had been Patti's principal tenor, and Madame Sepelli and Linda Brambilli-Sordelli and Enrico Campobello.

"It was a wonderful organization. Joe had his own costuming plant even. The first electrical effect on any stage was produced at the Tivoli in those days. The opera was 'Satanella' and in Pluto's march sixteen girls appeared carrying spears and shields illuminated by electricity. There were hundreds of holes bored in the stage with sockets fitted to them. In the various evolutions of the march the girls would halt and fit their spears in these sockets, thus making the electrical connection. I believe the Tivoli was the first house in the United States to be lit by electricity. That was in '85.

"Joe Kreling died in '87, and William took charge. His first production was 'She' with Ed Stevens and Laura Clement in the principal roles. The music was by Billy Furst, the musical director of the house. It ran for three months. The music was so good that Al Hayman took Furst to New York and he's been there ever since, acting as one of Charles Frohman's musical producers.

"In '93 William Kreling died and I took charge of the Tivoli. It was quite natural that I should do so. I had begun business life at the age of nine in a doctor's office—whence my nickname—worked for five years in General Cobb's law office and then had decided to learn a trade, so I went into a furniture factory. The Krelings engaged in the furniture business when they first came to San Francisco and I went into their employ in '84. I was friendly with the boys and was around the Tivoli a great deal. Even as a youngster I had had a liking for the stage. Some of us boys built a little place we called the Miniature Theatre in the basement of a building at Ninth and Harrison and played such things as 'Struck Oil,' borrowing our props from Dave Belasco who was property man at the Baldwin. If our plays went we repeated them at Saratoga Hall. Edith Woodthorpe, now Mrs. Al Dobson, is the only one of our company, I think, who achieved a success on the stage. So I was around

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Numerical Honesty

By Frank H. Short

Thoughtful people will all agree that each generation has some paramount evil tendency to contend with, and that frequently that tendency is along right lines, except that it is diverted, perverted and applied to improper and wholly wrong and hurtful uses.

For instance, there is no more wholesome doctrine than the rule of the people, as applied to fundamental questions of right and wrong, and to the broad and general purposes of government under conditions such as prevailed at the time of the foundation of our government and the adoption of the American Constitution, where the whole body of the law was to apply in a full and equal sense to all of the people that adopted it, and as they hoped, to their children and their children's children forever.

There can be no better nor more wholesome doctrine than this, and yet when it is sought to divert it and apply it and to hold that the action of the majority upon all occasions, when passion and prejudice are aroused, and sectional and selfish interests are frequently involved, and especially where partisan controversies are in process of settlement, there is no human agency more likely to err than the popular majority.

The history of the world is simply full of examples of questions that have vexed the world for centuries, including human slavery, where the majority for indefinite years have registered their view one way, and later their views were overturned and the evil removed, and it is now the common judgment of mankind that the majority was all along wrong, and it is an axiom that no question is ever settled until it is settled right.

Applying these considerations to the situation in California, about the only argument that is used to justify the use of the name and the legal rights and the recognized standing of the Republican party under the law, to the aid of candidates not of that party, and in behalf of principles to which it is opposed, is that a majority of the Republican voters in California have so decided it, and that not only ends it in law, but in morals, and forever settles that it is right.

Considering the situation for a moment, it is provided under the law of this State that any political party casting exceeding three per cent or over of the votes at any election may thereafter proceed under the law and through delegates and conventions as the law indicates, to put the candidates of that party in the field. The legal consideration rests solely and only upon whether the requisite number of votes was cast at the last election.

If so, under the law that party, no matter whether it is increased or diminished in popularity, has the right to put its candidates before the voters of the State under and pursuant to the law. As to any party that has not cast three per cent of the votes at the previous election, such party may be newly organized or re-organized, and its candidates may go before the people by petition signed in the manner required by law, and not otherwise.

When the followers of Colonel Roosevelt bolted the Chicago convention, and later organized the Progressive party and nominated Colonel Roosevelt and Governor Johnson, it came about (so far as there was ever any opportunity to determine the question, which is fully assumed for the purpose of what is being said), that a majority of the Republicans of California desired the success of the new or Progressive party, and the election of Roosevelt and Johnson, and desired the failure of the Republican party and the defeat of Taft and Sherman. In other words, we are assuming that a majority of the members of the Republican party in California became apostate to the faith of the party, and desired to desert therefrom and organize a new party in this State and support a new party and its candidates already organized as a national party.

Measured by the language and meaning of the law, there is no more question that two and two make four, than that the Republicans of this State, those desiring the success of the party that had cast more than three per cent of the votes at the last previous election, and the success of the national nominees of the Republican party, had a direct and undeniable right to proceed under the law, and to place their electors before the voters of the State.

It is equally clear that the Progressives, being all members of the Republican party desiring the success of the Progressive party or its candidates, had an absolute right to organize a new party, call it the Progressive party, name electors in its behalf, and put them before the people, all as provided by law.

Therefore, we have an undeniable case where one party, under the plain reading of the law, had the rights to the benefit of the law and to proceed thereunder; and where another party, having never participated in any election under the law or within its meaning, had no right to place their candidates before the voters of this State otherwise than by petition and under the name of the new party to which they belonged.

However, an extraordinary thing has come about. It occurred to the leaders of the new movement within the Republican party that by taking advantage of their majority within the party they could proceed in its name and under its legal rights to nominate as Republican electors men who were not Republicans, who were Progressives, and support the Progressive party, its platform, its principles and its candidates, and exclude from similar action the members of the Republican party who desired to assert its rights in the regular way under the law.

This same procedure was suggested and actually put under way in several other States, but later abandoned; so that California has the distinction of being the only State in the Union in this position.

But it may be suggested that the Supreme Court of this State has decided in favor of the Progressives and against the Republicans, and has vindicated their position. The answer is that the Progressives have been sustained, but not vindicated. The Supreme Court holds that since the law of the State requires certain affidavits to be made as to the party affiliations and the intention of the candidates and delegates as to the party with which they would affiliate and the candidates they would support, that the same rests in the consciences of the candidates and the delegates and the agencies through which they proceed, and that the court cannot review such political action.

We quote from Chief Justice Beatty: "In my opinion it is very bad law; it disfranchises absolutely the voters of this State, and deprives them of the free exercise of their functions as independent voters," etc. And, "It is not justifiable, but it is the law," etc. "This court, however, is bound by the law, and as long as it is conceded by both sides that the law has been correctly interpreted here, there is nothing to do but sustain the demurrer of the attorney general and deny the plea of the petitioners."

Justice Shaw said: "The delegates to the Sacramento Convention, having qualified as Republicans, could under our law nominate the nominees of any party, or any one they chose to nominate."

Justice Angelotti said: "What the delegates do after they assemble in convention is a matter that rests with their own consciences."

Chief Justice Beatty, after stating the qualification of the delegates in conformity with the laws of California, said: "With this much, and with this much only, is this court concerned. What was done following this regular procedure is something that assumes the elements and character of political questions. We can only decide what is the law." He then proceeded to say, as above quoted, "In my opinion, it is a very bad law," etc.

The gist of the whole decision was that so long as they, the candidates and delegates to the Republican Convention, had proceeded within the forms of law, notwithstanding it was admitted under the pleadings then before the court that while formally proceeding as Republicans they had endorsed the platform of another and a hostile party, had repudiated the candidates of the Republican party and endorsed the candidates of such other hostile party; that, nevertheless, the court was barred by the record and had to assume that the records spoke the truth, although it was alleged and admitted on the face of the proceedings that the trust had been violated, the party abandoned, and another party was the recipient of its rights under the law, and of the benefits and support ostensibly extended to the Republican party.

Perhaps in this record the situation is not unlike some injunction cases recently much discussed. A bill in equity is presented to the court, asking for an injunction, alleging the innocent and lawful occupation of a certain house or building for benevolent or political purposes, and that the police are threatening, in violation of law, to forcibly break in the doors and invade the house without the consent of the occupants. It is asserted that notwithstanding the averments of the complaint the house is being used for the unlawful purpose of playing fan-tan and that the newspapers and everybody else except the court knows that an unlawful fan-tan game is being conducted, and that the court ought to know it also and look behind the doors. But it is asserted that for the purposes of the temporary action of the court it must act upon the evidence before it, and under that evidence the truth of the allegations of the bill must be assumed and acted upon. And while it may be assumed that the local papers have much the best of the argument on the merits, it is apparently equally demonstrated that the other side

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Was It Justice?

By Emilia Pardo Bazan (From the Spanish)

Without being philosopher or sage, but solely through the natural alertness of his mind, Pablo Roldan had set up for himself in many matters a singular and independent standard. I would hardly call it a higher standard, for I do not believe that it was; but at least it was quite distinct from that of the average person. At all times such a divergence must have existed between the world's way of thinking as a whole and the individual views of the few who are too progressive or too retrograde, since we separate ourselves from our own epoch quite as much by taking the lead as we do by lagging behind.

One of the problems which Pablo Roldan handled in an original and rather startling fashion was that of the infidelity of a wife. It should be mentioned that Pablo Roldan was married, and to a lady of such distinction, such youth and beauty and charm that she drew after her the eyes—and apparently the hearts, too—of all who looked upon her. Such a treasure deserved to be jealously guarded by the possessor; yet Pablo not only exhibited a blind confidence, bordering on neglect, but even said openly that watchfulness seemed to him without purpose, because he claimed no property rights in his fair partner and did not consider himself in a position to stand guard over her, as one stands guard over a vineyard or an orchard or a strong box. A wife, Pablo smilingly argued, differs from a fruit or a roll of bank-notes in the possession of a conscience and a tongue. No one ever thinks of blaming the peach for the worm that blights and devours it; but a wife is a free agent, answerable for her own acts.

"You think me too easygoing," he told us, "but really I am more severe than the most jealous tyrant among you. A wife is answerable, culpable—that is my point—when she deceives. My own, of course, could never, in a moral sense, deceive me, because I should be the veriest idiot if I could not tell what sort of an impression my presence produced upon her, whether of love or indifference or aversion. There would be no need for my wife ever to make me a confession of a change of heart; I should divine it myself, infallibly. And after divining it, so surely as my name is Pablo Roldan and I claim to be a man of honor, I should consider that the bond uniting her to me was broken, and I should not offend the Creator of our souls by doing violence to a soul essentially equal to my own. From the day when she ceases to love me my wife shall be, as between ourselves, free as air. Of course, since the legal knot is indissoluble and the mistake mutual, I shall warn her of her obligation to keep up appearances, to take account of public opinion, not to make me the target of current scandal; and I, on my side, would consider myself bound to continue to support her and to protect her good name. Pshaw, old fellow! I am only talking to hear myself talk. Felicia has given no sign as yet of having lost her fondness for me. These are just theories; and you know, when reduced to practice, how few men there are who can apply them rigorously."

Roldan never talked in this fashion except among a few close friends, who loved and understood him. Among others, he held that questions of such delicacy should not be discussed.

Apparently Pablo's broad and generous system bore excellent results. The couple continued to live united, respected and content. None the less, watching them—as I did continually, because of my interest in such a curious experiment—I began to notice, after a few years—shortly after Pablo's wife had entered upon the thirties, that golden period of feminine beauty—certain rather disquieting symptoms. Pablo at times would go about, sad and lost in thought. He had whole days of gloom and hours of utter absorption; and then again he would recover himself and return to his accustomed equanimity. His wife, on the contrary, showed a gaiety and animation that were exaggerated and feverish, and gave herself up more than ever to the whirl of social pleasures. They continued to live in close companionship; the good old habits of wedded life seemed not in the least altered; and yet I, who am rather far from being the veriest idiot myself, could not doubt that there existed in that once happy union a certain discord, a certain secret grief, a certain something which had changed the quality of its relations. To the outside world the house of Roldan maintained itself with unimpaired credit; in my own private opinion, the house of Roldan had already dissolved partnership.

At about this time the wedding of a certain rich young woman was announced, and her parents invited the relatives and intimate friends to inspect the presents and the lavish contents of the bride's trousseau. I had just been taken aside to admire a large string of pearls, the gift of the groom, when I saw Roldan enter with his wife. They approached the gift-laden table, around which the guests were so closely crowded that they had difficulty in opening a passage. Roldan's wife grew enthusiastic over the pearl necklace. "How perfect, how large, what a pure and silvery sheen!" But while she was expressing her admiration for the jewels, I noticed—who can explain why I should have troubled myself to watch so anxiously the movements of Roldan's wife?—I noticed that Damaso Vargas Padilla, a young man better known for his follies and extravagances than for his deeds of piety, had worked his way to her side, as though anxious to join in with her enthusiasm, and I could not help seeing, against the tan shade of the lady's glove, the gleam of a small white object that was swiftly transferred into the keeping of a glove of reddish dogskin. And I felt the same sense of anguish as though it had been a personal blow, when I convinced myself that Pablo Roldan, whose face was the color of death, had seen what I had seen and like myself had detected the passage of the note from the hand of his wife into that of Vargas.

I feared that he would fling himself upon the pair who had thus made a mock of him in public. But he did nothing of the kind. He did not give the least sign of anger or displeasure. On the contrary, he continued to examine and to praise the costly gifts, turning and displacing those that lay near, lingering and forcing his wife also to linger until she had observed the beauty of each one in turn. So slowly did he proceed in his examination that the guests had withdrawn one after another, until not more than half a dozen of us remained in the room. I myself was on the point of passing through the door, when a backward glance revealed a sight that produced an effect analogous to that of the dread head of Medusa, paralyzing me with horror, leaving me voiceless, speechless, breathless. Pablo Roldan had quickly slipped the pearl necklace into his coat pocket and walked out tranquilly, with head held high, jesting with his wife and praising a certain painting, toward which he succeeded in turning the attention of all the by-standers.

Within twenty-four hours gossip was busy over the subject of the theft, at first in low tones that later grew into a public scandal. Some of the newspapers began to make insinuations, and the outcry became horrible. The many distinguished guests who had admired the bride's presents were naturally moving heaven and earth to discover the identity of the thief. Many innocent persons were wrongfully suspected, and, in the heat of resentment, were quite ready to retaliate. At last, however, people could breathe freely again at the news that the judge, in response to an anonymous letter, had ordered a search made of Roldan's house and had found the string of pearls in a cabinet in Senora Roldan's dressing-room.

Then for the first time I understood the tremendous vengeance. Then for the first time I solved the sinister enigma, the key to which was hidden from the lady herself, who must expiate with a term of years the crime that she had not committed. One day when I met Pablo, I opened my heart to him and confessed my perplexities, my doubts whether it was not my duty to reveal the truth, since I happened to know it. Pablo answered me with tears of anger gathering in his lashes:

"Don't interfere! Let justice take its course. She ceased to love me, and I felt that I had no right to complain. She loved another, and I asked her only that she should not expose me to the laughter of the world. You know how much heed she gave to my request! Rather than have her go on making me ridiculous with her shamelessness—the means were wrong, perhaps, yet I had warned her! If you are one of those who believe that vengeance should be left to God, let us separate, for we shall never understand each other. Love, hatred and vengeance—where in the world is there to be found anything more wholly human?"

I turned away from Pablo Roldan, and I do not wish to see him again. I know not how to judge him; no sooner have I justified him than he inspires me with a fresh horror.

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Poems About San Francisco

LXIV—POINT BONITA

By Lucius Harwood Foote

("The Wooing of the Rose and Other Poems" is the title of a volume published last year which contains the best verses of General Lucius Harwood Foote. Many of General Foote's efforts belong to what is known as "occasional" poetry; they were written for a dinner at the Bohemian Club or for some other festivity. But there are a few which have a wider appeal. "Point Bonita" is one of these.)

The foam-lines flash, the wind pipes free,
  The city looms in sight;
The clouds drift in across the lea,
And on the grand strand beats the sea,
  Intoning day and night.

No sunlight on the landscape lies,
  No song-birds flit and sing,
But wild geese with their clanging cries
Sweep on athwart the brooding skies,
  Like Nomads on the wing.

Out on the links I stroll at ease,
  And there I watch and wait,
As on and off before the breeze
The ships beat inward from the seas
  And pass the Golden Gate.

Around Twin Peaks, above the town,
  The misty vapors creep;
And Russian Hill looks dimly down
Where Alcatraz and Fort Point frown,
  Grim warders of the deep.

And, looming up, Lone Mountain lifts
  Its cone against the sky,
And softly through the broken rifts
The sunlight for a moment sifts
And gilds the cross on high.

I hear the call, and counter-call,
  Of wild birds on the wing;
While bud and bough are held in thrall,
Till dark December lifts its pall
  And ushers in the spring.

There is a charm in Earth's gray shroud,
  Its solemn undertone;
When sea and shore are sobbing loud,
And tears are in the trailing cloud,
  And wind and wave make moan.

The Spectator

Wanted, An Exposition Chief

Ever since John Brisben Walker and the directors of the Panama-Pacific reached the conclusion that they could not agree the directors have been looking for a man to take charge of the exploitation and publicity department of the World's Fair. That's a most important billet and the directors have been going slow, not wanting to make another mistake. Of course there have been a lot of candidates for the job, but the Exposition officers have an idea that the ideal man for the position is neither out of work nor anxious to change his employment. So they have disregarded applicants and have sought their man among the ranks of those who never think of soliciting a berth. Their first choice was Charles K. Field of this city. "Charley" Field is one of the most brilliant men that ever came out of Stanford. I don't remember whether he was expelled from the university or not, but I rather think he must have been—most of the brilliant men were. He is a writer of graceful verses, but unlike most poets possesses executive ability of a high order. That is proved by the success he has achieved as the chief editor of Sunset ever since the death of Charles Aitken. But Field refused the position with the World's Fair; refused it reluctantly on the advice of his physician who told him his health was not robust enough to stand the inevitable strain. The next pick made by the directors was Hugh Chalmers, the live wire automobile manufacturer of Detroit. Chalmers was out here last winter and made a great hit with our business men. Chalmers wired that he appreciated the compliment implied in the offer but explained that his interests were so large that he could not afford to give them second place during three years. So now the directors are looking for somebody else.

Irme Kiralfy Coming

Irme Kiralfy, the great show man, is coming to San Francisco to make plans for a spectacle at our World's Fair. Those who attended the World's Fair in Chicago cannot have forgotten the great spectacle called "Four Hundred Years of American History." That was Kiralfy's. It was one of the biggest moneymakers at the fair, netting one million dollars in seven and one-half months, apart from the rental of concessions. His other spectacle, "The Life of Columbus," ran for two years after the Chicago fair had closed. Most of the time since then Kiralfy has spent in England, teaching the Britisher to play. He got up a pageant at Shepherd's Bush during the Olympic Games in London, and it was so successful that in a year he paid back the entire capital and 166 per cent. in dividends. Six months later it paid an additional dividend of sixty per cent. So Kiralfy must be tabbed as a successful showman. He has been invited to discuss plans for a big show with our World's Fair directors, and he's coming across the pond very soon. His son Charles is in this country already, and will probably come West with Irme.

Trouble in the Balkans

At last it has come! Torpenhow will be there. And the Nilghai, "fat, burly and aggressive," "the chiefest as he was the hugest of the war correspondents" whose "experience dated from the birth of the first needle gun." Keneu, "the great War Eagle" will be on the job too, and of course Cassavetti. And though Dick Heldar is blind and cannot go, there will be plenty of artists to represent the Central Southern and all the other syndicates. It is putting it mildly to say that the war correspondents of the world ask of life nothing better than the conflagration which has suddenly flamed over the Near East. The field of war is one of the oldest in the history of civilization. The very names are inspiring. Thrace! The Mountains of Rhodope! Adrianople! And Kossovo, the Field of Blackbirds where in 1389 the power of Old Servia was broken forever. Ninety thousand Servians died on that bloody field, but they slaughtered one hundred and thirty thousand Turks before they were blotted out. At their head fell the ruler of the Serbs, Lazar Hrebelyanovich from whom, we thought, Nellie Calhoun's husband was descended. But now we are told that the Princess Nellie's consort is only an Hungarian actor!

San Francisco's Share

Great is the rejoicing these days in the Greek coffee houses in Third street. The conversation

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is all of war. San Francisco is to do her part. Recruits are hurrying to the colors by every overland train. Money is being subscribed, and I am told that before the end of the year $100,000 will be sent from this city alone. Alexander Pantages is spending some of the money he has made out of his chain of playhouses for the good cause. He has subscribed liberally, and is now engaged, I hear, in recruiting and equipping a company of his native Greeks which he will despatch to the seat of war. The patriotic enthusiasm is not confined to those San Franciscans who claim the Balkan countries as their home. The Slavs and the Croats are equally awake. One of the leaders of the colony tells me that just as soon as the Emperor Franz Josef dies the entire southern part of his mighty empire will break away and set up a republican form of government. Yes, it's a real war cloud in the Balkans this time.

Bull Moose Bill

Up from the South in a Pullman drawing room, bearing to Bull Moosia glad tidings of the steady march of Christian soldiers, our old friend the Hon. Bill Langdon thus reminds us that though his vogue is gone he still persists and will continue so long as the chameleon has a virtue of its own. Bill is deserving of a paragraph any time he comes to town if for no other reason than the curiosity of his friends as to the current object of his variable affections. Bill is the most adaptable of men. Hence his nickname of "Muley," which is a great joke when it is explained to you. Bill reminds his friends of the mule not because of his stupidity which so many have assumed, but because he is so different from that noble animal whose salient characteristic is his stubborn immobility. Bill is always on the move. He is keenly sensible of the expediency of change. Bill is no fool. His record proves him one of the wisest of politicians. Originally a Democrat, I believe, he was elected superintendent of schools. Seeing a chance to become district attorney he joined the Labor Union party, and was elected. Then he aspired to the gubernatorial office, and became an Independence Leaguer. A little later he became a Republican, and now he is a Bull Mooser. Bill made the complete tour within ten years, and found time on the journey to marry into the control of a Merced bank. Bill is a man of the very highest ideals, an exemplar of all the political virtues, a civic patriot worthy of imitation. San Francisco's loss is Merced's gain.

A Vanishing Type

In strong contrast to the Langdon type of politician is the politician of the Max Popper type. I see that Max went up the road to meet Governor Marshall. Max has been doing just that sort of thing for thirty years. He is one of the old guard, a survivor of the glad days of the early eighties, when Grover Cleveland recovered the spoils for the ragged and hungry Democracy. How few of them have come down to this generation unspotted of political office, true to the faith, loyal to the gods of their young manhood! Max must have many a cynical quarter of an hour if he is at all given to reflection; especially if he ever looks over the roster of the Iroquois Club and sees the names of the Sullivans, the Dwyers, the McCabes, the Langdons and all the other erstwhile followers of Bryan who have made politics pay in their zeal for reform and their vigilance for self-aggrandizement. The Popper type is vanishing from politics along with many of the ideals of other days, and in its stead has come the Progressive opportunist who has contempt for party lines and practices apostasy out of love of the dear people.

He Invented the Murphy Button

How many people who read that Dr. John B. Murphy had been summoned to attend Colonel Roosevelt in Chicago were aware that this was the surgeon who invented the Murphy button? Not many, I venture to assert. Indeed it is not to be supposed that many people ever heard of the Murphy button; yet the Murphy button is almost as well known among scientists of the medical profession as cholorform. The Murphy button is used to join together cut edges of living intestines. It is the only effective means of joining them together. For ten years surgeons have been using this invention in delicate operations. When a living intestine is cut the Murphy button, made of steel or aluminum, is used to approximate the edges just as might be done with a garden hose. As the cut parts grow together the button is sloughed off. Dr. Murphy is perhaps the most famous of American surgeons. He is a native of Wisconsin, but he studied medicine at the Rush Medical School in Chicago, and he is now chief surgeon of the Mercy Hospital of that city. He is president of the American Medical Association. The University of Chicago gave him the degree of L. L. D. in 1905 and he received the degree of Master of Surgery from the University of Sheffield, England in 1908 and the Laetare medal from Notre Dame in 1902.

Roosevelt's Thrilling Experiences

Colonel Roosevelt's experience in Milwaukee was not at all a novel one for him; nor are dangers which might have had a fatal ending. In his books he describes many of his thrilling experiences in the West while hunting wild animals and outlaws, and we know that he has had more than one escape from assassination. When he was police commissioner of New York a bomb was addressed to him which would explode the moment the wrapper of it was torn off. The assassination of President McKinley developed a horde of cranks and homicidal lunatics who for the most part contented themselves with writing threatening letters until the guard about the President was re-enforced several times and the Chief Executive himself went openly armed. There was no real danger, however, until the following year, in September, 1902, at Pittsfield, Mass., an electric trolley car cut down a four-in-hand on which the President, Governor Crane of Massachusetts, Secretary Cortelyou and the secret service guard were riding. William Craig, a secret service man, was killed and another grievously injured. The President was hurled some distance but received only superficial bruises. There was a scare in Philadelphia in the following November when a foreigner made a dash at the President, who was riding with Secretary Cortelyou in an open carriage. The

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Secretary and the secret service men covered the President and the man was overborne. He declared he only wanted to shake hands. He was unarmed.

Cranks and Anarchists

The President went West in May, 1903, to hunt mountain lions. The day he was to reach Salt Lake City a heavily armed lunatic was picked up in the street. He announced openly that he was going to assassinate him. He was sent to an asylum. Just before the President was to go to Syracuse, N. Y., in September, 1903, a man named Miller was arrested on the complaint of Mrs. Mary Smith of that city. He had informed her that he was going to assassinate the President. Henry W. Weilbrenner, a half witted farmer of Syosset, N. Y., invaded Sagamore Hill in September, 1903, at night. He was armed. Secret service men caught him within 100 feet of the veranda on which the President was sitting. A Swede who gave his name as Peter Eliott and said he was from Lancaster, Pa., was arrested in the White House October 5, 1903. He was armed with a revolver, knife and scissors. He had sent letters and poems before that time and the police were looking for him. He fought desperately against capture and injured a secret service man before he was subdued. The arrest of a Pole at Portland, Ore., on June 2, 1906, revealed the fact that five men had agreed to go to Washington and each try separately to kill the President. These men were all physical force anarchists, but no arrests were made as the men were reported to have fled across the border. A woman was arrested in Louisville, Ky., in May, 1908, as she was boarding a train on a Washington ticket. She announced calmly that she was going to kill the President. She was Carrie Ade, once a cook for a family in New Rochelle, N. Y. In the following month while the President was fording Rock Creek, Washington, on a skittish horse the animal reared up and fell backward. The President freed his feet of the stirrups in time and lit standing up. After the end of his term Mr. Roosevelt undertook his famous trip to Africa, which concluded with fraternal visits to the great countries of Europe. He has himself described his experiences of standing the charge of a desperate rhinoceros and of lion killing in which a straight shot was all that stood between him and safety. The shot was made.

Blair "Comes Back"

Some of Mr. Roosevelt's prominent opponents in the excitement that followed the news of the shooting in Milwaukee expressed their sympathy with the sentiments uttered by him respecting the bitterness of campaign controversy. Not so Henry W. Blair, former United States senator from New Hampshire and president of the Anti-Third Term League. The issue was not to be befogged so far as he was concerned. He gave out a statement that was published in all the big Eastern dailies. "This," said he, "is no time to salve the personal feelings of those who assail our liberties and who themselves take the offensive against moderation of speech. Every good citizen must regret resort to physical violence in politicial discussions because it is a crime against society by him who commits the overt act, and an even worse crime by him who provokes it."

Hot Shot for the Colonel

Mr. Blair did not mince his words. He said further: "If it were not serious it would, however, be amusing to read the report this morning of the Bull Moose exordium in the Auditorium when he reproved the press for having used harsh language about him, as though he had not provoked all that has ever been said against him, if not more. It is just such a speech as Caesar might have made to the Romans if he had been merely pricked, not slain. Let us rejoice that there is no occasion for an Antony. No candidate ever did so much to provoke violence as Colonel Roosevelt has done in this campaign. The third Presidential term movement in which he has vainly sought to merge the Progressive movement, is in substance and effect revolutionary and, if successful, this country will never know peace and prosperity again. The transformation of free government into anarchy, monarchy and despotism will not be arrested, for revolutions, once begun, never go backward The anti-third term movement is simply defensive. The object is to preserve our liberty by defeating Roosevelt now, and by securing an amendment of the written Constitution, which will suppress all similar revolutionary attempts in the future. We protest against all physical violence and the use of the language of the street brawler and the slugger and of all forms of Billingsgate which provoke it. Men are not and ought not to be patient when denounced as liars and thieves. No man could walk a single square on Pennsylvania avenue, charging every fellow being he met with these crimes and not be shot dead in his tracks. How, then, can he be expected to do so with impunity in solemn public documents and before vast assemblies of excited citizens in all parts of the country? When he does so, and yet escapes with his life, he ought to thank God for his mercy."

Tarquini and Her Critics

A grave, if not epochal, dispute has arisen between Mr. J. Lawrence Toole and Mr. Thomas Nunan of the Examiner regarding the merits of that somewhat immature prima donna Signora Tarquinia Tarquini. Mr. Toole pronounces her "mediocre, neither good nor bad" and submits a bill of particulars. Mr. Toole, it appears to me, has an advantage over his collaborator inasmuch as Mr. Nunan is not versed in Italian. To pass complete judgment on Tarquini's art we must understand the language in which she sings, and Mr. Toole is an Italian scholar. This I learn from his criticism. He tells us that she "constantly sacrifices diction for sound," by which I presume he means that she phrases improperly, which is something he cannot know unless he knows Italian. But if Tarquini doesn't phrase correctly, and if she does all that Mr. Toole says she does then he is somewhat in error in saying she is neither good nor bad. A singer who phrases incorrectly, who sings falsetto at times and who "trembles on the note," is a singer who has not yet learned the rudiments of her art. But evidently Mr. Toole does not regard tremolo as a serious blemish. He tells us that almost all Italian singing voices tremble on the note. I have heard something like this before. It is akin to those conventional observations that are heard in art galleries when Philistines are parading their knowledge of technique. Tremolo is a defect in singing peculiar to no nation. It is peculiar only to bad singers. There are some critics who confuse vibrato and tremolo, which are two very different things. Vibrato bespeaks feeling, tremolo an inability to sustain a tone.

An Exchange of Compliments

When Dan Ryan, Bull Moose leader, commented on the attempted assassination of Colonel Roosevelt for the public prints he aroused the



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ire of Hugo K. Asher. The Democratic attorney felt that Ryan was making political capital out of Schrank's crime. Asher was so indignant that he wrote an open letter to Ryan which was published in the Chronicle. Ryan replied:

> My Dear Hugo: If I didn't know you so well I would think another fanatic had broken loose, and if I didn't like you so well I would say so anyway.

Whereupon Asher waxed poetical as follows:

Great Philip of old Macedonia
Laid siege to the town of Laconia.
Said Phil, "If I take you,
By Jove! I will break you!"
"Yes, if!" said the men of Laconia.

There are two of these "ifs" in your letter,
Which makes you go Touchstone one better.
"Much virtue in 'if,'"
Said that comical stiff;
But when was an "if" a vote-getter?

The Fight for Single Tax

These are great days for Judge Maguire, Joe Leggett, E. P. E. Troy, Percy Long, Wells Drury, Stitt Wilson and the rest of the noble army which follows the gonfalon of Henry George. For the fight for single tax is on in California, and the single taxers have a hunch that victory is going to perch on their banderoles. And victory may do just that thing if the people of the State don't awake speedily to what is going on. The single taxers have "put one over." They have placed on the ballot as an initiative measure a proposed amendment to the State Constitution which will pave the way directly to single tax. They call this the "'home rule in taxation amendment," and the title is attractive enough to win many voters. Before many people in the State knew what the amendment meant it had been endorsed by a number of labor unions and by the League of California Municipalities, of which H. A. Mason, a single taxer, is the secretary and executive officer. I believe it has also been endorsed by the quidnuncs of the Commonwealth Club.

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Plenty of Money

The single taxers seem to have plenty of money to spend. They were able to pay for the circulation of a petition to put the amendment on the ballot, and they maintain an organization which must spend an enormous sum in stamps alone. "The Little Giant" is president, Stitt Wilson is vice-president and Joe Leggett who once talked single tax at a funeral is treasurer. The hand of Joseph Fels, the millionaire soapman and single taxer, is in this political pie. Fels established the Fels Fund Commission, a national organization for the furtherance of the single tax propaganda, and the Commission contributes a dollar for every dollar spent in the cause. Three States are in the midst of a single tax fight this year. In Oregon the fight is being made to repeal single tax legislation put over two years ago by W. S. U'Ren. In Missouri the fight is being made as it is being made in California. And of course in all three States the money of the soap man is lathering the hands of the single taxers.

The Fight Against It

There is an organization here which is trying to explain the purpose of the "home rule in taxation amendment," but it is having a hard time of it because there is no Fels to put up "the stuff." It is called the Anti-Single Tax League, and Frank Mattison who was for twelve years with the State Board of Equalization, is the moving spirit. Professor Carl Plehn who dreams about taxation when he goes to bed is also active. Because of the short time before election (they didn't start to fight the single taxers till recently) the antis can't do much except call the attention of property owners in general to the danger involved in the measure. But they have secured the support of the State Realty Federation, the State Grange, and the Civic League of this city.

The Unmanageable League

William R. Hearst used to have a good deal of trouble making the Doodle Dees take program when the Independence League still existed in this community. It kept Al Murphy of the Examiner on the jump to prevent them from kicking over the traces time and time again. Now I see that the Hearst managers in New York have been through similar trouble and have emerged with a defeat. Hearst is supporting Sulzer for governor. Of course he had to support the man whom one of his magazine writers, not long ago, compared in physiognomy and mentality to President Lincoln. But the Hearst Independence League is not for Sulzer; it's for Strauss. It seems that Hearst wanted to have the League indorse Sulzer and go out of business as a political entity. The expense of keeping up the organization has been tremendous. (Somebody said once that it was not a political party but a pay roll.) But some of the leaguers had their own ideas as to whom they wished to endorse. They rallied at the league's convention, downed the Sulzerites and put the seal of their approval on the Bull Moose candidate. So Hearst's league is for Strauss while Hearst and his papers are for Sulzer.

Exit a Gentleman Farmer

About two years ago Sam Shortridge went back to the soil. Now he has backed away from the soil and is becoming citified once more. Shortridge started gentleman farmer with enthusiasm, but the enthusiasm was not long in abating. He liked Menlo well enough; he had congenial neighbors; his agricultural and horticultural operations were tolerably successful. But still Shortridge was not happy. "'Not that I love Menlo less but San Francisco more," is the way he puts its. The commuting did not appeal to him. "Why should a man become the slave of his watch?" he asks. "Is it reasonable that a reasoning being should be the sport of a minute hand?" Besides, the nights in the country were sometimes very lonely. The city kept beckoning to the gentleman farmer, and like Whittington he turned again. He laid down his gentleman-farmer's pitchfork, doffed his gentleman-farmer's overalls (can you imagine the Chesterfield of our bar in overalls wielding a pitchfork?), and leased the Spreckels home in the Western Addition.

A Sparkling Burgundy that has no peer is the Italian-Swiss Colony's ASTI DOUGE. It is naturally fermented in the bottle and not carbonated.

Purely Personal

General Leonard Wood (who is no Adonis) used to be called "Mush," but nobody sprang the old nickname the other night when he dined with Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Xavier Martinez says Arthur Putnam is a better sculpter than Michelangelo, and seems to mean it.

Tim Crowley, the lawyer, is a very nifty little Shakespearian scholar.

When Felton Elkins stops at the St. Francis he registers from "America."

To Hunt for His Idol

In certain parts of Central America, particularly in the remote mountain regions, superstition, idolatry even, is still rampant. The natives have ugly little idols carved from rock and looking for all the world like Billikins, to which they pay extravagant honors. Dr. Eustorjio Calderon, the well known physician, possessed one of these idols before the fire and valued it very highly. When the doctor's home in Mason street was burned in the fire of 1906 the idol was lost. Because fire could not destroy it the doctor is quite certain that it is lying somewhere in the ruins of the old home. And he has told his friends that he is going to make a determined effort to find it within the next few days. So if you happen to see a distinguished-looking gentleman digging in the ruins of a Mason-street lot, you will know that it is Dr. Eustorjio Calderon looking for his Central American idol.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

How Jennie Crocker Proposed

The latest story I have heard about Jennie Crocker Whitman may be true, and then again it may not be true, but it is too interesting to ignore. It tells how Jennie proposed to Malcolm Whitman. The story goes that when Malcolm Whitman took his first wife who was Jennie's school chum, he chose for his best man an Englishman of wealth and position, thinking to make a match between this British friend of his and the California heiress. But Jennie told Whitman and his bride that she would never marry until she found a man like Whitman, preferably an American. During a trip East last Spring, the story continues, Jennie rested a day in Chicago. Whitman saw her at dinner in her hotel and went to her table to chat with her. He joked her about her spinsterhood and remarked that he had confidently expected to hear of her engagement to an English peer at the time of the Coronation. Whereupon Jennie reminded him of the remark she had made to him and his bride several years before. Whitman, being a widower, saw a personal reference in the repetition of the remark and declared that he would never marry a girl with so much money. Whereupon Jennie told him that she would give him her money and her love besides. Whitman thought a moment, and during his silence Jennie called for a telegraph pad. "You haven't said 'no,'" she remarked; "may I telegraph my brother?" Templeton Crocker announced her engagement in this city on the following day.

The Barrymore Ragged

No guest of the St. Francis has ever attracted more attention than is lavished upon Ethel Barrymore in her quiet comings and goings by a host of stranger-friends. Everybody knows Ethel Barrymore by sight, and nearly everybody worships unselfishly at the shrine of her beauty. When she traverses the corridors of the hotel every eye follows her admiringly, and those to whom she speaks are immediately envied. I saw her stop the other afternoon to exchange a few words with Charles "Kindling" Kenyon, whereupon a hardened man about town with about as much literary faculty as a wooden Indian declared that he'd write a play himself if it would win him a word or two from the fairy godchild of the Drews and Barrymores. Bearing these things in mind, you may imagine the excitement which seized upon the guests at a rag ball Saturday night when Ethel made her appearance. It wouldn't have been nearly as great if Queen Mary of England and the Czarina of Russia had walked in arm-in-arm. The rag ball was given by the association of hotel employes at Eagle's Hall, and Miss Barrymore attended in company with Martin Beck, Morris Meyerfeld, Miss Marjorie Wood of "The Woman" company and "Bill" Lange, alias "Merrylegs." Miss Barrymore not only attended the rag ball —she also ragged, and a corking good ragger she proved. "Bill" Lange ragged with her, and afterwards declared with enthusiasm that she knows as much about ragging as she does about baseball, which is high praise, as Ethel is an out-and-out fan. Others who had the honor of ragging with Miss Barrymore were Martin Beck, "Buck" Travis and Frank Maroney.

Beck's Wonderful Partner

Martin Beck loves to tread the syncopated measures. He derives as much pleasure from a romp to the strains of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" as he does from booking the Divine Sara or the incomparable Heinemann for his circuit. He was one of the busiest dancers at the ball to which I have just made reference. Perhaps the busiest of all, next to "Bill" Lange. He danced with Miss Barrymore, he danced with Miss Marjorie Wood—one of the best raggers that has ever done the dip in this ragging community—and he danced with many others. But one pretty girl eclipsed all the rest in his estimation. She was so graceful, so light on her dainty little feet, so possessed with the spirit of the music, so skillful in combining the necessary activity with the equally necessary abandon of the rag that Martin Beck was transported with delight. He danced with her again and again, and sang the praises of her footing to all who would listen including Ethel Barrymore and Marjorie Wood. Finally he delivered a eulogy on the subject to Morris Meyerfeld. "Her name escaped me when I was presented," he concluded, "but somehow or other I think I have met her before." "Certainly you have met her before," replied Meyerfeld; "she's your chambermaid at the St. Francis." And it was even so!



Photo, George Fraser

MRS. ROBERT SPAIN WOODWARD

Formerly Miss Hazel Cook whose wedding at the Fairmont was one of last week's brilliant affairs.

Literature in St. Helena

I'm afraid literary cultivation has not advanced beyond the primary stage in St. Helena. They had a Wilson meeting there last Saturday night, and the rural chairman made this announcement: "I regret that we have not with us tonight Miss or Mrs. Gertrude Atherton or whatever her name is." Whereupon Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, the sister of Billy Bourn and an ardent Democratic elector, shuddered where she sat.

Listening to Gadski

The St. Francis Musical Art Society patrons are rather a blase lot of gaffers and gammers; they like novelties and skip pages in the twice told tale. That probably explains why a lot of them were not in their chairs when Gadski sang in the ball room of the St. Francis Tuesday night. Despite the absentees, however, there was quite a brilliant crowd, and a commendable number of new gowns afforded matter for chatter in the pauses of the program. Gadski's glittering array of diamonds and rubies drew all eyes when the singer made her first bow, and most of the people were so absorbed in them that some time passed before they asked one another the inevitable, "Isn't she putting off weight?" The second song on Gadski's program was "The Rain Is Falling on the Flowers" by Henry Hadley. Our symphony leader was sitting with the Edgar Peixottos and others, and when all eyes were turned his way at the commencement of the beautiful song he stood the scrutiny very well indeed. There were almost as many plaudits for him as for the singer, and the ever gracious Gadski repeated the song, a rare compliment. Hadley's friends on all sides nodded their congratulations, and Joseph Versatile Redding, Hadley's collaborator in "The Atonement of Pan" leaned forward from Mrs. Eleanor Martin's box and waved him an approving five fingers. It was quite a triumph, and Arthur Hadley looked exceedingly proud of his brother.

A Woman Fainted

It was a trifle warm and close in the room, and while Gadski was singing Brahms' splendid "Auf dem Kirchofe," a woman gave forth a long sigh and toppled over in her chair. Whether it was the atmosphere or the appeal of the music to high strung nerves I can't say. At any rate, she fainted dead away, and there was considerable excitement. Gadski kept right on singing. Baron von Schroeder and one or two others stepped quietly to the assistance of the poor woman. They managed to lift her from her chair and started to carry her out head first when she gave another sigh, came to and walked out, assisted. It sounds funny perhaps, but it was the cause of

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a good deal of uneasiness for a minute or two. But Gadski never faltered, so the audience retained its composure. When the concert was over the enthusiasm was so great that Gadski reappeared from behind the screen and sang her famous "Cry of the Valkyrie" three times. Whereat everybody was happy. No Gadski program is complete without that and the Erlking; the Musical Art patrons got both.

The Fewness of Blondes

At this concert, by the way, one could scarcely help remarking the scarcity of blondes. Mme. Gadski on the stage, Gertrude Atherton in a box and Mrs. Fred. Henshaw against the blue background of her fauteuil were three striking exceptions to the brown and near brown tone prevailing. The brunette beauty of the Misses de Nieto sparkled from Mrs. Eleanor Martin's box affording another strong contrast to the general average of color in hair.

An Amateur Frohman

Felton Elkins, the young millionaire of the peninsular set who once collaborated on a skit with Miss Janet von Schroeder and who lately completed the Shavian imitation called "Felton's First Play," has rather ambitious designs in so far as the drama is concerned. He intends at no far distant date to try conclusions in the field where Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, David Belasco, Eugene Walter and others have been so successful. In other words, he is going to invade the theatre as a professional playwright. His first long play called "The Cripple" is half finished and has been promised a London production. Meanwhile young Elkins is an indefatigable writer. He has on the ways three short dramas which will be presented in this city by a company of his own selection. For Elkins is a sort of amateur Frohman with ideas about producing as well as about writing plays. Perhaps it would be better to call him an amateur Belasco. Elkins is quietly organizing a company of amateurs to be called the Comedy Club. This club will present plays written by Elkins, and it will be a very exclusive affair, because only invited guests will pass the portal of its playhouse. The first production will be staged in January with Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Merritt Reid, Willard Barton and Gail Anderson in the principal roles. The play to be given is "The Canary." Elkins has laid the scene in Southern California, and the " the canary" is a young girl who has been caged on a farm and who finds life's first difficulties when she spreads her wings in the freer city air.



Photo, Scharz

MISS GLADYS GEARY

An attractive member of the younger exclusive set of Oakland.

A Benefit Worth While

There is a story told of an Irish wood chopper who was left a fortune and who married and lived in a mansion. One day he appeared in the drawing room, and told his wife he was going into the woodshed. She asked him why, and he said, "I'm dying to handle an ax." This story I was told once upon a time apropos of the announcement that Camille D'Arville who had quit the stage and taken to matrimony was to sing at a vaudeville entertainment for charity. It was explained that she was dying to handle an ax. I am reminded of the story by the news that that very worthy charity, the Catholic Humane Bureau, is the motif of a benefit concert to be given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Michael Fredericks in Presidio Terrace next Thursday afternoon, on which occasion Mr. Fredericks will sing. Now Mr. Fredericks was once in opera, and he has a beautiful voice. Those of my friends who have heard him sing tell me he is worth going miles to hear. He is to be heard on Thursday in selections from Italian operas. Mrs. Fredericks, who, by the way, is the daughter of one of Ohio's famous lawyers, is also to appear in the concert. She will give an aria from La Favorita and she will sing a duet with her husband. These are not the only musical numbers. There will be piano solos and an address by Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge whose voice is melody, whose prose is often rhythmical, and who is occasionally susceptible to the call of the ax.

Mrs. Vincent at Muckross

The success of Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent as a country lady in Ireland is very gratifying to her California friends. The former Maud Bourn of Burlingame presides with grace and dignity over a mansion in Belgravia during the London season but is more inclined to life on the Irish estate presented by her devoted father. Muckross Castle, pronounced with the final syllable accented and the first one slurred, is set in a beautiful park with a village beyond it where the women were once famous as lace makers. Since her advent Mrs. Vincent has taken an active interest in their work and the result is Muckross lace is again to be had in the shops of London. Mrs. Vincent has established classes in lace making and imported designers for new patterns suitable to the Muckross mesh. It is a worthy interest, such as those most English women of wealth take up. They are an active busy class and it is to the United States one must come to find continuous leisure and the idle rich.

Mrs. Maud's Loss by Fire

The destruction by fire of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maud at Monterey has caused genuine regret to their friends, and much sympathy is expressed for the invaluable collection of art treasures that was burned. Mrs. Maud who was formerly the wife of Ernest La Montagne of New York had lived much abroad and gathered many valuable pictures and antiques. She had a number of rare bits of old porcelain that had each a historic value. Mrs. Maud's wardrobe was also destroyed, the fire taking place during the family's absence. They hurried down to Monterey on receiving news of the catastrophe only to find a heap of ashes. The Mauds have not decided whether they will rebuild immediately, and will spend the greater part of the winter at the home of Mrs. John Darling who is Mrs. Maud's mother.

Irwin's Serious Illness

I am told that the illness of W. G. Irwin is of a serious nature. At present the California millionaire is a patient at Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore whither he went accompanied by Mrs. Irwin two weeks ago. Mrs. Templeton Crocker is going East to join her parents in the early winter when it is intended to remove the invalid to New York. Irwin was stricken with the illness that necessitated his going East for treatment while in Honolulu last summer. His condition hastened the return to San Francisco for medical care and for several weeks he was confined to the family home at Washington and Laguna streets. When it was deemed safe to undertake the trip across the continent physicians advised going to Johns Hopkins for treatment. While not in a dangerous condition Irwin is a

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very sick man and those closest to him are much concerned for his recovery. It is stated that his improvement at Johns Hopkins in the past week has been marked and Mrs. Irwin has written letters of encouragement from the sick-room.

Back to the Land

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonney are the latest additions to those who prefer country life to that of the city. They were suburbanites for several years with a residence in Sausalito but have decided to desert Marin to become out and out country folk with an estate in the hills back of Los Gatos far from the sight and sound of the metropolis. Bonny has recently purchased a large tract of land and will improve the property, putting the latest scientific theories of farming into practice; and he will erect a commodious country home. Mrs. Bonny was Mabel Lewis before her marriage, a sister of George Lewis and niece of Mrs. Ray of Mare Island. She inherited a large fortune from her father.

She's a Mighty Hunter

Peninsular society had better sit up and take notice. In particular the athletic women of the Burlingame and Menlo country clubs had better put aside their golf clubs, discard their rackets, forget their horses and learn to shoot. For Mr. and Mrs. Frederick K. Burnham are going to settle somewhere on the peninsula. Fred Burnham is a wealthy hunter of big game and his wife is a crack shot. They arrived here the other day after a forty-three day hunt in the Cassiar district of Alaska, and Mrs. Burnham boasts of having downed numerous caribou and mountain sheep while her husband got five grizzlies. Obviously the Burnhams are not going to give up hunting when they join the peninsular set. And our progressive sportswomen cannot be expected to sit at their embroidery while Mrs. Burnham's gun is cracking. So it behooves all those who walked when "Tommy" Sears made pedestrianism fashionable to have their husbands and brothers teach them to shoot.

Why Mrs. "Edward"?

Speculation is rife in society as to why Mrs. Martin who for twenty years has sent out cards to her functions in the name of "Mrs. Eleanor Martin" has suddenly adopted Mrs. Edward Martin as the name which she is to be known by socially this season. Considerable confusion was caused last week when she issued her invitations for the reception to General Wood, because the name Mrs. Edward Martin appeared on the card with the old familiar Broadway address. "Who is Mrs. Edward Martin"? was the timorous query addressed over the telephone to society editors by women who were not quite sure to whom they were indebted for the invitation. That the prevalence of divorcees in society who use their Christian names instead of those of their discarded husbands may have caused Mrs. Martin to return to the form used by legitimate widows is the only logical reason yet suggested for her adoption of Edward instead of Eleanor. But as Eleanor Martin her name will go down to prosterity in the social annals of San Francisco, do what she may to re-establish her identity as a real widow.

Interloctuory Bachelors

The social status of men who have been divorced—or partially divorced as they are during the time they are serving the interlocutory term—has never caused serious concern in society here, no matter what may have been the opinion concerning feminine divorcees. At the Afterglow of the Bohemian Club jinks however there was some complication. A contest of some farcical nature between married and single men was part of an impromptu stunt. Men who have been only "interlocutorily" divorced claimed to be single, while some of the members of the club challenged their position and insisted that they were still married. The genuine bachelors challenged the qualifications of men who had been really divorced and questioned their right to designate themselves as "single." The complication was partially set straight by some of the legal luminaries present who have had much experience in separating (professionally) society couples, and their decision was that a man with an interlocutory decree is "single" because he is as "free" as he ever will be again in his life.

Attractive Music

The program to be given at the next regular weekly music matinee of Kohler & Chase, on Saturday afternoon, October 26, will be of the utmost interest to music lovers. Among the particular features will be the Twelfth Rhapsodie by Liszt which will be interpreted on the Pianola Piano, and the Overture to Weber's Freischutz which will be given on the Aeolian Pipe Organ. Both works belong to the gems of musical literature and should be most enjoyable to hear. The soloist will be Robert Malcom Battison, a well known church and concert tenor of this city. He will sing an aria from La Gioconda and songs by Tosti and Leoncavallo.

Tait's Known Abroad

It is always interesting to know that some popular place at home is well known abroad. This was clearly indicated last week in a telegram received by Tait's from Mr. Edwin Gould, reserving a table at this popular cafe for himself and party for the only evening of his stay in San Francisco. This speaks mighty well for the popularity of Tait's, outside the borders of this city. Another evidence of the great popularity of this cafe was the dinner entertainment by Governor Harmon to his party and a few guests, the middle of last week. When the good things and places in any section become known elsewhere, it means much for the community that institutions like Tait's are well thought of.

A Brilliant Function

One of the most notable events of the past week was the elaborate function given to a coterie of friends by Mrs. Edwin Lee Dunlap at Techau Tavern last Tuesday. The affair which was both brilliant and unique, took the form of a charming luncheon, after which the guests enjoyed a most delightful dance in the ball room of the Tavern. It is becoming more and more fashionable to hold these society events at this famous cafe, where the appointments and service are such as to insure the success of any function demanding the observance of all the niceties.



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Gossip of the Theatre

Gadski at the St. Francis

Too bad that Gadski can spare the time for but a single public concert in San Francisco! Too bad for us, and too bad for Gadski. This great diva is nowhere more beloved than in San Francisco, and she is now in the very heyday of her career. At the St. Francis Tuesday night she looked prettier, younger than ever, and that delightful womanly personality of hers was never so appealing. Paris if he had all the great divas before him would not hold the apple long after setting his eyes on the effulgent Gadski. In her blue gown veiled in pink, with her kindly blue eyes, golden hair, radiant skin and loving smile she was a veritable goddess of the dawn. She gave a very taking program, mostly of German songs, over the lines of which she shed much color, diversity and warmth. Her singing was best of course in the Wagner numbers in which her voice soars up rocket-wise with a heightened expression at crises of feeling that few singers ever attain. As was to be expected, at the close she gave the Valkyrie cry in her thrilling wonderful way. It had a galvanic effect on the usual undemonstrative audience—actually woke it up, so that she had to repeat her notable bravura. Mr. Schneider is still with Mme. Gadski, accompanying her with the perfect sympathy born of long association. He played some delightful piano numbers, and Mme. Gadski sang two of his pretty songs and a charming one by Mr. Hadley, our talented symphony leader.

—H. M. B.

"The Rose of Panama"

"The Rose of Panama" reminds me of James H. O'Brien's story about the Irishman's recipe for making concrete: "So much water an' so much rock an' so much cimint, and whin the owner ain't lookin', not so much cimint." Evidently the owner wasn't looking when the builders made "The Rose of Panama," for they omitted the cement altogether. They were lavish with the music, generous with the scenery and painstaking with the costumes, but they clean forgot the cement of comedy. Perhaps they discovered their mistake when they thought it was too late to correct it. But it is never too late to mend a play, and a corps of capable menders might still do something with this Viennese operetta which has already passed through multitudinous hands. I am merely speculating, not advising. There is room for doubt as to whether "The Rose of Panama" is worth the pains which would have to be expended on it. Perhaps not. It is written about a wornout theme. Central America with its revolutions remains a joke, but though a joke may be immortal we cannot go on laughing at it forever. This joke has palled. Besides, the joke is stupidly told by a raconteur who has forgotten the point. Its music too has the familiar sound which takes the edge off enjoyment. It is just what you might expect the music of a Viennese operetta to be, supposing all Viennese operettas to be written by formula. There is, for instance, the waltz motive which producers have insisted on ever since Franz Lehar set feet a-tripping. The action for this episode consists in the hero clutching the prima donna in some unusual way and gyrating madly; and the only originality producers allow has regard to the particular way in which the clutching is done. In "The Rose of Panama" the hero clutches the prima donna in the region of the medulla oblongata. The company is lacking in distinction. Chapine, the little singer with the big voice, assumes an undue importance because of her association with less than mediocre vocalists. Roger Gray works hard to extract blood from the turnip, laughter from the lines, and giving up in despair, introduces a few funny nothings of his own to which the audience clings almost uproariously amid the general gloom.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"The Man from Home" at the Alcazar

"The Man from Home" to which Maude Fealy and James Durkin's third week at the Alcazar will be devoted, was written by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson and ranks high among the most successful American plays produced during the past decade. For half-a-dozen years it has been constantly on tour with William Hodge in the character which Mr. Durkin is to assume in the Alcazar production. Miss Fealy will also be seen to advantage. In the cast with the stars is the full strength of the stock company, including Margaret Sayres, engaged for the season to play grande dames, and Thomas Chatterton, pleasantly remembered by the Alcazar's clientele as a capable actor of juvenile and light comedy roles. Ample opportunity for picturesque staging is afforded by the locale, and some beautiful pictures are assured, among the places shown being a hotel terrace on a cliff overlooking Sorrento, an Italian garden and a luxuriously furnished apartment.



AMELIA BINGHAM

The famous actress who will present her original idea "Big Moments from Great Plays" next week at the Orpheum.

Gadski This Sunday

Mme. Johanna Gadski, the greatest living dramatic soprano and interpreter of the Wagner works, will give her one and only concert at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. The single program will contain riches enough for two or three concerts by an ordinary artist. Mme. Gadski is at the zenith of her powers, and those fortunate enough to secure seats will enjoy one of the greatest feasts of song ever offered. Assisted by the eminent pianist-composer Mr. Edwin Schneider, the diva will sing four great operatic scenes as follows, "Ritorna Vincitor" from "Aida," "Suicide Scene" from "La Gioconda," "Isolde's Narrative to Brangane" and the "Liebestod" (Love-Death) from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," besides a score of songs by Schubert, Franz, Brahms, Schneider, Speak, MacDowell, Richard Strauss and others. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday the box office will be open at the Columbia after 10 a. m.

The Beel Quartet

The first of a series of six concerts by the Beel Quartet will be given in the St. Francis Hotel ball room on Sunday afternoon, November 3, when the splendid organization will have the assistance of Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington, a pianiste who has been heard too little in public during the past few years. The Beel Quartet is now established as one of the important factors in our musical life and its work will stand comparison with any organization of the kind in this country. The program for the first concert is as follows: Quartet in F. Op. 45, Schumann; Sonata for violin and piano, Brahms; "Quartet" in D flat, Dohnanyi. The last number has only been heard once in this city and that was on the occasion of the first visit of the Flonzaley Quartet. Season tickets and single tickets for the Beel Quartet series are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's. In Berkeley the Beel Quartet will give its second concert next Thursday night, October 31, at the Berkeley Piano Club.

Alice Nielsen's Concerts

The coming of Alice Nielsen for the first time since she won her place among the Metropolitan stars will be a notable event in the musical history of this city where she commenced her career in a most humble manner. There were many people here who predicted that the brilliant artiste would unquestionably get to the top and she most certainly has. The Nielsen programs will be very similar to those given at the Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan, for she will have the assistance of six of the leading artists of the Boston Opera Company, and there will be trios, duets and quartets in addition to the solos. It will be quite a change from the regulation concert offering. At her opening concert, in addition to the concert part of the program, Miss Nielsen will offer a fifty-minute version of Rossini's "Barber of Seville" with costumes and scenery. At two of the events she will present Wolf-Ferarri's "The Secret of Suzanne" in its original form and with the original orchestration for which she possesses the sole rights in this city.

Yolanda Mero, Hungarian Pianiste

The first piano recitals of the Greenbaum season will be given by Yolanda Mero, a young Hungarian virtuosa who has just made a great success with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Worcester Festival and who is among the soloists engaged by the Theodore Thomas, Philadelphia and New York Philharmonic orchestras this season. It is Mme. Mero's second American tour and her first visit west of Chicago. In this city Mme. Mero will give three concerts, the dates being Sunday afternoon, November 10, Thursday night, November 14 and Saturday afternoon, November 16. Manager Greenbaum selected Saturday at the request of a number of teachers and students at conservatories and convents in neighboring towns. Greenbaum promises quite a number of novelties on the Mero programs.

Armstrong Play at the Cort

Paul Armstrong's plays of the underworld have been tremendously successful here. They have proven peculiarly fascinating to San Francisco audiences. "Alias Jimmy Valentine" holds the top record for attendance at the Cort and "The Deep Purple" was not far behind in popularity. On Sunday night at the Cort we shall become acquainted with Armstrong's "A Romance of the Underworld," a four-act drama which was elaborated from the one-act vaudeville sketch of the same name that proved such a success when played over the Orpheum circuit last season. In its present form the play has scored tremendously, we are assured. Additional interest attaches to the engagement because the star is Holbrook Blinn, a San Franciscan. Blinn occupies an enviable place on the stage. In "A Romance of the Underworld" he is said to have the best role of his career. Blinn is supported by a notable company which includes Catherine Calvert, Ruth Benson, Anna MacDonald, W. Tammany Young, George Miller, Leonard Hollister, Robert Stevens, James Marcus and Benjamin Piazza. "A Romance of the Underworld" will stay at the Cort for two weeks with the usual matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.



HOLBROOK BLINN

The San Franciscan who is the star of Paul Armstrong's "A Romanme of the Underworld" coming to the Cort Theatre Sunday night.

Amelia Bingham at the Orpheum

Miss Amelia Bingham, one of the foremost star actresses in this country who on the occasion of her only visit to this city several years ago, scored an immense hit in Clyde Fitch's comedy "The Climbers," is making a brief tour of the Orpheum Circuit and will appear in an original idea of her own entitled "Big Moments from Great Plays" at the Orpheum next week. Miss Bingham includes "Fedora," "Madame Sans Gene," "The Climbers," "La Tosca" and "A Modern Lady Godiva," the latter play being from her own pen. Her supporting company consists of Lloyd Bingham, Lisle Leigh, Will-Nell Lavender and Beresford Lovett. Nellie Nichols, the chic and dainty singer of lilting songs returns with a number of new and catchy ditties. Frank Morrell, known in New York as "the California Boy" and one of the best tenors in vaudeville, will introduce a novel act next week only entitled "The Singing Minstrel." The famous clown Slivers will present his original pantomine "The Ball Game" next week only. Frank "Slivers" Oakley will be pleasantly remembered as one of the greatest comedy hits known in vaudeville. Next week will be the last of Albertina Rasch's "Le Ballet Classique"; Melville and Higgins; The Asahi Quintette; and Joseph Jefferson and Felice Morris.

Julian Eltinge in "The Fascinating Widow"

The Julian Eltinge engagement which opens at the Columbia this Sunday night, October 27, should be one of the most attractive theatrical events of the year. A glance at Eltinge's portraits in the female role which he enacts in "The Fascinating Widow" is sufficient to arouse the keenest curiosity. He brings here his New York company intact. The production is elaborate. Its songs and dances are refreshingly new and its music is by the author of "Madame Sherry" which is its best recommendation. The Eltinge beauty chorus is exceptional. The eight beautiful girls who sing and dance the "Ragtime College Girl" number in the second act lose no opportunity to win the plaudits of the audience. Eltinge's supporting company is a strong one. Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The First Popular Concert

The San Francisco Orchestra commenced its second season of symphony and popular priced concerts at the Cort on Friday afternoon. The Board of Governors have all along contended that it was their intention to devote much time and money to the stimulation of interest in good music. The sale of seats for the series of symphony concerts being so large as to leave no doubt of the success of the ten symphony concerts, the Music Committee at a most enthusiastic meeting held Tuesday afternoon, October 22, in the offices of Manager Frank W. Healy, decided to make some changes in the program announced for the first popular concert, and as a consequence, those who attend the popular priced concert of Sunday afternoon, October 27, will hear the San Francisco Orchestra in a most excellent and worthy program. Mr. Hadley has agreed to give the two most beautiful movements of the "New World Symphony." The revised program stands as follows: Grieg, March of Homage; Wagner, Overture, "Flying Dutchman"; Charpentier, Aria, "Depuis le jour" from "Louise"; Dvorak, Symphony No. 5, in E minor ("From the New World"); II. Largo; IV. Allegro con fucco; Strauss-La Forge, "Storielle del Bosco," Viennese (Waltz); Massenet, Violin Solo, Meditation "Thais", Adolph Rosenbecker; Tschaikowsky, "Marche Slav." Seats are on sale at the box offices of the Cort, Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

Interesting Acts at Pantages

Many novelties are promised at Pantages for the week commencing Sunday afternoon, one bearing the sensational title of "Mysteries of the Dope," said to be a strikingly unique production with a big cast of clever comedians and pretty singing and dancing girls, the act finishing in a startling and surprising manner. Schepp's comedy circus which includes dogs, ponies and monkeys, should prove most pleasing to the children and the bucking pony, the star of the aggregation, will kick up all kinds of excitement at every performance. Minnie Palmer's "Six American Beauties," talented young women who play violins, the viola, harp and 'cello, will offer a delightful musical interlude in which they intermingle their instrumental selections with a song or two. Al Espe and Laura Roth will toss around cannon balls and torpedos as if they were tennis balls, Espe doing most of the hard work and Miss Roth supplying the comedy portion of the specialty, a very novel one, by the way. Cal. Stewart, who is as well known for his phonographic records as for his entertaining ability, will be heard for the first time here in his rural anecdotes and stories about "Uncle Josh"; and Julie Cooper and Dell Moore, pretty girls who serve up the latest popular ballads in a way peculiarly their own, will make four changes of song and costume. Other acts and special Sunlight Pictures will complete a varied and interesting program.

Music Before the Decline and Fall

Nero fiddled while Rome burned.

"The cook always sings while she burns the steak," he defended himself.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

The Beringer Musical Club will give its twenty-third piano and vocal recital, under the direction of Prof. and Madame Joseph Beringer, Thursday evening, October 31, at Century Club Hall. The well arranged program will include piano, vocal and ensemble numbers of the best known composers, and will be presented by the Misses Zdenka Buben, Maya C. Hummel, Loie Nunsil, Arene Torrigino, Irma Persinger, Irene De Martini, Mr. Marry Samuels and Prof. Joseph Beringer.

Mrs. S. A. Gage of San Antonio, Texas, is at the Hotel del Coronado for a visit of indefinite duration. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Ruff of Chicago are visitors. Other prominent eastern society and business people include: Dr. and Mrs. Jos. J. Hall, H. C. Watanabe, New York; Mrs. George Roland Parker, Mrs. Alice Thorwart, Chicago. Also Mrs. Arch Morrison of Chicago and her sister Miss Bowman, the latter from Texas. They have been touring California for a number of weeks. Mr. Joseph P. Emms of the torpedo boat destroyed "Hopkins" at Mare Island, and his bride, formerly Miss Margaret Blackwood of Vallejo spent their honeymoon at Coronado. Mrs. E. P. Bryce and Miss M. C. Parker and her sister of Pittsburg are guests. Mr. and Mrs. J. Sweet, prominent society folk of Prince Rupert, B. C., are registered. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Fulks of Peoria arrived this week for a visit of indefinite duration. Prominent San Franciscans



THE BEEL QUARTET
Sunday afternoon, November 3, at St. Francis ball room.

who spent last week-end are J. G. McEwen, F. W. Wolfe, J. W. Judge, Martial Davaust and Carlisle Norwood. Los Angelenos include: Dr. W. S. Philip, Preston Morris, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Thompson, May A. Carr, Mrs. Minnie L. Hunt and Mrs. R. L. Downing.

The concert supper which took place in the white and gold room of the St. Francis on last Saturday evening at the conclusion of the card party given for the building fund of St. Ignatius Church was a brilliant function. The list of guests included many socially prominent. They were afforded a rare musical treat. The program consisted of vocal selections by Mme. Malvina Pereira of the Lambardi Opera Co., Miss Dorothy May, Miss Ida Weick, Signor Manuel Carpis of Lambardi Opera Co. and Mr. and Mrs. Prosper Reiter.

Prominent San Franciscans at Paso Robles just now are: Mrs. C. F. Baker, wife of a well known banker, with Miss Bishop; Mrs. John F. Merrill and her son's wife, Mrs. John S. Merrill, who frequently go there from their Menlo Park home; Miss Margaret Loewy, daughter of the attorney of the German Embassy; Mr. John Lawson and bride; Mr. James L. Flood and Mr. John W. Twiggs.

MUSTAPHA'S DESIRE

Even today I have him before my eyes, just as if I were seeing him bodily—and yet he has been dead nearly three years. Remarkably tall he was, old Mustapha, and dry like a stick, his forehead creased with wrinkles, his face sunburnt—a most remarkable appearance.

From the moment he put his belt around his hips, day by day, from morning until evening, he dredged on both banks the broken stones through a net. But as he fished the gravel up, the river brought down fresh. Thus he fought with the river year after year—the gravel always before the net and the sand behind it. On the backs of three rugged little horses, in six baskets, the old man would load the sand and make for the town. Tap, tap, tap he went on with the cold pipe in the lining of his collar. Even with permanent customers it is a hard bread-winning, with just sufficient for one meal every day, and one coat each year.

One Friday, after the prayer, old Mustapha was sitting with several men on the well-bench before the mosque. Each one of them was longing for something—they felt endless desires for they knew not what.

"Eh," cried one, "if I only had what I am thinking of—castles and villages—!"

To the second an empire only would have sufficed—and the third cried for fabulous, gold-filled jugs.

"And thou, Mustapha?"

The old man sighed; then, after a pause, he said:

"I would—I would—like to be young again, to be able to dig my gravel—as once I did!"

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Week of October 27th

MYSTERIES OF THE DOPE

A Sensational and Novel Production.

SCHEPP'S COMEDY CIRCUS

AND OTHER BIG ACTS

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SAN FRANCISCO ORCHESTRA

HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR

Program, Sunday Afternoon, October 27, 1912

Grieg .....March of Homage
Wagner .....Overture, "Flying Dutchman"
Charpentier.....Aria—"Depuis le jour" from "Louise"
Beatrice Fine.
Dvorak.....Symphony No. 5, in E minor
("From the New World")
II. Largo.
IV. Allegro con fuoco.
Strauss-La Forge..."Storielle del Bosco"—Viennese (Waltz)
Beatrice Fine.
Massenet.....Violin Solo, Meditation "Thais"
Adolph Rosenbecker.
Tschaikowsky .....Marche Slav"

SEATS ON SALE at the Box Offices of the Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co., and Kohler & Chase. Prices, $1.00, 75c, 50c and 35c.

AMUSEMENTS



GADSKI'S

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THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 27 at 2:30

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Beginning Tomorrow (Sunday) Night—Two Weeks
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Night and Saturday Matinee Prices—50c to $1.50.
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And Original New York Company in
The Musical Comedy Triumph

"THE FASCINATING WIDOW"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—All attempts to bull the stock market and to advance prices of leading issues last week were in vain. Europe had a war scare and sold American securities in New York while the local bull contingent made a market in which foreigners could unload and thus check gold imports. Those who tried to work up a boom in stocks against the wishes of the banking interests and in the face of alarming conditions in the near East, met with disaster, and when they finally concentrated their efforts on a few specialties and Reading, the purely manipulative character of the movement became plain to all. Apart from the foreign war scare, a period of high money and the severe strain of moving the crops on the eve of a Presidential election was not an auspicious time for stock jobbing, but a small group of ambitious speculators wished to anticipate the improvement that should follow the activity in business throughout the country though they were warned that any such premature boom would, in all probability, defeat its own end. Luckily this manipulation did not go far enough to do any harm, and the conservative element remains in control of the situation. Estimates vary greatly as to the volume of stocks sold back to us by Europe since the Balkan war cloud began to darken the sky, but those best able to judge and willing to talk put it at 700,000 shares, consisting largely of high priced issues, including Canadian Pacific and Union Pacific. Paris also sold copper stocks freely and both London and Paris parted with Steel Common despite its promising outlook. Investors will be able to pick up bargains, but this is not the time for wild cat speculation.

Wheat—The prominent feature in the grain trade the past week has been the extreme dullness. Except for a little flurry early in the week due to war news the market has been in a rut, outside speculation being at a standstill. The tone however has been firm and the market is generally a little higher than last week's range. Foreign markets have been nervous over the political situation in the near East, which has been reflected in firmer markets in most of Europe, but trade here is looking as closely at the phenomenal marketings at primary markets as at the foreign situation. There has been no popular speculative response to the European war talk, which leaves the heavy movement to take care of the large export movement. The showing for North America was an increase in the combined United States and Canadian visibles of 4,474,000 bushels in addition to the 7,144,000 bushels cleared for export. Duluth continues to offer No. 1 Northern at liberal discounts. Offers are now at one-half cent under Chicago December for No. 1 Northern C. I. F. Buffalo and with a poor demand at this.

Corn—The corn market has been a very dull and uninteresting affair the past week. Speculation in this cereal is so light that the market changes are very slight. There has been some weakness in the October future as well as in the cash price but the distant futures remain steady. The weather has been very favorable for maturing new corn and there is said to be quite a lot of it headed toward Chicago for early November shipment but at a price 3 to 5 cents under the December delivery. We have plenty of corn this year and while the price may look cheap at this level it does not look as if there is any upturn in sight until after the weight of the movement is felt.

Cotton—The cotton market has made a new low price record for this season of the year and at the close of the week the market is almost at the lowest price of the season. Another week of favorable weather both for gathering and the making of the crop, and as yet no cold weather or tropical storms to interfere with it. In the meantime European political developments have been of such an unfavorable character as to threaten a general conflagration in the Balkan States and the possibilities of complications between the larger Powers is not lacking since Austria has taken such a firm stand as to her intention of protecting her interests. The week closed with panicky conditions in the stock market abroad and the feeling remains very nervous and unsettled owing to the fear of further complications. The world's visible and invisible supply of raw cotton is of record breaking proportions, the growing crop promises to be second only to last year's yield as being the largest on record, while the foreign crops of India and Egypt are reported to be much larger than one year ago. In other words there will probably be an over-production throughout the world, even if the war in the Balkans is brought to a close in the near future. Under the circumstances, what might be the result if the Balkan trouble should spread?

"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine"—
For I should have to pledge my watch
If thou shouldst ask for wine.

There is only one thing worse than running up against a bore, and that is to have him run up against you.

The Explanation

Knicker—Does the Colonel stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord?

Bocker—Yes, but he thinks he is the Lord.

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Numerical Honesty

(Continued from Page 8.)

has much the best of the law.

So it is in our political case. The Progressives make the proper affidavits, comply with the law, and prove they are Republicans. Of course, for every other purpose except the court procedure, they admit that they are not. But the court is bound by the face of the record, and holds that they are what everybody except the court knows they are not. The Progressives have named electors in the name of the Republican party to support the Progressive party and its candidates, but in their affidavits and formal political procedure they say they are Republicans, and therefore it is held that behind this perfectly transparent technical screen, through which everybody can see, and about which everybody knows, they can play their little fan-tan game in the name of and under the rights of the Republican party, but really in support of the Progressive party and the Progressive nominees.

The proponents of the political doctrine, having won their political case, will probably abandon their arguments in the gambling cases.

It may be safely set down that upon the morals and merits of the controversy it can be asserted to be right only upon two grounds: first, it is in behalf of Colonel Roosevelt, and secondly, the majority of the Republicans in this State (in so far as they have spoken or acted), have sanctioned and approved of it. And it does not signify that these so-called Republicans, at least temporarily, had ceased to desire the success of the Republican party, and at least temporarily desired to see it defeated and humiliated and likewise they desired the success of another party, and to see its candidates elected. Therefore they were about as impartial a judge as a thirsty man would be in deciding between himself and another as to who was entitled to a glass of water, the man with the thirst being in possession.

Happily or otherwise, as you may look at it, we quote what was once the highest American authority broadly to sustain the doctrine that there is no more indefensible doctrine than that the decision of the majority is the ultimate test of right. We quote from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, biographer of Gouverneur Morris:

> "He (referring to the statements and attitude of Gouverneur Morris), denounced with a fierce scorn that they richly merit, the despicable demagogues and witless fools who teach that in all cases the voice of the majority must be implicitly obeyed and that public men have only to carry out its will and thus 'acknowledge themselves the willing instruments of folly and vice. They declare that in order to please the people they will, regardless alike of what conscience may dictate or reason approve, make the profligate sacrifice of public right on the altar of private interest. What more can be asked by the sternest tyrant of the most despicable slave? Creatures of this sort are the tools which usurpers employ in building despotism.'"

How far in these few years has fallen the bold champion of abstract right and justice! Appealing from Roosevelt in his wild scramble for a third term, and for arbitrary and indefinite power, to Roosevelt the man of letters and of thought, is like appealing from Philip, drunk, to Philip, sober. Think of the language from Roosevelt, "The despicable demagogues and witless fools who teach that in all cases the voice of the majority must be implicitly obeyed," and, "Creatures of this sort are the tools which usurpers employ in building despotism."

Oh, what a fall do we see here, my countrymen! And alas, that it could ever have come about in American history! that he could have preached so much that was high and good and beneficial to the people, and so much of what he describes as the argument of "despicable demagogues and witless fools," who teach that in all cases the voice of the majority must be implicitly obeyed!

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

the Tivoli all the time, and even developed aspirations as a singer, taking lessons for a while from Parolini, the baritone. But I didn't become an artist; I became a manager.

"In '94 I decided to have a season of grand opera every year. That year I used principally the comic opera singers; but the next year I got a lot of special singers, among them Michelena, Abramoff and Ida Valerga who had understudied Patti. I also got Alice Nielsen who had been at the Wigwam with Tommy Leary. That reminds me of a story.

"Ida Valerga was to sing 'Lucia' which we had billed for a whole week, so I needed an alternate. When my other prima donna heard Valerga rehearse she got scared and pleaded a cold. I told her she'd have to sing or quit; so she quit. This was on Friday. I didn't know what to do, and I was walking through the auditorium puzzling the thing out when I noticed Alice Nielsen. Up to this time she had been singing small parts.

"'Do you think you can sing Lucia by Tuesday night?' I asked her.

"'I can make a bluff at it,' she replied.

"In the next four days she had about eight hours' sleep. When she sang Tuesday night the audience went wild. The way she took the high notes was marvelous. I don't think she herself knew what she was doing. Never since then have I heard Alice Nielsen sing so well. Old man McDonald of the Bostonians heard her that night and engaged her immediately. That was Alice Nielsen's start.

"And so it went. We gave San Francisco great grand opera for twenty-five and fifty cents. Nothing was too big for us to attempt. Operas which I should approach with fear and trembling today didn't feaze me then. And we never had a season which was not a financial success. One reason was that we all worked together like a happy family. From the man who swept the auditorium to the prima donna everybody was eager to make the house a success. We had an electric ballet two years before New York. When we gave 'The Queen of Sheba' we had a sandstorm effect which I saw billed at the Hippodrome in New York last year as something new. And from the time the Tivoli was opened till the fire of 1906 the house closed only seven days, and then on account of various deaths.

"When the new Tivoli opens we shall start in where we left off. For thirty years we educated the people in music; a new generation is ready for us now, and the old traditions will be continued. I hope to open in March with the Dippel company including Caruso, Mary Garden and Tetrazzini, but it all depends on the weather we have."

"What makes a place like the Tivoli successful?" I asked.

"Organization," replied the Doc; "and in the manager, the same sort of business conduct as is necessary to make any other business pay. There must be one treatment for all, chorus girl and prima donna alike. There must be no pulls, no infatuations. The manager who favors a woman because she is beautiful cannot hope to succeed. You must be kind, but at the same time you must be domineering. You must be just but you must rule with an iron hand."

And then the Doc went back to the Tivoli lot to study his blue prints.

The Cynic's Reform

Diogenes threw away his lantern.
"Me for the dictagraph!" he yelled.

Not Teddy Himself

"I am the original Roosevelt man."

"Get out; you can't pass yourself off here for the Colonel."



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John F. Cunningham, Manager



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Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

The labor union is a labor trust. Its leaders are like Kings and hold office for life.

The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

ORDER TO SHOW CUSTODY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,193; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of JOHN AUGUST SANDELL, an Incompetent Person.

Upon reading and filing the verified petition of Amelia J. Sandell, Guardian of the person and estate of John August Sandell, an incompetent person, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ORDERED that all persons interested in the above entitled estate appear before this Court on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, 1912, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day and at the Court-room of Department No. 10 of the above entitled Court, in the new City Hall on the South side of Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the said City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why the following described real property, viz:

That certain store on the ground floor of that certain building on the Northeast corner of Haight and Fillmore Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said store being known as No. 310 Fillmore Street, together with a portion of the basement in said building directly under said store, and heretofore and now used for baths, together with bathing equipment therein,

should not be leased for the period of three years at the rental mentioned in said petition, to-wit: Sixteen hundred and Eighty ($1680.00) Dollars, payable in equal monthly installments of $40.00 per month for the first year of said term and $50.00 per month for the remaining two years of said term, reference being hereby had to the said petition of said Amelia J. Sandell, as such Guardian, on file for further particulars.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that this order be published for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: October 21, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 21, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk By F. B. Gleis, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Atty for Guardian,
[illegible] Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-26-3

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO BECOME A SOLE TRADER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, within and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of WINIFRED KIMBALL DE WOLFE to Become a Sole Trader.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Winifred Kimball de Wolfe, the wife of Edgar S. de Wolfe, who is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, intends to make an application to the above entitled Court on the 18th day of November, 1912, at the opening of the Court on said day, or as soon thereafter as said application may be heard, for a judgment and order of said Court, permitting and authorizing her to become a Sole Trader and to transact business in her own name, and upon her own account, as a Sole Trader, under the provisions of Title XII, Part III, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; that the nature of the business to be conducted by the undersigned is that of an Interior Decorator and Designer, and to buy and sell goods, wares and merchandise, and the place at which it is proposed to conduct said business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 5th day of October, 1912

WINIFRED KIMBALL DE WOLFE.

CHARLES H. AIRALL, Atty. for Petitioner,
Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 32,803.

PETER KOCELJ, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of PETER KOCELJ, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning on the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue at a point distant Northerly Three Hundred Sixteen (316) feet measured along said line, from the Northerly line of Lake Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Twenty-fifth Avenue Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet to the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue and the point of beginning. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block 47.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 26th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, none; Addresses, none.

BRADLEY L. WALLACE and JEROME M. POLITZER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-12-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MORITZ NICKELSBURG, Deceased. No. 14114 N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Melvil S. Nickelsburg, executor of the last will and testament of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, room 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased.

MELVIL S. NICKELSBURG,
Executor of the last will and testament of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased.

Dated, October 12, 1912.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco. 10-12-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of WILLIAM P. BURKE, ALICE MARY BURKE, EDITH MARGARET BURKE and RICHARD BURKE, JUNIOR, Minors.—No. 1431, N. S.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 25th day of September, 1912, and filed herein on the 28th day of September, 1912, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, (William P. Burke and Alice Mary Burke having arrived at legal age prior to the date hereof), the undersigned, Richard Burke, as guardian of the persons and estates of said two remaining minors, namely, Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, on or after MONDAY, the 2nd day of December, 1912, and subject to confirmation by said Court, the undivided five-twelfths (5-12) interest of the estate of said Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, and all the right, title and interest of said two remaining minors in and to the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Spear street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches northwesterly from the point of intersection of the northwesterly line of Folsom street with the said northeasterly line of Spear street, and running thence northwesterly and along said northeasterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle northeasterly and parallel with said northwesterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly and parallel with said northeasterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; and thence at a right angle southwesterly and parallel with said northwesterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said northeasterly line of Spear street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block Number Three Hundred and Twenty-two (322.)

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said guardian, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale.

RICHARD BURKE,
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, Minors.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Guardian,
Room 1277 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-26-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 44,453; Dept. No. 10.

ARTHUR RITTER, Plaintiff, vs. MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. J. CRISP, Atty. for Plaintiff,
624 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-28-10

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of—Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet. Post-Office Address—88 First St., San Francisco; Managing Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Business Manager, C. W. Raymond, 88 First St., San Francisco; Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First St., San Francisco.

Owners: (If a corporation, gives names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.) Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Ralph Grover, Berkeley, Cal.; G. L. Baraty, Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco.

Known bondholders, mortagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

THEO. F. BONNET.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of October, 1912.

(Seal) HENRY P. TRICOU,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires August 5, 1913.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,492; Department No. 7.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALICE QUESADA, Deceased.

Alice Schingle and Sarah Sullivan, administratrices of the estate of Alice Quesada, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed with the clerk thereof their verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing them to sell the whole of the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased at either public or private sale, as said administratrices should deem most beneficial to said estate, and those interested therein, and it appearing to the Court from such petition, that it is necessary, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested, to sell the whole of said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Court, Department No. 7 thereof, at its Courtroom situate in the building known and designated as the New City Hall, south side of Market street between 8th and 9th streets, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 25th day of November, 1912, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. thereof, of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrices for the sale of such estate.

It is further ORDERED that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 21, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

WALTER E. DORN and
SULLIVAN, SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrices,
1108 Humboldt Savings Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,898; Department No. 10.

WILLIAM GREIG, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Greig, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

PIECE NO. 1.

Commencing at a point, situate on the Northerly line of Mariposa Street, distant thereon 50 feet Easterly from the Northeasterly corner of Mariposa and Missouri Streets; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Mariposa Street, 25 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Southerly 100 feet to the Northerly line of Mariposa Street and point of commencement.

Being portion of Potrero Nuevo Block Number 270.

PIECE NO. 2.

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Mississippi Street, distant thereon 225 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Mariposa Street, running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Mississippi Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Easterly 100 feet, thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 100 feet to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Potrero Block No. 305.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles,, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of October, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of October, 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-10

Letters

"The Jingo"

Usually George Randolph Chester's romances of the business and financial world are convincing enough to the reader, once his premises have been accepted. In "The Jingo" the premises are hard to adopt and there is no logic in the course of events. He has grasped too much and failed to maintain his grip. There is nothing possible or even remotely probable in the recital, while the achievements follow each other with such bewildering rapidity that the plot is confused by the accumulation of details. Isola, the scene of the romance, is one of the lost corners of the earth, located somewhere east of the sun and west of the moon and beneath the stars. Long centuries ago, by some convulsion of nature, a high and impassable range of mountains was thrown up, cutting off from the land side a fertile district rich in mineral wealth. At the same time rocks and reefs covering miles of the ocean front made either exit or ingress from the water impossible, so that the castaways who saved their lives when their ship went down were completely cut off from all the world. They appear to have increased and multiplied amazingly, however, for, during the course of the narrative, at one time or another there are upwards of fifty thousand able bodied men under arms. Though evidently highly intelligent and enlightened the Isolians are practically in the same stage of advancement as their shipwrecked forbears, for though they have stone palaces, carved statuary and other evidences of skill, they are ignorant of glass, gun powder, fire arms, machinery, books, electricity, and all the modern conveniences. An unusually severe equinoctial storm wrecks and destroys a vessel on the outer line of reefs, miles away but still in sight of the royal palace, and from it a single survivor, clad only in bathing trunks, but lashed to a light case, finally floats to land much bruised and battered. This proves to be Jimmy Smith, an embodiment of egotistic Americanism who, seeing the inevitableness of the disaster, had clothed himself as slightly as possible and seized one treasure to preserve out of the wreck, a volume of "Jones' Handbook of Modern Shop Practice and Revised-to-the-Minute Formulas." Equipped with this and a copious vocabulary of slang, with no practical experience whatever in any line save as a traveling salesman for machinery, Smith proceeded to revolutionize Isola, and in the course of little more than a year's time he had manufacturies for every known product, department stores, street railroads, telephones and telegraphs in full operation. Automobiles and air ships were commonplace, and well drilled armies expert in every branch of the service were ready to take the field at a moment's notice. Rival baseball leagues contended for supremacy and newspapers exulted in scoops. Fashions were revolutionized, cosmetics introduced, theaters and restaurants in full swing and the young ladies of the upper circles of the nobility contemplated elevating the stage, while American slang superseded the ancient Isolian tongue, and company-promoting, stock-concerns, trust-busting and all their kindred operations were incidental to the day's work, and finally, to crown the jingoistic achievement, lest some other nation should get wind of the situation and forestall him, the redoubtable Jimmy Smith finally induced the hereditary rulers to adopt a republican form of government and declare themselves a territorial part of the United States of America, he, meantime, having married the erstwhile crown princess. Apparently, until Jimmy taught them the trick the Isolians knew nothing of the manufacture of steel, yet the ladies all wore embroidered robes and must have had needles with which to manipulate their materials. Evidently they had knowledge of dyeing processes which enabled them to produce such delicate shades as lavender, light green and pale blue and pink, and they did not pluck their embroidery silks, ribbons, laces and gossamer gauzes from the sunbeams. A people able to do so much ought to have been able to do much more. If Mr. Chester had in mind a burlesque on the host of novels dealing with the unknown princess of Nowhere and the irresistible American youth, or its converse, royalty in disguise and the all-conquering American beauty, he has missed his mark. If he thought he was giving us something on the same general lines but with new combinations of colors and figures he has missed it just as far. His American wizards do better at home and for the sake of his own reputation as a writer he had better keep them there. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Sordid Philosophy

If Helen's beauty you would sing,
In the end you'll find it better
To sing it in her ear than
To write it in a letter.

Sudden passions often cool.
You'll try then to forget her,
But Helen has a mem'ry and
Helen has a letter.

Display caution if you'd avoid
The matrimonial fetter:
Words die in the open air,
But never in a letter.

HENRY P. TRICOU
NOTARY PUBLIC
525 CALIFORNIA ST. Phone Kearny 3074
Residence, 882 Grove St. Phone Park 1870

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP—No. 1057

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are co-partners doing business under the firm name and style of PACIFIC COAST HOTEL GAZETTE CO.; that our principal place of business is in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at No. 163 Sutter St.; and that the following are the names in full of all the members of said partnership, and their respective places of residence, to-wit:

William P. Harrison, 1440 Euclid Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.
Martial Davoust, Mendel Apartments, Ellis at Jones Street, San Francisco, Cal.

In witness whereof the undersigned and above named partners have hereunto set their hands this 24th day of September, 1912.

WILLIAM P. HARRRISON.
MARTIAL DAVOUST.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 24th day of September, 1912, before me John D. Gish, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared William P. Harrison and Martial Davoust, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) JOHN D. GISH,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
(Endorsed): Filed Oct. 2, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk. 10-12-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Our Prophetic Mayor

Mayor Rolph has been doing so well of late we should be reluctant to find fault with him for not doing better. Not in the spirit of carping criticism then, but rather out of concern for his health, we will suggest that he refrain from assuming superhuman powers. Enervating enough are the duties of his office, and it would be most unreasonable for the people to demand of him labor not nominated in the bond. As a matter of fact the people are not unreasonable, and it is wholly unnecessary for the mayor to deplete his nerve force in the arduous business of divination. But this he is doing, so unconcerned is he for his health, so eager to serve the people. Listen: "When existing franchises (railroad) expire complete municipal ownership will occur." Thus, not E. P. E. Troy, but Mayor Rolph. Now while we are all willing to own that Mayor Rolph is a fine business man and a conscientious public servant, we are somewhat sceptical as to his prophecies. Indeed we suspect that for him the seeds of time have been salted. Though we have not yet had our bellyful of municipal ownership, thus far in view of our experience in the matter of the garbage crematory and the building of the auxiliary water system and the Geary street road we ha'e our doots. And there is more experience to come; for the Geary street cars are yet to run, and besides Mayor Rolph is not to run on forever; nor has municipal government given promise of approximating perfection in the near future. Mayor Rolph to the contrary notwithstanding, the passion for politics in all things pertaining to public convenience may soon be on the wane. Meanwhile might it not be well to encourage private capital to give us adequate transportation facilities? Let us take a chance on the gods in the gallery being somewhat bored.

Beveridge and Roosevelt—A Contrast

Shot in Milwaukee, but wounded in the house of his friends—such the fate of the man of destiny. Hitherto criticism of Theodore Roosevelt as a receiver of contributions for campaign purposes from predatory plutocrats was like water on a duck's back. It was assumed that the Bull Moose had finer scruples than anybody else. Hence his privilege to set up standards of conduct. Whatsoever he did was right. He was the arbiter of the moralities. But now comes former Senator Beveridge of Indiana, a man of ordinary clay, pretentious as to rhetoric, but in nowise vain of his virtues; now comes this lowly mortal whose light has been hidden under a bushel, and lo! the Roosevelt halo flickers to extinction. More scrupulous than the Colonel is the man from Indiana. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation and preserves the purity of his soul. The Perkins that walketh in darkness failed to corrupt Beveridge. The former Senator touched pitch, but was not defiled therewith. He sent it back with thanks. What a generous man this Perkins! Unlike Archbold Perkins didn't wait to be touched. On his own impulse he cast his bread on the waters. And when Beveridge declined with thanks Perkins wrote him: "An honest politician is the noblest work of God," thus apparently implying that if Beveridge like Roosevelt had accepted the conclusion would be warranted that he was a dishonest politician. In that message to Beveridge Perkins seems to express his real opinion of the Roosevelt type of politician. It would be interesting to know how many statesmen are grateful to this little Uriah Heep of the Harvester and Steel trusts. Hitherto it was supposed that he was concerned only about the occupant of the White House, but now it is to be inferred that the Senate also engaged his affections. It would be interesting to know how many Senators voted for the expulsion of Lorimer out of gratitude to Perkins. But unfortunately Perkins was more discreet than Archbold; either he didn't write letters or else he saw to it that they were inaccessible to Hearst. Let us be thankful, however, for the faint glimpses that we have been getting behind the scenes. And let us appreciate the distinction between Beveridge and the erstwhile Holiest of the Holy.

Another Glimpse of Jordan

What would this mad world do without Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of that remarkable institution of learning the university at Palo Alto? The world will not be permitted to go on its mad way if Dr. Jordan can help it. "Learn my son," said the satirist, "to bear tranquilly the calamities of others." That is the only thing Dr. Jordan cannot learn. His intellectual powers compel him to the functions of a miscellaneous agitator. He is indebted to the defects of the world for all the pleasure he gets out of it. He would die of ennui in Utopia. Like Lord Brougham, who was known as The Harangue, he is a machine for moving amendments, especially those approved by the Laird of Skibo to whose Foundation the Palo Alto erudite expects to go when he gives up the academic ghost at Stanford. A passion for propagandas has Dr. Jordan, and he attaches himself to every new one that comes along, but there is one to which he is more devoted than to all others—the peace propaganda—which at present is somewhat languishing owing to untoward circumstances in Europe and America. But there are no circumstances that can render Dr. Jordan mute. When the cannons roar so also does Jordan. When the blast of war blows in his ears he unsheaths his tongue and talks sonorously for publication. "As if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on" Dr. Jordan has become such a glutton for publicity that he keeps a press agent on the premises; an undergraduate, we fancy, from the style of the interview which appeared in the Bulletin the other day. The deference of the interviewer, the reverent spirit breathing between the lines, gives the impression that when he approached the Presence the interviewer like Esther before Ahasuerus almost swooned. The interview took place at night in the great peace propagandist's home. He sat "in an arm chair in front of a cheerful fire" and made it clear that he "did not find in the present situation in the Balkans that delightful complexity which is the joy of diplomatic specialists." To the Jordan mind nothing is complex. Talking of the motives and impulses of nations with this Jupiter of the academic grove is like discussing theology with God. Says the rapt interviewer: "There is a deadly simplicity about Dr. Jordan's explanations of war and the causes of war." A divine fluency has the doctor, and an absolute intuition of whatever he is talking about. And when luxuriating in the commonplaces of his theme, whether before a club of culturines or a transfixed undergraduate reporter, he is never so recondite as to talk over the head of his audience. Yet, the interviewer tells us, "It is hard to convey an accurate idea of Dr. Jordan's phrasing and manner of talking." And for this reason: "The homely Anglo Saxon words and idioms which he uses are as devoid of needless entanglement

as the thought behind them. They go directly to the root of things. What he has to say he repeats, now from one angle and now from another." Behold! the great man's ideas are fermenting and overflowing with the ebullitions of a lively apprehension. In other words he is garrulous. But of that we need not have been informed. For years a steady stream of verbiage has been flowing from Palo Alto, and its source is Jordan. The scattering of the flower of his thought is a continuous performance. He spends his days clearing moot points from all controversy, past, present and to come. On this occasion the eminent man talked two columns full as he warmed up in his arm chair by the fire, and the interviewer gives us the talk with the enthusiasm of an Apostle writing the gospel. "The gist of the whole message about war and militarism," he says, "is that it is maintained for the personal profit of a few to the infinite harm of the many." How soothing to get in addition to this new apocalypse the inspiriting assurance that "Dr. Jordan's clear recognition of the prime cause of the war does not hinder him from extending the warmest sympathy toward the struggling mountaineers in their death grapple with their ancient enemy." In other words this great scholar, despite his remoteness from the things of this earth, far up on the serene and cloudless heights of idealism, is sensible of the sufferings of mortals and heaves them an occasional sigh. The interviewer had the boldness to suggest that some good might come of the war, but Phoebus "shook his head." He knew better. And when the interviewer was leaving the Infallible One "shook his head" again, this time sadly, and observed, "We wish they could have been a little more patient." And Dr. Jordan, it is said, O. K.'s the proofs of these interviews! This one no doubt will be sent to Andrew.

Causes of the War

Dr. Jordan knows somewhat less about the war in the Balkans than he is reported to know about fish. According to Dr. Jordan the men that control the finances of the world are responsible for this war. At the same time he tells us it is a medieval war. Now the doctor is entirely wrong. The financiers of Europe have nothing to do with the war; it is medieval only in the sense that Christians are opposed to Mahometans. The war is the outcome of a long series of abuses practiced by the Young Turks on the non-Turkish races of the empire. These Young Turks are the Progressives of their country. The leaders of them are school men who were very heartily applauded by all the Jordans of this country when they seized the reins of power. We were told that they were idealists, and this they proved to the satisfaction of our college professors—such is the power of a name—by calling their organization the Committee of Union and Progress. Their purpose, it was said, was to band together conflicting peoples, to put their country on a level of front-rank Powers by reorganizing the army, navy, finances, and by affording facilities for developing the great natural riches of the land. They desired, once for all, to put an end to the erosion of the Ottoman Empire. The record of their dealings with the non-Turkish races indicates that they have curious ideas respecting a policy of conciliation. They began by irritating the Bulgarians of Macedonia. First they suppressed the Constitutional Clubs which sought to create a perfectly loyal, if nationalist organization for the Bulgarian race. Then they attempted to dilute the Slav majority by settling Moslem immigrants in predominantly Christian districts, and about the same time they began a process of disarmament which was attended by great cruelties. Two years before all this the Bulgarians were marching in step with the Young Turks to take Constantinople. As a result of Turkish despotism the Bulgarian conscripts who had been enrolled in the Ottoman army began deserting by whole companies at a time. All the while the Young Turks were irritating the Greeks. They organized a boycott of Greek commerce and oppressed the peasants of Greek villages. The result was the growth of a fraternity in suffering between Greeks and Bulgarians. Their old struggles for preeminence disappeared and they were united by a strong sentiment against the Turks. Meanwhile the Servians made restless by many grievances began an agitation against the Turks throughout the Empire, and the Servians are a most virile and most patriotic people. They have a powerful secret society by means of which they prepared public opinion for war throughout the Balkan area. They formed a network of clubs, disseminated round-robins and fiery proclamations, established caches of arms, ammunition and infernal machines of the most artistic type. The Servians had not forgotten their brethern in Old Servia, the home of their ancient Tsars, their traditional design to retrieve the fortunes lost on Blackbirds' Plain. The Servians, like the Greeks, as a result of Turkish oppression buried their old prejudices against the Bulgarians and formed an alliance with the astute Ferdinand. Such were the factors that combined under the propitious policy of the Young Turks, not only making this war possible but precipitating it without either assistance or protest from foreign parts. The Balkan war is a war of independence and never was there a war less artificial of character.

Perhaps He's Only Joking

In time it may turn out that the great comic genius of this age is none other than Theodore Roosevelt. Peradventure we shall some day be taken into his confidence and learn that what he really prides himself on is his success as a practical joker. Who knows but that he splits his side with laughter every time he has a moment of solitude at Oyster Bay. As a matter of fact it is quite possible that he is carrying out a plan for the enlightenment of the American people; that in the fulness of his patriotism he is carrying imposture to preposterous extreme for the sole purpose of impressing the people with the danger of hero-worship. All this indubitably is less incredible than that he takes himself seriously. There is of course the hypothesis that his monumental ambition has overcome all scruples and rendered him absolutely indifferent to the scorn of men. Again, it may be that he has argued with himself somewhat after the style suggested of Count Cagliostro by Thomas Carlyle. That great Quack of Quacks is represented to us as an exponent of the principle that the end justifies the means and as asking himself the question, "Ought not a man of my genius, since he was not born a Prince, since in these scandalous times he was not elected a Prince, to make himself one?" Colonel Roosevelt appears to have taken Cagliostro for his model. Consider some of the points of resemblance between them. "He has a native genius for deception," says Carlyle of the Count; "above all things a forehead of brass which nothing can disconcert." He was a great promiser, was the Count; even greater than the Colonel, going so far as to assure his followers that he would abolish original sin. The taste of both these great men in music was very much the same. The Count had never heard Onward, Christian Soldiers, but he prescribed the singing of the Te Deum. The Count, in short, was the original Renovator of the Universe, the first man to claim a vested interest in truth and the power to make it germinate in the human breast. Who can doubt that the conduct of our former President is influenced by the Italian model? Even in the Colonel's arrogance one sees a resemblance to the Count. "The smallest contradiction," says Carlyle, "puts him in a fury; his vanity breaks through on all sides. He quarrels with his coadjutors, and fancies that a simple giving of the lie will persuade the public that they are liars." Reads like a description of the Colonel before the Senate Committee when he insisted that he wasn't the solicitor but that Harriman came to him to advise the raising of money for the New York State organization. If Cagliostro went a little further than the Colonel has gone in some matters, so, too, has the Colonel surpassed his prototype in others. The greatest stroke of genius in all the Rooseveltian career was that by which he changed Kettle Hill into San Juan Hill. By that he out-Cagliostroed Cagliostro. Perhaps that stroke is not a matter of general knowledge. That it may be appreciated it must be explained that for many years the Colonel was falsely credited with an achievement that he had no hand in—the leading of the charge up San Juan Hill. By no fault of his when that charge was being led he stood on Kettle Hill. But, reluctant to put Fame in the Ananias club, he posed for a portrait of himself leading the charge,

and subsequently, as President he caused the map of the country to be changed so that today the Kettle Hill of the battle is now San Juan Hill. Is the author of this stroke of genius to be regarded as a solemn egotist or as a rollicking humorist with a passion for humbuggery? The more we think it over the more inclined we are to the belief that the Colonel's impostures are designed as a test of the gullibility and patience of the fat-witted public. By way of justifying this view we will call attention to an illustration of the Colonel's alertness in assuming authorship of whatever is popular. Some time ago he claimed credit for the pure food and drug law. Let us glance at the history of the law. The control of foods and drugs was given to the Department of Agriculture by the Fiftieth Congress by means of a bill introduced by General W. H. F. Lee of Virginia. When President Roosevelt was Governor of New York a call for a national pure food and drug congress was issued. The governors of the several States and Territories were asked to send delegates. Only four failed to respond, and only one declined to make the appointment. That one was Theodore Roosevelt. In 1906 the pure food law was passed after two sessions of the pure food and drug congress and its careful consideration by nine United State congresses, and Roosevelt being President signed the bill. That was his first and only connection with the great reform. Does it not seem like doing him injustice not to look forward to the time which he has set for taking off the mask and grinning through a horse collar at the dearly beloved people?

Personal Evolution

In these days of Progressive politics rife with moral platitudes and altitudinous ethical maxims it appears to be a case not of, May the best man win, but, Let us chose the lesser evil. In California as we are constrained to a choice between Colonel Roosevelt and Dr. Wilson, were it not for the principle of the third term the solution might be left to the arbitrament of the toss up. As it is the question presents itself, Ought a man go to the polls? We all have fashioned for ourselves an ideal President. Differ as we may as to the essentials of mind and temperament it is safe to say we are agreed as to one thing—that our Chief Magistrate should possses the utmost of self-respect and sincerity. Many are the shortcomings we can make allowance for in a man of whose intellectual honesty there is no question, and difficult is it to conceive an assemblage of virtues that will compensate for the absence of it. We are made apprehensive therefore the more we reflect on the Hon. Woodrow Wilson's facility in self-stultification. Dr. Wilson may be a very good man, worthy of the Presidency, and of sufficient strength of character to be true to himself in the White House, but if so how unfortunate that he should seem otherwise; that he should deem it compatible with dignity to conciliate by recantation both of views and principles. The other day the New York Tribune applied the deadly parallel to the New Jersey governor. Side by side the Tribune exhibited what Dr. Wilson said about his fellow citizens in Chicago and what he said about them in his history. This is the exhibit:

The Candidate

"As I reflect upon the great bodies of people that have come to this great country of ours, with love of liberty in their hearts, not only the great Irish people but the great liberty loving men and women from every civilized country on the globe, the great people of liberty loving Poland, where so much blood has been spent in the cause of human rights; the ancient Italian people, whose love of liberty runs back to the days of the Roman Republic; the great Slavic people, the great people out of Sicily, the great peoples from every quarter of the globe who have come to America in order to be free, I reflect upon this question: What did they come to be freed from?"

The Historian

"But now there came multitudes of men of the lowest class from the south of Italy and men of the meaner sort out of Hungary and Poland, men out of the ranks where there was neither skill nor energy nor any initiative of quick intelligence; and they came in numbers which increased from year to year, as if the countries of the south of Europe were disburdening themselves of the more sordid and hapless elements of their population, the men whose standards of life and work were such an American workmen had never dreamed of hitherto. * * * The unlikely fellows who came in at the Eastern ports were tolerated because they usurped no place but the very lowest in the scale of labor."

Between Dr. Wilson the historian and Dr. Wilson the candidate there is a wide divergence of viewpoint not only with reference to immigrants but with reference also to statesmanship and the principles of government. The historian was a conservative, the candidate is a radical. The same is true of Theodore Roosevelt who abhors in his histories traits of character that he has come to exhibit himself. It may be of course that these two distinguished officeseekers have experienced a complete change of heart and mind and that it was due rather to enlightenment than to a lively sense of benefits that might accrue.

THE WANING MOON

By Gabriel D'Annunzio

O silver sickle of the waning moon,
Bending above the wintry desert's woe,
How mighty is the harvest-home of dreams,
Waving in silence for you here below!

The fluttering breath of sudden leaves, of flowers,
Of forest streams, wafts softly out to sea;
No weeping and no laughter breaks the silence—
The vast silence of thine empiry.

Oppressed with passion and oppressed with pleasure,
The throbbing world sleeps, tossing to and fro;
O sickle, what a harvest-home of visions
Lies dreaming, waiting for you here below!

Perspective Impressions

The Turk appears to have lost faith in Mahomet's heaven.

And for years we said that the Turks were the most dangerous fighters in Europe!

Yerba Buena? Go to! The man in the street, the final arbiter, is no stickler for a name.

The man who has done things is not necessarily praiseworthy. So many men have done things the penitentiaries are overflowing.

When it's all over at Armageddon perhaps Teddy may be willing to continue the crusade for the Lord in the Near East.

One hundred thousand dollars for a love letter! But alas for sinful human nature, the sum was not awarded as a literary prize but in damages to a wronged husband.

Los Angeles is now purifying its public library. If all the Earls and Lissners of Los Angeles were to rush out simultaneously to make bonfires of their pet pretences they'd burn up the town.

This has long been recognized as a mad world but since Mr. Roosevelt introduced us to emotional politics sprinkled with religion for the purpose ostensibly of uplifting mankind it has become a raving mad world in which it would seem but fitting to use padded cells for election booths.

The humdrum life befits the soul of him that has it.

"Shall we shoot the old ministers?" asks the editor of the Christian Advocate. Why not let them live to repent? Now as to some of the young ones that we read about it might be well to consider ways and means of rendering them harmless.

The American Progressive who has been telling us that we are far behind England in the matter of legislation for the uplift of the masses will please take note of the fact that there are more men out of work in London than ever before and that the Government is appalled by the prospect of unprecedented widespread distress. The agitators and demagogues are eating but the objects of their solicitude are starving.

Varied Types

XCVIII—CHARLES ROLLO PETERS

By Edward F. O'Day

In a little hollow of the Marin hills near Greenbrae stands a gnarled, old, sturdy oak tree. It spreads its lichened branches like venerable arms extended in benediction, and there is a sylvan silence all about it. From the quiet glade the hills rise on one side in curving progress till they make the majesty of Tamalpais; on the other they drop gracefully downward to the waters of the bay. It is a spot for contemplation, where one may hold one's soul aloof from the noisy world and let nature whisper to it. Just such a nook would a poet hunt out when the urge of inspiration sent him from mankind to the breast of Mother Earth. Just such a spot would Daniel O'Connell have loved. So there is a happy appropriateness in the choice of this charming place for a memorial to the dead poet of Bohemia.

The new memorial to Daniel O'Connell we shall owe to Charles Rollo Peters. Between the dead poet and the painter whose brush is dipped in the witchery of moonlight there was a strong affection. It lasted through many years of glorious ups and dismal downs, and it was consecrated by death. Peters was among the last at the poet's deathbed; he wept as he followed the mortal remains to the tomb. When it was proposed to erect a memorial at Sausalito, and funds were not forthcoming, Peters put up one of his best pictures at auction and made the accomplishment of the project possible.

Perhaps Rollo Peters is jealous of the indiscriminate throng which shares that Sausalito memorial with him. Perhaps he feels that Dan O'Connell should be commemorated in the woods he so passionately loved as well as in the town where he lived. Whatever the motive or mixture of motives, Peters resolved on a memorial in the Marin hills. He has painted there a great deal, and knows their many charming, secret places. He picked the quiet glade with its noble oak as fittest to receive the honor of commemorating his poet friend.

In a few days a bronze tablet designed by Peters' and O'Connell's friend, Willis Polk, will be affixed to the oak tree. It bears only these words: "In loving memory of Daniel O'Connell, poet, philosopher, friend." There will be a fitting celebration. Porter Ashe, Ned Hamilton and others will recall the good old days when "The Roseleaves" fluttered about in madcap merriment. And then the tablet will be left to Mother Nature and to the silence which is only broken by the soughing of the breeze through the branches and the music of the bee and the katydid. Only the wanderer in the hills or the devout pilgrim seeking out shrines of song will find the tablet on the oak.

"Dan O'Connell loved God's out-of-doors," said Peters when I asked him about the memorial. "He delighted in life in the open. He was an excellent shot, a skilled fly fisher and an expert yachtsman. So it seemed right to commemorate him in the hills and among the trees."

This reminded me of what Delmas wrote of the poet: "A lover of nature, his genius expanded and poured forth its garnered treasures the closer it nestled upon the breast of the great parent of the universe."

"Did you know that Dan O'Connell was a grand-nephew of the great Irish Liberator?" Peters asked me. I admitted my ignorance.

"He came of fine stock," the painter continued. "He was a cousin of Herbert of Muckross, the owner of the Killarney estate before Billy Bourn bought it for his daughter. His father was the original of the hero of Charles Lever's novel 'The Knight of Gwyn.' He had an estate at Darrynane in Clare, but ruined himself by excess of hospitality, like so many other Irish gentlemen.

"Dan was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and then went into the British navy. But he



Photo, Genthe
CHARLES ROLLO PETERS

fought a duel with a Frenchman in China, wounded him and had to skip to avoid being courtmartialed. He came to San Francisco, and from here made his way to Santa Clara College on foot. Why he went there I never learned—perhaps he knew some priest at the college—but at any rate they made him a professor and he stayed for some time. Later he came to San Francisco and supported himself by writing for the papers. He was generally desperately poor, but his friends assisted him from time to time and he managed to get along somehow or other.

"His poetry was written at odd times and brought him little money. He knew it was good poetry, but was not conceited. At the same time, he had an Irishman's sentimentality and often wondered whether he would be remembered after death.

"His death was very sudden and was due to pneumonia. He died at Sausalito in a house belonging to James V. Coleman. Two weeks before he had written his most beautiful poem, 'The Chamber of Sleep.' It reads like a prophecy now, but when he wrote it he did not expect to die. A few hours before his death I went to his bedside with Coleman and Billy Berg. He was breathing heavily. He drew me down close to him and whispered:

"'Charley, me boy, they've struck the old ship below the water line and she's sinking.'

"Then in a louder voice, and so as to deceive his wife who was standing close by, he added:

"'Yes, bring me all the magazines you can. I'll read them while I'm getting well.'

"He was buried from the Bohemian Club; the only man, I suppose, who ever was or ever will be buried from there.

"He was a jovial fellow, and used to write a lot of nonsense verse for his friends to sing. There are some foolish lines of his running through my head now. The Roseleaves used to roar them out when they went for a barbecue behind Angel Island in Commodore Harrison's 'Frolic.' They were written about a chap named McCarthy who owned a yacht that his father didn't know about. They went something like this:

"Now old McCarthy drew the prize,
And it was a glorious day
When to the bank the old man went
To salt the coin away.
But young Dick, he was a blood, you bet,
From his head down to his heel,
And every day he'd stale away
To take the schooner's wheel.
Miss Daisy Green is very ill,
Miss Aggie Riordan's worse,
Tim Fagan lays aside his pipe
Anne Finnerty to nurse;
And though they are as limp as rags,
They are too game to squeal,
And say, 'The Lord is with us while
McCarthy's at the wheel.'

"O'Connell had a charming personality. He was very magnetic, a great story teller and quick at repartee. But there was no evil in his mind, no malice in his wit. I never heard him say anything calculated to inflict pain. Time and time again when someone baited him in after dinner talk he would lean over to me and say:

(Continued on Page 13.)

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Grandmother's Nut Tree

By Henri Greville (From the French)

Evidently a little coolness had arisen between them. As they moved slowly down the pleasant green avenue, his kindly, patrician face wore a look of masculine determination, while there was a slightly defiant, slightly grieved little tilt to her delicate old chin. Moreover, they were careful to keep at a decided distance from one another, while not a word or even a look was exchanged, except, indeed, for an occasional covert glance from each other, full of mutual reproach.

Small and frail, she leaned lightly on the knob of her long-handled sunshade. He, tall and very upright, walked with sprightly step, his hands clasped lightly behind his back. Her delicate old face, though showing many tiny wrinkles, was yet soft and fresh as a girl's, while her high-bred forehead was shaded with numerous quaint little ringlets of the still plentiful silver-gray hair. There was a soft rustle from the rich brown silk of her gown, and over her head was thrown a scarf of exquisite lacework, held lightly beneath her chin by slim, bejeweled fingers.

Every line and fold of his faultlessly made garments denoted exquisite taste and care; his broad-brimmed hat of finest straw rested jauntily on his gray hair, reminding one, somehow, of hot days in those far-away lands where negroes, simply clad in white pajamas, worked cheerily among the sugar canes; or again, of the quaint pictures sometimes to be seen in old, old volumes of "Paul and Virginia."

The cool avenue down which this silent couple sauntered was lined on either side with fine old elm trees, the boughs of which, clothed in the full luxuriant foliage of summer, arched gracefully overhead. Soft summer breezes stirring lightly among the leaves, flecked the pathway with patches of ever-shifting golden sunlight. Here and there were clumps of fresh green shrubs, for all the world like so many pretty little green islands upon which, from the green foliage overhead, Old Sol delighted to throw joyously dancing beams. And these shrubs, together with the emerald green of the freshly mown lawn grass which lined each shady walk, made one think of pleasant garden landscapes such as are to be found in treasured volumes of old engravings.

Presently, when this silent couple had traversed half the length of the avenue, a bright spot far beyond spoke eloquently of pleasant open fields where the glorious summer sunshine was turning the green wheat to golden grain. Then they found themselves less far apart, and:

"It is decided, then?" asked Grandmamma, in low, grieved tones, in which however, might still be detected a touch of anger. "You have fully resolved to cause the unhappiness of the child?"

"On the contrary," Grandfather replied in decided tones, "I most earnestly desire that our little granddaughter may never have to say that my imprudence was the cause of unhappiness to her."

With that pretty, patrician air which so well became her, Grandmamma gave a tiny defiant toss of her head.

"Because the young man she loves has more fortune than she?" cried she with a fine air of contempt. "A nice state of affairs, indeed! Yet they are at least sure of having bread to eat—"

"But not butter," interrupted Grandfather with exasperating calmness.

"When people are in love, they can have kisses even with dry bread," remarked Grandmamma, a little smile lurking about her lips.

Grandfather took refuge in dignified silence.

Nothing more was said for a time. Presently, with a sudden new light shining in her bright brown eyes, Grandmamma moved on more briskly, glancing the while from side to side until suddenly she stopped before a fine old hazelnut tree. "See, dear," she said softly, "I think that is a hazelnut tree."

With that chivalrous politeness which, notwithstanding any little difference of opinion there might be between them, Grandfather always displayed toward Grandmamma, he drew near, and after carefully adjusting his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, surveyed the tree critically.

"They are certainly hazelnuts," he remarked blandly.

"Will you gather them for me, dear?" she asked demurely, pointing to a bunch quite beyond her reach.

Grandfather regarded her with no little surprise. It was indeed many and many a long year since he and Grandmamma had found amusement in gathering and eating hazelnuts. However, in his old-fashioned, courtly way, he deftly passed the crooked handle of his walking stick over the branch, carefully bringing it within reach. Then he plucked the coveted bunch and handed it to her.

Grandmamma daintily pinned the half-ripe nuts in the bodice of her dress.

"Don't you remember, dear?" she asked softly, yet still with the light in her fine old eyes, and the demure little smile on her lips.

A vagrant sunbeam which had wandered down through the branches above seemed to give a strange light to Grandfather's face, while Grandamamma's brown eyes looked into his gray ones with disturbing persistency. Did he remember, indeed! He remembered perfectly well. But that was many years ago, and Grandmamma's pretty silver-gray hair had been a beautiful rich brown, just matching the soft velvet of her brown eyes. However, one's dignity must be maintianed at all costs—and, moreover, what had hazelnuts and those old, old days to do with such a serious matter as the marriage of their only granddaughter? With a movement as of slight displeasure at such frivolity, he was turning to another tree, whose low-hanging boughs were sadly in need of a pruning knife, when Grandmamma's fingers caught him by the button-hole.

"It is the same," she said softly, while pointing to the aged nut tree, "the very same tree that was so loaded that year—"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted Grandfather with a little frown, trying to escape; but though Grandmamma's gentle old fingers shook a little, they held him fast, and her voice trembled slightly as she went on:

"I was just here, you remember? I had stripped the lower branches when you came. It was you, dear, who finished gathering them for me. And as the nuts fell into my apron, your eyes grew more and more eloquent. Then you kissed me—and pinned the last bunch of all in my dress, just where I pinned one now—"

"My dear, dear wife!" murmured Grandfather, his dignity quite forgotten.

'And you said: 'Madeline, if you parents refuse to allow us to marry, I will blow my brains out—'"

"But we did marry! And besides, we've been quite happy together for over fifty years!" cried Grandfather, with a great shout of happy laughter.

"And we were not at all rich, don't you remember, dear?" patting his cheek with tremulous fingers—"but we have been very, very happy. And the children will be happy too—perhaps rich besides," she added, with a little twinkle of the eye.

Again silence. But now it was the happy silence of mutual love and trust, as, with arms linked lovingly and aged faces all aglow with the tender memories of those long past but never-to-be-forgotten, dear old courting days, they walked happily together on to where the bright spot at the end of the avenue had grown into a great archway full of warm, golden sunlight.

Then Grandfather turned to Grandmamma.

"We must begin to economize at once," he said in half-quizzical tones intended to hide his emotion, "so that the child's dowry may be the larger."

"Well," said Grandmamma, with a little toss of her head and a sly glance at her rich silken gown, "a little economy won't hurt us—very much."

"So that after all," said Grandfather with mock gravity, "the poor children may have a little butter with their bread!"

"And there are always nuts to be had for the gathering!" cried Grandmamma with a happy little laugh; adding softly, "if they are only half as happy as we have been—!"

And Grandfather's loving glance more than finished the sentence.

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Poems About San Francisco

LXV—THE SPIRIT OF SAN FRANCISCO

By Henry Meade Bland

(The following poem by Henry Meade Bland of San Jose was published several months ago in the Pacific Short Story Club Magazine. It was sent to this office by Sue H. Terill of San Jose whose kindness the editor desires to acknowledge.)

I am Troy, I am Tyre and Sidon;
I'm the glory of Rome and of Greece;
I am Venice of old with her riches untold;
I am Toil, I am Triumph and Peace.

I'm De Leon's long-yearned-for fountain;
I'm the Indes the great Adm'ral sought;
I'm the haven of rest in the Isles of the Blest;
I'm the heart of the stout Argonaut.

I am Hercules, Theseus, and Dion;
I'm Apollo, and Baldur, and Thor;
And my shining steed is swifter in speed
Than the fiery Morning Star.

I'm the soul of a sorrowing woman
Made strong in her battle with fate;
I am love set a-whirl in the heart of a girl;
I am Eve; I am Sheba the great.

I'm the splendor of high aspiration
In the temples of thought and of dream;
I'm the glory apart that reigns o'er the heart;
For of Joy I am builder supreme.

And where is the hand that shall hinder
My course to the uttermost goal:
For one is as ten in my legion of men,
And each an unconq'rable soul!

The Spectator

To Meet Abbas Effendi

I went out to California street near Franklin the other day to meet Abdul Baha or Abbas Effendi as he is sometimes known, and to take a sip of the perfumed waters of Bahaism. Wouldn't have missed the experience for the world! Haven't seen such a collection of queer women and queerer men since I attended a revival meeting. And in truth there are many features of the revival meeting about this curious cult brought into the West by the Prisoner of Akka (who, I have been told, never was a prisoner—but this is immaterial). There was the same show of unbridled emotionalism as distinguished the old-fashioned revival meeting; the same foolish unlocking of the lachrymal gates. The manifestation of the Bahai propaganda to which I was treated struck me as thoroughly unhealthy, particularly for the women. If the scenes I saw were typical of Bahaism, and I suppose they were, I'd as soon turn women loose in the orgiastic muddle of religious and erotic mania that characterizes a back country camp meeting as encourage them to fondness for this religious fad.

A Strange Gathering

Among those gathered in the big house which was the temporary home of the University Club after the fire were Mirza Ameen Ullah Fareed, the poet of Teheran who is the chief apostle of the Bahai movement in this country, and Mrs. Getsinger of Washington, D. C., a cultivated woman who has apparently given up her home ties to consecrate herself to the cult. Gertrude Boyle, the sculptor, and Kanno, her Japanese poet-husband, were there, the poet of Nippon attired in a tuxedo suit wtih heavy boots such as Joaquin Miller wears and a scarlet scarf wrapped about him where a white shirt might have been looked for. This afternoon attire didn't seem to surprise anybody; mere outward habiliments are beneath the notice of these sectarians. There were women with many children who didn't know what it was all about and wandered around admiring the beautiful chrysanthemums with which the rooms were decorated. There was one man who announced in solemn tones that he had walked six hundred miles to see and converse with the Master. He looked it. There was an unhappy looking man with an equally unhappy looking woman and two perfectly miserable babies who had come from Seattle for the same purpose. I'm sure they couldn't afford the money for the trip. There was one woman in very gorgeous afternoon clothes which stood out in vivid contrast with the freak garments that were the general rule. And there was also, I noticed with interest, a young man named Hatch who used to be probation officer here until his Denver record was exposed and he had to resign.

Expounding Bahai

It was late in the afternoon when I called, but most of these people had been there all day waiting for Abbas Effendi to descend from upstairs and give them a benediction. I learned that the Abbas had lingered over a late luncheon and was resting after the arduous process of consuming food. He may have been taking a snooze for all I know. To pass away the time young Mr. Hatch expounded the principles of the cult, and I learned that the religious faith which has just been brought within our city gates teaches men to eschew booze and tobacco, dope and the festive gambling games; that it discourages celibacy and asceticism; and that it is strong not only for universal peace but also for an universal language. In other words it is a religion wherein Doctor Jordan, the nemesis of the War Lords, the good women of the W. C. T. U. and Frank Drew of the Esperanto Society could come together if they saw fit. I also learned that the Jew should stop waiting for the coming of his Messiah, the Christian for the second coming of Christ, the Moslem for the coming of the Mahdi, the Buddhist for the coming of the fifth Buddha, the Zoroastrian the coming of Shah Bahram and the Hindu the return of Krishna—this for the very simple reason that all these actually came when Baha Ullah, the father of Abbas Effendi, appeared on the earth! All of which convinced me that the Bahai people are very nifty claimers.

Tears for the Abbas

Finally Abbas Effendi came downstairs. He's an old chap with a long white beard, and wears a tan robe and a white silk cap. When he appeared in the room many of the women advanced, knelt at his feet and kissed the hem of his garment. One of them said she had been waiting for that precious moment for years and years. To all, disciples and others, the Abbas gave a touch of his soft white hand. (Why do these Masters always have soft white hands?) Then he talked in Persian and Ullah Fareed interpreted the words of wisdom as they fell. They were not very impressive words but their effect was remarkable. Pent up emotions broke loose. I noticed with surprise one woman who stood near me. She was laboring under intense agitation. Her bosom heaved convulsively with long sobs and finally she burst forth in a torrent of tears. The weeping became general. Young Mr. Hatch was so overcome that he buried his head in a fold of a portiere and cried like a baby. Of course the youngsters set up a sympathetic chorus of their own. If this was religious joy it was the dampest religious joy I ever witnessed. Before I left I told one of the initiates that I had enjoyed myself immensely, and he glared at me for an unregenerate dog.

Our Unschooled Diplomats

The opportunities for rubbing elbows with the great of other nations afforded by the various ceremonial functions in connection with the building of our World's Fair should do much to round the sharp edges of provincialism so noticeable in our leading cits. Much good along this line

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has been accomplished already, but there is plenty of room for further improvement. Our distinguished men are not always happy in their speeches. They are somewhat deficient in the delicate knack of suiting the word to the occasion. They leave unsaid the graceful things which ought to be said. But most of all they are inclined to speak the word which should be left unsaid. For instance, there was Henry P. Bowie, the learned amateur of Japanese painting, who was one of the speakers at the Presidio the day the Japanese commissioners chose the site for their fair building. Bowie's talk was interesting and pat until he suddenly launched out in praise and advocacy of universal peace. That may be a very commendable theme at the proper time, but it is a subject not to be publicly discussed on the military reservation in presence of all the officers of the post; especially when there has just been a magnificent review of 2,000 troops! There was another instance last week when the Chinese commissioners chose their site. Colonel Cornelius Gardiner was a speaker. He paid many glowing tributes to the Chinese. Among other things he complimented them on the fact that they have not in their country the priestcraft which according to our son of Mars, has been for centuries the bane of Europe! As I said before, more experience will tend to make such blunders impossible.

The Acting Governor Explained

Acting Governor Wallace has been heard several times lately in the site-choosing ceremonies. He is a not a very happy speaker. He is perhaps too greatly impressed with the importance of his official duties. I judge so from the fact that he lugs the discussion of them into these addresses to foreign commissioners. At the luncheon to the Chinese commissioners at the St. Francis he talked about—what do you think? You couldn't guess in an hour, unless you know the acting governor. Why, he talked about the Figueroa case! That case must be very much in his mind, otherwise he wouldn't drag it into a luncheon talk to the Chinese commissioners. The acting governor did not mention Figueroa by name, but he complained that he had been severely criticized for commuting the sentence of a convict, and looking around the luncheon table, added: "You all know the case to which I refer." Evidently Wallace thought the Chinese were posted on this matter of purely Californian importance. The acting governor proceeded to imitate Dogberry. He told of a conversation he had had with Chester Rowell on this Figueroa case. He quoted Rowell as saying that his (Wallace's) conduct could be explained on three hypotheses. "The first," he quoted Chester as saying, "is thus and so; the second is that and the other (there is no need of specifying); the third is that you are a blank fool." "I assured Mr. Rowell," said Wallace, "that I had not acted on the first or second hypothesis he mentioned." So here we have an acting governor who is content to be considered a blank fool. Even the Chinese showed signs of amazement at this curious avowal.

Trouble in the Pacific-Union

There has been a change in the directorate of the Pacific-Union Club, and with the change has come the possibility of a very pretty scrap. The trouble comes from certain official action taken when Billy Bourn was president. To the Billy Bourn regime has succeeded the George Pope regime the members of which are not altogether in sympathy with the policy pursued by their predecessors. It seems that when Bourn was president the board of directors admitted certain consuls general into the club on payment of one-half the usual initiation fee. This action was taken because the board thought that the local representatives of certain nations should be members of our most exclusive club. Naturally the consuls general were in sympathy with this sense of what was fitting, particularly when the fee was cut in two. But the new board of directors with George Pope at its head thinks that this was all wrong, and there is talk of divorcing the new members from the club on the ground that their election was irregular.

Poet, Playwright and Despot

Some hitherto obscure potentates have been basking in the limelight since the opening of the war in the Balkans. Not the least interesting of them is King Nicholas of Montenegro. This monarch is an odd personality. Educated in Paris, a poet and playwright his drama "Balkanska Tsaritso" (the Balkan Empress) has long been popular among the Balkan Slavs. With all his culture King Nicholas, or Nikita, which is his real name, remains at heart an Oriental despot as he must needs be to rule his half savage highlanders. His predecessor on the throne was murdered by a Montenegrin Albanian, who was avenging the honor of his wife. The first act of Nicholas when he ascended the throne was to have the whole family of this Albanian, numbering eighty persons, massacred. That was the blood feud with a vengeance. In 1905, in imitation of the example of the Russian Czar, he granted a constitution and himself swore obedience to it, but when the composition of the Skuptchina, or Parliament, revealed a large Opposition element, which demanded the Europeanization of the institutions and the army, the abolition of the patronage system and even the establishment of a civil list, the "constitutional" King was very much upset. The Skuptchina was soon dissolved, a new Parliament was "appointed" and a reign of terror followed. The chief leaders of the Opposition were arrested, including the former Premier, Radovitch, on a bogus charge of conspiracy. Most of these men are languishing in prison to this day, with the exception of Tomitch, the ex-President of the Supreme Court, who got "accidentally" soaked in petroleum and burnt!

A Glutton for Mazuma

King Nicholas's foreign policy is very interesting. It is based on cash considerations tempered by matrimony. From the Sultan Abdul Hamid King Nicholas received to the very day of the Sultan's deposition the salary of a Grand Vizier in consideration of his services in abstaining from causing trouble, and in 1899 he accepted from Abdul Hamid $200,000 under a promise not to encourage sedition in Macedonia. With Russia his relations have been particularly intimate. He succeeded in marrying two of his daughters into the Russian imperial family and he has been receiving regularly a grant of $87,500 a year from the Czar's private purse, to say nothing of various presents from time to time, chiefly in the shape of war material. Similar presents flowed to Cettinje from Italy, for the Queen of Italy is a third daughter of King Nicholas. Lastly, Austria was in the habit of paying him over $10,000 a year, and since the annexation of Bosnia four times as much. As a matter of fact Montenegro and her King have been living for many years on their richer neighbors and patrons, and it is not surprising that when the first Skuptchina wanted to draw up a budget it found no data to go on.

That Champagne Bet

Quite as inaccurate as the report of Mark Twain's death when he was alive in London was the story in the Examiner the other day of the bet made by Maguire and Gus Eisen on the question of the merits of California champagne. The question was not whether California champagne was equal to foreign champagne but whether it was possible to distinguish a certain brand of California champagne from certain varieties of imported champagne. Nor was the solution of the question made a matter of taste and preference. Now if a champagne can be manufactured in this State so near akin to the imported wine that champagne drinkers are unable to perceive a difference it is of some importance that the fact should be known. Ever since Arpad Haraszthy made a fizzle while trying to produce the genuine fizz, champagne drinkers have scoffed whenever they have been told of the success of a California champagne maker. And their scoffing was justified. Even Paul Masson, good wine maker though he must be owned, has not yet threatened to injure the business of the wine makers of France. But let us no longer swallow the stuff and nonsense that so-called experts have palmed off as reasons why California may



never hope to produce a genuine, bubbling, palatable, inspiriting and inspiring champagne. Their favorite explanation has been that the alchemy of our soil was not equal to the wizard task of imparting the right flavor to the essential grape. Notwithstanding all that has been said in support of this assertion some sceptical Californians have risked a fortune in giving our grape a fair trial. They brought a champagne expert from the champagne district at an enormous salary to see what he could do with our recalcitrant grape. They gave him all the machinery he wanted and all the time he needed to make and perfect his product, and the result was the wine that led to the bet between Maguire and Eisen.

How It Was Decided

The bet was that Eisen couldn't tell the difference between foreign wine and the particular brand of California champagne made by the imported expert. Eisen, having a palate educated to the subtleties of champagne flavor and savor, laughed at the idea of his not being able to detect the shortcoming of the California grape. He was sure that the imprisoned laughter of France would touch his soul as soon as it entered his head. And this is what happened. Blindfolded he sat before four glasses of bubbling wine. In each of three of them was a foreign wine, in the fourth was the California wine, the name of which the Examiner, notwithstanding its love of the State and its eagerness to promote Californian industries, failed to mention, but which I will mention though California industries have done very little for Town Talk. The wine is called Golden State, and it is manufactured by the Italian-Swiss Colony. Well, to make a long story short, Eisen sampled all four wines and thrice he called a foreign brand the Californian product. Then came "Buck" Travis, the automobile expert, fastest driver in the State, who couldn't believe that you could fool his palate. He got it right once and missed it three times. Others tried and others failed.

The Knowing Mr. Barry

From occasional reading of Mr. John D. Barry in the Bulletin I have come to marvel at the man—his fluency, his vast knowledge, his wonderful circle of acquaintances. He has been everywhere, seen everything, met everybody. He loves to adorn a theme with the last word spoken on the subject to him in London or New York or Thibet by the one person universally acknowledged as authority. If learning is the knowledge of that which is not generally known to others Mr. Barry is one of the most learned of men. Take him on any old subject, the drama, for instance, and see how much he knows that you or I don't know. He says, for instance, that "the dramatist of today is more restricted than Shakespeare was with his freedom to change the scene whenever he pleased," and that in time "dramatists will rebel against this limitation;" also that scenery has exercised "a kind of tyranny over the dramatist," making "the dramatist its victim." If this had been written twenty-five years ago it would be pronounced trite, but now it is anything but that. It is but to voice the general impression of persons who think they know everything of the drama that playwrights of late have come to be on more familiar terms than formerly with their medium and that they have imposed greater restrictions than ever on themselves in the interest of art. If conditions of theatrical representations are much harder now than they were in Shakespeare's day, it is not, the unenlightened have supposed, because of the tyranny of scenery. The ordinary student of the drama will tell you that Ibsen, who revolutionized the art of playwriting, made scenery a matter of secondary consideration. He will also explain to you that since Ibsen pointed the way playwrights have scorned the soliloquy and the "aside," those darling expedients which made it comparatively easy to write a play. No longer does the hero reveal the villain to the audience by telling the footlights that the man who has just entered is the man that stole his wife. The lady's maid has ceased to be essential as a means of explaining the state of affairs in the first act. The letter that arrives at the pyschological moment is a thing of the past. Greater than ever is the intractability of the playwright's medium, the plain student of the drama will tell you, but he will add that the skilled playwright has worked himself clear of all trace of conforming with the laws of his art, and that there will be no likelihood of a revolt against limitation until the public becomes as unsophisticated as it was in the days when it luxuriated in Sardoodledum.

The Essential Theme

Another thing we didn't know till Barry told us is "the restriction in theme of the drama." Every play must deal with love. No playwright has managed to write a good play "without using love" and "of course no play can deal truly and searchingly with human life that does not involve the attraction between men and women." Let us conclude, therefore, that Timon of Athens and Julius Caesar are not plays; that Ghosts, a study of a tragic aspect of heredity, and An Enemy of the People, a study of the fundamental dishonesty of the people, are merely tracts. And how shall we characterize "The Weavers," a drama so quick, so

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vital, so moving in its own palpitating fiber that it fairly acts itself. But this great play has never been supposed to have love for its theme. Hunger is the theme—the madness of famine, the despair of the empty stomach. The German Emperor revoked the State subsidy formerly enjoyed by the Deutsche Theatre in Berlin for producing this play. Was it on account of the eroticism of it? Mr. Barry knows. He probably talked with the Emperor about it.

The Status of the Call

About two weeks ago, when the rumor got about newspaperdom that John D. Spreckels had sold the Call to William Wallace Chapin of Seattle, an official statement was pasted on the Bulletin board in the Call local room setting forth that while Mr. Chapin was to take charge of the paper, there would be no other changes and that nobody need be fearful of losing his position except for good cause. That served to allay the natural anxiety felt by the editorial staff. But the anxiety seems to be reviving. I am told that there are to be further changes after all. One rumor is to the effect that a new man is to succeed Ernest S. Simpson, the very capable managing editor. I have even heard speculation as to who the new man might be, and some who had the air of "being in the know" suggested the name of Ed Insley, the managing editor of the Sacramento Union. Chapin who, by the way, used to be quite a beau in Sacramento before he went to Seattle, worked with Insley on the Paris edition of the New York Herald. They have always been fast friends.

Wizard Freeman

Edgar Allan Poe showed in one of his stories how three Sundays could come together in one week, but Poe was inferior in wizardry to John R. Freeman of Providence, R. I. Freeman is the city's Hetch Hetchy expert. A very expert man is Freeman in the delicate matter of making out a bill. So expert that he crowds as many as sixty-eight days into one month. What is Poe's achievement to that? Freeman's bill shows that he worked fifty-three days in June and sixty-eight in July. Freeman figures that seven hours make a day's work. Being a glutton for work, however, he keeps right at it, even on Sunday and the Fourth of July, serving the city for twelve or fourteen hours at a stretch. For the seven hours Freeman charges the city two hundred dollars; for seven hours of overtime he charges one hundred dollars. Because he is such an assiduous worker and such a skillful biller Freeman has been able to serve the city to the tune of forty-nine thousand dollars.

Our Splendid Musicians

The four weeks of grand opera and the first two performances of the San Francisco Orchestra serve to remind us that we have a lot of splendid musicians in this city. If you are not prepared to admit this offhand, there is the testimony of an outsider whose word is weighty with authority. Adolph Rosenbecker, the distinguished musician who is concert master of the San Francisco Orchestra, is loud in his praise of the local musicians with whom he has come in contact. "When we of the Chicago Opera Company gave 'Salome' in Chicago," he said the other day, "we rehearsed it for one hundred and thirty hours. Here your musicians rehearsed it for thirty-six hours only, and gave just as good a performance of the very difficult music." The Lambardi Company's orchestra consisted of sixty musicians, twelve of whom came here with the company while the remaining forty-eight were local men. Of course they had a wonderful leader in Bavagnoli, but what could Bavagnoli have done with poor material? This leader, by the way, worked so hard here that his health was impaired and he is taking a badly needed rest.

Kirkpatrick's Confession

A short time ago a waiter in the Palace made a very serious blunder, a blunder which cost the hotel money. The head waiter went to see Colonel Kirkpatrick about it. "It was a bad mistake," he explained, "but he is a good waiter and he made the mistake in good faith, so I don't like to fire him." "Well," drawled Colonel Kirkpatrick, "I guess it's not necessary to fire him. We all make mistakes. I make mistakes myself. I put the billiard hall in the basement of the old hotel and it cost us $35,000."

From a Former Generation

I noticed old Henry Callaghan in the Palace the other afternoon. There was a time when Henry Callaghan knew nearly everybody in that famous lobby, but times have changed. The old days have gone, leaving few of his friends behind; and a new crowd of mining men has taken the place of the coterie consisting of Hayward, Hobart, Sharon and Hearst in which Henry Callaghan loved to move. There is only one of the old-timers left to greet Callaghan on the rare occasions when he enters the hotel, and that is old John Harper. But I'll wager that any old miner who has fallen on evil days can get a twenty dollar gold piece from Callaghan merely by accosting him and repainting old scenes.

He Has Broken Down

In the old mining days Henry Bratnober was Callaghan's particular pal. I understand that Bratnober's health, mental and physical, has broken down and that he has been removed from his home in Piedmont to a sanitarium. Bratnober was a husky giant but always nervous and high-strung; he had a collapse once before and went to Alaska to recuperate. It is only about

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ten years since Bratnober and Callaghan gave up active service as mine experts. John W. Gates used to pay Bratnober one thousand dollars a day to examine and report on mines. It was about a decade ago that Bratnober and Callaghan went to London to bull copper. They were eyed askance by English investors, but persisted and when their deal was completed they and their principals cleaned up some three or four millions. The haughty Londoners were willing to fraternize with them after that.

A Bray Story

There were several prominent men who wanted to be chief of the bureau of concessions of the World's Fair before the directors fixed on Burt of Denver for the job. One of them was Charles E. Bray, right hand man of Martin Beck in the management of the Orpheum circuit. Bray was out here two or three weeks ago to see the exposition directors about the matter but was too busy to wait for a definite answer. He was standing in front of the box office one afternoon chatting with Ed Childs of the local Orpheum when the talk turned on theatrical "nuts." "I used to have in my employ," he said, "a young fellow who was a fine worker. He was earning $60 a week at his desk when he became imbued with the idea that stage money was 'easy.' 'Why should they pay the monologists such big coin?' he said to me one day. 'They earn it,' I replied. 'Hush your talk!' he went on. 'If those fellows earn it I can earn it. I can sing better than any monologist I ever heard, and as for jokes, I've got a bunch of them that are world beaters.' The idea got such a hold on him that he finally quit me and went on the stage. I got him a chance on the small time. He worked several months and then came back to me broke. I let him go back to his desk. In a year he had the ambition again. This time he fixed up a magic act, and it looked as though he was going to get over with it. He quit me again and went out with the act. In six months he was back broke again. Twice more he left me and tried the stage, but each time he spent all his money and returned. He just didn't have that something that helps stage people make good." 'Where is he now?" asked Childs. "He's in Chicago working hard at his desk." "Letter for you, Mr. Bray," said an office boy at this point. Bray opened the letter and read the first few lines. It said: "Dear Charlie—I am just starting out with my new trapeze act. Wish me luck, old man." "That's the guy," said Bray.

Tires Did the Trick

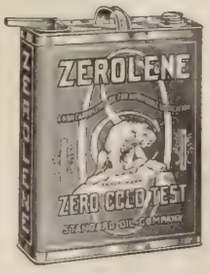
After having battled his way across oceans of sand and mud, through raging torrents and over mesas where the roads had been obliterated by one of the most severe storms in the history of the Southwest, Ralph Hamlin on October 28 realized his life's ambition by driving a Franklin car to victory in the Los Angeles-to-Phoenix road race. Hamlin crossed the tape at the Fair Grounds in Phoenix at 1:02:48 o'clock. His running time was 18 hours 45 minutes. One of the most remarkable features of the race was the test of the tires of the pacing cars. Never in the history of automobile competition have tires been called upon to stand such a grueling test, and the fact that Hamlin succeeded in leading the way over the 500-mile desert race in such fast time was largely due to the service of the Pennslyvania Vacuum cup tires. This news brought joy to the hearts of Manager J. E. French of the coast branch of the Pennsylvania Tire Company and Joe Tansey, head of the Tansey-Crowe Company, the local distributers. The desert race is as hard a test on tires as it is on the drivers and the cars and the time made in the run was no doubt due in a large measure to the splendid tire service it received from the Pennsylvania's nonskid casings. According to Hamlin these tires gave him no trouble, and as the time he made is remarkably fast for conditions of the country and route, the performance of the Pennsylvania tires was one of the best demonstrations of the efficiency of automobile tires ever made.

Hale's New Building

The most remarkable building record made in San Francisco has just been established in the erection of the new store of Hale Bros., Inc., at the corner of Market and Fifth streets. Just 208 days after ground was broken, or at the end of 175 actual working days, the magnificent new home of Hale Bros. was thrown open to the public. The building has five stories and a basement, is of reinforced concrete construction, embodies every modern device for safety and convenience, and represents an investment of over $500,000. The record is made the more interesting because the work was all done by local firms, Reid Bros. being the architects and Macdonald and Kahn the contractors. Practically all the work on the building was done by local firms, and its completion in record time is a splendid testimonial to the efficiency of our home workers. Hale Bros., Inc., is a California institution, the first store having been founded by Marshall Hale Sr. in San Jose thirty-six years ago. A chain of stores has been extended throughout the State, and twenty years ago the first Hale store was established in San Francisco. After the fire



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Santa Fe

of 1906 when a new building was completely destroyed the firm refused to seek quarters further up town, and at once commenced the erection of the building they are now vacating, which, by the way, was the first permanent fire-proof building to be erected on Market street after the city's disaster. Though only six years have passed, that building proved too small for the needs of the firm and the new building which was opened on Thursday of this week is much larger, and is perhaps the most modern store on the coast. The location at Market and Fifth streets has practically established a "new retail center." Sixteen carlines radiating to all parts of the city come within one block of the store, and San Francisco's only inter-urban line starts from that corner. The construction of the building attracted comment because of the fact that instead of forcing people off the sidewalk during the building operations, a pure white tunnel was constructed on the street level, which made a novel passage way for pedestrians. The overhead beams of the tunnel were utilized to give interesting facts about the new store and the city in general. Hale Bros., Inc., have stores in San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Stockton and San Jose. The present members of the firm include P. C. Hale, president; Marshal Hale, vice-president; R. B. Hale, secretary and treasurer; and E. W. Hale and F. O. Cobb, directors.

A Reformer Tout

It is very interesting to note that preachers throughout the State and the dear women of the women's clubs have been listening with edification to the addresses on race track gambling made by Mr. Harry Brolaski. Mr. Brolaski has been honored unusually during this campaign. He has occupied many pulpits; he has spoken from the platform of many an exclusive woman's club. Everywhere he has been received with consideration. Only the other day, I noticed, he spoke at the First Baptist Church of Alameda. Mr. Brolaski is very much opposed to race track gambling; hates it with what looks like a holy hatred. But it isn't a holy hatred. Those who know Mr. Brolaski's career realize that. Mr. Brolaski used to be a tout at Emeryville. One day he became a welcher by "running out" with $2,800. Then President Tom Williams barred him from the track, and Mr. Brolaski hasn't liked racetrack gambling ever since.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

"'Charlie, me boy, I could say so and so in answer to that, but what's the use?'

"These suppressed replies were always gems of repartee.

"He always presented a smiling face to the world. I remember once on one of the expeditions of the Roseleaves he was wanted to make the chowder and I went looking for him. I found him sitting some distance up the beach. He refused to return with me.

"'I've got a riproaring headache,' he told me, 'and I might say something ill-natured that I'd regret.'

"He had many sincere friends. Stevenson was one of them. I think the one sincere spot in Delmas' life was his fondness for Dan O'Connell.

"Clay Greene says that when he was at Santa Clara he was a handsome young man but in later years he was red-faced, fat and of great bulk.

"I remember years ago reading in an English magazine a story by Somerest Maugham called 'An Irish Gentleman.' I thought at the time that Maugham had Dan O'Connell in mind, and meeting him years afterwards, asked him about it. He said I was right. He had known Dan well. And he described him correctly. Yes, Dan O'Connell was an Irish gentleman."

"Jones seems to have sworn off for keeps. How did it happen?"

"His wife had a moving picture made of his last jag and let him see it."

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MARKET AND STOCKTON
SAN FRANCISCO

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

As to the Hobarts

Rumors of a reconciliation between Walter Hobart and his beautiful young wife who returned last week from Europe are without foundation, I am told. Mrs. Hobart broke the trip across the continent to visit her sister-in-law Mrs. Charles Baldwin who was Virginia Hobart, and the latter accompanied her to this city. They are on the best of terms and Mrs. Hobart has the sympathy of her husband's sister in her position. She went at once to her own sister's home in San Rafael and after a few days spent with Mrs. Lilley departed for the South to recuperate from her long journey. Walter remains debonair and apparently care-free. It is said he has reiterated his admiration for his lovely wife whose sojourn abroad has mellowed and developed her somewhat classic type of beauty. On her return from Santa Barbara Mrs. Hobart will again visit at the Lilley home until her plans for the winter are defined. The impression in smart set circles that have been absorbedly interested in Mrs. Hobart's visit is that it is purely for the purpose of arranging certain property settlements. Nous verrons.

Jim Fair's Strategy

So young Herman Oelrichs is about to receive half a million from his aunt Mrs. Birdie Fair Vanderbilt because he has reached his majority without smoking or drinking. A very lucky young man he is, indeed. Much luckier, it occurs to me, than his deceased uncle Jim Fair. When Jim Fair was a youth of rather wild proclivities his father old James G. promised him a fortune if he would quit drinking for a certain length of time. Jim agreed and went on the water wagon. The specified length of time had about run its course, the date for paying over the fortune was at hand, when old James G. bethought him of a way to save the money. He sent a man to his son Jim with instructions to take him out on a time and get him drunk. The plot succeeded, and young Jim never got the money.

Tricking a Bishop

Which goes to show that James G. Fair was a resourceful man in conserving his money. Another story comes to mind. Fair had a quarrel with his wife in the old days at Virginia City, and enlisted the assistance of Bishop Monogue for the purpose of arranging a reconciliation. The bishop succeeded. Then James G. Fair, to show his gratitude, presented to the bishop a big block of very valuable mining stock. The bishop had roseate visions of improvements in the schools and churches of his diocese. But alas! they never became realities. For James G. Fair manipulated the market, piled assessments upon that stock and made it impossible for poor Bishop Monogue to hold it.

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In the Spanish Church

For many reasons the wedding of pretty Katrina Page-Brown and Austin Moore which took place in New York on Wednesday, was interesting. For one thing the young folks made an interesting couple. For another thing, they were married in the most beautiful church in New York. Austin Moore, the son of Mrs. Willis Polk, is a Catholic. Miss Page-Brown became a Catholic a few weeks ago. This made it possible to have the wedding in a Catholic church. Because Austin Moore's mother is of Spanish family (she was Christine Barreda), the new



Photo, Bianca Conti

MRS. MILTON BREMER

A young matron who has been entertaining a good deal in a quiet way. She is considered one of the best dressed women in the city.

Spanish church of Our Lady of Hope was picked out. Architects declare that it is the most beautiful church in New York, if not in America. It is on Riverside Drive adjoining the museum of the Hispanic Society, and like the latter institution, it owes its being largely to the munificence of the adopted son of Mrs. Collis Huntington. It is enriched with golden and jewel-encrusted altar vessels, the gifts of King Alfonso of Spain and ex-King Manuel of Portugal. The interesting wedding of Wednesday was one of the first to be performed within its bronze doors.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Jewels

Miss Innes Keeney, the bride-elect of Willard Chamberlain has the reputation of owning more handsome jewels than any of the girls in her set. Her collection has been augmented by the wedding gifts that her friends have showered on this fortunate young person, for, knowing her fondness for precious stones, many selected jeweled ornaments. Perhaps the richest piece in the collection is the lavalliere of sapphires and diamonds presented by Mrs. Fred Sharon with whom Miss Keeney is a great favorite. The stones are set in platinum exquisitely designed. To match this beautiful corsage ornament are the sapphire and diamond earrings sent by Miss Ethel Crocker. Miss Crocker is at present with her aunt Princess Poniatowski in Paris, but the jewels were selected here by Mrs. Crocker to match the gift of Mrs. Sharon. From Mr. Keith, the rich old bachelor who delights to bestow handsome gifts on his friends, there are pear-shaped diamond ear drops in Miss Keeney's collection. One of her treasured possessions is a diamond bracelet, the Christmas present of Mrs. Sharon last year.

FOOTBALL: Going to the big game? Then remember that she'll want a souvenir box of candy decorated with her favorite college colors. Geo. Haas & Sons' four Candy Stores.

Changes at the Presidio

Mrs. Lucy Ord Mason, widow of Lieutenant John Mason who is visiting her son-in-law and daughter Lieutenant and Mrs. Keith Gregory at the Presidio, has an interesting store of reminiscences of society in San Francisco in early days. As Lucy Ord, daughter of the Commandant at the Presidio in the fifties and early sixties she was a great belle. The Ords are an old Southern family and the Southern element ruled society in San Francisco in those days. General Ord practised a lavish hospitality at his home, the same, I believe, which Colonel Cornelius Gardener now occupies. Mrs. Mason finds many changes and improvements in the old post. Within the past month the parade ground has been extended down to the road that leads past the hospital, by the removal of the high lattice fence which for the past forty years served as a breakwind across the eastern end. The result is a superb unbroken view of the bay and Alameda hills from officers' row and the old club where hops are given and where they were held when Mrs. Mason was a girl.

Notice to Needy Bachelors

The arrival of Miss Marguerite Doe on the social scene is of interest to our impecunious bachelors who secretly aspire to rich marriages. Some openly acknowledge their ambition but few achieve it for the reason that our heiresses are given to choosing their husbands from among the wealthier young men. Many of the recent rich marriages demonstrated this fact. Miss Jennie Crocker selected a man of wealth and position. Miss Helene Irwin, heiress to millions, married Templeton Crocker. Miss Abby Parrot, another heiress, became the wife of Ed Tobin of the affluent Tobin clan. Miss Marie Louise Elkins with an inheritance said to be two millions in her own right wedded Christian De Guigne, heir to a share of the Parrott fortune. Miss Isabel Sprague with a million inherited from the Donahue estate, her father having been the late Mervyn Donahue, married wealthy young William Pool of New York. And so it goes. The heiresses bestow their fortunes on those already favored. But Miss Doe, mistress of a million in her own right, is still unwed. She has lived in semi-retirement for two years at her

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home in Montecito but she will return to San Francisco next week for a visit and to enjoy some of the winter gayeties. Let the impecunious bachelors take notice.

Miss Joliffe on the Stump

Miss Frances Joliffe has followed her brother-in-law Rudolph Spreckels into the Democratic camp of Woodrow Wilson, and has followed her friend Gertrude Atherton to the political stump. She is now engaged in making Wilson speeches at district meetings in various sections of the city. Her speeches are not as violently anti-Rooseveltian and anti-Morganatic as are those of Mrs. Atherton, but they are very effective, I hear. Miss Joliffe has done several things in her life and always with considerable distinction. She played the role of society maid until it palled. Then she went on the stage and played real roles. That palled too, so she took up newspaper work, achieving success as a dramatic critic. Now the emancipation of the fair sex in California has given her an opportunity to apply to practical uses the knowledge of government and politics which she has been acquiring for some time.

A Brotherly Protest

Kathleen Thompson Norris who has been so successful as a writer in New York that she may never return to her old home in San Francisco, tells a good story about "Mother," the wonderful short story which was the foundation stone of her fame. She says that her brother Frederick Thompson, a well known members of the Bohemian and Family clubs, was indignant when he read the story in manuscript. "Why, that's us!" he protested. "It's indecent to print that!" But despite this objection the story was printed. It made a hit because innumerable brothers and sisters, not to mention mothers, said with conviction when they read it, "Why, that's us!"

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Mrs. Alexander's Patrons

Miss Clara Alexander, the darkey impersonator who gave a concert varie Thursday night with the assistance of Miss Enid Gregg, Mrs. George Armsby, Felton Elkins, Willard Barton and others, has appeared before a lot of distinguished people in her time. The list of royal highnesses who have honored her performances is almost as long as the list of duchesses, countesses and marchionesses. Untitled men and women in Miss Alexander's list are apt to be Pierpont Morgans or Rothschilds. So I am rather surprised to see the name of Governor Hiram Johnson in the published roster. He is wedged between Mrs. Cornwallis West and "Tay Pay" O'Connor. He seems to me to be out of his sphere, for nearly all the distinguished men and women he appears with are reactionaries, standpatters, champions of the old order. He's the only progressive in the list. But perhaps the Governor is more conservative in art and esthetics than in politics.

A Popular Dancing Club

The University Assembly will give the first dance of its season on November 16. Last year the assemblies were held in Century Hall, but owing to the increased membership the committee has decided to give them in the Palace Hotel. The members are fraternity men and women from the University of California and Stanford. as well as alumni of the two universities and their friends, including many young society people on both sides of the bay. The committee consists of Ralph Bundschu, Frank L. Keser, Vincent La Coste, Harold Maundrell, Fred E. Palmer and Fred St. Goar. The patronesses are Mesdames Rudolph W. Baum, Charles Bundschu, Edward F. Delger. Diodemus S. Dorn, Frank H. Kerrigan, James Lanagan, Millard J. Laymance, Harry Maundrell, James McNab, William Metzner, William E. Palmer, Kaspar Pischel, Charles F. Runyon, William A. Schrock, Gustave H. Umbsen, George X. Wendling and Robert White.

At Kohler and Chase Hall

At the regular weekly music matinee of Kohler & Chase which will be given at Kohler & Chase Hall Saturday afternoon, November 2, an important feature of the program will be a new concerto for piano by Pierre Douillet, Dean of the Conservatory of Music of the College of the Pacific. Mr. Douillet is a pianist and a composer of international reputation, having appeared on concert tours in Europe and America prior to his appointment as Dean of the music department above referred to, in which position he has now been successfully active during the last fifteen years. Mr. Douillet will preside at the second piano, the first piano being played by Mrs. William Henry Banks who is a graduate of the College of the Pacific Conservatory, having studied under Douillet. Mrs. Banks is also a pupil of Rafael Josephy, the famous pianist. She is a musician of brilliant faculties both from a technical and musical point of view. The soloist will be Mrs. Zilpha Ruggles Jenkins, soprano, a very capable church and concert singer. In addition to these feature numbers of the program to be given on Saturday there will be excellent selections for the Pianolo Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ.

Concert of Miss Heath

A concert that will be a refreshing novelty in its charm, in its excellence, and in its artistic satisfaction, will be that given by Miss Helen Colburn Heath, soprano, assisted by Herbert Riley, 'cello virtuoso, and Uda Waldrop, pianist, at the Colonial Ball Room, St. Francis Hotel, at 8:30 o'clock on the evening of Thursday, November 21. Miss Heath who is well and favorably known in this city, has but recently returned from Europe, where she coached with George Henschel and Francis Korbay. The ladies under whose patronage Miss Heath's concert will be given are Mesdames Richard Bayne, Edgar Preston Brinegar, Frank B. Carpenter, Robert Chester Foute, James Monroe Goeway, George W. Hallowell, Ralph C. Harrison, J. Downey Harvey, Rosalie Kaufman, James Potter Langhorne, Eleanor Martin, Benjamin Franklin Norris, Max C. Sloss, Vanderlyn Stow, James Ellis Tucker, Charles Stetson Wheeler. This concert is under the business management of Frank W. Healy.

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The Busy Day at Techau's

It would seem that there are but few hours of the day or evening when Techau Tavern is not crowded with a throng of those who enjoy the good things of this life and know where they may best be found. Many merchants whose time is limited during business hours have fallen into the habit of relying on the hurried, but always excellent, luncheon served from the kitchenette on wheels. By the time the last luncheon parties have dispersed, the ladies begin to assemble for the dainty, gratuitous afternoon tea which is a novel and much appreciated feature of the Tavern. It goes without saying that the cafe is always crowded at the dinner hour and by the after-theatre patrons, while there is hardly a lull in the hours between, thanks to the novel attractions which are always in evidence.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. E. M. Dustin and Mr. G. E. Lester, prominent in business circles in Pittsfield, Mass., arrived at Hotel del Coronado a few days ago to remain indefinitely. Another visitor from the same State is John A. Royall, registered from Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Cameron who are on a pleasure trip, have registered, to remain while seeing Southern California. Mr. H. S. Turner is there on a business trip. A party of New Yorkers consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Conklin, Grace Benham Crane, Ogden Crane and Ethel Von Waldron are to remain for a period of indefinite duration. Mr. G. H. Seeley and family of Kansas City are occupying a suite of rooms. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vaughn and P. J. Galaghy will remain indefinitely. They are registered from Seattle. Mr. F. D. Kavanagh is also from Seattle. Mrs. F. Deslege accompanied by her son Joseph arrived recently, expecting to remain for a lengthy period.

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An Able Man for Congress

Being a Few Observations Respecting the Character and Qualifications of Bert Schlesinger

Not often has San Francisco had the opportunity to send to Congress a man of the calibre of Bert Schlesinger, the Democratic candidate in the Fourth District. Mr. Schlesinger is not a politician, but he has had some brief experience in public office. As a young man he served the people in the legislature, as a lawyer he served the Government in the office of the District Attorney of the United States. In both positions he proved himself a man of the character most deserving of the confidence and support of the people.

Mr. Schlesinger is a product of our public school system, and one that reflects the highest credit upon it. Education was to him the apprenticeship of life. It awakened in him a just sense of duty, and furnished him with a well-rounded, solid, moral and intellectual character.

With the awakening of the public conscience has come realization of the perniciousness of the notion that all that is necessary to qualify a man for office is the cunning that enables him to get it. The demand of the hour is for talent and probity; for men who have the welfare of the State at heart and the ability to foster and promote its interests. We hear a great deal these days of the imperfections of our government, but the government is not deteriorating; nor will it deteriorate while the people see to it that the quality of men in public places and in places of public trust shall not run down. This is not a government of the people. No people can administer a government. They can only designate the men who shall administer it. To that end they should strive to differentiate candidates, to distinguish between the mere office-seeker and the man with ability who sincerely wishes to do something for his fellow-men. And if they set themselves to this task they will find that there is as much capacity in this country today as there ever was. If it is called for it will come to the surface. If it is made, as it should be, the exclusive requisite to public office it will not fail to be found. All of which is more or less illustrated in the case of Mr. Schelsinger, who is now found in the arena of politics not because of obedience to his own impulses, but because the leaders of the Democratic cause in San Francisco called him from his office and urged him to vindicate his devotion to his party.

Mr. Schlesinger having been preoccupied through the years with the practice of law is known chiefly to the members of his profession, and it ought to be sufficient to say of him as a candidate that he will receive the support of all lawyers who are among his constituents. For Mr. Schlesinger's conception of his profession is what it was once pronounced by high authority—"as honorable as justice and as ancient as the forms of law"; and he has brought to bear upon the practice of it the elevation of character and purity of motive which he has displayed in every relation of life. Mr. Schelsinger has made a very vigorous campaign, and those who have heard him discuss its issues know that he is in touch with the affairs of government and that he has an intellect disciplined by study and thought.

There is great enthusiasm behind the Schlesinger campaign, and it is not wholly of a partisan nature, for Mr. Schlesinger is not merely a representative of the Democracy. He stands for progressive principles and for all those institutions of government which are grounded in the idea that the only perfect government is that under which a wrong to the humblest is an affront to all and that the proper function of government is to make it easy for the people to do good and difficult for them to do evil. It matters not whether the next President of the United States is to be Governor Wilson or Thedore Roosevelt, in either event Bert Schlesinger by reason of his impulses is of the type of man whose services will be required in the Congress that meets next March.

THE GREAT RECONCILER



Judge Graham

"In all this State there is not a minister of the gospel who has done more for the benefit of society than Judge Thomas F. Graham." Such were the words of the Rev. F. W. Clampett. They were uttered the other night at a public meeting of Judge Graham's friends and admirers at which were represented men and women of every walk of life. Judge Graham is now a candidate for re-election, but he is a man of whom little need be said in this community. Indeed his reputation is not confined to the limits of this State. Judge Grahman has made a national reputation. It would be good for all of us were judges generally to imitate the example of Judge Graham, to exercise their functions in the interest of the best institutions of society. There is nothing of self-consciousness in Judge Graham on the bench. He administers justice as he sees it, but with a disposition to make amity the keynote of his decisions. As in divorce cases he is always concerned for the interest of the family and more eager to conciliate than to decree, so in all litigation it is his aim to assuage the passions that inspire it. The most disappointed suitor carries away from the court respect for the judge. His unfailing courtesy and kindness, his amiable temper, his unquestioned and unquestionable purity of character, his patience in hearing, the unassuming dignity and quiet decorum that are part of the atmosphere of his court, the practical sense and acumen with which he disposes of evidence and solves problems— these are qualities which will always be remembered by those who have had business in his department.

A JUDGE AND HIS RECORD



Judge Shortall

No better record has been made on the local bench than that on the strength of which Judge Edward P. Shortall qualified as a candidate for the Superior Court at the recent primary election. Judge Shortall in his official capacity has been in the public eye for years and what the public estimate of him is may be judged from the circumstance that at the primary election he received the next to the highest vote on the ticket. As a police magistrate Judge Shortall has proved himself at once a lawyer and a man of humane principles with a liberal stock of that most valuable of all essentials in the equipment of a judicial officer—common sense. The criminal department of our Superior Court is not overburdened with brains, and it would be decidedly to the advantage of the taxpayers were Judge Shortall elected to fill the vacancy which is to occur at the end of this year. Judge Shortall has made a success as a judge because he first qualified for the judicial office by practicing law. If experience at the bar was a prerequisite to eligibility to the bench the taxpayers of San Francisco would not so often be saddled with the expense of new trials. Judge Shortall had several years experience at the bar of this State, and he is known in his profession as a lawyer of ability and a man with a keen appreciation of the ethics of his profession. During all the years of his service on the police bench he has conducted himself with dignity, with a sense of his responsibility to the public and with due regard to the rights of citizens brought before him. Some people think nowadays that a judge can be manufactured out of almost any sort of material. While it is true enough that almost any man can sit on the bench, can hear causes and after a fashion can decide them, a man to be thoroughly fitted for the judicial office must have the judicial temperament, and Judge Shortall has it in the highest degree. To him law is not an aggregation of arbitrary rules, but a broad and noble science, with a wholesome, salutary influence that ought to pervade all the affairs of human life

The Armstrong Play

By Theodore Bonnet

Many years ago there lived in England a playwright by the name of Dennis. He was extremely prolific and not at all original. His plays were the shreds and patches of plays that had gone before. But Dennis had a very good opinion of himself, and he thought all other playwrights were plagiarists. It is related of him that one night, sitting in a London theatre at the first performance of a play by a rival playwright that opened with a terrific thunderstorm, he exclaimed, "That's my thunder!" I thought of Dennis Monday night when the thunder pealed in the third act of Paul Armstrong's play "A Romance of the Underworld." For it occurred to me that the thunder was the only thing in the play worth claiming. Mr. Armstrong, I hear, has written several successful plays. I hear he has grown rich writing plays. If this be true, how strange there is any poverty in the world! If a man can make money writing plays of the kind of "A Romance of the Underworld" what need is there for mastering the art of play-making? This is one of the most difficult of all the arts; so difficult that so great a literary genius as Robert Louis Stevenson, notwithstanding his keen dramatic instinct, refused to write a play for Irving, saying that he would not attempt so ungrateful a task. Stevenson would not risk being inartistic. But the objection to the Armstrong play is not that it is inartistic. One may not be a stickler for art, and yet be intolerant of this play. The objection to this play is that it needs too many crutches; it is not articulated; it has locomotor ataxia. I can stand for a play that is merely spavined or that has a broken back, but a play that sprawls all over the stage, that creaks in every joint, that gasps at every breath, suggests nothing but a hurry-call for an ambulance. Now lest I may appear harsh in my criticism I will summon as corroborative witnesses competent critics who are obviously kindly disposed toward Mr. Armstrong. First let us hear from Mr. Young of the Chronicle. It "sustains Mr. Armstrong's reputation for delivering the punch," says Mr. Young; also, "he has written with the same skill for climax which lifted his 'Alias Jimmy Valentine' into the realm of intense, tightly riveted drama." But—alas! there is a but in this criticism—"without enough butter for his slice of bread he has endeavored to make what he had do. It is spread too thickly. It is measured out over too large a surface. The material for the first two acts is not enough for two acts." Furthermore, speaking of the fourth act Mr. Young says: "You wait. He does just what you fear he will do—nothing." So much for the skill that lifted Jimmy into "the realm of intense, tightly riveted drama." It is apparent that even Mr. Young misses some of the rivets out of those first two acts and that he was unable to find any in the fourth. Next comes Mr. Anthony, the amiable Call critic with high praise for Mr. Armstrong for having done "as well in this as in his other plays," one of which, I learn, "is the finest bit of play-writing of American make." Mr. Anthony finds "indirection of action in the first act," which is more than compensated for by the types that make this "a splendid bit of type drama." However Mr. Armstrong "has made what was once a twenty minute sketch a four act drama, and the only evidence in the piece, at the Cort, of attenuation is the fourth act, which is superfluous. . . . Without it (the fourth act)



MADAME MARIA GALVANY

The famous European prima donna who will be heard next week at the Orpheum.

'A Romance of the Underworld' would witness its final curtain shortly after ten o'clock, and that would be deemed insufficient entertainment for a two dollar bill, so Armstrong has tacked on a fourth act for good measure." Far be it from me to bestride the high horse of criticism, but I submit that Mr. Armstrong's eulogists by their testimony have damned his play not with faint praise but with injudicious acclaim. And the strength of their testimony is in its concurrence. True, Mr. Anthony appears to contradict Mr. Young. For though Mr. Young finds there isn't enough butter for the bread, Mr. Anthony says there is no evidence of attenuation except in the fourth act, which is superfluous. Does it not strike you that if one fourth of a play serves only as a means of withholding the final curtain there is considerable attenuation? But Mr. Anthony goes further. He says there is indirection in the first act. If so the first act must be somewhat attentuated. To say that indirection is compensated for by the introduction of the types that make the play a fine type drama is hardly true. If a play is halted while characters are being introduced then the characters are not types at all; they are merely puppets, and they cannot make a type drama. Types are introduced in a play by the action of the play. What they are types of the action reveals, and the action must be vital, organic. Now the truth is that the action of the first act of the Armstrong play is mostly inorganic. It has nothing to do with the story. In that act are three complete one-act dramas that bear not the slightest relevancy to the play itself. They reveal to us a tender-hearted judge whose chief business in life is to suspend sentence and get applause from the gallery. If a playwright can get away with a first act of this kind there is no reason why he should be in straits for want of material at ten o'clock and be put to the expedient of tacking on a fourth act for good measure, since he might just as well keep on introducing types, the world being full of them. But it wasn't from lack of material that Mr. Armstrong suffered; it was from lack of ability to tell his story. A competent craftsman given this story to tell, this story of a rich villain's passion for a young woman, his attempt to railroad her brother to prison and the thwarting of him by a shrewd lawyer—a competent craftsman would have invented material to lead him directly and logically up to the climax. The story would unfold itself without the aid of alien types. The problem of acquitting the young man would be solved, and there would still be enough material left to bring the hero and heroine into each other's arms without seeming to bolster out the plot to that end. Furthermore, the competent craftsman had he resolved on a court scene and on presenting the trial of a case would have satisfied himself as to technical accuracy. The big climax comes in the Armstrong play when the fact is revealed that the witnesses for the prosecution have lied as to a collateral fact. The judge immediately orders them into custody for perjury. Judges don't do that sort of thing. Judges know it is not perjury to swear falsely about what is merely collateral. But let us not quibble over what is merely the flubdub of Armstrong's big scene. On the whole he has managed this scene very well, and Mr. Holbrook Blinn plays it very well. Mr. Blinn is an actor whom I should like to see in a good part in a good play.

Gossip of the Theatre

Symphony and Song

The San Francisco Orchestra began its second season auspiciously at the Cort Theatre on Friday of last week. The big house was filled with the wealth and fashion of our city, which by duty or inclination, on such occasions at least, is musical; and very largely represented was that class to whom music is bread and butter or a sixth sense and sometimes both. Everybody was in a reverential mood and waves of sympathy went up to the stage to that fine intelligent body of men and their gallant leader. They too were keyed up to enthusiasm and played with fine dash and spirit. In this orchestra it appears to me there are superb captains all alertly responsive to their general Mr. Hadley, and at the same time one feels that the individuals are fairly well forgotten in the music. A word for Mr. Hadley: a most unostentatious conductor is he, most agreeably devoid of mannerisms, sensible of the fact that symphony audiences come to listen not to

stare. He never makes the every-move-a-picture appeal to his audience, but does his honest best to play upon that great, flexible instrument, the orchestra. The program Friday was one that did not especially appeal to music lovers, perhaps because of Dvorak's New World Symphony. Negro melodies may be suitable as groundwork for a symphony, but as woven by Dvorak they seem to spoil both the symphony and the melodies. Perhaps it might be better done by a native. As Burns with his little natural inspiration found inspiration in his native ballads and converted doggerel into poems of exquisite poignancy so might a native American impart heavenly strains to the dancing melodies of the South. Dvorak says he has merely given us his impressions of negro folk songs, which reminds me that Richard Strauss explained that his Domestic Symphony depicted a day in his family life, just the little family gathering—papa, mamma and the baby. When it was first heard it was observed that it was too bad that Strauss led such a life. It reminded the observer of the siege of Port Arthur. The "Leonore" overture, the opening offering, written it is said in the period of Beethoven's greatest musical exaltation was much better received than the Dvorak symphony. It is one of those things that delight, rest and comfort our souls just as some symphonies shatter our nerves with the pain of the composer's anguish. The closing number was a gay, vivacious one, "Capriccio Espagnol." In this number Mr. Hadley was at his best.

* * * * * *

Of course Mme. Gadski's only public concert in San Francisco was a huge success. No great singer has more admirers in this city than the handsome German diva, and among her enthusiastic following there was genuine joy at the very perceptible wonderful improvement in her always lovely voice. It seems to have gained an added brilliancy and flexibility, and like her charming person a surer poise. Her art is perfect whether in the singing of delicate pianissimo phrases or stirring fortissimo sustained tones. Her dramatic power is as apparent in delicate lilting narrative as in powerful declamatory commands. She sang from Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, Wagner and Verdi and also some darling songs by her accompanist Mr. Edgar Schneider. Mr. Schneider delighted the big audience with several piano numbers.

—H. M. B.



YOLANDA MERO

The Hungarian pianiste who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Julian Eltinge, a Manly Woman

This female impersonation is a dangerous business, and Julian Eltinge knows it. I recall that when he was here before with Harry Lauder he remarked to a group of newspapermen at a Press Club jinks, "I know what they usually say about a female impersonator, but I am willing to take a chance of being gossiped about." Of course what "they" usually say about a female impersonator is that he dons woman's gear and paints his face as the result of a psychopathic impulse, though it is not phrased in just that way. No doubt the indistinguishable "they" sometimes say that of Julian Eltinge. A dramatic critic hinted it once in print. Thereupon Eltinge showed that while he is conscious of the sort of gossip concerning himself which is apt to go the rounds he is by no means complacent when it reaches his ears. He met the dramatic critic on the street and punched him in the jaw. The dramatic critic went down and out beneath Eltinge's unladylike fist. That was not argument, but it was a most satisfactory way of replying to the insinuation in question. That insinuation about the personal character of the female impersonator cannot be ignored in dealing with "The Fascinating Widow." The reason is that everything possible has been done to forestall that insinuation, or, if it will not be forestalled, to meet it and punch it down and out, like the insinuating dramatic critic. All the publicity agents of Eltinge's manager are engaged in this work when they are not advertising a corset, a cold cream or a liquid powder. We are not told the story about the dramatic critic, but we are shown pictures of Eltinge boxing with Jim Corbett. Otto Hauerbach, the author of "The Fascinating Widow," had that insinuation in mind all the time he was writing the play. In the first act he has Julian Eltinge punching, not a dramatic critic but an obnoxious young man. All through the play, while wearing woman's clothes, Eltinge is doing masculine things. He powders his nose, then takes a drink. He hooks his dress, then lights his pipe. Whenever the plot allows him to he betrays his masculinity by his stride, by squaring his shoulders, by the way he holds his arms. We are never allowed to forget that Julian Eltinge would much rather be a man than a woman. So the whole thing becomes a lark, a huge joke skillfully carried out. There is plenty of decent fun, but no offense. It could very easily have been otherwise. If an effeminate female impersonator played the part which Julian Eltinge plays "The Fascinating Widow" would be repugnant. But Eltinge, no matter how tightly he may lace himself in corsets, doesn't constrict his manhood. The rouge and the cold cream, the powder and the liquid whiting do not change his character. He's a very manly woman. If we must have female impersonators, by all means let them be like Julian Eltinge.

—Edward F. O'Day.

A Favorite Costume Play at the Alcazar

"When Knighthood Was in Flower," prettiest and most dramatic of all the so-called "costume" plays, will be the Alcazar's attraction next week, with Maude Fealy and James Durkin leading the complete stock company and a large number of specially engaged players. As the period, locale and personages of the play make picturesque and luxurious staging imperative, an elaborate pictorial production is assured. Charles Major wrote the novel from which "When Knighthood Was in Flower" was dramatized by Paul Kester for Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, and their success in the principal roles has been duplicated by Miss Fealy and Mr. Durkin who value the play as one of their best vehicles.

"The Chocolate Soldier" Soon

"A Romance of the Underworld," Paul Armstrong's drama which is now the attraction at the Cort, has had an exceedingly successful first week, and the advance sale for the second and last week of the engagement, which starts tomorrow night, augurs a continuance of the same business. On Sunday night, November 10, "The Chocolate Soldier" comes to the Cort on its annual visit. This wonderful comic opera is sure of a great welcome from San Francisco's music-lovers and theatregoers. Since the days of Gilbert and Sullivan the stage has known nothing more delightful in the ranks of light opera. The Whitney Opera Company is the producer and a notable cast, including four favorites who were here last season, is announced.

Yolanda Mero, the Hungarian Pianiste

No one knows better than Manager Greenbaum the difficulties of introducing an almost unknown artist to this community. But when he secures

one whom he knows to be worthy our impresario does not hesitate to risk his time and money in backing up his judgment. That Greenbaum knows how to pick his artists has been proven by his success with Blanche Arral, Katharine Goodson, Leonard Borwick and others. Now he expects to create a sensation in music circles with Mme. Yolanda Mero, the Hungarian piano virtuosa who is making her second tour of America and who has been re-engaged by every symphony orchestra and musical organization before which she appeared on her previous short tour. These include such organizations as the Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Thomas Symphony orchestras. Born in Hungary and educated at the Conservatory at Buda-Pesth Mme. Mero is said to possess the dashing, fiery yet sympathetic temper of the Magyar. This, coupled with the highest technical development and a big brain, give her a position in the foremost rank of the living pianists. Greenbaum announces three programs replete with novelties and a number of classics that have been somewhat neglected. They are to ge given at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoon, November 10, Thursday night, November 14 and Saturday afternoon, November 16. Complete programs may be had at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's where the box office opens next Thursday, November 7.

The Beel Quartet

The first concert of the second series by the Beel Quartet will be given in the ball room of the St. Francis Hotel this Sunday afternoon. The hour is half after two. Manager Greenbaum is confident that even the warmest admirers of Mr. Beel and his associates will be delighted with the improvement in the quartet's work, an improvement only made possible by months of practice. The four artists have been steadily at work all summer. Here is the program: Quartet in F Op. 43, Schumann; Sonata for Violin and Piano G major, Brahms; Quartet in D flat, Op. 15, Dohnanyi. Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington will assist in the rendition of the Brahms Sonata. Tickets are $1.00 and are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday at the ball room.

Alice Nielsen Coming

Alice Nielsen, the brilliant young soprano who commenced her career at the old Wigwam in this city and who from the very first said she was going to work and study until she reached the top rung of the ladder of fame, has certainly achieved her end and is this year registered as one of the star members of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and as special guest singer at the Boston and Chicago opera houses as well. This summer Miss Nielsen appeared for the first time in Germany and her success was great, particularly in Berlin. Her Mimi in "La Boheme" and her singing of the Mozart operas won her the highest praise from the most conservative critics. Before commencing her season at the Metropolitan, Miss Nielsen will make a brief concert tour in which she will have the assistance of the following stars of the Boston Opera Company, by special arrangement with Mr. Henry Russel: Mlle. Jeska Swartz, contralto; Signor Alfredo Ramella, lyric tenor; Signor Rudolpho Fornari, baritone; Signor Jose Mardones, basso; Signor Luigi Tavecchia, buffo-basso and Signor Fabio Rimini, pianist and director. Quite out of the ordinary will be the programs offered by Miss Nielsen and her company, the first part being devoted to solos, duets, trios, etc., from the modern and classic operas, and the second part being operatic performances in costume. One program contains a condensed version of "The Barber of Seville," and the other the complete version of the new Wolf-Ferrari success "The Secret of Susanne." All of the Nielsen performances will be given with complete grand opera orchestra, the star possessing the exclusive rights to do the unabridged version of "The Secret of Susanne" with its complete brilliant orchestration, in this city. The Nielsen company appears during the week of November 17, and full particulars of these interesting events, both for this city and Oakland, will appear in next week's issue.

Pantage's Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week Commencing November 3rd
California's Famous Swimming Girl,
NELLIE SCHMIDT
"The Girl Who Swam Around the Seal Rocks"
"The Girl Who Swam San Francisco Bay"
"The Girl Who Will Swim the English Channel"
In an Exhibition of Trick and Fancy Diving and Swimming in a Huge Glass Tank
7—ALL STAR ACTS—7

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.
Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

SECOND SEASON OF THE KOHLER & CHASE
MATINEES OF MUSIC
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
AT 3 O'CLOCK
26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco
Featuring eminent California Soloists, the Pianola Piano and the wonderful Aeolian Pipe Organ.
No Cards of Admission Required
Open to the Public

Galvany at the Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week Madame Maria Galvany, the famous European prima donna who will be heard in arias from her repertoire of grand opera. Her success abroad has amounted to a positive triumph and her engagement for the Orpheum Circuit is a distinct managerial coup. Her beautiful soprano voice is said to be as clear as crystal, and its range and volume are truly remarkable. Madame Galvany has proved a great lyric sensation in Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal and England. Her favorite opera is "La Sonambula" but she has also triumphed in "Il Flauto Magico," "Il Puritani," "Rigoletto," "Il Barbiere," "Don Pasquale" and "Lucia." Joseph Hart's production of George V. Hobart's playlet "Mein Liebchen" (My Loved One) will be a feature. It tells in a realistic manner a charming little love story of the sincere affection of the owner of a big department store for one of his girl employees who is the daughter of an old German musician. Gus C. Weinburg, best remembered for his admirable rendition of the Burgomaster in the musical comedy of that name, plays the old musician. Howard, the Scottish sub-vocalist who comes next week is the most original ventriloquist before the public today. Dane Claudius and Lillian Scarlet will introduce next week only a musical melange entitled "The Call of the Sixties." The couple are splendid banjoists and excel particularly in their performance of the old songs of war times. Les Marco Belli, French comedy conjurors, will offer a series of clever illusions in a humorous and novel manner. Charles Olcott will present a comic opera in ten minutes. Next week will be the last of Nellie Nichols, the chic and dainty singer of humorous songs. It will also conclude the engagement of Amelia Bingham who will present

(Additional Gossip of the Theatre on Page 21.)

AMUSEMENTS

BEEL QUARTET
FIRST CONCERT
THIS SUNDAY
AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 3 at 2-30
ST. FRANCIS HOTEL BALLROOM
Alice Bacon Washington, Pianiste
Tickets, $1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Kohler & Chase's and Sunday at the St. Francis.


YOLANDA
MERO
The Hungarian Piano Virtuoso
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
SUNDAY AFTERNOON NOVEMBER 10
THURSDAY NIGHT NOVENBER 14
SATURDAY AFTERNOON NOV. 16
Tickets, $1.50, $1.00 and 75c, ready next Thursday, November 7th, at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's. Mail Orders to Will. L. Greenbaum.
Steinway Piano Used
Coming -ALICE NIELSEN.

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Second and Last Big Week Starts Tomorrow
The Paul Armstrong Co. Presents
HOLBROOK BLINN
And a Company of Fifty in the Sensation of the Century
"A ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD"
By Paul Armstrong
Night and Saturday Matinee Prices—50c to $1.50. Entire Lower Floor $1.00 at Wednesday Matinee.
NEXT—Sunday, November 10th—"The Chocolate Soldier."

Orpheum
O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
A GREAT NEW SHOW
MADAME MARIA GALVANY, the famous European Prima Donna; Joseph Hart's production of Geo. V. Hobart's playlet "MEIN LIEBCHEN" (My Loved One) with Gus C. Weinburg; HOWARD, the Scottish, Original Sub-Vocalist; CLAUDIUS & SCRALET, Presenting "A Call of the Sixties"; LES MARCO BELLI, French Comedy Conjurors; CHARLIE OLCOTT, a Comic Opera in Ten Minutes; NELLIE NICHOLS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Tremendous Success of AMELIA BINGHAM, New Repertoire.
ELECTION RETURNS TUESDAY
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Week Commencing Monday Evening, November 4th, With Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
MAUDE FEALY and JAMES DURKIN
Leading the Alcazar Company, in a Superb Pictorial Production of
"WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"
Dramatized from Charles Majors' Famous Novel Similarly Titled
Prices: Night 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c.

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IT'S DRAWING IMMENSE THRONGS.
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JULIAN ELTINGE
In the Musical Comedy of Real Fun and Real Music
"THE FASCINATING WIDOW"
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Coming—DUSTIN FARNUN in "The Littlest Rebel."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Though the stock markets of the world have become steadier, the money markets still reflect the fear of what the Balkan war may bring. The Bank of England, the Bank of France and the government banks of Sweden and Belgium advanced their discount rates: the Bank of England from 4 to 5 per cent., and the Bank of France from 3 to 3 1-2 per cent. This is not the time for a stock market boom. As has been said repeatedly, patience for a few days will see the end of the election campaign and the probable extent of the war in Turkey. The requirements for crop moving will also be better known, and the volume of sales of securities that must be paid for will be ascertained with comparative accuracy. It is useless to disregard the Balkan war or belittle its importance at present, but the attitude of the great powers of Europe towards the belligerents should become clear very soon. American securities have received a splendid advertisement all over Europe. They found a good market when the government securities of Great Britain and France were selling lower than they have been in a generation and foreign investors will not forget the lesson. General business remains active and healthy, and the movements of grain are heavier than usual. Prices are well maintained. The buying power of the farmers is greater than ever before. Exports are growing though not so fast as imports. Still, this is not a bad sign though it will have a temporary effect on foreign exchange and money rates.

Wheat—The last week has witnessed the reality of a great war where before there was only the possibility of one. It is progressing at a furious rate, and what it portends few realize, while fewer still are presumptuous enough to hazard a prediction. The wheat situation at present is of great statistical interest, because of the enormous movement of wheat from the farms to the market centers and its rapid absorption. The quantity of wheat received at the primary points since the first of July has been forty-two million bushels greater and the increase in visible stocks twenty-five million bushels less than for the corresponding time in 1911. Accordingly sixty-seven million bushels more have disappeared or been absorbed than was the case a year ago. This suggests the query whether the holes to fill are not bigger than the supply with which to fill them. One peculiar feature of the big movement of spring wheat is that northwestern millers had little or no need of hedging sales this season, because the demand for flour keeps pace with the supply of wheat, a feature which makes this season a notable exception. But neither export business nor domestic demand stimulates any speculation. The public is paying undue regard to the production of spring wheat this year and too little attention to the world-wide influences in other directions.

Corn—The corn market maintains a quiet attitude. The investment trade is waiting for a movement of new corn in the expectation that it will result in lower values. The necessities of the consumer are such that he cannot wait for the new corn, but takes the old supply at 10 to 12 cents higher than the prevailing prices of the new crop futures. The present market prices for December and May discount the big crop and suggest that opportunities to invest in this cereal should be watched for.

Cotton—The cotton market during the past week has been a weather market, up one day on predicted heavy frost only to be down the next when the weather map fails to note any frost. Up to the present writing there has been no frost of consequence. The trade early in the week were inclined to be very bearish, but on the publication of the United States ginning figures showing the amount ginned to October 18 to be 6,838,000, a reversal in sentiment took place and the local traders are inclined to switch to the buying side on breaks, giving as their excuse that the amount ginned to October 18 represents about half the crop. It is reported that spinners too have taken an active interest in the market and have been calling cotton freely both here and in Liverpool. Of course the houses that would naturally have these orders are the spot houses. The talk around the ring continues to reflect little or no confidence in a sustained improvement at this time, but the selling has been far from aggressive. Exports continue large and there is a big trade in cotton goods both here and abroad which, we think, will continue for some time to come. Stocks of cotton goods are comparatively small, and in many instances spinners are reported sold ahead in the next year at very profitable prices, based on present cost of the raw material, stocks of which remaining in spinners' hands are also smaller than generally supposed.

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Gossip of the Theatre

(Continued from Page 19.)

the principal scene from Stanislaus Stange's comedy "A School for Husbands."

Julian Eltinge Next Week

Julian Eltinge's triumph in "The Fascinating Widow" at the Columbia last Sunday night was a great one. The storms of applause which greeted the famous impersonator's every entrance and rewarded his every scene throughout the musical piece indicated that San Francisco had followed in the footsteps of New York and Chicago in acclaiming star and play. A record-breaking attendance at the Columbia Theater throughout Eltinge's stay is promised. The Wednesday and Saturday matinees are sure to prove strong magnets in drawing the feminine contingent of local theatregoers who are sure to marvel at Julian Eltinge's wonderful wardrobe of Parisian gowns.

Nellie Schmidt at Pantages

The host of friends and admirers of Miss Nellie Schmidt, the stout-hearted young Alameda girl who swam across the bay of San Francisco and around the Seal Rocks and who will soon attempt the feat of swimming the English Channel, will be pleased to learn of their little friend's plunge into vaudeville at Pantages for the week starting Sunday, November 3. Miss Schmidt will give an expert exposition of trick and fancy diving and swimming in the huge glass tank provided for her. Beautiful special scenery, showing the Cliff House, Sutro Heights, the Seal Rocks and the Golden Gate, has been painted to order and will be shown for the first time when Miss Schmidt makes her debut. Noted the world over for their burlesque on cycling and their thrilling feats on cycles, the Millard Brothers will be welcomed. Eleanor Otis and her clever company will be seen in the laughing success of life behind the scenes, entitled "De Vere of the Chorus." The All Star Trio return with a new repertoire of old and new songs. Mlle. Esmeralda, a young woman xylophonist; De Lea and Orma in "Six Feet of Comedy," Jack Matthews' "School Kids" and two reels of late pictures complete the attractive bill.

The Burr McIntosh Lecture

Owing to a physical accident Burr McIntosh was compelled to postpone his "Plain Talk" from October 24 to November 4, next Monday evening. The lecture will be given at Scottish Rite Temple, and seats already secured will be held as previously reserved. The "plain talk" deals with the wonders of California and our country and will be illustrated with fine colored views.

The Next Concert at the Cort

The next appearance of the San Francisco orchestra will take place at the Cort, Friday afternoon, November 8, when the program will present elements of keen social as well as musical interest. Adele Rosenthal, a native of San Francisco who has been studying and concertizing abroad for nearly eight years, will make her first appearance in America. In securing the services of this gifted pianiste for the second of the popular concerts, the Musical Association made a wise choice. Her artistic achievements are attested by Harold Bauer, with whom she studied in Berlin for two years, and Mme. Remaury Montigny, believed by many to be the greatest of French pianists. The latter undertook the launching of Miss Rosenthal's professional career and assisted the young American girl to a hearing in the music centers of Europe. Her confidence in her protege was rewarded, for the critics of Berlin, Dresden, Paris and London acclaimed her "a born pianist," "a thorough musician," "an extremely gifted pianist, full of temperament." At next Friday's concert, Miss Rosenthal will play the piano score of Grieg's Concerto in A minor, while Hadley will direct his players through the beautiful instrumentation for full orchestra. In the selection of the orchestral numbers, care has been taken to choose only the best of music, but at the same time to avoid such selections as might be considered "heavy" by the average untrained music lover. It is the plan of the management to make these popular concerts educational as well as interesting to the end that patrons of the "pop" concerts may become subscribers to the regular symphony concerts. The overture to Thomas' "Mignon" will be played. An arrangement of MacDowell's piano composition, "Clair de Lune" will be interpreted by the orchestra whose presentation of MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose" has given pleasure to thousands. "Clair de Lune" is even a finer work and quite as adaptable to an orchestral rendering. Two movements of Tschaikowsky's "Symphony Pathetique" will be given. It will prove to be as compelling a composition as the same composer's "Marche Slav." The program will close with Moszkowski's "Malaguena" movement from his Ballet, "Boabdill." Tickets may be secured at the Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co., and Kohler & Chase.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature from the Press of the Pacific Coast

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We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are co-partners doing business under the firm name and style of PACIFIC COAST HOTEL GAZETTE CO.; that our principal place of business is in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at No. 163 Sutter St.; and that the following are the names in full of all the members of said partnership, and their respective places of residence, to-wit:

William P. Harrison, 1440 Euclid Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

Martial Davoust, Mendel Apartments, Ellis at Jones Street, San Francisco, Cal.

In witness whereof the undersigned and above named partners have hereunto set their hands this 24th day of September, 1912.

WILLIAM P. HARRRISON.
MARTIAL DAVOUST.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 24th day of September, 1912, before me John D. Gish, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared William P. Harrison and Martial Davoust, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) JOHN D. GISH,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed): Filed Oct. 2, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk. 10-12-5

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO BECOME A SOLE TRADER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, within and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of WINIFRED KIMBALL DE WOLFE to Become a Sole Trader.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Winifred Kimball de Wolfe, the wife of Edgar S. de Wolfe, who is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, intends to make an application to the above entitled Court on the 18th day of November, 1912, at the opening of the Court on said day, or as soon thereafter as said application may be heard, for a judgment and order of said Court, permitting and authorizing her to become a Sole Trader and to transact business in her own name, and upon her own account, as a Sole Trader, under the provisions of Title XII, Part III, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; that the nature of the business to be conducted by the undersigned is that of an Interior Decorator and Designer, and to buy and sell goods, wares and merchandise, and the place at which it is proposed to conduct said business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 5th day of October, 1912.

WINIFRED KIMBALL DE WOLFE.

CHARLES H. FAIRALL, Atty. for Petitioner,
Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—(Probate); No. 10,980; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

W. J. PALETHORPE, the administrator of the estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for order of sale of real property, and it appearing therefrom to the satisfaction of the Court that a sale of the real estate described in said petition is necessary and for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein,

IT IS ORDERED: That all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be and they are hereby directed to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, thereof, in the City Hall Building on Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 4th day of December, A. D. 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administrator for the sale of the whole of the real estate of the Estate of said deceased; and

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED: That a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 29, A. D. 1912.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 30, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER, Attys. at Law,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-2-5



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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 44,453; Dept. No. 10.

ARTHUR RITTER, Plaintiff, vs. MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. J. CRISP, Atty. for Plaintiff,
624 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-28-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of WILLIAM P. BURKE, ALICE MARY BURKE, EDITH MARGARET BURKE and RICHARD BURKE, JUNIOR, Minors.—No. 1431, N. S.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 25th day of September, 1912, and filed herein on the 28th day of September, 1912, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, (William P. Burke and Alice Mary Burke having arrived at legal age prior to the date hereof), the undersigned, Richard Burke, as guardian of the persons and estates of said two remaining minors, namely, Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, on or after MONDAY, the 2nd day of December, 1912, and subject to confirmation by said Court, the undivided five-twelfths (5-12) interest of the estate of said Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, and all the right, title and interest of said two remaining minors in and to the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Spear street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches northwesterly from the point of intersection of the northwesterly line of Folsom street with the said northeasterly line of Spear street, and running thence northwesterly and along said northeasterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle northeasterly and parallel with said northwesterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly and parallel with said northeasterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; and thence at a right angle southwesterly and parallel with said northwesterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said northeasterly line of Spear street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block Number Three Hundred and Twenty-two (322.)

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said guardian, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale.

RICHARD BURKE,
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, Minors.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Guardian,
Room 1277 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-26-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MORITZ NICKELSBURG, Deceased—No. 14114 N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Melvil S. Nickelsburg, executor of the last will and testament of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, room 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased.

MELVIL S. NICKELSBURG,
Executor of the last will and testament of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased.

Dated, October 12, 1912.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco. 10-12-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 32,803.

PETER KOCELJ, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of PETER KOCELJ, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning on the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue at a point distant Northerly Three Hundred Sixteen (316) feet measured along said line, from the Northerly line of Lake Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Twenty-fifth Avenue Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet to the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue and the point of beginning. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block 47.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 26th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, none; Addresses, none.

BRADLEY L. WALLACE and JEROME M. POLITZER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-12-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,193; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of JOHN AUGUST SANDELL, an Incompetent Person.

Upon reading and filing the verified petition of Amelia J. Sandell, Guardian of the person and estate of John August Sandell, an incompetent person, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ORDERED that all persons interested in the above entitled estate appear before this Court on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, 1912, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day and at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of the above entitled Court, in the new City Hall on the South side of Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the said City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why the following described real property, viz:

That certain store on the ground floor of that certain building on the Northeast corner of Haight and Fillmore Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said store being known as No. 310 Fillmore Street, together with a portion of the basement in said building directly under said store, and heretofore and now used for baths, together with bathing equipment therein.

should not be leased for the period of three years at the rental mentioned in said petition, to-wit: Sixteen hundred and Eighty ($1680.00) Dollars, payable in equal monthly installments of $40.00 per month for the first year of said term and $50.00 per month for the remaining two years of said term, reference being hereby had to the said petition of said Amelia J. Sandell, as such Guardian, on file for further particulars.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that this order be published for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: October 21, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 21, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Atty for Guardian,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-26-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,492; Department No. 7.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALICE QUESADA, Deceased.

Alice Schingle and Sarah Sullivan, administratrices of the estate of Alice Quesada, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed with the clerk thereof their verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing them to sell the whole of the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased at either public or private sale, as said administratrices should deem most beneficial to said estate, and those interested therein, and it appearing to the Court from such petition, that it is necessary, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested, to sell the whole of said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Court, Department No. 7 thereof, at its Courtroom situate in the building known and designated as the New City Hall, south side of Market street between 8th and 9th streets, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 25th day of November, 1912, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. thereof, of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrices for the sale of such estate.

It is further ORDERED that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 21, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

WALTER E. DORN and
SULLIVAN, SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrices,
1108 Humboldt Savings Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,898; Department No. 10.

WILLIAM GREIG, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Greig, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

PIECE NO. 1.

Commencing at a point, situate on the Northerly line of Mariposa Street, distant thereon 50 feet Easterly from the Northeasterly corner of Mariposa and Missouri Streets; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Mariposa Street, 25 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Southerly 100 feet to the Northerly line of Mariposa Street and point of commencement.

Being portion of Potrero Nuevo Block Number 270.

PIECE NO. 2.

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Mississippi Street, distant thereon 225 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Mariposa Street, running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Mississippi Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Easterly 100 feet, thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 100 feet to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Potrero Block No. 305.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles,, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of October, A. D. 1912.

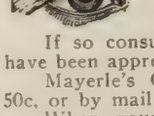
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

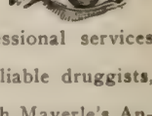
The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of October, 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-10



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TOWN TALK

THE EXPOSITION CITY



LOOKING THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE



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The City of Opportunity

As It Was, As It Is, and As It Will Be When Uncle Sam Rolls the Curtain Up on the Broad Pacific

By Theodore Bonnet

Long content to enjoy an individuality for which she has been much celebrated in song and story San Francisco is now ambitious of the distinction enjoyed by the few great cities that are known as the centres of commerce. The City of St. Francis has been bitten with materialism. It has been entranced by a vision of a beautiful maiden rising out of the waves by the sundown sea and joyously spinning the financial web of the world. Now San Francisco is intoxicated with the hope of becoming a rival of the most opulent city on the continent. Indeed even now she experiences growing pains, she hears the hum of industries that are not yet born, she is preparing to leap forward to the commercial exploitation of the world. And why not? American civilization has come to centre about the conception of life as a matter of industrial energy. The people of this country are organized for one purpose. Business is the all-absorbing interest, nothing else counts. So the young ambition of San Francisco is quite in keeping with the spirit of the nation; nor is it at all extravagant. The great industrial events of the future are to be staged on the bosom of the broad Pacific, and San Francisco is so situated that she must necessarily be involved in the performances. San Francisco has become the City of Opportunity.

Through the years since her christening San Francisco has sat serene at the Golden Gate indifferent to her relative position among the cities of the country. The sentiment of the community was that nothing better was to be found than to eat and drink and be merry while we may. A lackadaisical city was San Francisco, self-satisfied within the boundaries of a narrow peninsula, proud of her colorful life, concerned chiefly with the joy of living, rejoicing in an atmosphere redolent of poetry and romance, caring not whether trade went elsewhere or clamored at the door. Times have changed. San Francisco is now asserting her claims to precedence as the metropolis of the Pacific. In other words she is tooting her own horn. No longer is it deemed sufficient for San Francisco to have individuality. It used to please us to have poets try to interpret the soul of San Francisco, literary men analyze the atmosphere of San Francisco, tourists from everywhere describe their first impressions and enthuse about the charms of a pleasure city that reminded them in some respects of Paris, of Vienna, of some place where their tastes had been gratified or their imagination quickened; but now San Francisco like a capricious maiden bored with the panegyrics of her lovers demands that other merits hitherto neglected be given the tribute they deserve.

It is considered desirable, for instance, to have it known that San Francisco is at once a winter and summer resort inasmuch as temperature varies only ten degrees between seasons, with an average winter temperature of fifty-one degrees and an average summer temperature of fifty-nine degrees, and sunshine two hundred and seventy-five days in the year. Attention is called to the fact that no other large city offers such opportunities for out-door sports near at hand—yachting on the bay and rivers, deer and duck shooting within two hours' ride by boat and rail, fishing in the bay or right off the rocks at the northern extremity of the peninsula. In the immediate vicinity of San Francisco are enough short pleasure trips to keep a tourist delighted for months; among others, the trips to Mount Tamalpais and Muir Woods, to the Greek Theatre and the several Missions. For him who would escape the madding crowd there are inviting avenues galore, and entertainment every step of the road.

So much has been said about the wickedness of San Francisco that our press agents are now pointing with pride to the fact that we have two hundred and eight churches and thirty jarring sects all sufficiently cushioned to prevent shock.

Also they are finding ways and means of letting it be known that even now, with the Panama Canal yet to be opened for business San Francisco is an opulent city. As a financial centre San Francisco ranks as one of the five or six largest in the country. Bank clearings piled up last year to $2,427,075,543. The city has 1,795 factories with a capital of $133,760,000, with an annual output valued at $132,929,000. And these figures, like those of the census bureau, tell but half the story. For San Francisco does not sprawl all over the map. It has never expanded on paper by legislative enactment. It counts only the citizens within a radius of a few miles down the peninsula, thus being credited with a population of less than 500,000, although in the bay region tributary to San Francisco there sleep nearly 200,000 people who make the struggle for existence in the metropolis. San Francisco is the centre of a metropolitan district that has a population of nearly 700,000 within a radius of twenty miles of the City Hall.

San Francisco's standing as a seaport is indicated by her customs receipts, which amounted in 1911 to $6,673,355. Her exports for the year were valued at $78,000,000, her imports at $56,075,324. Shipments from this port in the coastwise trade to Atlantic States increased more than one hundred per cent in the year 1911. They were valued at $23,218,836. San Francisco also commands a great salmon industry in Alaskan waters and a big sugar trade with the islands of the Pacific.

What San Francisco has been doing since the great calamity of 1906 may be judged from the circumstance that the people have voted bond issues of $45,000,000 for a water system and $18,0000,000 for municipal improvements. Yet San Francisco has a lower percentage of bonded debt in proportion to the assessed valuation than any larger city in the United States. In addition to all this money which is pouring into the channels of trade, the State of California is spending $10,000,000 for harbor improvements in San Francisco and there is $15,000,000 to be spent by the city, her citizens and the State on the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, while as much more will be spent by the several States of this country and of Europe and the Orient that are to exhibit in San Francisco in 1915.

So all things considered San Francisco has reason to claim recognition at this time as a City of Opportunity. The realization of what is predicted by her enthusiastic citizens seems easy compared with achieving anything like an adequate conception of what is in store. The opening of the Panama Canal will revolutionize the commerce of the world. Its effect on the Pacific will be immediate. The Orient and the Occident will be brought into closer relation, and there will immediately spring up an intimacy between the ports of South and North America. In no city will the general effect of this colossal transformation be more directly felt than in San Francisco.



THE EXPOSITION CITY

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition

A Description of the World's Fair City Soon to be Reared by the Waters of the Golden Gate

By Hamilton Wright

California is keeping step with Colonel Goethals at Panama. America's Panama celebration, to stand out alone among all other world's celebrations for its daring originality and splendor, will be the first of the great world's fairs in America to swing its gates open at the date set upon a completed spectacle.

Rapid progress is evidenced in all phases of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Within ten months all of the principal exhibit palaces, fourteen in number, will be under course of construction. By June 25, 1914, all the structures will have been completed. Twenty foreign nations have so far conveyed to the Department of State their formal acceptances of America's invitation. Thirty-two of the commonwealths of the United States have at this early date taken definite action towards participation. Japan alone, as almost everyone knows, will expend $1,000,000 upon the Japanese representation. New York State will expend $700,000. The applications for exhibit space, coming from all portions of the world, exceed in number those received by any exposition one year in advance of its opening.

Were no more responses received this celebration, which will signalize the completion of the greatest material achievement in the history of the American people, would surpass any of the great expositions of the past. But the official responses are just beginning to be received. In respect to early preparations by the world's nations the exposition enjoys an advance of more than one year over any of its notable predecessors.

The most striking feature of the construction plan of the exposition, from the viewpoint of the notable commission of great architects having charge of the exposition design, will be a series of great inner courts to lie between the main exhibit palaces. Each of the courts is designed by a different architect or group of architects; each will present some individual architectural ideal. The result of the architects' deliberations is believed to be the most notable exposition design ever conceived.

The site of the exposition at Harbor View, a great basin opening out upon San Francisco Bay, occupies 625 acres, approximately the area (693 acres) occupied by the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. The site is two miles west of the Ferry Building and near the most populous portion of the city. The grounds extend along the shores of the harbor for two miles, and are one-half mile in greatest width. On the west, south and east the site, which lies as the floor of an amphitheatre, is encircled by the hills of the city rising in successive stages from one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet in height. The exposition structures will lie on an east and west axis between an esplanade, the Marina (Villa gardens) it will be called, along the bay upon the north, and a garden boulevard lying at the fringe of the city's hills upon the south. The garden boulevard, to be known as the Alameda, will be seventeen hundred feet in length and three hundred feet in width. It will be the entrance to the exposition grounds from the city, and Fillmore street and Van Ness avenue as well as other streets will run into it at right angles.

The setting for the exposition palaces could not be surpassed. Before the site in 1915 there will assemble the greatest fleet of battleships ever brought together in history. This will be nothing less than a composite fleet of the navies of the world. Rear Admiral Staunton, one of the Commissioners of the Panama Exposition Commission to Europe, has asked Congress to remit tolls on the fleet through the canal to the Golden Gate. Senator Swanson of Virginia last year put a bill in whereby the President will invite the battleships to assemble first at Hampton Roads. Then this majestic fleet will go through the canal and will round Seal Rocks into the Golden Gate.

Just imagine yourself on one of these big battleships directly abreast of the exposition on the opening day, February 20, 1915. Looking toward the exposition you will see three great groups of exposition buildings. The center group will be the rectangle of eight great main exhibit palaces flanked by six other structures. On the east and nearest the Ferry building will be the concessions' center lying in part behind Fort Mason and covering sixty-five acres; and to the west of the main or central group and nearest the Golden Gate will be the area occupied by the buildings of the States, of the foreign nations, and of the United States government.

The great exposition city, rising against the amphitheatre of the hills, will be impressive; the buildings will be so huge in their dimensions that they will not suffer by contrast with their surroundings. In the center of the main group will rise the lofty tower of the Administration building, flanked on either side by the gilded domes, towers, and minarets of the other buildings of the group. This tower will be 375 feet high; the smaller towers and domes will vary from 135 to 230 feet in height. The facade of the outside wall that faces the sea will be sixty-five feet high, but the skyline of the walled city, apart from the domes and towers will be 110 feet high.

At night the illuminations will cover the exposition city with the spirit of enchantment. Ten huge searchlights will direct their rays skyward from the summit of the great tower. Along the harbor front marvelous electric lighting effects will be witnessed. A battery of huge searchlights thirty-six inches in diameter, larger than those carried by the largest battleships, will direct colored rays against clouds of steam and fog. The windows of the buildings will diffuse golden lights. Throughout the courts at night indirect or reflected lighting will be employed. The lights themselves will not be seen, but their reflected lights of many colors will produce the effect of brilliant moonlight.

Marvels in color effects will be attained in the decoration of the courts. Mr. Jules Guerin, the noted artist, has charge of the color plan of the exposition. Mr. Carl Bitter is director of sculpture. Each court will possess its own marvelous color plan and sculpture typifying the theme of the court; each will be rich with tropical trees, flowering shrubs, flowers and vines.

Eight of the main exhibit palaces,—nearest the bay the two Agricultural buildings, the Transportation building and the Mines and Metallurgy building, and farthest from the bay the Varied Industries, Liberal Arts, and Education buildings—will be grouped to form a huge rectangle, three thousand feet in length and twelve hundred feet from north to south. The outside walls of the buildings will form a continuous wall about the rectangle broken only by the tremendous arches, arcades and passageways that will give entrance to the interior courts.

Most imposing and largest of all the courts will be the great Court of Honor, the court of the East and West. At the south end of this court will be the Administration building with its tower rising 375 feet and flanked on either side by the domes, towers and minarets of the remaining buildings of the central group. At the base of the tower, which will occupy one acre, will be a huge arcade beneath which the visitor may enter from the south garden or Alameda into the grand Court of Honor. In its center the court will contain a sunken garden and in its northern axis between the Agricultural and Transportation buildings will be a great pool of water embellished with statuary and fountains and bordered by tropical growths.

To the west of the Court of Honor there will be a huge arch to the Court of Four Seasons whose walls will be partly formed by the Liberal Arts and Education building, by the Palace of Agriculture, and partly by the colonnades and peristyles that will connect these buildings. In harmony with its title there will be in each of the four corners of the court great niches screened by classic colonnades and presenting four large mural paintings suggesting the seasons.

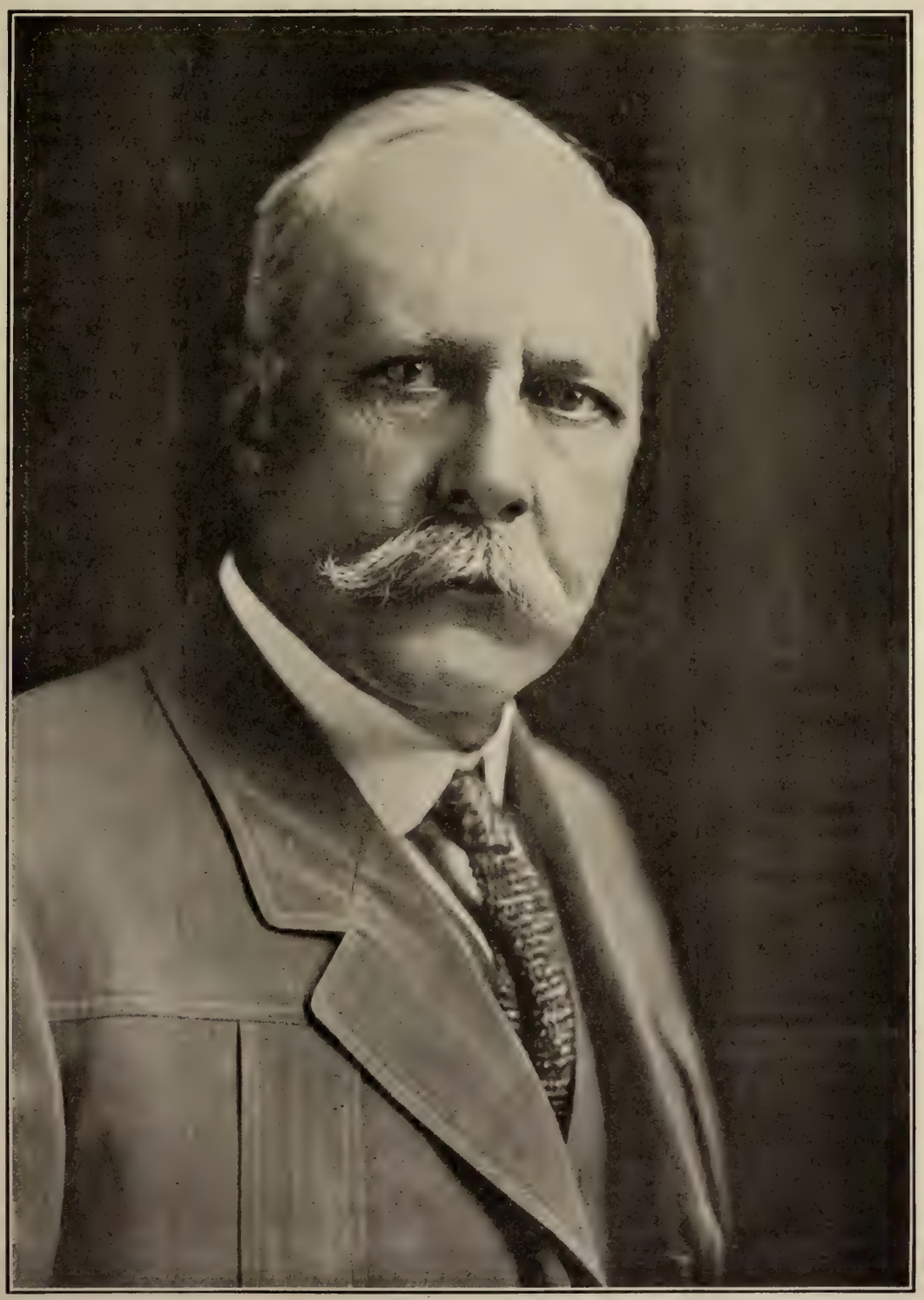
East of the Court of Honor will be a festive court, suggestive of the joys of life, dedicated to music, dancing and acting. The main tower of the court will contain a huge pipe organ, with echo organs in the smaller towers.

Each of the three main north and south courts will open out upon the esplanade on the shores of San Francisco Bay upon the north and upon the great tropical garden that will form the boundary between the exposition grounds and the hills of the city upon the south. Two minor courts will open out upon the southern boulevard; one of these will be south of the festive or east court, and one south of the Court of Four Seasons. These minor courts will be identical in size and will be marvels of transplanting.

The sixth and last of the great court effects will be obtained in the area lying at the extreme west of the main group of buildings and between the Palace of Fine Arts and the Education and Agricultural buildings. This court will be expressive in its architecture of the Italian Renaissance. In its center will be a great lagoon from whose surface will be reflected the quiet and beautiful architecture of the Fine Arts Palace.

Near the southern extremity of the western court will be one of the most attractive of all the exposition palaces, the great Palace of Horticulture, constructed almost entirely of glass and covering over five acres, or approximately two city squares in extent. The Horticultural Palace will be surmounted by a dome 150 feet in height; it will be over 672 feet long and its greatest width will be 320 feet; a great nave 80 feet high will run the length of the building; paralleling the central nave there will be, on either side, two side aisles 50 feet in height.

On the extreme western side will be the stock pavilions and a drill ground capable of accommodating ten thousand troops in drill, and encircling it will be a race track where harness and speed races will be held.



JOHN D. SPRECKELS

The Genius of San Diego

Being a Brief Account of the Amazing Results Which Followed the Compact of Mutual Help Entered into between the City of San Diego and Mr. John D. Spreckels.

California is to have two great expositions in celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915. One will be the great World's Fair in San Francisco; the other the Panama-California Exposition in San Diego wherein a mission city modeled after the architecture of the padre period will feature the aboriginal life of our Continent and the resources of the Southwest.

There is not the slightest reason why any San Franciscan with an ordinary liberality of viewpoint should look with distrust upon the exposition to be given by the sister city of the sunny Southland. The World's Fair in San Francisco will be of tremendous benefit to every community in California, including San Diego. In the same way the San Diego fair will bring prosperity to all the State, not excluding our metropolis. The two cities may well join hands, for they are to advantage each other mutually, and have no reason for any jealousy.

It is unCalifornian for the citizens of one community to look askance at the strides made by the citizens of another community. San Francisco, like a big brother of generous impulses, should take delight in the growth of San Diego. That growth has been one of the most amazing phenomena in the late history of California. It has been a steady, healthful progress, and has benefited the whole State. It is as much to the interest of San Francisco to encourage it as it is to the interest of the good people of San Diego themselves.

The history of San Diego's growth is bound up with the doings of one man. Without John D. Spreckels, there is no exaggeration in the statement, San Diego would not be today what she is. To understand the growth of the city one must review the career of John D. Spreckels there. Years ago San Diego and Spreckels entered, as it were, into a compact of mutual help. It has been of tremendous advantage to both of them. The story of its start and continuance makes a chapter of Californian municipal history well worth the study. There is inspiration in it for other communities, not excepting San Francisco.

In the month of July of 1887 John D. Spreckels boarded his yacht for a trip from San Francisco down the Coast. He arrived in the Bay of San Diego after calling at various ports. This was the first time he had ever seen San Diego. Old Father Horton who laid out what is now the modern city of San Diego, had bought up a lot of raw land for about 25 cents an acre and platted a city on the hills overlooking the Bay of San Diego. San Diego, at that time, had very large ideas, the platted area of the city being about 24 miles by six miles in width, said to be the third largest city in platted area in all the world.

A boat put off to the yacht Lurline and a middle-aged gentleman stepped on board and inquired for Mr. Spreckels. Chris Smith was on deck that morning and John D. Spreckels himself was at the wheel of the yacht, togged out in old clothes and a sou'wester and piloting the boat in. The gentleman offered free pilotage but it was declined as he said he thought he could find his own way in.

The visitor from the city inquired for Mr. Spreckels and whether he was still down below. Chris Smith said he believed he was and quite a little conversation took place between him and the visitor as to the whereabouts of Mr. Spreckels, the kind of man he was, etc., all of which Mr. Spreckels, still standing at the wheel and looking like a foremast hand, enjoyed hugely. The joke was on the visitor from San Diego and he was formally introduced to the man at the wheel as the real John D. Spreckels. Anyone intimately acquainted with Mr. Spreckels knows he gets more fun than most men out of the jokes and joshes in which he participates.

Shortly after Mr. Spreckels' arrival he was received with some acclamation. He was offered a wharf franchise in San Diego, a curious offer, but the matter was explained in this way,—that it was a good thing to interest Mr. Spreckels in San Diego as he was engaged in shipping, and that with a wharf franchise he might come down to San Diego and invest a little money and help the place along. They are not offering any franchises of any kind to Mr. Spreckels just now, although he appears to have fulfilled the obligations imposed by a public franchise as fully, as conscientiously and as squarely as they have been fulfilled anywhere else. San Diego formerly had a 25-year franchise law under her charter, but under the initiative and referendum, after a very hot campaign, on a vote two and one-half to one the city went on record to extend its franchise limits to fifty years,—something that has not been done by any other city in the United States and could not have been done in San Diego except for the regard and respect in which John D. Spreckels is held by the citizens of that thriving little city in the south. It is true that the franchises that have been granted are subject to repeal. A franchise used to be subject to repeal by the council, but under the new form of franchise the repeal or amendment or altering of the franchise is left in the hands of a majority vote of the people—a very sound precaution and one that might be adopted in other cities with a great deal of good. Evidently the people were satisfied with Mr. Spreckels and he was satisfied with the people, as the street railway shortly after the amended conditions of the franchise was granted a franchise for forty-one years, subject to repeal or amendment whenever advisable or necessary at the will of the people.

Going back to the franchise Mr. Spreckels was offered when he first came to San Diego, it is curious that the wharf franchise was really the first property he acquired in that city. At that time the Santa Fe Railroad made San Diego its headquarters. That town was its Pacific terminal. San Diego has a beautiful land-locked harbor and it presented possibilities to Mr. Spreckels that interested him sufficiently to invest some money. He built a wharf on which were erected modern coal bunkers and he commenced shipping coal into San Diego direct for the purpose of supplying the Santa Fe Railroad. This takes us back to the days when the Santa Fe was in the hands of a receiver at which time they owed John D. Spreckels hundreds of thousands of dollars for the coal they got from him. There has always been a firm bond of friendship between John D. Spreckels and the Santa Fe Railroad since those old days, for were it not for the assistance he rendered them at that time there is a grave question whether they could have given any adequate service whatever.

When Mr. Spreckels established his coal business in San Diego he needed someone to look after it. E. S. Babcock, a prominent man in the business of San Diego at that time, and Capt. C. T. Hinde, a friend of Mr. Babcock who came from St. Louis and was formerly connected with the steamship business, associated themselves with Mr. Spreckels. They managed the business and John D. Spreckels financed it. The profits of the business were large and out of the profits they were able to take care of their own investments and through this one connection became practically independently rich. This connection led to others. Mr. Babcock was associated with several other gentlemen in the building of Hotel del Coronado. This was in the height of the boom in 1888. The hotel was opened February 1, 1888. Just about the time the hotel opened, the boom busted and everything flattened out in San Diego. As an instance, one piece of property for which a man had been constantly raising his price, (he had received an offer of $70,000 and held at $75,000), was subsequently sold out for a few hundred dollars, just sufficient to meet the grading charges. Men, who a few months before had been prosperous and had driven around with fine horses, expensive carriages, etc., literally walked on their uppers. There never had been a greater boom or a greater bust than this Southern California boom, and the worst of it was probably in San Diego.

Mr. Spreckels, however, advanced the money for carrying on every enterprise of the Coronado Beach Company, covering Hotel del Coronado and large landed interests, and he subsequently became interested in the street car line which was then a horse car line, which they electrized in 1892. There was a cable line in San Diego in addition to the Spreckels electric line. This, however, went into the hands of a receiver and was purchased by Mr. Spreckels in 1897.

Many bad years followed the bursting of the boom. It was a case of everything going out and nothing coming in, and all this time John D. Spreckels and his brother Adolph, stood up to their necks in the ebb tide, set their teeth together and determined to fight it out.

The greater portion of the lot on which is located the Union Building, named for the San Diego Union, a morning newspaper owned by the Spreckels, was purchased in 1901 for $10,000. On this block was a two story building, fitted up downstairs as a bank with expensive equipment, huge safes, etc. In the days of the boom this building had cost over $60,000 exclusive of the lot. In 1901 John D. Spreckels purchased this building and housed his newspaper in it. The price was $10,000 and they offered ten years time for payment. At the present time this same prop-

erty would be worth probably $200,000. This will give one an idea of the tremendous growth and prosperity of San Diego. It was about this period that the town had a population of 17,000. In 1910 the census showed about 40,000, while the actual residents were probably 50,000. There are many people who live in bungalows in San Diego and still claim their birthplaces as their place of residence.

In 1901 and 1902 much to the astonishment of the people of San Diego, for the town was very dead, Spreckels rebuilt the entire street car system. This seemed to put a little new life into the people. They said, "If Mr. Spreckels has faith enough to put money into San Diego at that rate, we will stay and see it out."

San Diego was in the midst of a drought at that time, and this drought did not break until 1904. There was no water in the dams. San Diego was receiving a little water that was being pumped from the San Diego river bed. It was indifferent in quality and lacking in quantity. Most of the houses built in San Diego at that time put in rain water cisterns in which to catch the rain from the roof of the house in order to carry the people through until the next rainy season. The city lived up fully to the limits of its water supply. People were fined for watering their lawns, and they were only allowed to use so much water and only during certain hours of the day under certain conditions. Then the drought broke, and John D. Spreckels went ahead to build up the Southern California Mountain Water Company's system. This system embraced several system, such as the Otay Water Co. and the Mount Tecarte Water Company, that had for many years been working at the problem of conserving water in natural dam sites behind San Diego. The largest of these dams, called the Morena, is situated fifty miles away in the back country. E. S. Babcock is the man who had gathered all these loose ends together and induced John D. and Adolph Spreckels to go into the enterprise with him. They had a contract with the city of San Diego that on the completion of the Morena Dam they were to receive a certain sum of money. Bonds were voted for the purpose but difficulties arose, the matter was never carried to a satisfactory point and the bonds were ultimately canceled. The whole water system had been lying in abeyance, so to speak, because there had been no water to collect.

The rainfall of 1904 was quite heavy and was followed by another good rainfall in 1905, and in the meantime the Southern California Mountain Water Company entered into a contract with the city of San Diego to supply it with water up to 7,777,000 gallons per day. They built a pipe line from their reservoir to the city's reservoir, and on August 6, 1906, commenced to supply water to the city of San Diego in abundance. This water came through a pipe line and then through a filter plant and after that was delivered into the city's reservoir and from that into the city's mains. This is probably one of the finest water supplies in the United States today. The Spreckels' water is drawn from every faucet in San Diego, and a pure, delicious, filtered water is used for sprinkling lawns in San Diego, a most unusual condition. From the time this mountain water flowed into San Diego, the city began to grow. One might say it grew by leaps and bounds. Mr. Spreckels invested more money and still further improved the street car system. Then he built the Union Building, the first reinforced concrete building in the city. This was followed by the Grant Hotel, and the Timken Building, and the Scripps Building, all large reinforced concrete buildings, and then Mr. Spreckels built an addition to the Union Building which carried the whole block in one line of architecture. Then the American National Bank Building, ten stories in height, was erected.

In 1906 Mr. Spreckels started building the San Diego & Arizona Railway, from San Diego to Yuma. This gave a tremendous impetus to the growth of San Diego. The railroad to Yuma had long been the dream of San Diego. From that



THE SPRECKELS THEATRE BUILDING

time San Diego has continued to grow. People had been accustomed to seeing other cities grow but they were impressed by the wonderful growth of San Diego. Thousands and thousands of homes have grown like mushrooms almost over night. One could go out one week and then six weeks later and where there were no houses find scores of houses had been started and completed. Everybody wondered where the people came from. They came from all over the United States. They had long known of San Diego and had heard of her beautiful climate. People came out here, were delighted, went back and told their friends that San Diego was a growing town. She has continued to grow like a young boy—the boy you knew last year but do not recognize in the young man you see today.

Since the San Diego & Arizona Railway was started it has turned out that Mr. Spreckels was not the originator of this railroad. It appears from the records of the courts that Mr. Spreckels was approached by the Southern Pacific Railway to act on their behalf in building a line from San Diego to Yuma. Mr. Spreckels states they approached him and asked him to build the road because they did not wish to be identified with the project. It was not possible for them to come in either under their own name or as some other small corporation without being suspected, but as long as Mr. Spreckels would announce his intention to build the road it could be done without suspicion. Contractual relations were entered into between J. D. Spreckels and the Southern Pacific Company. He started out to acquire land holdings, make terminals, get rights of way for the railroad. This gave a tremendous impetus to the town. Surveys were commenced, and then construction started and everything looked well. Mr. E. H. Harriman became interested in this line. He came out here in his private car and visited at Mr. Spreckels' home at Coronado in the Spring of 1910. John D. and Mr. Harriman had a heart to heart talk. Mr. Harriman took a liking to Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Spreckels took a liking to him, and they became fast friends. Mr. Harriman told Mr. Spreckels to go ahead and he would stand behind the enterprise. Mr. Spreckels was to finish the road and any pledges Mr. Spreckels made were to be cared for by the Southern Pacific and would be fully and completely redeemed. Mr. Spreckels went ahead. Then Mr. Harriman died. A sudden change came over the policies of the Southern Pacific. They went back on Mr. Harriman's word and literally left Mr. Spreckels up in the air. He went on to New York to see the Southern Pacific. They seemed obdurate and disinclined to do anything. They refused to accept Mr. Harriman's pledges, notwithstanding these pledges were made in the presence of one of their vice-presidents. As an outcome of this meeting between Mr. Spreckels and the Southern Pacific officials, a sort of agreement was entered into whereby Mr. Spreckels claims he had the right to take over the railroad within a period of twelve months under certain conditions. The Southern Pacific claim they sold the railroad to Mr. Spreckels at that time. This is the question that is now in the courts, to determine the nature of the agreement entered into between John D. Spreckels and the Southern Pacific Company.

Mr. Spreckels found that the Southern Pacific practically dominated every connection this road could make, and he threw the matter into litigation in the expectation and hope that a way would present itself whereby he could fulfill his pledges to the people of San Diego, and at the same time satisfy the investment of the Southern Pacific and himself. Doubtless some solution will be evolved from the lawsuit which will be satisfactory. In the meantime the railroad is going ahead, but slowly. No doubt it will be completed. There is still less doubt that if Mr. E. H. Harriman had lived, the San Diego & Arizona Railway would be running into Yuma by 1915. E. H. Harriman was one of the worst abused men we had in the United States, but he was a man who kept his word. Here we have the case of a man himself giving his word in a matter and his associates refusing to carry out his pledges when he dies.

In 1910 Mr. J. D. Spreckels commenced the erection of the theater building. This covers almost an entire block. It is a very handsome building in the modern office building style of architecture. The entire building is of reinforced concrete. It has an alleyway all around the theater. It has been built largely with the idea of complete and absolute protection from fire. It has some unusual conveniences. A wagon can drive in from the street clear across the back of the stage and out on the next street. The stage itself is of unusual depth and is fitted with every modern requirement. A number of the famous theater managers of the country who have seen it say it is one of the finest in the world today, if not in point of size, at least in point of convenience, safety and in the beauty of its decoration. The rest of the building is devoted to offices. There are about 375 offices, well lighted and fitted with the usual modern conveniences. Many people have criticised Mr. Spreckels' investment in this large building at this time. Mr. Spreckels has bought a great deal of property on D street and his aim is to make that street one of the finest in the United States. He has kept his buildings to the six story limit and to the same general style of architecture. He figures if he does not rent all the rooms in the first year or two, that the great increase that is coming to the town and his faith as evidenced by the erection of these buildings, will make the buildings profitable in the long run.

John D. Spreckels is a pretty broad-minded man and far sighted. He long desired to build up San Diego and he has succeeded. He takes chances that some men would call big chances, but he has one great saving quality, when he has the wheel in his hand he sets the course and he keeps the ship to it. It is the vacillating, high-stepping and ground hitting people, the hot-headed and cold-footed operators who make most of the failures. The captain who sets a course for his ship, keeps a bright lookout, and holds the ship to her course that makes a safe and quick passage, and so it is with Mr. John D. Spreckels who in a great measure carries his seamanship (he has a captain's certificate) into his business policies.

Since the acquisition of the 41-year franchise he has spent a great deal of money on the street railway business. San Diego has one of the finest power houses in the United States today. It is the latest one built and so one might say the most modern of its kind and it will take some years to outbuild it. Anyone can go through the power house without having to ask one question. Every valve is marked for the service it has to perform, and whether it is open or closed. Every pipe is above the surface so that any leaks can be promptly cared for. Every pipe, whether oil, steam or water, is designated in plain letters, it being the policy of the company that for new employes it is easier to show them something they can see than to have them learn by long experience which may be costly to the company.

The first center-entrance, pay-as-you-enter cars in the United States were designed by the San Diego Electric Railway Company, and were built by the American Car Company of St. Louis, and are in operation in San Diego today. These are the most convenient cars of their kind in the United States, for one reason,—a passenger never has to walk the entire length of the car. If he goes to the rear of the car, he comes back out at the center. If he goes to the front, he goes out a separate entrance at the front of the car. The main reason for the adoption of this type of car was to avoid the usual step accidents; so many foolish people insist on getting on and off a car before it stops, and then when they fall they blame the company for the accident.

San Diego has a rosy future before her. She is having her harbor improved under a bond issue of a million dollars. She has started an exposition for 1915 to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal, together with San Francisco, and will undoubtedly receive a large share of the travel to this State, for most of the people will want to see a city that, with less than 50,000 inhabitants, had the grit to undertake an exposition of any kind. San Diego has a beautiful climate, one of perpetual summer. She has built 400 miles of automobile roads and has some of the best roads in the State of California. If there ever was a community that deserved to go ahead, it is San Diego. California should be proud of her, and when we learn, as we ultimately will, to pull together for everything that is in our State, San Diego will receive the support of every loyal Californian.

Herbert Fleishhacker

The Views of a Banker Who Has Achieved Conspicuous Success as to the Financial Future of Our World's Fair Community

By Edward F. O'Day

What constitutes a banker? One replies offhand a knack for figures, a disciplined capacity for routine, a knowledge of the laws of interest, an understanding of the rules that govern loans, a conservative attitude toward investments and the power of correctly appraising stocks and bonds.

Given these elements, you have a banker in the ordinary acceptation of the term. You have a man competent to go into the money market and deal there with intelligence and, it may be, with success. But a banker may possess these qualifications and still remain in the ranks of mediocrity. To rise to the top of his profession other attributes must be added. The great banker must have imagination and he must have an intimate acquaintance with human nature.

It may appear at first blush that imagination has no place in the counting house. It may seem that knowledge of human nature is unnecessary in a business which is transacted so largely by means of adding machines and stamping outfits. But no banker was ever successful who did not combine with his business resourcefulness these two crowning qualities of imagination and knowledge of human nature.

All the streams of modern life flow through our banking establishments. The human drama with its tragedies, its comedies and its melodramatic flourishes is acted every day on the tesselated pavement that leads to the windows of the paying teller and the cashier. The successful banker is at once the principal actor and the critic of the dramas which are staged within his four walls, and unless he keeps his finger on the pulse of humanity, unless he has a quick perception of human motives and the power of appraising human character, he must fail miserably in his work.

Imagination and knowledge of human nature are added to the more prosaic banking qualifications in Herbert Fleishhacker, and that's why his career as a financier has been conspicuously successful. That is why, at the age of forty, he is president of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank, a banking corporation which stands proudly in the front rank of American national depositories.

Because Herbert Fleishhacker has demonstrated by his career that he has the large vision of the great banker; because he is a seer as well as a doer in the realms of finance, he is a good man to go to when you are troubled about the financial outlook of this city. He has optimism, has Herbert Fleishhacker, the reasoned optimism of the observer who looks ahead along a straight line and who knows how to look out of the dark to where the dawn may be expected.

"I don't like to prognosticate," he will tell you with a smile that illuminates his keen face. And straightway he will indulge in prognostication.

"I am a firm believer," he says, speaking with the rapidity of a man with lots to do and no time to waste dawdling over his words, "I am a firm believer in the sound and the pretty rapid growth of San Francisco within the next few years."

That qualified adjective is typical of Herbert Fleishhacker. Another might say just "rapid"; but with the careful banker accurate statement about the future is as necessary as about a present business transaction. So it is "pretty rapid," because that's the way he forecasts it.

"The Panama Canal," he continues, "will put us in direct and rapid communication with all the large ports of the world and will bring the Atlantic seaboard closer to the Pacific Coast. All the foreign steamship companies are planning to have San Francisco one of their main ports. Naturally, this will benefit the whole Pacific Coast, but because San Francisco is the centre of population and the financial metropolis of the coast, it will be the natural channel through which the increased trade will flow.



HERBERT FLEISHHACKER

"The greater our commercial prosperity, the more independent we shall become. This does not mean that we shall no longer depend on the eastern money market and react to the changes that occur in that market from time to time. All money is sensitive and reacts to the influence of other money. But while the volume of money moving to the East will increase with our increase in population and trade, the percentage of our total wealth so moving will be smaller. In other words, there will be a greater percentage of our total wealth for investment right here. That is a situation to which we may all look forward with satisfaction.

"So wonderful are our climatic conditions and so remarkable the fertility of our soil that there is no reason why this should not become the wealthiest and most thriving section of the United States.

"Right now the conditions are such that the banks have plenty of money for all legitimate needs. They have not so much, however, as to make it easy for borrowers to obtain money for purely speculative purposes, and that is a healthy condition. Our growth is a healthy growth and will so continue. The element of speculation is not prominent in our financial transactions. Real estate values are firm and will climb steadily upward. Money for legitimate investment is easy to obtain, and the rates are more favorable than they are in the East.

"We have passed the 'fire' period. We have outgrown the unusual conditions which obtained in the period of reconstruction. Our retailers have recovered all that they lost in the disaster, and are sounder than ever before. There are hardly any failures in business, and what failures there are will be found on examination to be of little consequence.

"As far as the banks themselves are concerned, the reports of the Comptroller of the Currency and the State Superintendent of Banks show that our national and State banks are in a healthier condition than ever before. Business in all of them has shown substantial growth.

"The tendency toward consolidation which has been observed in the banks of late is a good tendency when properly restricted. The same tendency is observable in other lines."

Here is a point on which Herbert Fleishhacker speaks with particular authority. He represents that tendency toward consolidation. In March, 1909, the bank with which he was connected, the London, Paris and American, absorbed the Anglo and California Limited and the consolidated corporation became the Anglo and London Paris National. Herbert Fleishhacker was made the manager and vice-president. Later he became the president and still occupies that position. As an evidence of the results which have been obtained under his active direction of this corporation it may be stated that at the time of the merger the "L. P. and A." did a business of four and one-half millions. The merger brought the figure up to fifteen millions. Now it has passed twenty-six.

In the efforts which are being made by the State government and by municipalities throughout the State to improve roads and to erect larger and more beautiful public buildings Herbert Fleishhacker sees an encouraging sign. He is not afraid to have a community bond itself for the good of the future. Locally he is an enthusiastic advocate of the Civic Center project, and rejoices in the efforts being made to give the city a City Hall of which it can be proud.

"Still," he says, "we must not go too fast. We haven't done so thus far, for I am confident that within a few years we shall be able to digest the bonds which we have already voted."

There speaks the optimist, the man of imagination, the banker who knows human nature. There speaks also the man who has found time to father some of the biggest industrial enterprises of the Pacific Coast, the seer and doer whose visions are not roseate creations of fancy but the adumbrations of future realities.

Herbert E. Law

One of the Leading Financiers of the West, Distinguished for Those Qualities That Make for Success

By Lawrence Dunlap

If one were asked to name the basic qualities upon which Herbert Edward Law of San Francisco has built his conspicuous success in the western financial world, the answer would be:

"Courage and foresight."

In his case the courage to take great chances, to give battle to tremendous odds and to stand ground when the less forceful man would be tempted to flee the field—this sort of courage is conjoined with a foresight almost clairvoyant, a lively anticipation of future possibilities, a sort of instinct for piercing the veil of the future and looking ahead to see what the years have in store.

The courage to dare and the foresight to dare aright have made Herbert E. Law one of the dominating figures in the business circles of the Pacific Coast.

The development of any city or section is ultimately dependent on the enterprise of its private citizens. No matter what may be done by the public officers of a municipality or State, their efforts at development will be largely wasted unless private capital co-operates with them heartily, not to say enthusiastically. As an enthusiastic investor Herbert E. Law has been a power for good in the development of San Francisco.

What is the career of this man? What were his beginnings? What his training for the work of his mature years? A brief review of his career will show that Herbert E. Law has worked out the premises in the syllogism of life to the logical conclusion of success.

Herbert Edward Law was born near Sheffield, England, on the fifth of December, 1864. His mother was Rebecca Brown Law and his father Crossley Law after whom the Crossley Building of this city was named. The Laws were an English family of sturdiness and antiquity, and Herbert inherited from a long line of ancestors a healthy body which has ever been the receptacle of a healthy mind. "Mens sana in corpore sano" is after all one of the prerequisites of successful endeavor, no matter what one's walk of life may be.

The desire to give his sons a better opportunity than seemed to present itself in the ancient community to which they were born overcame Crossley Law's attachment to the native soil; so that when Herbert Law was a babe of two years the family crossed the ocean to America and settled in the eagerly vital city of Chicago.

The boy Herbert attended the public schools of Chicago and later the German-American Institute where, in addition to a sound training in the usual branches of study, he became a proficient user of the German language, thus starting life with that bi-lingual equipment which is of so much importance in the careers of many of our most prominent citizens. His standing may be inferred from the fact that he left the Institute as a student only to re-enter it immediately as an instructor.

Herbert Law's initiation into business came when he was made the confidential secretary of E. C. Potter, manager of the North Chicago Rolling Mills, a concern which later developed into the United States Steel Corporation. The knowledge of the great steel industry which Law obtained at that time stood him in good stead later on in life.

But it was the book business which introduced Herbert Law to San Francisco. With his brother Hartland he engaged in the sale of subscription books, and in 1884, under the firm name of Law, King and Law, they opened an office here as the representatives of the Western Publishing House of Chicago.



HERBERT E. LAW

Two years later they had so prospered that they were able to buy a controlling interest in the Chicago publishing house. But Herbert Law had caught the contagion of San Francisco. He liked the city, and through that gift of foresight he saw here the opportunities of greater success than he could hope for in Chicago. So the publishing business was disposed of and the two brothers returned to San Francisco, never to leave.

Their first big enterprise in this city remains today the main stem of their widely branching interests. This is the Viavi System of Treatment. The organization of this business was slow but thorough-going. From a small concern it gradually enlarged until today there are more than ten thousand in its employ scattered through twenty countries all over the world. The Viavi Company of which Herbert Law is vice-president, is housed in a beautiful building on the slope of Nob Hill, a building which is one of the architectural features of the city.

With the piling up of capital Herbert Law turned his attention to the field of real estate. His realty operations again proclaimed him a man of courage and foresight. He set the pace in big deals and in the financial volume of the transactions which he engineered there is perhaps no one to touch him in this community.

All San Franciscans are familiar with the gigantic deal by which Herbert Law and his brother exchanged the beautiful Rialto, Crossley and other buildings for the unfinished Fairmont Hotel. It was a transaction which astounded the city. When the fire came in 1906 the uncompleted hotel on the crest of Nob Hill was gutted, and Herbert Law spent $1,840,000 in restoring and completing it, thus giving San Francisco a hostelry which is known all over the world.

But that was only one of his big deals. In three years following the fire $7,000,000 worth of property was handled in the offices of Herbert Law. The impetus to the work of rehabilitation which these great transactions gave by inspiring the down-hearted with confidence in the city's future, is incalculable. Courage and foresight were indeed needed in those trying days, and Herbert Law exemplified them.

When Herbert Law traded back the Fairmont to Mrs. Herman Oelrichs he secured in the exchange forty acres of water front property adjoining Fort Mason. A great deal of money had to be spent to improve these "water lots," but Herbert Law did not hesitate. He foresaw their possibilities. And he was more than justified when the controversy over the location of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition was decided in favor of Harbor View. The part he took in deciding that question benefited himself naturally, but it also helped to give San Francisco an exposition site which in the opinion of the architects, painters and others is superior to that of any other world's fair ever held.

During the period following the fire of 1906 Herbert Law extended his operations to Seattle. He became the president of the Western Steel Corporation, thus putting to practical use and profit the knowledge which he had gathered as the confidential secretary to the manager of the North Chicago Rolling Mills. Two years ago he negotiated with the Chinese Government the largest contract for steel which China had ever made.

Herbert Law's financial interests are many, but they have never monopolized his time. He has given heartily of his experience to the affairs of the Merchants' Association; he strove patiently after the fire for a better San Francisco; and he has contributed to the artistic beauty of the city by erecting some of the most beautiful buildings which we possess.

A well rounded career is that of Herbert Law, a career which is still far from finished. He is now in the maturity of his powers, and San Francisco has not yet received from him all the stimulus which his active mind imparts by constant investment and improvement. The courage is still in good working order; the foresight is on the job all the time!

A Great Street Railroad System

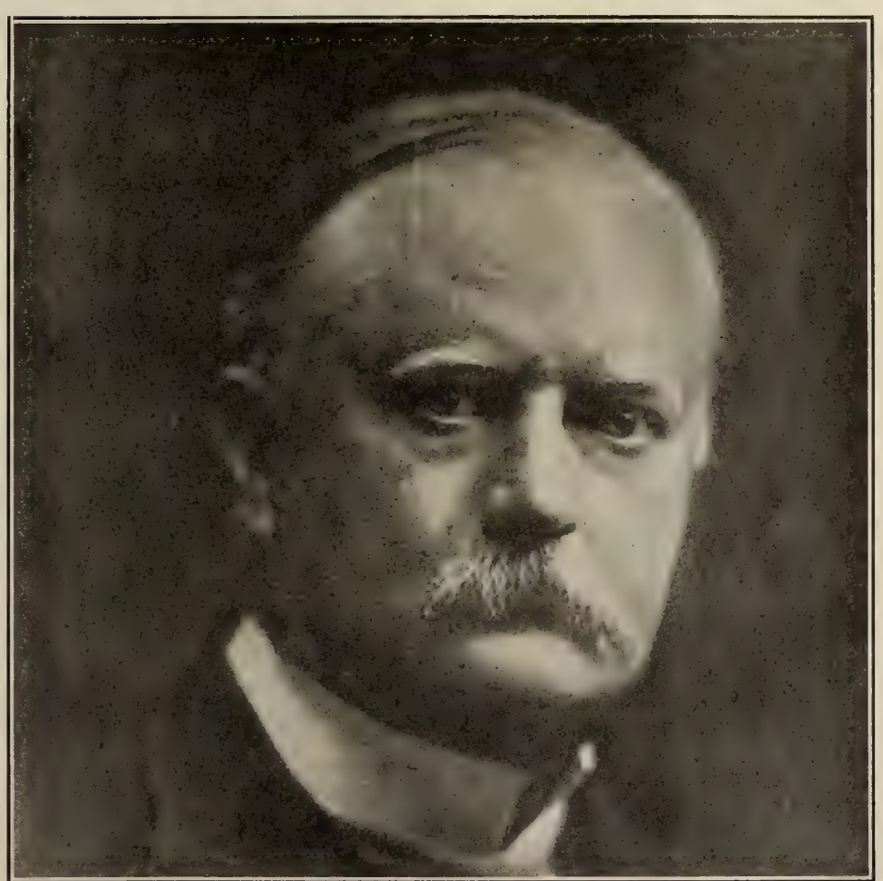
Being a Brief Recital of the Achievements of a Public Service Corporation that has Encountered Many Difficulties

By Robert L. Condon

Some years ago the street railroad system of San Francisco was metamorphosed. Originally the street railroads were operated by several independent companies, and the transportation facilities were far from satisfactory. Some of the roads had been permitted to "run down," and there was no uniform transfer system and there was universal dissatisfaction. The change came when as a result of consolidation all but one or two roads were brought under the ownership and management of one corporation. The United Railroads, as this corporation is called, infused new life into the whole transportation system. The men behind this company were sensible of the fact that their interests and the interests of the city were identical, and their policy from the outset was to make all sections of the city easily and cheaply accessible. They extended their transfer system till it was unsurpassed anywhere in the country. They established an all-night service, and as fast as possible they modernized their equipment. Before long the United Railroads was in a most flourishing condition. Its officers enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the people. It was evident that they were men of enterprise, that they had confidence in the city and were eager to take the initiative wherever there was the slightest prospect of expansion.

Then came the disaster of April 1906.

San Francisco has been celebrated the world over for the prodigious energy, industry and enterprise which it exhibited in the period of reconstruction immediately following the earthquake and fire of 1906. No small part of the credit due to the community as a whole is due to the United Railroads of San Francisco. The United Railroads is the corporation that controls all but a very small fraction of the traction system of the city. The loss suffered by the United Railroads in consequence of an unprecedented calamity was in proportion to the loss suffered by the whole city. The plant of the corporation was almost totally destroyed. At that time despair was widespread. Though the spirit of the community was not crushed there was nobody so sanguine as to cherish the belief that the city could be reconstructed within a shorter period than ten years. The conservative estimate was that it would take twenty years to restore the sway of the Queen of the Pacific. Yet the officers of the United Railroads were prepared even before the fire was extinguished to start the work of reconstruction. From them emanated a wave of encouragement that swept over the city inspiriting even the disconsolate. Patrick Calhoun, the president of the corporation was in the East at the time, but he was soon in communication with his assistant Thornwell Mullally, and quickly it became known that steps were being taken to resume operation of the traction system. Without transportation facilities confusion would have been confounded beyond the power of imagination to conceive, but these facilities were provided with remarkable celerity and to the amazement of the man in the street. It seemed incredible that the corporation would go to the enormous expense of reconstructing lines of railroad through miles of waste sections of what seemed to be a deserted city. The as-



PATRICK CALHOUN

surance that the corporation would pour its money out for this purpose, and the speedy verification of the assurance by prompt action revived the spirits of men and made infections the faith and pluck that astonished the world.

In what degree the United Railroads vindicated its faith in the future of San Francisco may be judged from this,—In less than three years from the day of the earthquake $12,000,000 had been spent for reconstruction and equipment. As this corporation lost more by the calamity than any other individual or corporation, so also it paid out more than any other for the revival of its business. Today the company is operating more than



THORNWELL MULLALLY

250 miles of street car lines, and a very large percentage of this is new construction. Moreover it is of the very finest character of construction. Everywhere there are steel rails of more than adequate weight for the traffic. They run from 107 to 141 pounds to the yard. These rails are laid in concrete and on many streets the pavement between the rails is the better part of that provided for traffic.

On the shoulders of Thornwell Mullally devolved after the fire the burden of the task of bringing order out of confusion, and as a result of his achievements great was the admiration the people had for him. Mr. Mullally was comparatively a new comer in San Francisco, but he had entered into the spirit of the community from the start, and, well stocked with that imponderable quality called magnetism he became the centre of a large circle of friends. Mr. Mullally is a graduate of Yale. While at that university he was editor of the Yale Literary Magazine. The faculty awarded him the Thomas Giasby Waterman prize for scholarship. He represented Yale in the debate with Harvard in 1892. He supplemented his course at Yale at the School of Law at the University of Virginia and he was admitted to the bar in New York where he practiced law and took an active part in military affairs.

In San Francisco Mr. Mullally has proved himself a man with genius for organization. He has had many qualities tested in this city, for he has had a most varied and trying experience with nothing of precedent to guide him. It required a man with rare talent, with the power of initiative, to rise to the emergency that confronted him on the morning of the eighteenth of April in 1906. He perceived at once that the city was doomed and he lost no time in taking steps to secure the books and papers of the corporation. These he had carted to safe quarters. Seeing that the traction system had been put out of business he offered his services to the authorities. He put at the disposal of the mayor 2000 uniformed men to be used as a supplementary police force. This order he issued from his headquarters:

"San Francisco is in peril. Fire is sweeping over the city destroying property. Acts of vandalism are being committed. The United Railroads places itself at the services of San Francisco. The United Railroads calls upon all employees, as United Railroads men and as citizens of San Francisco, to do all in their power to aid at this time. All men are asked to report as soon as possible to General Manager Chapman at Market and Valencia streets, uniformed men in full uniform, all men with their badges.

"U. R. R. of S. F.,

"By Thornwell Mullally,

"Assistant to President."

This order was sent out by men on bicycles, in automobiles and on horseback, and it resulted in the formation of a fine system of patrol. During the fire and for days thereafter Mullally conducted a commisariat at a carhouse and fed thousands of people. Many were the blessings invoked out of gratitude to the United Railroads in those melancholy days.

Meanwhile President Patrick Calhoun was busy in the East. He wired $75,000 for the relief of the stricken city. He telegraphed to cities all over the East for permission to purchase street cars that were being built for them. Before the fire was extinguished he had purchased $350,000 worth of cars. His confidence in the future of the city is illustrated by the following despatch which he sent to Mullally on April 26:

"Confidence among our friends unshaken. Am arranging to furnish any additional engineers or other men you may need. The whole of Messrs. Ford, Bacon & Davis force is at your disposal.

Pittsburg is ready to furnish additional engines and dynamos if needed, and the Westinghouse and General Electric Company have kindly offered to furnish any temporary facilities in priority to all other claims. Congratulate you, Davis and Chapman on the effective way in which you have handled the situation. We are rejoiced at your and their safety."

In eight days from the date of the breaking out of the fire cars were running on two lines of street railroad, and three days later cars were in operation throughout the burned district. The magnitude of this achievement it is now impossible to conceive.

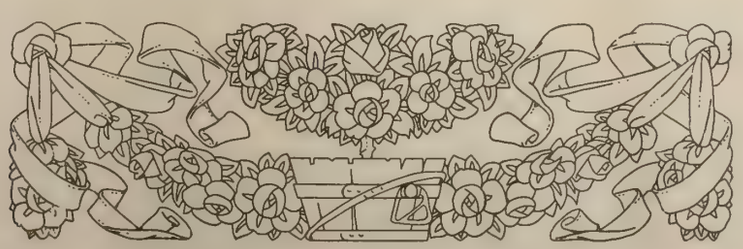
Patrick Calhoun arrived in San Francisco on April 29, after having made all pecuniary arrangements in the East for the rehabilitation of a traction system the value of which at the time of the calamity was in the neighborhood of $75,000,000. He found the work of reconstruction proceeding satisfactorily, but there were many problems to solve, and the worst were to come. At that time there was a freight car famine, and it was exceedingly difficult to get supplies. But Calhoun had facilitated matters in the East, and on a single day a month after the fire there were eighty-seven carloads of material and equipment for the company on the road between San Francisco and St. Louis. Special men were placed along the line to hasten the movement. When the company could not get ties by rail schooners were chartered and sent up the coast and redwood ties were brought down by water. Crushed rock was scarce, and the company had to find its own quarries, but no obstacle was too great to be overcome.

The toughest difficulties encountered by the railroad officials were not those due to conditions arising from the calamity. They were of a political and of a personal nature. Patrick Calhoun had not become the traction magnate of San Francisco without incurring the enmity of financiers. In certain powerful circles there was organized a cabal against him and it pursued him with most vindictive fury. Among the consequences of this hostility were industrial complications. Strikes were precipitated that greatly aggravated the burdens of the company. They not only delayed the work of reconstruction but they absorbed the attention of the railroad officials at a time when all their energies were required for business of the most pressing nature. The labor troubles continued for months, causing not only great damage to the company's property but also a great deal of bloodshed, and incalculable injury to the business interests of the city.

This industrial conflict served to emphasize once more the grit and determination of the railroad officials. Patrick Calhoun did everything in his power to conciliate the labor leaders, but he soon perceived that they were not animated by zeal for their followers, and he resolved to give them battle. His enemies at that time were very powerful. They had control of the government of the city, and they made no concealment of their hostility. In the circumstances the strikers were greatly encouraged, and took violent measures to prevent the operation of street cars. In this critical period Thornwell Mullally again distinguished himself for his ability as an organizer and for his bravery. He took personal charge of the company's forces, rode with his employees on street cars through howling mobs, defended them against gun fighters, and participated in more than one fight in which men were killed.

As may be seen from this brief recital the experience of the United Railroads has been checkered by many strange vicissitudes. But the story has not been half told. The whole country has been impregnated of late with that strange fallacy that the hounding of public service corporations is a pastime profitable to the dear people. As a result of this fallacy the great transportation systems on which depends to a great extent the prosperity of the country have not been able to keep pace with the growth of the country. But the people are beginning to appreciate the mischievousness of the hostile attitude of the Government toward the railroads, and there is now apparent a feeling of reaction. The same fallacy that has been responsible for the mischief done the great transportation systems, the United Railroads has had to contend with in San Francisco. And in this city also there is a feeling of reaction. Some time ago the municipal authorities employed a traction expert at a large salary to investigate the problem of how to provide adequate transportation facilities for San Francisco. Some time ago he made a report the substance of which is in harmony with the substance of many reports that had been made to the authorities by Thornwell Mullally. In brief the expert's report is simply that it is to the interest of the city to co-operate with the United Railroads and to make it feasible for that corporation to expand its system. The necessity for expansion has been evident for some time, but unfortunately the politicians of the city had imposed such absurd restrictions on franchises that it would have been folly for the United Railroads to extend its lines into new territory. The official expert now recommends that these restrictions be withdrawn, and that satisfactory inducement to investment be given to private capital. When the expert's advice is followed doubtless no time will be lost in providing the people of the sections of the city remote from the center with adequate transportation facilities. For certainly the United Railroads has never shown itself indifferent to the welfare of the city. The company officials realize that the future of the city and the future of the United Railroads are closely identified. To impede the progress of one is to retard the development of the other. The men of the United Railroads have contributed in no slight degree to the advancement of this metropolis. They have never shown themselves lacking in enterprise. Their transfer system they have extended to all parts of the city. When there was a call for an "owl" service promptly they responded. When electric power was not what it should be they invested their money in one of the large power plants of the State, at once increasing the power available for the city and saving from collapse a power producing corporation the stability of which was a matter of the highest importance to the whole State.

These men who are certainly deserving of the confidence of the people stand ready to join the march of progress which the great Exposition City is taking. The growth of their street railroad system will more than keep pace with the growth of the metropolis; indeed it will continue to mark the lines of advance, for such has been the policy from the beginning. Within the next few years will be seen great activity in street railroad construction work in San Francisco; otherwise transportation facilities would be grievously inadequate. The municipal authorities seeing that the ever-increasing population is now stretching far out into the suburbs realize the importance of rendering those sections easily accessible to the business centre, and to that end they must co-operate with the officials of the United Railroads. Furthermore, owing to the enormous traffic that must be handled in the northern section of the city the Exposition is to be held, lines of street railroad must be thrown out in that direction. In view of all these circumstances it is natural that public sentiment should be making itself felt among the servants of the people, and that there should now be observed a disposition on the part of all hand to get together and build for the future.



George Wingfield

Captain of Industry of Nevada, Who Has Had a Career Full of Excitement and Adventure and Who is Now the Foremost Citizen of His State

By Lawrence Roberts

George Wingfield of Nevada is the only man in American history who refused a seat in the United States Senate when it was offered to him by the Governor of his State. This remarkable distinction came to Wingfield when his old partner Senator Nixon died, and Governor Oddie of Nevada sent word to the young millionaire that he intended to appoint him to the vacant place. Wingfield gave the matter careful consideration and declined, alleging that his private interests and his financial responsibilities occupied so much of his time and were of such importance to his State that he would be doing not only himself but also Nevada an injustice by plunging into public life. And he stuck to that determination, thereby causing surprise all over the country.

The man who felt that he should stay at home instead of joining the "most exclusive club in the world" has had a career truly remarkable. He has risen from lowly position to the rank of multi-millionaire by his own unaided exertions. He is today one of the wealthiest men in the West.

George Wingfield was born in Fort Smith, Arkansas, on August 16, 1876, so he is now in his thirty-seventh year. He came to the West as a boy and has been identified with this side of the country ever since. His father, Thomas Y. Wingfield, engaged in the cattle business in Southeastern Oregon, and Wingfield spent several years in the open as a cowboy.

Wingfield's early career was full of excitement and interesting adventures. It was of the sort to ground him in self-reliance, to make him cool, independent and master of himself under all kinds of difficult conditions. But it began to be a brilliant career in 1897.

In that year Wingfield went to Nevada. He speedily became interested in "the quest of the golden fleece." Not, however, until he had had a costly experience with the copper mines of Golconda. His ventures were unsuccessful there, and he left Golconda broke. But Wingfield has always known how to convert experience into working capital. He studied mining, kept his eyes open and awaited his opportunity.

Opportunity didn't have to knock twice at his door. When it gave him the signal in 1901 he obeyed and ever since opportunity has been, not his master but his servant.

In May, 1901, he settled in Tonopah and began buying mining stocks and claims. Then he moved to Goldfield. He was the first man to see the great golden future of that mining camp. Among the properties he acquired without loss of time were the Sandstorm, Kendall and Columbia. Next he took a lease on the Florence Mine and with his associates dug $750,000 out of its sparkling ribs. During 1904 and the two years following he purchased all the adjoining properties of a promising sort including the great Mohawk, the Laguna and many others.

Meanwhile he had not confined himself to mining. He had engaged in the banking business in Tonopah, Reno and Carson, and later on in Goldfield. All his enterprises flourished. He seemed to wield the magic wand of fairyland that conjures success.

The year 1906 was an important one in the furtherance of George Wingfield's fortunes. In that year he possessed himself of the Red Top and Jumbo mines. This led to the organization of the world-famous Goldfield Consolidated Mining Company, comprising at first the Mohawk, Red Top, Jumbo and Laguna holdings, but afterwards enlarged by the purchase of the Goldfield Mining Company's properties which were merged with the former organization. Next he bought out the Combination Mines Company and added it to the others, thus converting six organized mining companies into one enormous corporation. This made George Wingfield the president and chief owner of a mining concern which has produced more than $42,000,000 in the past six years.



Photo, Boye

GEORGE WINGFIELD

In many of his biggest deals George Wingfield had been associated with United States Senator Nixon. Their interests were of three sorts, banking, real estate and mining. In April, 1909, their partnership was amicably dissolved, Senator Nixon retaining practically all the banking and real estate interests, while Wingfield took over the mining properties. Wingfield, however, kept the John B. Cook Banking Company of Goldfield, of which he is sole owner.

Since then Wingfield's interests have kept on expanding. He has large interests in California and Nevada which include live stock and oil fields. He was one of the organizers of the Nevada Petroleum Company which has its oil wells at Coalinga and is still heavily interested in it.

No review of George Wingfield's extraordinary career would do him justice which omitted reference to his fight against the Industrial Workers of the World and the Western Federation of Miners. The two organizations made common cause in Nevada; in fact they were nearly identical. Including in their membership a large body of undesirable citizens glad of any pretext for stirring up trouble, they disturbed industrial conditions by strikes, particularly when their high-grading depredations in the Consolidated properties were vigorously stamped out.

Wingfield showed the stuff he was made of in his campaign against these trouble-breeders. Threats against his life were made continually, but he laughed at them, and when his fight was at its bitterest and violence was rife he walked amid the leaders of the two organizations with such cool contempt for their loud intimidations that they were cowed into silence and inactivity. When the fight was over the ring leaders had been run out of Nevada, the power for evil of the I. W. W. and the Western Federation had been destroyed, and mining in Nevada was placed on a peace footing which has made for prosperity ever since, not only among the mine owners but also among the workingmen.

After Senator Nixon's death came the extraordinary incident of his refusing the United States senatorship. The sincerity which was back of that sacrifice (for it can only be regarded as such), endeared him to all the people of the State and enhanced his popularity which was already very great.

Life is made up of little as well as big things, and it is in some of the little things that George Wingfield has shown his calibre. It is said of him that he has never forgotten a favor, and it is probably true. It is also said of him that he has never neglected to reply to a letter written him on no matter what subject. Busy though he is every minute of the day, he usually attends to all his correspondence himself. Another thing said of him is that he never forgets the friends who were true to him before he became prosperous. Many a man has been helped unostentatiously by George Wingfield when adversity clouded his horizon.

Wingfield is not very keen about social life, but he enjoys the company of interesting men and is at home in many clubs. He is a member of the B. P. O. E. and donated many thousand dollars to complete the beautiful home of the Elks in Goldfield. He is also a member of the Bohemian and Press clubs of San Francisco, the Sierra Madre Club of Los Angeles, the Reno Commercial Club and the Rocky Mountain Club of New York. When there was talk of repeating "The Atonement of Pan," the grove play written by Henry Hadley and Joseph D. Redding, at the Greek Theater in Berkeley, Wingfield was so enthusiastic about the merit of the performance and so eager that the general public should have an opportunity to enjoy it that he offered $5,000 as part of a fund to guarantee the producers against a possible financial loss.

Success has not changed George Wingfield. He is the same quiet, retiring man today that he was before the millions began rolling up. His old friends are still his closest friends. To say that is to say that he has stood the severest test of unlimited prosperity.

Stanley Moore

The Brilliant Son of His Father Who Proved His Worth as a Lawyer During a Stormy Period in the History of the City

By Robert McTavish

The old bar is passing, and the gladiatorship which it loved, and the attic prose it produced, and the suave manner of didactic exposition characteristic of its leaders, and the learned spirit of human dealing which it applied to the exigencies of professional practice,—all are passing but occasionally one meets with a young disciple of the historic school and catches echoes of other days. These echoes are what might be expected of a son of A. A. Moore, for the career of Moore Sr. extends a considerable distance into the past, and his was a prominent figure at the bar of this State when not a few of the men who made its best traditions were in active practice. Stanley Moore, the son of A. A. Moore, though now in his very early thirties is already numbered among the leaders of his profession; not that he has shown symptoms of first rate ability in one or two cases that he mastered, but because he has already taken an active part in a great deal of litigation and in a manner to command the respect and admiration of lawyers of the maturest judgment and highest ability.

Stanley Moore is a product of the public schools of Oakland. He was trained for the university at Boone's Academy and received his degree in 1901. He studied law in his father's office, and was therefore more fortunate than the average young man who aspires to distinction in the animating and fascinating game that is played for verdicts and judgments. There is nothing that can take the place of the kind of guiding influence that Stanley Moore had when he was getting initiated into the intricacies of the law and fitting himself for the practice of his chosen profession.

These are days of short-cuts to everything. Men are trained for a professional career before they are given the rudiments of an education. Hence the large army of quacks undermining the health of fools and the equally large army of quacks disintegrating the body politic. If all lawyers received the training Stanley Moore had, if in other words the prerequisite to admission to the bar were the mastery of law as a science, the study of its principles to their source, the public would today have less cause to complain of the administration of justice and firmer would be the hold of the profession on public confidence.

After his admission to the bar Mr. Moore became a deputy in the office of the District Attorney of Alameda county, where he obtained some little experience in the practice of criminal law. Then he returned to his father's office where he soon had the handling of important litigation and qualified himself for partnership with his father. For several years he devoted himself to the defense of railroad damage suits, exhibiting from the start an astonishing vigor, clearness and precision of thought and exceptional skill in cross-examination and in dialectics.



STANLEY MOORE

Railroad damage suits, by the way, are difficult suits to defend. These suits are usually prosecuted by lawyers who are experts in appealing to the prejudices and sympathies of juries and who usually have a large pecuniary interest in the verdicts. In some cities they are known as "ambulance chasers" for the reason that they employ runners to solicit business whenever a person is injured in a railroad accident. They are also known as half-a-leg lawyers, the reason being that if a man loses a whole leg they will take a case for half the amount recovered. But juries are not informed as to the stimulus to an attorney's zeal in a damage suit. It is therefore easy to win their sympathy for the person who has been injured, especially if the person is poor and the corporation is rich. So well is this understood that the average railroad corporation would rather compromise with a claimant than go into court. In the circumstances it is obvious that defending railroad damage suits is not an easy way for a lawyer to earn a reputation. The cards are stacked against him. Yet in this very species of litigation Stanley Moore distinguished himself shortly after severing his connection with the district attorney's office of Alameda County. In damage suits he proved himself a master of the science of cross-examination. He handled his cases with superb skill commanding the respect and admiration of juries and winning the confidence and esteem of trial judges.

Owing to his professional connections Mr. Moore was drawn into the graft prosecution and for several years he played a leading part on the side of the defense. In all the judicial history of this State there were never any cases that so tried the patience and temper, so tested the judgment and acumen and courage of lawyers as did the so-called graft cases. They furnished an entirely new experience for all lawyers opposed to the prosecution, for the prosecution was something entirely unique not only in its methods but in its manner. It wielded a power that was never before put in the hands of prosecuting officers in this country, and it exercised that power with an arrogance and brutality never witnessed before in an American court. The position of a defendant in those days was but little worse than the position of an attorney for the defendant. Yet the prosecution was successfully opposed and finally routed, and to no man more than Stanley Moore is credit due for the achievement. He was in the vanguard through the dust and heat of the whole struggle and never was he outmanoeuvred, never did he falter in his devotion to the interests of his clients. In the graft cases Stanley Moore established a reputation for himself that will long stand him in good stead, a reputation not only for resourcefulness and tact as a trial lawyer but also for that knowledge and those qualities which a lawyer must have to present properly the merits and law of his case in the appellate courts.

Thomas B. Dozier

An Eloquent Lawyer Formerly of Shasta County, Now One of the Most Active Members of the San Francisco Bar

By Robert McTavish

My first acquaintance with Thomas B. Dozier was at a banquet of one of our commercial bodies on which occasion President Benjamin Ide Wheeler was the star speaker of the evening. President Wheeler threw a few jarring discords into the symposium, and Mr. Dozier took occasion to dissent in one of the best after-dinner speeches I ever heard. He aroused my curiosity. I inquired about him, and I learned that he was a man with a reputation for eloquence throughout the interior of the State. He was not a stranger to San Francisco, having lived here in his boyhood, but of late years he practiced law in Shasta County where he was looked up to as the leader of the bar.

Like all big communities we have a certain conceit that is sometimes described as provincialism. We flatter ourselves that everything worth while in the whole State is to be found in the metropolis. Everything we have, even brains, we regard as the best, when as a matter of fact there is a goodly supply of the first quality remote from the madding crowd. There are some skilled surgeons and learned physicians in the small towns of the State; likewise talented lawyers, and as for judges some of the best of them hold court many miles from San Francisco. Several of the leaders of the local bar established their reputation before coming to this city, and among them is Thomas B. Dozier, who came hither because in Shasta County he was too far removed from the business of some of his best clients. Dozier was at one time district attorney of Shasta County and he was there a terror to evil-doers, which means that he is a man of courage, for way up in Shasta County there are some pretty desperate characters, and public prosecutors in such places are not always as zealous as they might be. It's really preferable for a man who likes the quiet life to let things drift. But Dozier's conception of his duty was the discouragement of crime, and he was a pretty active prosecutor. But also according to his conception a district attorney's duty is to assist the court in ascertaining the truth. His aim was not to make a record for convictions, but to see that while guilty men were punished innocent men should be acquitted. Not all district attorneys I regret to say; nay, not all judges, are of this mind.

Speaking of orators—for Mr. Dozier, the lawyer is also an orator as you might have perceived had you been at the banquet which I have mentioned, or if you had ever heard him discussing political issues in a campaign. Speaking of orators, I am reminded that occasionally one hears that oratory is a thing of the past; is the blustering spoiled child of a semi-barbarous age. The same idea was prevalent in Rome after the death of Cicero; also in Greece after Demosthenes was gathered to his fathers, and in England when the voice of Burke was no more. Usually the notion is indulged whenever people look upon themselves as delightfully unsophisticated. Now oratory is never a thing of the past. It was surely not a thing of the past in Webster's day. It was certainly in its flower on the occasion when William J. Bryan stampeded a convention with his Cross of Gold speech. The power of oratory is evidenced every time a lawyer melts a jury to tears. The power of oratory will survive till our passions have been extinguished, our emotions mandraked.



THOMAS B. DOZIER

Eloquence is as much an essential of a lawyer's equipment today as it ever was. That it is not generally so recognized is because many lawyers have nothing else to recommend them but their ability as talkers. Lawyers of this type, however, are not really orators. They have the knack of declamation; that is all. They rely on a readiness of tongue to compensate for their lack of everything else, and they never go far in their profession. The lawyer who is educated in the law knows that he must be able to debate as well as to talk; that he must be grounded in the science of law as well as in the art of rhetoric. Likewise to be a great orator a man must develop the highest faculties of the mind, the very faculties that are required for successful achievement at the bar.

Of course there are not many lawyers that combine all these qualities, but Thomas B. Dozier is one who does. As an orator he is a master of his ideas and he has the imagination and the diction to appeal to the sympathies of human nature and call up the feelings of the human breast. He is eloquent by force of thought and sincerity of expression. And as a lawyer he is master of the facts and circumstances which it is necessary for him to know in order to judge fairly and reason wisely. In debate he is able to unwind the web of sophistry and to apply the law on which judgment is asked. Such is the impression he has made on me, and such also is the impression that he has made on the judges of this State.

In the circumstances it is no wonder that the lawyer who came among us but a few years ago is now one of the busiest members of the local bar. Though his services were first called for in criminal cases he is now occupied principally with civil business. He represents the biggest copper interests on the coast, and he has many mining men among his clients. In politics Mr. Dozier is a Republican, and in the years agone he was a very active member of that party. Two years ago he made a great hit as the presiding officer of a State Convention. During the present Administration at Sacramento Mr. Dozier has been seldom seen in the political arena, but he has remained on the directory of the Napa Insane Asylum. During the scandal in that institution some months ago when the Administration effected a change of management and one or two of the directors found it expedient to resign Mr. Dozier sat tight through the storm, and not a finger was pointed to him.

Frank C. Drew

Being a Sketch of the Career of a Man Who Has Risen by His Own Efforts to High Station

By Lawrence Dunlap

Prominent alike in legal and financial circles, Frank C. Drew stands out in this community as one of our most distinguished citizens, and owing to his long and faithful service of his party, is being pointed to as the logical Democratic candidate for the United States senatorship.

Frank C. Drew of the well known law firm of Metson, Drew and McKenzie, was born in San Jose on May 31, 1861. He came to San Francisco as a youngster and studied first at the Lincoln Primary and afterwards at the Lincoln Grammar school, leaving the latter to enter the Boys' High in 1876. He spent two years in the high school and then went forth to grapple with the world.

Drew entered the publishing house of Bacon and Company as a book and job printer and proof reader. Because he was full of ambition and charged with inexhaustible energy, he did not satisfy himself with the work he did by day, but devoted his nights to the study of shorthand so that he might qualify as a stenographer. The result was that he left the printing shop and in 1883 he was occupying the position of an amanuensis with Eppinger and Company, the wheat operators. Later he occupied the same position with the tea firm of Siegfried and Brandenstein, and then, after spending some time as a proof reader and compositor on the Call, entered the law office of the late Patrick Reddy as a stenographer. Perhaps this might be described as the turning point of his very interesting career.

Drew stayed with Patrick Reddy till 1894 at which time he became the stenographer for Governor Budd. He did not retain this office long, but it led to a solid and lasting friendship between Drew and the Governor. In fact, he became the Governor's chief political adviser and was naturally drawn into active field service for the Democratic party in California

When Rhodes Borden was appointed Superior Judge of this city, Drew became his shorthand reporter, and he continued in this branch of legal work for some time. Meanwhile the old habit of study had not been lost. The same ambition, the same passion for advancement urged Drew to the study of the law, and the result of his persistent burning of the midnight oil was that he was admitted to the bar in 1903. He became a member of the firm of Campbell, Metson and Drew which changed later to the present firm of Metson, Drew and McKenzie.

Drew's legal activities have been notable. Among the important cases which he handled were the trial of Mayor Schmitz in which he was associate counsel and the case of Rankin who was accused of hypothecating Ocean Shore bonds, in which he was leading counsel for the defense.



Photo, George G. Fraser
FRANK C. DREW

His work as an attorney has been eminently successful, and his conduct in office and in courtroom has shown a high regard for the best standards of legal ethics.

In 1900 Drew married Mrs. Helen P. White, and from that time on a great part of his time was perforce devoted to the management of his wife's great lumber interests. He became president and superintendent of the L. E. White Lumber Company and spent two years in close study of this complicated business. Under his brilliant management the assets of the company grew from half a million to five million dollars, and its holdings were enlarged so as to include a large acreage of sugar pine lands in the southern part of the State.

While immersed in professional and business cares Drew has found time to cultivate the social side of life. He belongs to many clubs and societies, including the Bohemian, Family and Press clubs, the San Francisco Bar Association, the Touring Club of France, the Native Sons, the Eagles, the Redmen, the American Geographical Society, the Dolphin Swimming and Rowing Club, the American Esperanto Association, the French Society for the Development of Phonetics and the International Association of Esperanto Jurists.

Some of these names suggest Drew's chief social and intellectual pursuits. He is an enthusiastic motorist and traveler, and knows Europe as well as any confirmed sightseer in this part of the world. His interest in linguistics amounts to a passion, and he is a master of French and Esperanto. The universal language propaganda is one of his delights, and his activities in this regard are known wherever the disciples of Dr. Zamenhof gather together.

When the last national Democratic convention assembled in Baltimore, Drew was one of the prominent delegates from California. He was much to the front in the financing of the campaign in California, and has won the respect of Democracy's warring factions by his devotion to principle and his avoidance of petty bickerings and animosities. At the same time he has not hesitated to speak out when the Democratic principles to which he is committed have seemed at stake.

On a recent occasion of this sort he made tentative announcement of his candidacy for the United States Senate. The suggestion was received with such enthusiasm by Democrats in all parts of the State that there seems now no doubt that he will be an active candidate when the time comes for the Legislature to elect. California would be most ably represented in the upper chamber of the national legislature if it sent Frank C. Drew to Washington.

William M. Abbott

Being a Study of the Rapid Progress in His Profession of an Attorney Who Was Practicing Law at Twenty-one

By Vincent Martin

All the professions, we are told, are overcrowded. We are also told that there is always room at the top for the man who has it in him to adapt himself to his profession and the stick-toitiveness to persevere in spite of obstacles and disappointments. Of all the professions there is none that better illustrates the idea of "hope deferred" than the profession of the law. Few are the young men to be found in the front rank of this profession. But of those who have reached proud eminence it is never said that luck was the principal element of their equipment. At the bar a man must have brains to win recognition. No man can go far in the practice of law with none but superficial, showy qualities to carry him along.

When a young man, then, is found in the front rank of the legal profession there is no question as to his ability, especially when we find him so well intrenched as William M. Abbott, general attorney for one of the great corporations of the State. Mr. Abbott was born in this city on St. Patrick's Day, 1872. He has been prominent at the bar for more than a decade. As long ago as 1898, when Tirey L. Ford became attorney general of California, Mr. Abbott became his most active assistant. To him was assigned the important business of advising all State officials on questions of law that perplexed them in the performance of their duties. His was a quasi-judicial official that required much study and research and that therefore gave him a lot of valuable experience.

During his term of office Mr. Abbott rendered opinions on many intricate questions of law that subsequently stood the test of judicial determination in the highest courts of the State. Also as an attorney for the State he played a prominent part in the Atlantic and Pacific Tax Cases. It was necessary for him to handle these cases in the courts, and opposed though he was by some of the veteran and most brilliant attorneys in the country he won distinction by the display which he made of his familiarity with all the principles and cases bearing on the issue.

When Mr. Abbott was conducting this important litigation he was only in his thirties. Most young lawyers at this period of their career are either engaged in the drudgery of office-work or shedding their pin-feathers in nisi prius courts. But Mr. Abbott, even before this period, was a member of one of the leading law firms of the city. In the eighties he went through the John Swett Grammar School and the Boys' High School. In 1893 he graduated from the Hastings College of Law, and just as he attained his majority he began the practice of his profession. Within two years his talents won recognition, and he was made a member of the law firm of Cross, Ford, Kelley & Abbott and remained with it until its dissolution.

In 1902 Mr. Abbott became assistant general counsel for the United Railroads. He was one of the attorneys for Brown Brothers, the Baltimore syndicate which purchased the properties now owned by the United Railroads, and was active in the consolidation of all street railroads, an achievement of a most intricate nature that called for a most intimate knowledge of corporation law.

By reason of his official connection with the United Railroads Mr. Abbott became one of the objects of the vindictiveness of the graft prosecution, but he received a most thorough vindication, the prosecutors themselves being compelled



WILLIAM M. ABBOTT

to admit in open court that his skirts were entirely clean. Nevertheless they realized that he was faithful to the interests of his clients and that they had to deal with him as a courageous and zealous attorney, one who was neither to be intimidated or conciliated. He fought them every inch of the ground. At the conclusion of the cases he was appointed general attorney for the corporation, a position which he holds to this day, and by virtue of which he is now engaged in negotiating terms of compromise with the city in matters over which there has been serious dispute. In these negotiations he has proved himself a man of remarkable patience.

Mr. Abbott is president of the Market Street Railway Company, the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway Company, the Metropolitan Railway Company. He is also vice-president of the South San Francisco Railroad and Power Company and a director of the United Railroads Company.

Assuredly a man of parts is William M. Abbott. To become the man of affairs that he is today, at his age, a man must possess certain qualities of mind and heart that Nature does not bestow with prodigal hand. Some young men have the good fortune to be attended from their earliest years by powerful social or financial influence that makes smooth the road to eminence, but Mr. Abbott is the architect of his own triumph. He found his own road and carried his own lamp. His is the success that comes from native capacity cultivated by honest and persevering effort.

A man of genial nature with a taste for social diversions and intellectual pursuits Mr. Abbott is a member of many organizations that bespeak the nature of his divers activities. For years he has been identified with the National Geographical Society, the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, the Academy of Pacific Coast History and the California Historical Landmark League of which he was formerly vice-president and is now treasurer. He belongs to the Union League, the Bohemian Club and the California Tennis Club. He is Past Exalted Ruler of the B. P. O. Elks. He has filled all the offices of Stanford Parlor, N. S. G. W. He is a member of California Lodge No. 1, F. and A. M., California Chapter No. 5, R. A. M., Knights Templar, California Commandery No. 1, the Mystic Shrine and the Phi Delta Phi.

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The California Market

One of the Show Places of San Francisco, Colorful and Delightfully Redolent of Orchard and Farm

That the California Market is the finest market in the world is not an empty boast founded on provincial ignorance of conditions in the marketing business elsewhere, but a considered statement of the truth. It is a fact which cannot be challenged successfully by those who have examined with an expert eye the markets of the United States and the great purveying establishments of Great Britain and the continent of Europe.

The California Market is an institution of San Francisco. It is known to travelers from every part of the globe, like the Palace Hotel, the Cliff House and Golden Gate Park. It stands in the minds of all who know it for the highest example of first-class purveying.

As it was established way back in 1867, the California is now in its forty-fifth year of existence, and is of course to continue as long as this city does. It has grown with the growth of the city. Its beginnings, like the beginnings of the city, were humble; it has enlarged itself slowly but surely through the years.

At the time of the conflagration in 1906 the old California Market, one of our landmarks, was destroyed. Since that time it has arisen from its ashes, more beautiful than ever. Its architecture represents the last word in construction for such a building. It is of concrete, tile, marble and glass, and its sanitary arrangements are perfect.

A walk through the California Market is always a delight. The various departments which are under control of independent dealers suggest by their beauty of arrangement that their owners have vied with one another in a friendly rivalry to see which could have the most fascinating display. The result is that even an expert would be hard put to it to decide which of the many establishments in the market is entitled to the prize.

Here are all varieties of fresh produce for the table, all of a kind to make the mouth of the epicure water and to throw the gourmand into ecstacies of admiration. Meats in tempting array; fat poultry carefully dressed; every variety of game which the law permits the sale of at whatever season of the year; fish of all the sorts which abound in our own or neighboring waters; luscious oysters; all the fruits of California and the tropics; vegetables smelling sweetly of the loamy gardens from which they are plucked daily; all dairy products—golden butter, rich cream and milk, eggs and cheese; delicatessen to suit the taste of all the cosmopolitan population of our city; and tempting French pastry. There are besides precious plants and gorgeous cut flowers which belong here because they are so often used to decorate the tables of people who want to dine in fragrant and beautiful surroundings.

A visit to the California Market is always of great interest. At all hours of the day there is bustle and business, but the trade is handled so expertly that no time is lost and no customer is made to lose his temper, as is so frequently the case in markets not so well appointed. Here you will see the high-priced men who cater for the great hostelries and restaurants and cafes ordering the market. Here those careful housealso you will see the servants of the wealthy doing the marketing. Here those careful housewives who will not allow their servants to do their buying are busy pricing and selecting. Here also are housewives and husbands who have no servants, for all classes have learned to buy at the California Market. At luncheon time the market gathers in a great number of men and women who know the worth of the restaurants and oyster houses there and who lunch there year in and year out.

The fact that the California Market extends through from Pine to California street is a great advantage in handling crowds and attending promptly and quickly to the enormous business. It is important in another way, for many people who walk through the market to make a short cut from street to street frequently stop to buy, unable to resist the lure of the staples and dainties on display.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CALIFORNIA MARKET

EMILIO LASTRETO

An Enthusiast of the Histrionic Art Who Gives Shakespearean Performances in His Private Theatre

The Greek Theatre of Berkeley is not the only theatre hereabouts where the classic drama has a habitation. Less imposing than the theatre across the bay, but supported with quite as much enthusiasm is the private theatre of Emilio Lastreto in his home on the western slope of Russian Hill. Here does Shakespeare receive the reverence do. Here his plays are staged with fidelity to the best traditions of the theatre, and interpreted by talented amateurs with a passion



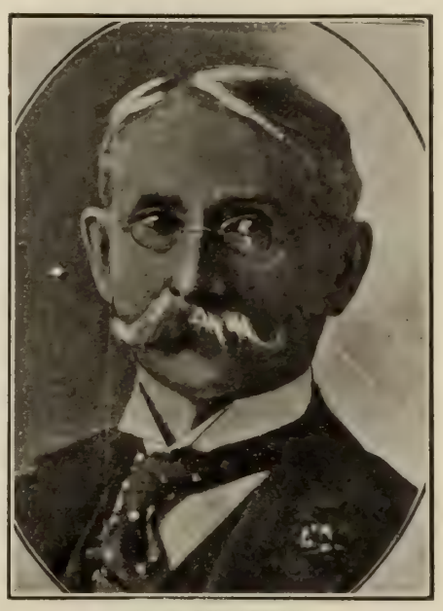
EMILIO LASTRETO

for the cultivation of the histrionic art. The seating capacity of this theatre is less than two hundred, but its equipment is as complete as that of any public theatre. When "The Merchant of Venice" was produced last December with Mr. Lastreto as Shylock, the scenery of Venice—the Rialto, the Grand Canal and Shylock's home—was reproduced with rare artistry. The painting was done by one of the artists of the Russian Hill colony. In April "Othello" with Mr. Lastreto in the leading role, was given with completeness of detail. Scenery was painted for this production by clever artists, and Desdemona's House and the tower on the Island of Cyprus were among the most striking features. Mr. Lastreto always has to give two performances that all his friends may be accommodated. On the 12th and 15th of this month he will present "Hamlet." Mr. Lastreto is a native of this city where he was born February 25, 1869. His father was one of our pioneer merchants. He went through the Boys' High School in the eighties, and was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court of the State on May 5, 1890. He has been engaged in active practice ever since. He is a man of culture, speaks French, Italian and Spanish and is a student of the literature of the romance languages. A pupil of Professor Tronchet, for years he was the champion fencer of the Olympic Club being skilled in the use of foils, broad-sword, single stick, dagger and rapier. He is Past President of Alcalde Parlor No. 154, N. S. G. W., and has been prominent at many sessions of the Grand Parlor. He is also a Past Sachem of the I. O. R. M. and as Great Representative has represented this State on three or four occasions in the Supreme Council held in the Eastern States.

E. S. PILLSBURY

The Richest Lawyer in San Francisco. He Represents Many Corporations and Reads the Outlook

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury is one of San Francisco's veteran practitioners. He made his reputation as a lawyer in Stockton many years ago. At the San Francisco bar he has been distinguished not so much for his legal learning, which is considerable, but for his generalship and his rare business tact. Few lawyers have surpassed him



E. S. PILLSBURY

in the business of building up a clientele. He is known as a corporation lawyer. From many corporations for many years he has received large retainers. The captains of industry recognize subtle talent for accomplishing things by methods all his own. At the time of the graft prosecution in San Francisco Mr. Pillsbury was attorney for the telephone company which was among the public service corporations that had done business with Mr. Abe Ruef, who used to hold intimate political relations with Mr. Pillsbury and who mentions Mr. Pillsbury by no means affectionately in an autobiography, which of course is a circumstance to Mr. Pillsbury's credit. Mr. Pillsbury was the one representative of the telephone company against whom the graft prosecutors appeared to have no grievance and no hard feeling. Today Mr. Pillsbury ranks as the richest lawyer in San Francisco. He no longer takes an active interest in political affairs, but despite his devotion to public service corporations for years he has become an ardent civic reformer, and is now a subscriber to the Outlook probably for the reason that he loves the moral platitudes of the Contributing Editor.

CHARLES F. HANLON

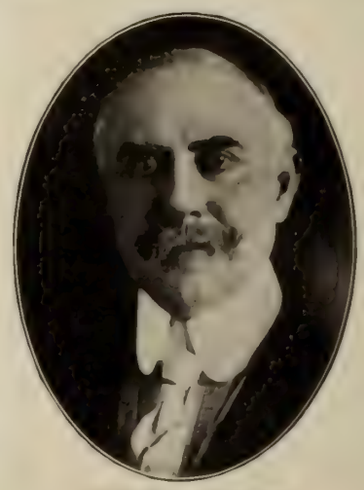
A Lawyer Who Has Handled Important Litigation and Earned Some Big Fees

By Lawrence Dunlap

Charles F. Hanlon is one of the leaders of the San Francisco bar. Through the possession of a mind with a natural legal bent and by unremitting study and close application to his profession, he has risen to an enviable position among the prominent lawyers of this city. When a list of the attorneys who have handled well remembered cases is made up, the name of Charles F. Hanlon claims a very conspicuous place.

To the plodding practicioner who is content to busy himself with an accumulation of small cases the law yields a sufficiently satisfactory income, but nothing more. Such a man never achieves the sort of success in his profession which makes him an object of general attention. It is the brilliant lawyer who goes after "big game" and knows how to bring it down; the attorney who scorns to enter a court room unless great interests are at stake; the legal luminary who allows his clerks to handle the details of litigation, reserving himself for the larger issues—it is this practicioner who waxes wealthy and distinguished. That is the sort of lawyer Charles F. Hanlon is. The law has been an amiable mistress to Hanlon, loading him with favors.

One reason for that is that Charles F. Hanlon



CHARLES F. HANLON

is solidly grounded in his profession. He was educated at the Jesuit College of St. Ignatius in this city, distinguishing himself in science, in the classical languages, in the humanities and in mental philosophy. With this generous equipment, the groundwork for any professional studies, he entered the law office of John Burnett, at the time one of the very best in San Francisco. In that office he learned the theory and practice of the law. He was a hard student, burning the midnight oil incessantly and working hard by day as well. A sound physique enabled him to continue this close application for years.

The result was that when Charles F. Hanlon branched out for himself he had passed the stage at which most young lawyers have arrived when they achieve the independence of an individual rent bill and a private telephone. He was equipped for the big cases of his profession. The big cases came his way with interesting regularity; he won the big cases with gratifying frequency. His fees took the breath away from attorneys who had started with him but whom he had left behind.

For his services in probating the will of his intimate friend Mervyn Donohue Hanlon received an honorarium of $60,000. In the famous Pratt case his fee was $80,000. In the Sanford will contest he received another fee of the same respectable proportions. And so it has been during all the years of his addiction to the practice of law. His retainers alone are very large. Having made a specialty of commercial law he represents many large corporations. He is also a favorite among theatrical managers who find themselves entangled in the meshes of litigation. Among others Florenz Ziegfeld may be mentioned; Hanlon has protected his interests on the Pacific Coast for years.

While giving the bulk of his time to law, Charles F. Hanlon has found time for the cultivation of arts and letters. He is one of our

most enthusiastic students of Shakespeare, both in the closet and in the theater. He is an amateur of pictures and has more than a dilettante's taste for the best in music. His collection of scores is one of the best in the West.

Hanlon is also a great traveler. He makes the European tour almost every year, and is quite as well known in the clubs of London and Paris as in those of San Francisco. He is a raconteur of unusual ability, and makes a fine after-dinner speech. As a dinner host he has achieved considerable distinction in this city where some of his dinners to visiting stage celebrities set a new mark for that kind of entertainment. He is also an enthusiastic motorist.

All his activities serve to show what pleasant fruits grow on the tree of the law for those who have the ability to reach up and pick them.

SYSTEM PERSONIFIED

The Man With a Passion for Facility in All Things

The movements of the sun and its planets have been reduced to mathematical formulae and called a system; the neural tissue of the mouse has been dissected out and called a system; men have beaten the bank at Monte Carlo and called it a system. But System,—real, genuine, guaranteed-under-the-pure-food-act System,—is a California product transplanted from Missouri. When they christened him, some fifty-four years ago back in Monroe county, there was the chance to dignify the word 'system' into a perfectly proper noun; instead, they wasted the opportunity upon the



TIREY L. FORD

middle name Lafayette, and ever since he has been known as Tirey L. Ford; synonym: System. He has only to reach out and touch chaos itself, and where confusion prevailed there exists System.

While he doesn't admit it, yet as a matter of course his activities that caused him to be elected district attorney of Sierra county in 1888, and a State senator from Plumas, Sierra and Nevada counties in 1892, and to be thereafter appointed attorney for the board of harbor commissioners, were reduced to System.

He became attorney general of California in 1899, and forthwith introduced into that branch of the State government the novelty of System.

In 1902, upon assuming charge of the legal affairs of the newly organized United Railroads of San Francisco,—of which corporation he is the general counsel,—he built his department upon a plan that called for System as its foundation stone and that should fly from every window the sacred flag of System.

In his capacity as a State prison director he was instrumental in bringing about consideration of the numerous applications for parole according to formulated procedure, or System. He believes in methods of prison administration that tend to the reclamation of the criminal, especially of the first offender, such as the indeterminate sentence, the segregation into grades, the teaching of letters and useful arts, the scientific treatment of physical and mental defects, liberality in parole; in short, he is an advocate of the so-called modern Reformatory System.

As a director of the Mechanics' Institute, which recently sold to the city for its civic center the old Mechanics' Pavilion site at a price near three-quarters of a million dollars, he will doubtless use his influence to have the income from the fund thus realized expended in the "dissemination of useful knowledge" under some well-defined System.

And if anything in the universe, from the solar system to the nervous system, seems to be out of joint with the purpose in hand, he will reduce the problem to terms of golf and solve it to his complete satisfaction by his infallible, copyrighted Golf System.

He is the original, systematic systematizer; he's the fellow who put the stem on System.

J. CHARLES GREEN

A Live Wire With Initiative and Enterprise

J. Chas. Green, a concentrated compound of energy and enthusiasm, is truly representative of the wonderful spirit of progress so distinctively San Franciscan.

Born in Kempen, Germany, he came to this city in boyhood and made his way through the grammar grades at the old South Grammar School, selling papers on the streets of San Francisco to pay his way. Gradually he worked up to assistant manager of one of the papers he had been selling. From here, it was but a step to publishing several weeklies, which early San Franciscan's fondly remember for their share in the making of the city's history.

Sighting a larger field of his activities, he sold out his newspaper interests to engage in the outdoor advertising business. How wisely he moved is to be judged by his present day standing.

The earthquake of 1906 brought Mr. Green into great prominence. Before the bricks were cold, he had fundreds of 7x10 foot posters displayed all over town. "WORK MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.—MAKE DEAR 'FRISCO ONE MILLION BY 1915." Such were his words of advice and encouragement. And now he says that his dream is coming "through."



J. CHAS. GREEN

The fire all but wiped the Green plant out of existence. What had not been burned, the government troops used to build temporary homes with.

As soon as suitable building material could be obtained, Mr. Green at once started construction on the Princess and Orpheum Theatres and the Auditorium Pavilion. Then came the Valencia Theatre, the most modern and best equipped playhouse in the west, after which he went to San Jose, and there built the Auditorium.

Building theatres and auditoriums was but a

The Bird-Archer Co's METALLIC EXTRACT

Boiler Compounds

SCIENTIFIC FEED WATER TREATMENT

Pacific Coast Agents

The Bird-Archer Co.

704 FIFE BUILDING

San Francisco, - Cal.

side line—a safety valve to his tremendous energy. His real work was the rebuilding of the entire billposting and painted display plant. The orders for posters from the San Francisco merchants struggling to re-establish themselves in business kept ahead of the carpenters for months. Even so up to the present day. His equipment is not yet adequate to supply the demand, and there is a waiting list of orders.

His business having outgrown his old offices at Stevenson street and Clinton park, an entire building was taken on Valencia street near Fourteenth, which was remodedel to accomodate what is said by Hugh Chalmers, Elbert Hubbard and other widely known advertising men to be the best equipped and most enthusiastic and loyal outdoor advertising organization in the world.

Mr. Green's success in business, of which he is justly proud, is due as much to his enthusiasm as to his enterprise. He is not a man to follow in beaten tracks. Whatever he has to do he resolves to do in an original way, and therefore whatever he does has the impress of his personality. The secret of his success in the advertising business is that he is not content merely to accommodate business men, in quest of publicity. He realizes that while the merchant or manufacturer may be skilled in his own line of business he may be entirely devoid of ideas respecting the science of advertising. That science Mr. Green has mastered, and his ideas are at the service of those who need them and who have the sense to profit from them. He is a man with every technical detail of his business at his finger tips, and there is no problem in advertising that he is not able to solve. His success is, therefore, the triumph of enthusiasm.

COLONEL GEORGE H. PIPPY

A Versatile Public Spirited Citizen of Many Engaging Qualities

A man of savoir faire, schooled in all the graces of hospitality and possessed of a knack for making the distinguished stranger within our gates feel as though he is at home, Colonel George H. Pippy occupies an enviable position in this community.

Colonel Pippy might be designated a "good fellow" were it not that that erstwhile flattering term has been debased by careless usage. He is a man of easy address, a genial, smiling mixer and a happy talker of witty, spontaneous nothings what time the black coffee circulates and the banquet board has been cleared of all but the wine and the cigars.

Whenever there is a man of prominence to be entertained, a cabinet officer, a general from abroad, a foreign diplomat, a cleric of outstanding importance or a merchant-prince with his eye on Californian opportunities, Colonel Pippy is always one of those who are entreated to sit at the speaker's table and give verbal expression to the felicities of the auspicious occasion. He has officiated so often in this capacity that it is not too much to say that prominent men all over the world know his aptitude and remember his twinkling smile. His reputation has long since passed our gates to penetrate the East and West. The world knows Colonel Pippy as one of San Francisco's representative hosts.

San Francisco has long looked up to him as one of her foremost citizens. No public movement of worthy origin and commendable purpose lacks his hearty co-operation. He has left his impress upon most of the campaigns for civic betterment which have been waged during the past generation, and his energies for this sort of service are far from exhausted. For Colonel Pippy has the genius for public life.

Colonel Pippy is that most unusual combination, a successful business man who is at the same time a lawyer of high distinction. In the management of a big business, the milk business, he has exhibited that broad grasp of mercantile technique which stamps the man born for victory in the hard battles of trade. At the same time he has handled a large legal practice for our best people with enviable results. Perhaps in keeping busy, in being always hard at work he has found the secret of happiness.

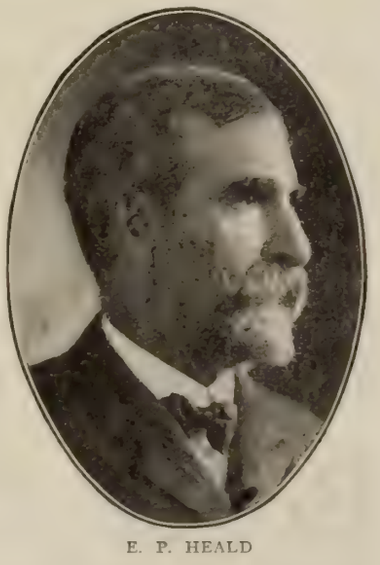
But there is another unit in Colonel George H. Pippy's formula of happiness. He is a man of unwearied charities. Unostentatiously, with what amounts to a horror of being found out, he is constantly doing good deeds for the needy, the downtrodden, the men and women who have fallen down in the fight and need special succor to regain their places. This is a side of Pippy's life which is known only to his closet friends, for he never parades his good deeds as some of our more spectacular philanthropists are wont to do.

In club life Colonel Pippy has always been a prominent figure. His connection with the Union League Club is particularly noteworthy. He helped place that fine club in the eminent position it holds today in San Francisco clubdom, and he occupied the presidency with honor to himself and to the gratification of his fellow members.

THE HEALD COLLEGES

History of a Pioneer Educational Institution That Has Rendered Valuable Service to the People of This Coast

Nearly fifty years ago, or, to be accurate, forty-nine years ago in October, there came to San Francisco a young man who was destined to do a great work in the development of business on the Pacific Coast. This youth, then barely past his majority, was Edward Payson Heald, the



E. P. HEALD

subject of this sketch. Young Heald came from New England, the home of a sturdy and progressive race. His ideals were high, and he started upon his career with much energy and with an aim single to the accomplishment of a great work. How well his work has been performed is evidenced by the results of his fifty years of faithful service to the young people of the Pacific Coast to whom he has given the advantage of a business training which in many instances has proved the foundation of fortune.

Scores of colleges have come and gone since the establishment of the Heald College in 1863, but the institution established by Mr. Heald has been continuiously identified with the development of this city and State. It has the quality of the Tennysonian brook. The long years of service, beset by the vicissitudes attendant the development of the business of the Western Coast, is an interesting narrative in itself. Surmounting all difficulties, overcoming all obstacles, Mr. Heald persisted in the task, which in a large measure was a labor of love and his college today is a monument that will long endure as testimony of his worth and of his fidelity to high principles.

It was in October, 1863, that Heald's Business College was established in San Francisco. Not one of the gentler sex attended the Institution until it had been in operation for over ten years. Men of mature years came to its doors with one thought in mind:—to prepare for business. The profession of shorthand writing was unknown in the early days of the College; and as not until long "after the war" did women make any attempt to take a place in commercial circles the sterner sex was alone represented in this institution of learning. Heald's College, built upon a firm foundation of devotion to its pupils, immediately won recognition for its high standards, for its development not only of the mind but of the qualities essential to the highest success in business life. For forty years it has held undisputed supremacy in its particular line of endeavor. Not until the great earthquake of 1906 was its progressive and successful career in any wise interrupted, but during the trying days following that great disaster the College rose out of the ashes, and opened the way for achievement far greater than ever before.

The undaunted leader, Heald, immediately evolved plans for greater work by planning to place a "Heald Education" within the reach of all ambitious young people on the Pacific Coast. He immediately surrounded himself with a half dozen enthusiastic young educators, who were to forge the Heald Chain of Colleges, each one of which was to partake of the same general characteristics that made for the great success of the parent college.

Heald Colleges were opened respectively in Oakland, Stockton, Fresno, San Jose, Santa Cruz, Los Angeles, Long Beach, Riverside, Chico, Sacramento and Reno, Nevada, each manned by principals and teachers who represent a standard of business training that is being placed higher and higher to meet the demands of progressive business. Forty thousand young men and women have gone forth into business to vindicate the quality of Heald training that has made a "Heald Education" the standard by which all other commercial training is being measured.

Old Castle Whiskies

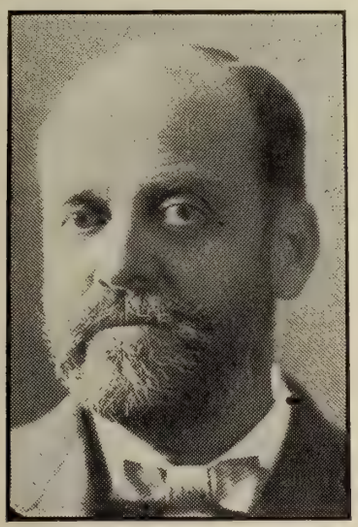


THE F. CHEVALIER CO.

The F. Chevalier Company
246-256 Mission Street
San Francisco, Cal.
Phone Kearny 1321

OUR SENIOR SENATOR

Few are the men in public life today whose political career has extended over so long a period as that of the senior Senator from California, the Hon. George C. Perkins. Few there are who have had a more interesting career. Born in Maine in 1839, raised on a farm, his taste was for the sea and at thirteen he was on a sailing vessel bound for New Orleans. He arrived in San Francisco in 1855, and was soon engaged in a mercantile business in Oroville. In time he became a banker, and later he engaged in the business of steamship transportation. In 1869 he was elected to the State Senate to represent Butte County, and he was re-elected in



SENATOR PERKINS

1873. In 1879 he became Governor of the State. In 1893 he was appointed to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Stanford. He has been re-elected at the expiration of every term, and he is today one of the most influential men in the Senate of his country. Senator Perkins is of the conservative school of statesman, a man of excellent judgment in all the affairs of life, a firm believer in the soundness of the fundamental principles of our government and with that abhorrence of radical experimentation that distinguished all the really great statesmen in the world's history.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

The men who steer the course of craft up and down the coast are pioneers of trade, and ultimately they help to form the backbone of the traders of the nation. Captain Charles J. Swanson is illustrating this fact in the waterfront life of this city. Captain Swanson comes of that hardy northern race of Europe whose sons are the natural-born sea-rovers of the world. When but a small boy in Sweden he went aboard ship, like a duck to water, lived aboard ship, grew up on a ship, and what he doesn't know about a ship and shipping isn't worth knowing. He served in all capacities in all parts of the world, and finally won a captain's certificate which made him master of both steam and sail vessels. In the course of time he sailed a vessel into San Francisco bay. Quite naturally this immense harbor impressed him favorably, and he determined to make it his home port. That was in 1896. Since then he has become acquainted along the Pacific coast ports and the Orient and with the leading men with whom he came in contact. All this while he was learning the lesson that there is more profit in trading goods for yourself than in carrying them in vessels for others. After he had accumulated a comfortable fortune some years ago he retired from the sea, and set up in business for himself in a well-equipped general store at 119 East street, opposite the Union Ferry Depot. He has a big and growing business, the principal line being uniforms and



CAPTAIN CHARLES J. SWANSON

seafaring men's clothes. He carries everything needed by captains and other officers and gives particular attention to the yachting service. Any man who wants to be easily and quickly outfitted in general clothing find exactly what he wants at fair prices at Captain Swanson's.

A. P. GIANNINI

Among the solid financial institutions of San Francisco is the Bank of Italy which owes no small part of its success and reputation to the sagacity and business ability of Mr. A. P. Gian-



A. P. GIANNINI

nini. The men with Latin blood in their veins play a very important part in the industrial, social and political life of San Francisco. This was never so vividly exemplified as in the days of rehabilitation, when it became a matter of general comment that the section of the city which was the first to be restored to its normal state was that occupied by the Italian Colony. Nowhere else was order so quickly brought out of chaos; nowhere else did the energies of the people so speedily achieve results. In that section it was for a short time that the wheels of industry failed to turn. One of the first of the city's financial institutions to open its doors was the Bank of Italy, and in those tumultuous days no man kept a steadier shoulder to the wheel than Mr. Giannini. This enterprising banker is one of San Francisco's most public spirited citizens. He comes of a family that is identified with the best traditions of the city. He is a prominent member of the Commonwealth Club, which concerns itself with civic problems, and in all the important discussions held by that organization he has proved himself a man with the courage of his convictions and with the very highest of civic ideals.

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TOWN TALK

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The Man In the White House

Hail to the victor! To President Taft the assurance of our respect and esteem. All that can be said against our worthy Chief Magistrate has been said. Now for a few observations that are not to be thought of partisan inspiration; neither let it be supposed that they spring from a feeling of compassion. The funeral of the week was not President Taft's. He met defeat, but retained his self-respect. He hazarded nothing, he lost nothing. Merely for the time being another is thought more worthy than he. At this moment the impression prevails that President Taft is a blunderer, but if you think it over you may conclude that in all his political career he made but one great mistake—the mistake of succeeding Theodore Roosevelt. At the close of Mr. Roosevelt's term the popular conception of a President was impossible of realization save by the re-election of Mr. Roosevelt. By the manners of a swashbuckler and the methods of a born demagogue, the ebullient, picturesque bronco buster not only achieved a popularity unparalleled but impressed himself indelibly on the public mind, establishing an absolutely new standard of comparison. Who could hope to come up to expectation following on the heels of so bizarre a President as Roosevelt? Naturally there seemed to be about his successor something mediocre in tone, something too studiously conservative, something dull, in fine, which made his performances, however satisfying to the student of government, absolutely tedious to him who had been thrilled by a series of dramatic effects. From the beginning the Taft administration, according to the view of the man in the street, lacked the punch. It has had no zip, no Wild West tang, no go. Naturally it has palled. Also from the beginning it suffered from the malevolent machinations of the tireless cabal organized by the doctrinaire statesmen of the Tennis Cabinet who had been given their walking papers. In ordinary circumstances President Taft might have made a very popular President, but as the successor of the ruthless superman possessed of stronger drawing powers than an eight-legged calf or a Tartar giant, he was colorless and insipid. Yet Mr. Taft is not without the qualities that a President should possess. With him public office is in the highest sense a public trust. His severest critics would not charge him with using the power of his office to help his candidacy. There was truth of high importance in Secretary Knox's tribute to President Taft for refusing to play politics with the Mexican question. A man less patriotic might have found opportunity over and over again to force a situation which would have insured his re-election. What the verdict of history on President Taft will be we will not venture to predict. Wise men are reluctant to make predictions in this topsy-turvy, ever-changing world, but we will hazard the general remark that like Grover Cleveland, whom he reminds us of by reason of certain qualities of a plain and homely species, he will steadily grow in public esteem. Of Mr. Taft it may be justly said that he never played the game of politics for low and selfish objects, and that could he have had his way he might have redeemed the game from its intrinsic degradation.

Theodore Roosevelt

Colonel Roosevelt has accomplished part of his purpose. He has beaten President Taft. By doing so he has wrecked the party that made him the foremost citizen of his country. But now that the excitement is over, now that the applause has died away and no more is heard the shouting of the captains or the paeans of the parasites, comes the melancholy hour of reflection. What did it avail the Colonel to injure the man who had been his friend, to shatter the party that had bestowed great honors upon him? So long the spoiled child of Good Fortune, the Colonel in his hour of defeat is in all probability a very unhappy man. He must realize that his ambition played him a very scurvy trick. Less than two years ago the most honored of American citizens, the most powerful in a legitimate and honorable way; yesterday, his dignity stripped from him by his own hands in an ignoble struggle; today, baffled, beaten, meanly and ingloriously beaten, what a pitiable spectacle he presents to mankind. In his case we see how by one false step in the momentous concerns of life a man may utterly blast a reputation acquired by years of noble endeavor. Colonel Roosevelt is in a position that time cannot improve but must impair. There is nothing that recedes like the tide of success at its turn. The name of Roosevelt is no longer a name to conjure with. As time runs on it must clearly be seen that the principles which served to give color to the Roosevelt aspirations were but the cloak of ambition. Because of his candidacy a plank was inserted in the Democratic platform pledging the party to urge the adoption of a Constitutional amendment making the President of the United States ineligible to re-election. And this is a matter bound to be the subject of agitation. The more it is agitated the more enlightenment will come to the people, the more clearly they will appreciate the enormity with which this country was threatened by a demagogue sensible himself of the importance of the third-term tradition as we know from the circumstance that he once voluntarily pledged himself to abide by it. And as time runs through days of calm undisturbed by the sophistries of unscrupulous politicians thought will be given to the extravagance of the former President's campaign pretensions and to the facts that were brought to light in the course of an official inquiry respecting campaign contributions of which this self-constituted exemplar of all the civic virtues was the beneficiary. Colonel Roosevelt in his downfall may find consolation in the defeat of President Taft, but even that is something that may plague him; for by defeating the President he incurred a powerful rivalry in a field that was formerly his own. We shall soon have two former Presidents, and the voice of Taft will not be a voice in the wilderness.

Is the Grape Vindicated?

According to Brillat-Savarin the man who invents a new dish renders a greater service to mankind than he into whose ken swims a new planet. If so what about the man who puts a new champagne on the market at a price that is not prohibitive even to you and me? And especially what shall we say of the man who makes the California grape the basis of this high achievement? Assuredly he does more than appeal to our palate and our purse. Above all he vindicates the virtue of the native daughter of the vine. And this native daughter has long been under a cloud. She was a prophetess without honor in her own home. Long have Californians scoffed at the idea of making a champagne of a noble and generous character in this State. Impossible, they have said, to imprison here the invisible spirit that diffuses a glory with its smile, that comes with sportive cupids who fan

their votaries with fragrant wings and fill the glass with sparkling fancies that whirl and foam. We had come to harden our hearts to the soft allurements of our native grape. You'd think that the quest of the alkahest was not less futile than the attempt to perfect a process for making the sprightly nectar in the smiling vineyards of California. Because a few men had failed we were quick to give ear to the wine-makers of France. They told us it couldn't be done. But Frenchmen are notoriously and preposterously vain about everything bearing the French label. A Frenchman will slaughter the King's English with perfect nonchalance while ridiculing you for mispronouncing a French word. Frenchmen are as proud of their champagne as they are of their tongue. But how absurd for us to take their word for it that we cannot make champagne! The proof of the pudding is in the eating. What is the proof of champagne? If it tastes like the real thing, if it sparkles like the real thing, if it has all the inspiriting effect of the real thing, what more should we ask? Now it is of some importance for us to know whether it is true that Californians have succeeded in making a genuine champagne equal in quality and character to the best imported wines. For if they have California has a new industry, and the captains of it will need encouragement, for they will find that they have certain prejudices to overcome and a deeply rooted conviction to extirpate, not to mention the pride of the parvenu which is something to be reckoned with, as the parvenu is inclined to judge wine as he judges works of art—by the price.

War and Peace

That the war in the Balkans is a menace to all Europe is a fact of which all Europe is aware. Why then have not the civilized Powers interfered? Why did they not seek to avert the catastrophe? To these questions there may be several answers. Perhaps the one that will be most generally accepted is that European diplomacy has broken down under the prodigious strain of preserving the balance of power. It is not to be gainsaid that all Europe is agitated and demoralized by jealousies and suspicions; but there is something else the matter with Europe. The civilized nations of the Old World are running to seed, the spirit of national enthusiasm is languishing, the masses are demanding from government more than government can give, and men in high place have come to realize that there is urgent necessity of reviving the sentiment of patriotism. More than a year ago one of the leading statesmen of Germany was quoted in the press to the effect that there was nothing like war to arouse national enthusiasm and render innocuous the rampant preachers of discontent. This statesman expressed the belief that a big war would be necessary to stem the torrent of Socialism. Now it is not improbable that this sentiment is held in more than one of the chancelleries of Europe. It is by no means a novel sentiment. It comes down to us from antiquity. More than once the Roman legions were sent to war for no other purpose than to take the minds of the people from economic problems. And after all who knows but that war is part of the universal scheme of things? Philosophers and closet students have turned with loathing from the carnage and suffering which inevitably follow in train of war allowing their minds to be imposed upon by a conception of suffering which has blinded them to the true proportions of its evils and the resultant consequences for good. But such is not the case with all philosophers, with all students of history. There are many of them who tell us war is to the body politic what fever is to the individual, and owes its presence to moral impurity in its widest sense. They tell us war must be accepted as a phenomenon in the life of a nation strictly analogous to disease in the life of the individual, an incident in the struggle for existence. It must be guarded against by every rational exercise of our powers, but endured nobly when it comes. When von Moltke wrote, "The idea of universal peace is but a dream and not even a beautiful dream," he probably had in mind the tendency of nations to deteriorate, of their people to neglect the practice of the civic virtues and to engage in intestinal strife. Perhaps he considered the expectation hopeless that human nature could be perfected without war into archangelic content and altruism. Assuredly if men cannot resist the corroding influence of prolonged peace, if in time of peace men can do no better than devote themselves exclusively to materialism, war has a wholesome influence that goes a great way toward compensating for its terrible evils.

The Politicians and the Railways

Now that the campaign is over and Thanksgiving Day not far distant we ought to cultivate the mood optimistic, but alas! there haunts the reflecting mind the soul-depressing question, Will the politicians let us alone? The blighting hand of the politician casts a shadow over us all. Even now with the country on the high road to a record period of prosperity the politician gives us pause. Let us turn for cheer and hope to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce at Washington and listen to the inspiriting words of Assistant Chief Austin. "With no alarming political development," he says, "every citizen within the next few years will have cause to give thanks that he is an American." And then he proceeds to put us in a glow of enthusiasm with the sparkling wine of facts and figures. There has been an increase of $3,000,000,000 in our foreign commerce since 1870. The home market for home products has grown from $7,000,000,000 to $33,000,000,000 in the same period. And all the while our crops are increasing amazingly and rail transportation rates have fallen from thirty-three cents a bushel to ten cents a bushel. Indeed, as Mr. Austin tells us in a burst of emotion, our freight rates have been steadily lowered and are now lower than in any country in the world. But Mr. Austin neglects to tell us that the country is badly in need of more railways and better railways. He neglects to tell us how the politicians have been forestalling prosperity by diverting capital from our transportation systems. The full tide of prosperity can never come to this country while the railways are unable to provide adequate facilities for the handling of crops and manufactures, and at the present time the amount of capital necessary to place transportation facilities, especially of the western part of the country, abreast of the agricultural and manufacturing development is almost inconceivable. The reason is not hard to find. It is to be found in the accounts published by the Interstate Commerce Commission. These accounts show what becomes of every dollar of capital acquired by any railway company and what use is made of every dollar received by it from the sale of transportation. From these accounts it is clear that the railroads of the country are no longer doing a business that justifies the investment of capital therein, for though their revenues have increased the increase is far from being in proportion to the increase in operating expenses. Notwithstanding that wages have been raised and that the cost of material has increased rates have been lowered. The result has been that the value of railways has increased but little more than half as fast as the value of all property, and that the increase in the aggregate capital of twenty-one principal manufacturing industries from 1900 to 1910 was three times as great as the increase in the cost of road and equipment of the railways. Even in greater ratio has the capital value of agriculture outstripped the increase in the value of the transportation systems. So it is no wonder there is a shortage of cars and a general lack of the facilities essential to the transaction of the business of the country. The one thing needed by the railways is capital, and capital persists in going where it can obtain the best security and the most satisfactory returns. If during the coming few years our politicians do not enable the railways to attract capital the result will be stagnation of business.

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Perspective Impressions

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Now let's forget about politics and go to work.

Somehow or other the man who gets robbed on the Barbary Coast doesn't seem entitled to much sympathy.

What cares Abdul Hamid? He still has his Circassian favorite.

Think you, now, it would be difficult to recall the man who gave us the recall and disfranchised the Republican voters of California?

The Bulletin will please take a few more straw votes.

And still a man must eat—crow?

Honor to whom honor is due. We learn from the Jersey Lily that it was not she but Lady Cornwallis West who cooled the Prince of Wales' hot spine with a piece of ice.

With tongue in cheek France proposes a policy of "territorial disinterestedness" in the Balkans, and the other Powers wink as they pretend to think it over.

Wonder if Danny Ryan really believed all that he said during the campaign!

What a fall was there—at Armageddon!

Back up, Christian Soldiers, never mind the Doxology, give us Down Went McGinty to the tune the old cow died of.

What about that spontaneous demand of the people and that call of seven (or was it ten?) Governors?

Dr. Jordan has an uncontrollable weakness for rushing to a violent opinion as to a rampart from which to flourish foolish phrases against imagined enemies.

Mediocrity has a profound distrust of the abnormal. Hence the inadvisability of being brilliant.

Bulgarian attar of roses cannot be had because of the war. Let it not be supposed, however, that the Bulgarians are perfuming the Turk to make him easier of approach.

Varied Types

XCIX—FELTON ELKINS

By Edward F. O'Day

A millionaire mummer. A dramaturge de luxe. A playwright who, if the fancy pleased him, could pen his pretty scenes on vellum with a stylus of gold. A producer with such a plethoric pouch of double eagles that he could build his own theatre, pay his company the top price in salaries, splurge on splendiferous scenery, let the audience in free of charge and still amble along in careless, cosy comfort, with no thought of firing his valet, curtailing his gasoline or slighting his bill at Poole's if his theatrical ventures went up the flume.

That is the unique (and shall I say, enviable?) position in which Felton Elkins finds himself.

It doesn't matter, from the financial angle, whether Felton Elkins' plays succeed or fail. He doesn't need the money. Failure can no more blight his future than success can increase his spending opportunities. He has about all he needs or will ever need in the matter of filthy lucre. Never for him has tonight's slumber been worried into fitfulness by the carking uncertainty of tomorrow's breakfast. He has never dodged a dun or engaged in the exhilarating pastime known as "raising the wind." He's a boy millionaire who works for the joy of the task, the most unmercenary architect of scenarios it has been my hap to meet.

I talked with him the morning after "Felton's First Play" was sprung on society at the Sinfrawncis. The first discovery I made, though by no means the most interesting or the most important, was that "Felton's First Play" was a misnomer. "Felton's First Play" is not Felton's first play any more than it is going to be his last. Neither is it his second nor his third. It is not even the first of his plays to be produced. He had had plays privately produced before "Felton's First Play" was submitted to the critical lorgnettes of hai aristai (with their escorts) at the Sinfrawncis aforesaid. "Felton's First Play" is Elkin's first play only in the restricted sense



Photo, Francis Bruguiere

FELTON ELKINS

that it is his first publicly produced play, the first of his efforts to be laid before an audience that had paid for its seats and had therefore purchased the right to dissect and comment carpingly.

It was Elkins' first play too in the sense that it was the first play in which he himself took part. He nearly took part in "She Stoops to Conquer" when he was "prepping" at St. Mark's in Massachusetts.

"I had the small part of a drunken lackey," he explained, "but I got tired of going to rehearsals and waiting to do my lines. I found that very stupid. It was much more interesting to stay in my chambers and write plays of my own. So I gave up the part."

So "Felton's First Play" introduced Felton Elkins to the acting game. He's not very strong for that end of the craft.

"I was dreadfully nervous," he says. "I had a horror of losing my voice despite the port wine and the aromatic spirits of ammonia I took beforehand. I'd much rather write plays than act in them."

But to return to the misnomer. "Felton's First Play" is a misnomer because Elkins has written oodles of plays. Not as many perhaps as Hartley Manners who is credited (or shall we say, charged?) with a whole trunkful, but still a respectable number just the same.

Elkins would have more—and this was a much more interesting discovery—if he hadn't torn up a lot. Whenever he stops work on a play through lack of inspiration or because he has lost interest in its theme, he is just as apt as not to fire it into the waste paper basket and forget it was ever started. Instead of laying it aside until the inspiration blazes again or interest revives, he usually makes auto da fe of it and tackles something else. He doesn't believe in the hoarding of wit, in economy of cleverness, in the conservation of literary resources. He's a lavish spender of intellectual gold and silver, scatters gems of thought and jewels of dialogue like a prince out of the Arabian Nights.

Which is to be expected. A millionaire dramatist can't be skimping his sentences and saving

(Continued on Page 30.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXVI—THE HOMING OF DRAKE

By George Sterling

(The Golden Hind, bearing Sir Francis Drake, British navigator and sea rover, entered Bodega Bay, on the California Coast, a few miles north of San Francisco bay, on September 29, 1579, forty-one years before the pilgrims of the Mayflower landed on Plymouth Rock. The following poem was published in Sunset Magazine, February, 1906. Sunset is the respository of many fine poems about San Francisco, and it is a pleasure to be able to republish some of them in this series. This splendid poem, "The Homing of Drake" does not appear in any volume Sterling has so far brought out.)

Was it the night that foiled his daring eyes,
Or passed he in the blindness of the fog
To-South, nor dreamt what keep of Empire stood
So near his grasp? I can but deem it strange
That God withheld from England in that hour
The incomparable haven, that His veils
Were somehow on the insatiate sight of Drake,
So that the land is not today her dow'r—
She, fostered since by all His winds and tides!
For then, as now, the Port lay vast with peace,
The hills were secret with the far-sought gold,
And streams were glad in valleys unprofaned,
Rich as that France she harried. Had he seen,
In time his tale had set her outpost here,
Guard of the Coast forever. But his eyes
Were holden, and our waters checked him not—
For leagues beyond the gray and desolate Gate
Stained from swart rivers! Saw he not the clue?—
Nay, blind to Empire sundered from his sight,
He passed, the intrepid, and the "Golden Hind,"
A waif in hostile deserts of the deep,
Fled homeward, to such issues as are told,
When but a glance, or quickening of the sense,
Had shattered thrones, and rent the bournes of rule,

And broken crowned fames, and swerved the course
Of all the tides of conquest round the world.
The Fates have mighty darkness at their seats,
Nor use revealing stars. Wherefore to us
Time's sea is strange, nor learn we to what law
Our needle veers, nor witness, for the Dark,
What shapes inscrutable stand at the helm,
Nor whence, amazed, the ordaining winds that urge
Our keels to harbors other than we dream.

The Spectator

The Manoeuvring of James

The horse cars are still running in Market street, but let it not be supposed that Mayor Rolph is to blame. The reason the horse cars are still running in Market street is that the supervisors recently approved the compromise agreement made by City Attorney Percy Long. If that compromise had been arranged Mayor Rolph would have got no credit at all. Percy Long would have been hailed and hymned as the man who solved the perplexing problem. It was too bad that Percy didn't submit the agreement to the mayor and let it appear that it was the child of his fertile brain. The mayor is a glutton for publicity and glory, and nobody else is to be permitted to edge him out of the limelight. Indeed the mayor has genius for the acquisition of glory; and by way of illustration some amusing anecdotes are being told at the City Hall. It is said that some time ago when he heard that the Board of Public Works had nearly finished certain plans which had been long in course of preparation, and had resolved to submit them on a certain day, he called a meeting and announced that he would no longer tolerate delay, that the plans must be submitted on a certain day and the day he mentioned was the one that had already been agreed upon. Then the newspapers told what a great business man the mayor was. Somewhat similar is the story which the underwriters are telling. They had decided upon a new schedule of rates to be put into effect on a certain day. Thereupon the mayor got busy, made a great commotion about insurance rates and got the credit for forcing the underwriters to make a reduction. With a man on the job so alert for the psychological moment how absurd for Percy Long to attempt to "put one over" in his own interest!

Signs of Discord

And meanwhile as I have said the horse cars are still running in Market street. Mayor Rolph has drawn up a brand new agreement by the terms of which he exacts greater concessions from the public service corporation than were dreamt of in the Long philosophy. Some of the terms are mere flubdub that look well on paper and they were readily assented to for the greater glory of Mission Jim. Others, the acceptance of which would mean the reduction of the revenues of the company, have been rejected. But these terms are very popular, and so the mayor is very proud of them. The more you expand the transfer system the greater will be the satisfaction of the people, but no matter how many people are in favor of free rides the United Railroads is not likely to give what it doesn't have to give. It appears, however, from the agreement made by Long and approved by supervisors who are known to be far from friendly to the corporation, that the United Railroads was willing to meet the city more than half way in an endeavor to abate the horse car nuisance. Perhaps Mayor Rolph will be able to get much more than Long got, but thus far he has only succeeded in impugning the intelligence and integrity of several public servants who hitherto labored in harmony with him in the interest of the city government. These officials were willing that he should get all the glory he could legitimately earn, but they are inclined to turn against him for striving for glory at their expense.

The Perennial Scandal

If Mark Twain had ever been a resident of Los Angeles I should have no doubt that he had that city in mind when he wrote "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg." The people of Los Angeles are the only hadleyburgians this side of Hadleyburg. They are a wonderfully moral people, are the people of Los Angeles. But they have a very narrow idea of morality. The sins that they damn are the sins that ascetics abhor. There is a great deal of dyspepsia in Los Angeles, and

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consequently a prejudice against things that inflame the stomach. There are a great many old maids in Los Angeles and a great many old men with young wives, and consequently there is a great deal of prejudice against certain forms of frivolity. But they are money mad in Los Angeles and consequently the ethics of business are no better in Los Angeles than elsewhere. If they catch a sucker in Los Angeles they never scruple at bumping his head. They have lots of real estate to sell down there, and therefore the town must be boomed, and to boom it fraudulent registration is made one of the principal industries. Occasionally you hear about the people being shocked by a play at a theatre, but you never hear of them being shocked by the stuffing of the register. That is a scandal notorious from one end of the State to the other. The only place it is never discussed is Los Angeles.

Their Leading Citizens

In a community where there is so much canting humbug it is no wonder that a man of the type of Guy Eddy should become a censor of public morals. Eddy is the man who framed an ordinance making it a felony for any man to have illicit intercourse with a woman. Eddy is the man who tried to prevent the performance of a play that was never thought to be obscene till he witnessed it. And Eddy was caught recently in the midst of a performance that stamped him as a man of very loose moral character. About the time that Eddy was suspended for his indecent behaviour William F. Bryant resigned from the presidency of the Good Government League. Bryant is a typical Los Angeles reformer. He and Eddy and Mayor Alexander had been working together in the grand work of purifying the atmosphere. Bryant resigned because of a suit for maintenance that had been filed against him. The complaint brought to light the fact that some years ago he deserted his wife and two children in Montana. Not till the other day was his wife able to discover his whereabouts. She found that he was a leading citizen of the moral city of Los Angeles. The qualities that best fit a man for leadership in a city where it pays to be righteous overmuch are the qualities that distinguish such men as Eddy, Bryant, Earl and Lissner. It is as amusing to observe their pretensions as it is to read one of Moliere's clever satires, but it is conducive to melancholy to reflect that Los Angeles is making its brand of morality contagious while striving to reform the whole State along the lines laid down by the Eddys and Earls. Already they have experimented with the scheme for eradicating prostitution which they hope to make a State law, and the women of the oldest profession, strewn all over the city, have made it a complete tenderloin.

Polacco at the Metropolitan

In the prospectus of the Metropolitan Opera Company for the coming season I read that "the management is pleased to announce the engagement of Mr. Giorgio Polacco, well known as a conductor of ability and distinction." So our old friend Giorgio has received his cachet. The conductor who swayed the baton at the Tivoli in the good old days has been admitted to the company of the great. Another artist whom San Francisco hailed has advanced to the tableland of supremacy. Polacco will divide the honor of leading the Metropolitan orchestra with Alfred Hertz, Arturo Toscanini, Giuseppe Sturani and Adolf Rothmeyer. When Ettore Patrizi went abroad to organize the opera company which gave us four weeks of fine music at the Cort, he tried to get Polacco as conductor. He failed, and obtained the brilliant Bavagnoli instead. The reason for his failure is now made plain.

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Santa Fe

The City of Siege

The eyes of the world are focussed on Adrianople as they were focussed, a few years ago, on Port Arthur. Yet how little do we know of this historic city! It has had a part in military history such as has been allotted to few cities of its size and importance in the world. Its whole history from the time of its foundation, through its rebuilding by Hadrian and its conquests by Goth, Ottoman and Slav has been a story of captures, reprisals and bloody engagements beneath its walls and of bloodshed and fire within its own gates. Moreover, it has been so closely connected with conquests and defeats of the Ottoman arms that its commercial and financial success has depended upon the rise and fall of the star and crescent. Its prosperous days followed the conquest of the Byzantines by Amurath in 1361, when it became for almost a hundred years the residence of the Sultans. Then were reared the great dome of the solemn mosque of Solim and its four stately minarets, the beautiful minaret of Boursali Jami with its spiral in white marble and red granite, and the still higher tower of Utch Sherifely, where ever since from its three balconies at the sinking of the sun the muezzin has called the faithful to prayers. Then the Ottoman Empire extended north of the Danube, and from all over Thrace, from what is now Rumelia, Servia, Bulgaria and even Rumania great caravans came to its bazaars bringing the products of these lands and taking away the goods of the Adrianople merchants.

Its Declining Glory

When the Russian general Diebitsch occupied Adrianople in 1829 and forced the Sultan to sign the treaty that recognized the independence of Greece and compelled the concession to the conquerors of certain Turkish territory Adrianople began to decline. The Ottoman territory from which trade could be drawn was not only decreased but the people who once came to Adrianople to do their trading refused to live under a foreign domination and left in great numbers for Asia Minor. When the Russians came again, when in January, 1878, after the fall of Shipka Pass the town was occupied by them almost without opposition, and when the treaty was signed at Berlin which took away from the Ottoman control all the land north of the Balkans, then again Adrianople, partly burned and greatly impoverished by the disastrous war, was compelled to face a still greater loss. Finally there came the taking away of Eastern Rumelia and the establishing of a strong and vigorous rival at Philippopolis. Adrianople no longer had any trade from the north. As the Turkish arms were driven back to the Bosporus Adrianople, devastated by war and wrecked in fortune, remained. It has always been an outpost of Constantinople, and today it is even more, an outpost of the Ottoman Empire. The position which it occupies and the defences by which it is surrounded make it geographically and strategically the key to all Eastern operations.

The Balkans' Amazing Military Strength

The war in the Balkans has upset the calculations of all the leading diplomatists and military experts of Europe. This we have learned by reading what the wise ones were saying at the opening of the conflict. The diplomatists thought they would have no difficulty in getting together and arranging terms of peace. Now it is evident that this is a most perplexing problem. Russian public opinion will not tolerate interference with the victorious Bulgars. Russia has been long looking forward to a coalition of all the Slavs of Europe in one great powerful confederacy, and the realization of the dream seems now quite feasible. Moreover the Balkan States are now in a position to do what Turkey has been doing for many years. The Turks maintained themselves in Europe by playing the jealousy of one Power against another. This is what the people of the Balkans are now able to do in their own interest. As to the military experts, they figured that after a few skirmishes Turkey would gather all her forces and crush her assailants with one blow. But the Balkan States have given the world an example of military preparedness for the like of which one must go back to ancient times. Consider the showing made by the Montenegrins. The population of Montenegro is under 300,000, but within a week after hostilities were begun there were 30,000 Montenegrins fighting on Turkish soil. To appreciate this achievement one must recall that the Northern States which had a population of 20,000,000 in 1861 were able to put upon the field of Bull Run, nearly two months after Fort Sumter was fired upon, only 30,000 troops. In 1898, with a population of 70,000,000, two months after war was declared against Spain, we were able to send Shafter from Florida with only 15,000 imperfectly equipped troops. Hardly less astonishing than Montenegro's performance is that of Greece. The tiny Hellenic Kingdom has a population of 2,500,000, yet it is agreed that in the first ten days 125,000 Greek soldiers had been mobilized on the Turkish frontier. In 1815 Napoleon was able to round up for his Waterloo campaign after two months of effort and in a country filled with veterans and with a population of 30,000,000 only 124,000 soldiers.

The Mighty Bulgarians

It is the military resources of Bulgaria which are really most amazing to military experts. At Austerlitz where Napoleon overthrew the combined Russian and Austrian hosts the Grand Army numbered but 65,000, that of its opponents less than 85,000. At Gettysburg Federal and Confederate forces combined did not exceed 150,000. A week ago on the Bulgarian frontier facing Adrianople were 250,000 Bulgarian, although Bulgaria has less than 5,000,000 inhabitants. To find anything comparable with the military showing of these small nations one must go back to ancient history. The small city of Athens sent to the expedition against Sicily nearly 40,000 men. Dionysius the elder, whose territories extended no further than the city of Syracuse, about a third of the island of Sicily, maintained a standing arm of 100,000 foot, ten thousand horse, besides a large fleet of sail.

How the Experts Figured

Not less astonishing than the number of Bulgarians soldiers are their fighting qualities and the skill of their officers. Just as the war opened Austro-Hungarian military experts declared that the Turkish army was in splendid condition, as might be judged from the circumstance that the nation had been preparing for a titanic effort against Italy. The Austro-Hungarian experts predicted an easy triumph for the Turks. German observers, relying upon the fact that a German, General von der Goltz, had trained the Ottoman forces, were equally confident of Turkish success. British experts compared the campaign against Adrianople with the campaign of the Russians against Plevna in 1877 when, in defence of that position, the Turkish soldiers displayed a tenacity and a fighting capacity seldom surpassed,winning a reputation which has survived, recalling identically the reputation achieved by the Japanese soldiers more recently in the Manchurian campaign. In the end Turkey was beaten because her generals, largely handicapped by orders from Constantinople, failed to take advantage of the opportunities for offensive operations which the valor of their soldiers provided. In the present campaign, we were told, the Bulgarian troops suffered by comparison with the Russians of 1877, and it was doubtful if they could develop any generals to compare with Skobeleff and Todleben, the famous defender of Sebastopol. None of the experts reckoned with the genius of Czar Ferdinand, who now promises to develop into one of the great military heroes and strategists of modern times.

"I suppose the young man was whispering soft nothings on the pier last night."

"No, auntie, he isn't that kind of a young man. He was telling me all about the filled cheese business."



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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 26)

his ideas like a poor devil who lives in Grub street and drives a gnawed-off pencil for the elusive butter to his doubtful bread. A playwright who was born with a golden fountain pen in his mouth must be allowed his little extravagances.

Not that Felton Elkins isn't a very sensible young playwright. His majority is not far behind him, but he has long since caught up with his discretion. He realizes that the plays he tears up from time to time are not masterpieces on which the world of art has an inalienable moral claim. Immaturity is never so tolerable as when it is humbly conscious of itself. Felton Elkins is not the dupe of illusory complacence. He knows he has a long road to travel before he overtakes the men who have mastered the difficult craft he dabbles in. That was the most interesting discovery I made.

To return to that morning after the great night at the Sinfrawncis. The morning after a premiere is not the best time to interview a dramaturge who has mummed in his own play. Obviously not, if the play has been damned. And if the play has been successful, the intoxicating chorus of praise drowns out those sober minor strains of criticism which would be heard in other circumstances.

Elkins had heard nothing but praise of his Sinfrawncis effort when I met him the morning after. The praise had been sweeping. It had not been confined to the idea of the play which was admirable, nor to the lines which showed much wit and a promising knack in the kneading of dialogue, nor to the insinuating satire sneaked in here and there. The panegyric of Elkins' friends embraced the playlet as a perfect whole without flaw and above reproach.

I tried to slant a more subdued light upon the matter, but with dubious success. I asked him his own opinion.

"It was too short," he replied. "It ran thirteen minutes when it should have gone sixteen at least."

"Do you think there was enough action?" I pursued.

"Certainly," he answered. "The success of a skit like that doesn't depend on action, but on the wit of the lines. I think the lines were good, don't you."

"Some of them were very good," I testified.

Now this may seem to contradict what I have said about the pleasant lack of complacence in Felton Elkins. But not necessarily. Despite old saws and modern instances there are many roads to success. Elkins is convinced he knows his road. And he has the courage of his convictions. He is thoroughgoing anyway. Action he considered negligible in "Felton's First Play," so when the script was distributed at the first rehearsal, not a bit of "business" was indicated.

That was a mistake, of course. But Elkins will learn to correct his mistakes as he goes along. He is impatient of instruction, as a millionaire youth is apt to be.

"I have read Price on the drama and Clayton Hamilton's book," he says, "but I don't think they did me much good. And I don't think I derive much good from reading the plays of Ibsen, Shaw, Sudermann, Brieux and the rest. I don't attempt to analyze them, as we used to analyze plays at school. I get more instruction by going repeatedly to see the production of a play which appeals to me. But whatever success I am to have in writing plays will come by trying to write them and keeping on trying."

I said something sufficiently trite about the value of hard work.

"I can't work hard," replied the dramaturge de luxe. "I work spasmodically. I may try for a month and accomplish nothing. Then again I may produce something very quickly. I wrote 'Felton's First Play' in two days and a half."

So Elkins gets action when he works, though he may put none of it into some of his plays.

There is plenty of action, he tells me, in some of his other plays. One of them, "The Cripple" was seriously considered for London production by Gertrude Kingston, so it cannot be deficient in action. Another with action is "The Canary" which John Galsworthy read when he was here. But more than to these Elkins pins his faith to "Feet of Clay" which we may see with "The Canary" early next year.

I am not going to dull the edge of curiosity by divulging the themes of these dramas. Elkins sketched them for me, and they seemed promising. He is not afraid to paint on a big canvas. The major problems of life don't daunt this youthful dramaturge. He thinks.

Consider the inspiration he obtained from Omar for one of his attempts. He read:

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers.

The lines gave him an inspiration, but not before he had twisted their meaning, thus:

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—for it prospers.

That, I submit, is not a bad emendation nor an insignificant one, coming from a millionaire who has never set his heart upon a material hope which hasn't become reality at his beck. Here's that his higher hopes may prosper and still not turn to ashes!



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NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,144; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of sale made by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 22nd day of October, 1912, in the matter of the above estate the administrator of the estate of said deceased will sell at private sale to the highest bidder upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the 26th day of November, 1912, all the right, title, interest and estate of said Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, at the time of her death and all the right, title, and interest that said estate has by operations of law, or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of her death, of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Sutter Street, distant thereon one hundred and forty (140) feet westerly from the westerly line of Pierce Street, running thence westerly along the southerly line of Sutter Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to point of commencement.

BEING a portion of Western Addition in Block 429.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash Gold coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of making said sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, all bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of John F. Hanlon, Attorney for said Administrator, at his office, Room 505 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the administrator personally or be filed with the Clerk of said above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale. Deed and abstract taxes for current year at expense of the purchaser.

Dated: this 9th day of November, 1912.

WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
505 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-3

CERTIFICATE OF NAME OF PERSON DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME—No. 1073

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that my full name is ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and that the place of my residence is at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that I am transacting a French Confectionery business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of L. RUFFIEUX;

That the principal place of my said business is at No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and that I will continue to transact such business therein, under said name and style;

That there is no other person interested with me in said business, and that I am the sole owner thereof.

Dated, this 30th day of October, A. D. 1912.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 30th day of October, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twelve, before me, JAMES H. STIRLING, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and she duly acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) JAMES H. STIRLING,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. My Commission Expires September 11, 1915.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 31, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By W. R. Castagnetto, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. at Law,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-5

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

To Entertain the Tea Baronet

It has been abundantly set forth that when Sir Thomas Lipton comes to San Francisco, Captain Martin Crimmins and charming Mrs. Crimmins will monopolize his time and supervise his routine of entertainment. But I think this is a bit inaccurate. I have it on pretty good authority that the Knight of Oolong will bring a letter of introduction to that vivacious widow Mrs. Kate Voorhies Henry. Naturally, therefore, some part of the four days which the Baronet of the Soothing Beverage will spend in our midst will be devoted to Mrs. Henry. And I forecast that in her company he will have the time of his life. Mrs. Henry is a charming hostess whose entertainments are calculated to make a yachtsman forget the bitterness of three-fold defeat. And Sir Tommy loves lively company. He mingled a bit in that gay set which was headed by the late King Edward and Mrs. George Keppel. In fact, for a long time George Keppel was employed in Lipton's New York office, a situation which enabled the late king and Mrs. Keppel to be much together. When the king died and Mrs. Keppel went to the ends of the earth to digest her grief Sir Tommy sought her out among the fragrant tea trees of Ceylon and sought to assuage her consuming sorrow. They are still good friends. But Sir Tommy has a great capacity for friendship; and he will display it to advantage, I make no doubt, when Mrs. Henry has him to tea.

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The Concert Varie

A vaudeville program can't "get by" on the strength of a pretty name unless it's a good vaudeville program. "Concert varie" is a pretty name for vaudeville, but alas! the concert varie at the St. Francis last Thursday night was not a very good vaudeville show. It lacked the cohesive strength of good vaudeville; some of the parts were greater than the whole; it bent beneath the burden of monotony. Three separate numbers on the program were supplied by Miss Clara Alexander who also appeared in one of the skits. Two separate numbers were given by Miss Ida von Weick. And there were three one-act plays. John Morrissey could have told the projectors of this entertainment that you can't make up a good vaudeville program in that fashion, even when you call it a concert varie. It was a concert, but it lacked variety. The audience was large, brilliantly garbed (the women are meant), but the audience was disappointed. It showed its disappointment by laughing in the wrong places and talking most of the time. When a number topped the general level of mediocrity the audience was unaffectedly delighted. So it hailed Oscar Frank as the savior of the show. Frank gave a bird lecture which was a scream, and followed it by an imitation of Kellogg, the bird man, which was even funnier. He was the hit of the evening because he had real humor and didn't strain any points in imparting it.

Miss Alexander's Contribution

Miss Alexander is a woman of poise. She is very sure of herself, but could not be too sure of her audience except at the moments when her darkey imitations were of the broadest and most obvious sort. When she recited a poem by Paul Laurence Dunbar the audience got the fidgets and lost interest in everything but its own chatter. The poem did not lend itself to effective recitation. By the way, Miss Alexander spoke of Dunbar as "the only colored poet." Think again, Miss Alexander! Miss von Weick displayed a cultivated voice and a charming manner, and her singing of Nevin's exquisite setting of Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue" was particularly fine. M. André Ferrier sang the Pagliacci prologue not so well as we have heard it many times before. There was some excitement when Mlle. Jeanne Gustin sang. On the program her song appeared as "Marguerite au roues," but the excitement died when it was found that she was not singing of roues but roses. Merely a typographical error. Why the projectors of the show chose Mrs. Barry Pain's skitlet "After All" must remain a mystery. Mrs. Pain has none of the witty cleverness of her husband, for so long the star story writer for Black and White. The skit is dull in talk and devoid of action. Willard Barton, Miss Alexander and Arthur J. Owen struggled with it valiantly but vainly. Much better was "Le Marriage de Colombine" given by Mlle. Gustin and M. Ferrier. There was a certain satisfaction in being able to laugh loudly at witty points made in French, and of course we really have some people who can follow the rapidly spoken lines of a French play.

Thanksgiving Turkey Favors. Dainty little minature turkeys in life-like pose and colors, filled with candies, make appropriate gifts and attractive decorations for the Thanksgiving Dinner. Geo. Haas & Sons' four Candy Stores.

"Felton's First Play"

This was the piece de resistance, and the audience followed it closely. The amateurs acquitted themselves well, particularly well when it is remembered that they had almost nothing to do but talk. To talk and talk and do nothing is quite a task even for a seasoned John Drew. Felton Elkins, the author-playwright, was a bit nervous but managed very well. So did Willard Barton who has had experience. But interest centered in Miss Gregg and Mrs. George Armsby. Miss Gregg was perfectly fascinating, as usual; it is no effort for her to be so. And her acting was natural and unaffected. Mrs. Armsby was lines which got a laugh was interpolated from lines which got a laugh was interploated from the audience. "Give me a kiss," said Mrs. Armsby in her character of maid to Felton Elkins in his character of society man. Whereupon from the audience Harry Scott suggested, "Let George do it" whereupon Mrs. George Armsby blushed prettily and the audience roared. Walter Martin started the cry of "Author" at the conclusion and it was taken up on all sides, but Elkins modestly hugged the background and refused to appear, except to help receive the loads of flowers which were passed up for Miss Gregg and Mrs. Armsby.

Two Interesting Debutantes

Two of the most interesting debutantes this Winter are Phyllis de Young and Nancy Glenn whose names have just been added to the list of young ladies who will make their first bow. Miss Phyllis de Young is considered by many the prettiest of the pretty de Young girls. Unlike her sisters she is of the blonde type and has a face of classic lines which is very strikingly attractive. Miss Nancy Glenn is a Dresden China maid and also of unusual attractiveness. She is the granddaughter of the Glenn after whom Glenn County was named. It was named after him for the quite sufficient reason that he owned most of it. Miss Glenn's father lives in Glenn County, but she is here with her aunt Mrs. Charley Leonard who has apartments at the Palace. She has just returned from a finishing school in the East.

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The Sociable Cardinal

John Cardinal Farley is quite the most festive dignitary that has visited San Francisco in some time, and society is delighted with him. The smart set is rather given to viewing askance the dignitaries of the church, and is rather shy of inviting them to participate in their frivolous functions. There have been a few notable exceptions. Rev. Edward Morgan has been very much of a society beau and a few seasons ago was included in all of the theatre and supper parties given by Florence Breckenridge (now Mrs. Fermor Hesketh) and Miss Augusta Foute. Father Robert Sesnon has been wont to grace the parties of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and a few other dowagers at the big musical affairs and appear at their formal dinners. But as a usual thing, when entertaining a prelate, the hostess arranges a conventional reception or else a very large and pretentious dinner that much resembles a banquet. But for John Cardinal Farley are being given the most intimate jolly affairs, the most important yet being the champagne breakfast Sunday morning given in his honor by Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her home in Broadway. Brilliance, breeziness and informality marked the affair and the high church dignitary has been declared perfect according to western social ideals.

Drinking Equipment for Brides

The tendency of the times is curiously manifested in the wedding gifts that are showered upon the latest society couples. In every collection acquired by recent brides there has been an amazing amount of drinking equipment Among Innes Keeney's gifts were half a dozen cut glass decanters, silver mounted cocktail sets, individual bottles for Bourbon and Scotch and a fascinating novelty that came from Austin Moore in New York in the shape of a combination decanter of glass mounted in silver which is divided into four compartments, each with its silver stoppered outlet on top, to hold gin, rum, brandy and whisky. This sort of paraphernalia has predominated in all the wedding gifts this winter, quite overshadowing the china and bric-a-brac and lamps with which brides of a decade ago were wont to be showered.

At Kohler and Chase's

The weekly music matinees given at Kohler & Chase Hall every Saturday afternoon continue to be attractions for hundreds of eager music lovers. The program to be presented this Saturday afternoon is on the usual high plane. Mrs. Ruth Waterman Anderson, contralto, has been engaged as soloist. She is one of the most prominent concert artists on the Coast. She will interpret compositions by Thomas, Schubert and Bemberg. The selections for the Pianola Piano are particularly important this time. They will include Sarasate's Zigeunerweisen and the Moonlight Sonata by Beethoven. The great Magic Fire scene from Wagner's Walkure will be played on the Aeolian Pipe Organ.

The Main Attraction

It is successful catering to the tastes and desires of the seasoned epicure that has made the great success of the special luncheon at 50 cents served every day at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. And in catering to the palate at this noonday "bite," the management hasn't overlooked pleasing the whims and fancies of a pleasure loving crowd. We do not think it an exaggerated statement when we say that this special luncheon is the best to be had in town. There's an "air" about this popular dining place that captivates all who enter it. And whether one is Bohemian, rounder or stay-at-home, you can enjoy yourself to your heart's content. The special 50 cent luncheon is served every day from 11:30 to 2.

Affairs at Techau's

The officials of the Railway Mail Service held an elaborate banquet at Techau Tavern, Monday evening, November 4. The decorations were unique and in keeping with the occasion, the menu being in the form of a locomotive as was also the first course. The crowning decoration was a huge locomotive carved from a solid block of ice, perfect in every detail, handsomely decorated and illumunated, the tender containing the dessert. Music and other forms of entertainment enlivened the evening which was most successful. On Saturday, November 2, upwards of one hundred members of the Shriners' Patrol of Islam Temple held a banquet at the Tavern, at which the lighting effects were in the form of camels, and an enormous camel carved in ice the most notable decoration. After the dinner the floor was cleared for dancing, the music being furnished by a full orchestra.

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Symphony

A Schumann symphony full of the pranks of fairies and goblins, singing of moonlight, of sunshine, of love and joy and youth, a Strauss "tone poem" full of the tragedy of the separation of the soul from the body and the miracle of transfiguration, pain, sorrow and their spiritual exaltation, and finally a contralto singer who sang for us three of her own operatic successes—such were the substance, the variety of the second symphony concert. A thing of sheer beauty is the Schumann symphony, with none of the qualities that repel or that call for the appreciation of the mystic, and therefore more delightful to me than the hard scientific work of Strauss. The musician with a message like his brother the dramatist with a problem to solve is a bore at times. If as somebody has said the mission of the symphony is not to teach but to give pleasure and excitement then assuredly Schumann is preferable to Strauss, even though it be conceded that the former was never a great master of form. To be sure the Strauss symphony is a thing of superb construction, but one feels that the composer dwells far off in a world remote from the world of man. All through there is splendid coloring, and one does really catch a little of the composer's exalted spirit when the brass flares out betokening the end of the struggle between soul and body, for then came the calm and peace that are not of this humdrum work-a-day world. But that obtrusive brass—I am wondering yet if Hadley read the score that way or if the man who blared did so on his own motion. No, it was Straussesque, for Hadley kept on calmly beating time, without that characteristic shake of his hair which he always gives at the moment of strong attack. Mme. Carrie Bridewell, who contributed the vocal numbers, is or was of the Metropolitan forces. She is a robust lady with a robust contralto voice, more robust than brilliant. She sang from Rhinegold, from Mignon and Lucretia Borgia, the orchestra accompanying. —H. M. B.

The Concert by the Beel Quartet

A gathering in the ball room of the St. Francis is usually stencilled with all the marks whereby, we are told, that amazing entity called "society" may be recognized. Gorgeous dowagers resplendently jeweled and rustlingly arrayed touch naked elbows with mincing debutantes in frilly frocks designed to emphasize virginal but not ingenuous charms. Blase youngsters who buy their coats in London and their shirt buttons in Paris sink simpering into seats beside apoplectic veterans of the dining room who glow with wine and vinous good nature. There is much chatter about a thousand silly nothings and little appreciation of aught that is worth while. There is boredom at the start, drowsiness at the middle and a little interest at the end of the entertainment when supper time is approaching. That is "society's" sophisticated patronage of art in the ball room of the St. Francis. But it is not always so. There are other occasions. There was, for instance, the concert given by the Beel Quartet Sunday afternoon. "Society," as an entity, was not there. There were only those individuals who are admissible to the sacred corral but who find the main business of life elsewhere. It was in fact a representative gathering of San Francisco's music lovers, that fine band of amateurs and professionals of whom it is flatteringly accounted that our foremost entrepreneur Will Greenbaum knows them all by their first names. They had gathered for the first concert of Sigmund Beel's second season. Nearly every one of them had been to all the Beel concerts last winter; nearly every one of them will miss no Beel concert this winter. These are, so to speak, the musical backbone of San Francisco; on their word the reputation of a musician in this finicky community stands or suffers fall. They came with no fuss or feathers, but they brought an intense love of music with them. And they got what they deserved, for they enjoyed the best.



LULU McCONNELL and GRANT SIMPSON
Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

It is late in the day to sing the praises of Sigmund Beel and Emilio Meriz, masters of the violin, of Nathan Firestone, the magician of the viola, and of Wenceslao Villalpando, who conjurs the heart strings of the impressionable 'cello. They are all artists to the fingertips, and they form so compact a quartet that it might be fancied one soul of music animated them all. Their Sunday offering was notable. First there was a Schumann quartet, as it were a poem in four contos imprisoning the impalpable spirit of beauty. There was also a Dohnanyi quartet wherein an ultra-modern shows his scorn of fashionable impressionism by weaving heavenly harmonies through and through the brilliant texture of his piece. And there was a Brahms sonata for piano and violin rendered by Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington and Sigmund Beel. Perhaps the most cultivated musicians liked that best. It was observed that Mrs. Washington subordinated her instrument to that of Mr. Beel, but is not this to catch the spirit of the Beel concert wherein none seeks a personal triumph but all play for the achievement of a perfectly rounded result? It was a fragrant ninety minutes or so of the best music, and the music lovers went away with happy smiles upon their faces and melody singing in their hearts. "If only I could hear that program again before the day is over!" said one. And I imagine many felt that way.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Old Time Melodies at the Orpheum

"Wait for the Wagon." "Billie Boy." "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." "Dan Tucker." "Nellie Gray." "Grandfather's Clock." "Clementine." It's a long time since most of us have opened the old song book and gathered around the piano to sing them in the dusk of a summer's evening. A lot of those thumbed and dog-eared song books of war time were burned in 1906 and have never been replaced. The fever of rag time is in our blood, and those sweet old melodies have been almost forgotten. But not quite. That was proved at the Orpheum when Dane Claudius and Lillian Scarlet thrummed them on their banjos. The half-remembered airs swept over the audience like perfume shaken from the folds of yellowed wedding robes. It was a new note in vaudeville; new because so very old. It captured the audience at once. Pretty soon they were singing the quaintly simple words in all parts of the house. The banjo players stopped their thrumming for a minute in the midst of "Grandfather's Clock," and lo! everybody in the Orpheum, or nearly everybody, was singing; had been singing almost unconsciously. Then everybody laughed, as people will laugh when they are caught a-sentimentalizing. And when the words of the last song had faded from the screen there were thunders of applause. The gallery which is a bit neglected in these sophisticated days of vaudeville, came down to a man. The gallery doesn't come down very often these days. Decidedly Dane Claudius and Lillian Scarlet gave us one of the best because one of the most appealing vaudeville stunts we've had in many a day. My hat is off to them. George V. Hobart contributes the sketch this week. It's a good little sketch called "Mein Liebchen," but it is best when Gloriana the shop girl talks Hobart slang. Aside from Rupert Hughes there is nobody who can give us such breezy and original slang as George Hobart. To speak of Amelia Bingham's "big moments from great plays" is to deal with a painful subject, Miss Bingham's acting is so bad. If I were asked to tell an aspiring actress how not to act I should bid her go to the Orpheum and see Miss Bingham in "The School for Husbands" and "Madame Sans-Gene." Miss Bingham omits no acting faults in these travesties of "big moments." Les Marco Belli, French comedy conjurors, Charlie Olcott in a clever satire on comic opera, singing Nellie Nichols, Maria Galway the coloratura singer and Howard the ventriloquist furnished the rest of the entertainment.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Yolanda Mero This Sunday Afternoon

Mme. Yolanda Mero, the famous Hungarian piano virtuosa, will make her first appearance on the Pacific Coast this Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium under the direction of Will. L. Greenbaum. The program will include Bach's Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue, Beethoven's Sonata Op. III which has not been heard here since Josef Hofmann played it and works by Merkler, Dohnanyi, Chopin and Liszt. The second concert will be given next Thursday night, November 14, when a number of novelties will be given.

Mme. Gerville-Reache

The French prima donna contralto Mme. Jeanne Gerville-Reache whose glorious voice can only be likened to Mme. Scalchi's in quality and who made such a deep impression when she visited this city two years ago, will be the next vocal recitalist to appear under the Greenbaum management.

The Beel Quartet

Quartets by Haydn, Debussy and Beethoven will form the program for the second concert of the Beel Quartet announced for Tuesday night, November 26.

Alice Nielsen and Company

Manager Will. L. Greenbaum announces that he will from now on accept mail orders for what promises to be the sensation of the music season, the appearances of Alice Nielsen with a company of star members of the Boston Opera Company. The conductor will be Signor Fabio Rimini of the opera in Bologna. The first performance will be given at Scottish Rite Hall on Thursday night, November 21, when Miss Nielsen will present Wolf-Ferarri's "The Secret of Suzanne." Prior to the performance a grand operatic concert will be given in which Mlle. Jeska Swartz, the prima donna contralto, will sing the aria from Tschaikowsky's "Joan of Arc," Signor Mardones the aria from Verdi's "Simon Bocanegra," Signor Ramella the aria from "La Boheme," Signor Fornari the Figaro aria from "The Barber of Seville" and Miss Nielsen will offer some delightful concert numbers and an operatic aria. The second and last performance of "The Secret of Suzanne" will be given on Sunday afternoon, November 24.

Dustin Farnum Next

Julian Eltinge will begin the third and final week of his engagement in "The Fascinating Widow" at the Columbia Sunday night. Dustin Farnum comes to the Columbia to present Edward Peple's play, "The Littlest Rebel," the engagement beinning Sunday night, November 17. In this drama of the Civil War Dustin Farnum is said to have scored the most remarkable success of his career. The title role will be in the hands of Mary Miles Minter who originated the part, as did George Thatcher, Alexis B. Luce, Morris Burr, Harry St. Julian and J. A. Gustain their respective parts. The advance sale will begin next Thursday morning.

"The Right Princess" at the Alcazar

Mental suggestion is the theme of "The Right Princess," a play by Clara Louise Burnham which is to be staged for the first time in San Francisco next Monday evening and throughout the week at the Alcazar, with Maude Fealy and James Durkin leading the cast. It served that talented team as a starring vehicle last season in the East, and when their current engagement expires they will tour the Pacific Coast with it, appearing in high-price theatres only. By special arrangement with the author they are enabled to present it in the O'Farrel-street playhouse, its run being limited to one week.

At the Orpheum

Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson will present at the Orpheum next week a one-act comedy "The Right Girl" written for them by Herbert Hall Winslow. A marvelous exhibition of athletics will be introduced by Nat Nazarro and his company. They have just completed a three months' engagement at the Winter Garden, New York, where they created a sensation. George H. Watt who has puzzled and astounded the patrons of the leading foreign music halls by his wonderful control of electricity will also appear. He allows over 500,000 volts to pass through his body, making it possible for him to light firecrackers, bicycle lamps, paper, etc., on his hands, head and chest. Adele Ferguson and Edna Northlane who style themselves "the London Tivoli girls" will contribute music and impersonations. Next week will be the last of Joseph Hart's production of "Mein Liebchen"; Howard, the Scottish Ventriloquist; Les Marco Belli and Madame Maria Galvany, the prima donna who will be heard in an entirely new repertoire.

"The Chocolate Soldier" at the Cort

"The Chocolate Soldier" is enjoying its third season of unabated popularity. It comes to the Cort for a single week's engagement beginning Sunday night. Fred C. Whitney, director of the



"The Chocolate Soldier" at the Cort.
ILON BERGERE
A great local favorite who returns to us in

Whitney Opera Company and producer of "The Chocolate Soldier," has sought to surpass his former achievements. The company embraces Rena Vivienne, Ilon Bergere, Lucille Saunders, Charles Purcell, J. Russell Powell, Hazel Frazier, Sylvain Langlois, Pony Moore, J. F. McDonough, and other favorites. The Whitney Opera Comique orchestra will be under the baton of Max Fichandler. It will be remembered that Purcell appeared in the role of Lieutenant Bumerli last season at the Cort. Ilon Bergere, Lucille Saunders, and Sylvain Langlois were other members of the cast.

The Fine Ball at Pantages.

There will be a great bill at Pantages next week. It will include "From White to Black", a Ned Wayburn tabloid musical comedy which brings the "Minstrel Misses". "804 Marked Money" is a "surprise act." The Zara Carmen trio will roll hoops and juggle. William Howard Langford is the "Beau Brummel of singers". The Cerved Due play the newest instrument, the piano accordeon. The sketch, "The Return of the Vassar Girl" and motion pictures complete the bill.

The San Francisco Orchestra

The following excellent program will be given at the third symphony concert of the San Francisco Orchestra: Mozart, Overture "Marriage of Figaro"; Rachmaninoff, Symphony No. 2 in E Minor, Op. 27; S. Soleridge-Taylor, The Bamboula—Rhadpsodic Dance, (new; first time in San Francisco); Wagner, Siegfried's Funeral March from Die Gotterdammerung. For the afternoon of Sunday, November 17, the day of the third popular concert Dippel's production of the Secret of Susanne will be given. The first part of the program will be devoted to the orchestra; the second part will be the Secret of Susanne, and Attilio Parelli will wield the baton.

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP—No. 1057

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are co-partners doing business under the firm name and style of PACIFIC COAST HOTEL GAZETTE CO.; that our principal place of business is in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at No. 163 Sutter St.; and that the following are the names in full of all the members of said partnership, and their respective places of residence, to-wit:

William P. Harrison, 1440 Euclid Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

Martial Davoust, Mendel Apartments, Ellis at Jones Street, San Francisco, Cal.

In witness whereof the undersigned and above named partners have hereunto set their hands this 24th day of September, 1912.

WILLIAM P. HARRRISON.
MARTIAL DAVOUST.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 24th day of September, 1912, before me John D. Gish, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared William P. Harrison and Martial Davoust, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) JOHN D. GISH,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(Endorsed): Filed Oct. 2, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By L. J. Welch, Deputy Clerk. 10-12-5

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO BECOME A SOLE TRADER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, within and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of WINIFRED KIMBALL DE WOLFE to Become a Sole Trader.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Winifred Kimball de Wolfe, the wife of Edgar S. de Wolfe, who is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, intends to make an application to the above entitled Court on the 18th day of November, 1912, at the opening of the Court on said day, or as soon thereafter as said application may be heard, for a judgment and order of said Court, permitting and authorizing her to become a Sole Trader and to transact business in her own name, and upon her own account, as a Sole Trader, under the provisions of Title XII, Part III, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; that the nature of the business to be conducted by the undersigned is that of an Interior Decorator and Designer, and to buy and sell goods, wares and merchandise, and the place at which it is proposed to conduct said business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 5th day of October, 1912.

WINIFRED KIMBALL DE WOLFE.

CHARLES H. FAIRALL, Atty. for Petitioner,
Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—(Probate); No. 10,980; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

W. J. PALETHORPE, the administrator of the estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for order of sale of real property, and it appearing therefrom to the satisfaction of the Court that a sale of the real estate described in said petition is necessary and for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein,

IT IS ORDERED: That all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be and they are hereby directed to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, thereof, in the City Hall Building on Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 4th day of December, A. D. 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administrator for the sale of the whole of the real estate of the Estate of said deceased; and

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED: That a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 29, A. D. 1912.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 30, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER, Attys. at Law,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-2-5

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Concert of Miss Heath

A fine concert will be that given by Miss Helen Colburn Heath, soprano, assisted by Herbert Riley, 'cello virtuoso, and Uda Waldrop, pianist, at the Colonial Ball Room, St. Francis Hotel, on the evening of Thursday, November 21. Miss Heath is well and favorably known in this city.

Concert of Adele Rosenthal

Adele Rosenthal, the San Francisco pianist who created a sensation at the concert of the San Francisco Orchestra will be heard in recital at the Scottish Rite Hall on Wednesday evening, November 13. An excellent program will be given and will include Brahms, Scarlatti, Chopin, Schumann, and Liszt.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy are stopping at the Hotel Victoria. General Cooke and son are also there. John F. Bigelow and wife have taken apartments. Mr. and Mrs. Bunker of Mill Valley are registered. Miss Marshall of Washington, D. C., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. N. Sims. Dr. A. M. Flood and wife are registered. Mrs. E. M. Hartley is registered for the season. Mr. Alexander Aaronsohn of Washington, D. C., who is stopping at the hotel, is lecturing on the Holy Land and his brother Mr. Aaron Aaronsohn of Haifa, Palestine (where he is engaged in experimental agriculture), has been delivering lectures upon his work here.

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THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT,
Friday Afternoon, November 15, 1912, at 3:15 o'clock
AT THE COTT THEATRE
PROGRAM

Mozart .....Overture, "Marriage of Figaro" 1756-1791.
Rachmaninoff.....Symphony No. 2, in E Minor, Op. 27 1873.
I. Largo—Allegro Moderato.
II. Allegro Molto.
III. Adagio.
IV. Allegro Vivace.
S. Coleridge Taylor.....The Bamboula—Rhapsodic Dance 1875-1912 (New—first time in San Francisco.)
Wagner..Siegfried's Funeral March from Die Gotterdam- 1813-1883. merugn

Seats on Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and the Cort Theatre. Prices, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00.
Frank W. Healy, Manager, 711 Head Building.

Adele Rosenthal, a native of San Francisco who devoted the past eight years to study and concertizing in Europe will give her first concert at the Scottish Rite Hall on the evening of Wednesday, November 13th.

Miss Rosenthal is spoken of as an exceptionally clever pianist and has had the benefit of tuition under the following masters:

Alfred Cortot, Paris.
Alfred Reisenauer, Leipsic, in his Meister Classe.
Joseph Lhevinne, Berlin.
Harold Bauer, Paris.

PROGRAM

J. Brahms.....Sonata F Minor
1. Allegro Maestro.
2. Andante.
(Der Abend daemmert, das Mondlicht scheint
Da sind zwei Herzon in Liebevereint
Und haltenssich selig umfangen)
3. Scherzo.
4. Intermezzo (Ruckblick).
5. Finale.

Scarlatti .....Sonata in C Major
Scarlatti—Tausig .....Pastorale
Scarlatti.....Sonate in D Mijor
Chopin .....Bacarolle
Schumann.....Fantasie, Op. 17
1. Allegro fantastico e con passione.
2. Moderato ma energico.
3. Andante Sostennto.
F. Liszt.....Rhapsodie hongroise No. 12

The concert is under the business direction of Frank W. Healy.

Seats may be obtained after Wednesday, November 6th, at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase, and at the residence of Miss Rosenthal, 3242 Washington St. Prices, 75c, $1.00, $1.50.

Steinway Piano Used.

CONCERT OF

MISS HELEN COLBURN HEATH

SOPRANO

AT THE COLONIAL BALL ROOM
St. Francis Hotel,
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 81st, at 8:30 P. M.

Assisted by
HERBERT RILEY, Cello
UDA WALDRUP, Pianist

Prices: Reserved Seats, $1.00. Box Seats, $1.50. Seats on Sale After November 14th, at
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St. Francis Hotel,
And
From Miss Heath, 2505 Clay Street, Telephone West 4890
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SATURDAY AFTERNOON NOV. 16

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THIRD AND LAST WEEK
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JULIAN ELTINGE

In the Musical Comedy Triumph
Glorious Girls—Gorgeous Gowns—Sparkling Music
Real Comedy. Last Time Saturday Night, Nov. 16th
Sunday Night, Nov. 27th—DUSAIN FARNUM in "The Littlest Rebel."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—In contrast to the previous week the New York stock market has been relatively weaker than the European markets. The foreign stock exchanges have taken the Balkan war news more philosophically and have remained comparatively steady while stocks have fallen sharply here, one day of declines being followed by another of comparative strength but trifling recoveries. The average decline in the barometer stocks since the market turned only amounts to five points or so, which is not a serious matter. The large financial and banking interests have set their faces against the boom in stocks. They want quiet and they have punished those who tried to manipulate minor industrials and oil stocks at the wrong time. The market was permitted to drop until steel common sold below 74 in order to reduce loans and strengthen the position of the banks, but those in control checked the breaks before they became serious and have thus strengthened the technical position of the market. In the long run nothing can discount the splendid crops and the high prices the farmers are receiving. That is where prosperity begins, as the banks have the situation so well in hand that trade has been conducted for nearly two years on very conservative lines. Both stock and commodity markets should make a fresh start. No decline in intrinsic values has taken place, and quoted prices are easily and quickly restored when the sky clears. The steel trade becomes more flourishing day by day, and the last of the season's crops, cotton, is now half picked and reasonably assured. For it as well as other agricultural products the farmers are receiving remunerative prices.

Wheat—The action in the wheat market the past week has demonstrated that if there was any inflation in prices on account of the Balkan war, it has been pretty well dissipated as the market is now lower than when the war was considered merely a remote possibility. It appears to be the desire of the leading powers of Europe that the allied nations in the Balkan war be speedily crushed and driven to a permanent submission. This unnatural sentiment is undoubtedly due to the financial position of the great centers, where little or no preparations had been made for so disturbing an influence. The heavy decline in securities, and the difficulties in present semi-monthly settlements, together with the combination of banking interests to check the liquidation, should be given careful consideration in connection with the grain trade, for no influence would produce greater apprehension among business people and investors the world over, than a substantial rise in cereals. The action of the grain markets has calmed public sentiment to a marked degree.

Corn—The break of nearly 7 cents per bushel in old corn is an indication of the readjustment that has taken place between the price of the old crop and the new crop futures. The decline accentuates the bearish sentiment which is still more intensified by the enlarged estimates of this year's production by the crop experts. A due regard for existing conditions suggests that a further latitude be given for bearish sentiment to run its course, before investment enterprises will be in order.

Cotton—There was no mistaking the trend of the cotton market the past week and at the close the market shows an advance of nearly seven dollars a bale. Traders who have been predicting 9 1-2 cents for cotton and who have been short were competing with investors to get cotton at almost any price. The change in sentiment was brought about by the action of the big spinners who have been taking all the spot cotton offered in the south and predicting a big business in their line. The news too was a little more favorable to higher prices, especially the weather map which has been frosty nearly every morning and heavy cold rain has fallen in nearly all States east of the Mississippi which has lowered the grade. The Liverpool market has advanced as fast as our market and their purchases of actual cotton from this side are almost as large as last year. The movement for the week however was rather free, showing that something like 725,000 bales came into sight but this was lost sight of as the demand was said to equal the receipts. A good many crop experts have lowered their estimate and the popular guess now seems to be for a crop in the neighborhood of 14,000,000 bales which is considered bullish around this level. The market has had a good advance and is certainly entitled to fair reaction but we believe cotton should be bought on all recessions for an investment and with politics out of the way and the tremendous crops of grain, prosperity should be in order which will mean an enormous consumptive demand.

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The labor trust pretends to own its units as chattels, body and soul. The feudal lords were no worse.
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Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits....$11,070,803.23
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 12,281,957.46
Deposits 30,104,366.00
Officers—Isaias W. Hellman, Pres.; I. W. Hellman Jr., V.-Pres.; F. L. Lipman, V.-Pres.; James K. Wilson, V.-Pres.; Frank B. King, Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier; C. L. Davis, Asst. Cashier; A. D. Oliver, Asst. Cashier; A. B. Price, Asst. Cashier.
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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.
Safe Deposit Vaults

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Corner New Montgomery and Market Streets
Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits..$1,768,076.98
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 1,639,482.36
Deposits 6,368,228.50
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R. B. Murdoch .....Assistant to President
W. W. Jones.....Cashier
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C. C. Campbell.....Assistant Cashier
F. W. Judson.....Assistant Cashier
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RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, 601 CLEMENT
Corner of 7th Avenue
HAIGHT ST. BRANCH, 1456 HAIGHT ST.
Near Masonic Ave.
JUNE 29th, 1912:
Assets $51,140,101.75
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,656,403.80
Employees' Pension Fund..... 140,109.60
Number of Depositors 56,609
Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 44,453; Dept. No. 10.

ARTHUR RITTER, Plaintiff, vs. MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. J. CRISP, Atty. for Plaintiff,
624 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-28-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of WILLIAM P. BURKE, ALICE MARY BURKE, EDITH MARGARET BURKE and RICHARD BURKE, JUNIOR, Minors.—No. 1431, N. S.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 25th day of September, 1912, and filed herein on the 28th day of September, 1912, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, (William P. Burke and Alice Mary Burke having arrived at legal age prior to the date hereof), the undersigned, Richard Burke, as guardian of the persons and estates of said two remaining minors, namely, Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, on or after MONDAY, the 2nd day of December, 1912, and subject to confirmation by said Court, the undivided five-twelfths (5-12) interest of the estate of said Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, and all the right, title and interest of said two remaining minors in and to the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Spear street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches northwesterly from the point of intersection of the northwesterly line of Folsom street with the said northeasterly line of Spear street, and running thence northwesterly and along said northeasterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle northeasterly and parallel with said northwesterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly and parallel with said northeasterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; and thence at a right angle southwesterly and parallel with said northwesterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said northeasterly line of Spear street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block Number Three Hundred and Twenty-two (322.)

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said guardian, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale.

RICHARD BURKE,
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, Minors.

GARRET W. McENERNEY, Atty. for Guardian,
Room 1277 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-26-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MORITZ NICKELSBURG, Deceased—No. 14114 N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Melvil S. Nickelsburg, executor of the last will and testament of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, room 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased.

MELVIL S. NICKELSBURG,
Executor of the last will and testament of Moritz Nickelsburg, deceased.

Dated, October 12, 1912.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executor,
Nevada Bank Building, San Francisco. 10-12-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 32,803.

PETER KOCELJ, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of PETER KOCELJ, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning on the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue at a point distant Northerly Three Hundred Sixteen (316) feet measured along said line, from the Northerly line of Lake Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Twenty-fifth Avenue Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet to the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue and the point of beginning. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block 47.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 26th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, none; Addresses, none.

BRADLEY L. WALLACE and JEROME M. POLITZER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-12-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,193; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of JOHN AUGUST SANDELL, an Incompetent Person.

Upon reading and filing the verified petition of Amelia J. Sandell, Guardian of the person and estate of John August Sandell, an incompetent person, and good cause appearing therefor,

It is hereby ORDERED that all persons interested in the above entitled estate appear before this Court on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, 1912, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day and at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of the above entitled Court, in the new City Hall on the South side of Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the said City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why the following described real property, viz:

That certain store on the ground floor of that certain building on the Northeast corner of Haight and Fillmore Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, said store being known as No. 310 Fillmore Street, together with a portion of the basement in said building directly under said store, and heretofore and now used for baths, together with bathing equipment therein.

should not be leased for the period of three years at the rental mentioned in said petition, to-wit: Sixteen hundred and Eighty ($1680.00) Dollars, payable in equal monthly installments of $40.00 per month for the first year of said term and $50.00 per month for the remaining two years of said term, reference being hereby had to the said petition of said Amelia J. Sandell, as such Guardian, on file for further particulars.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that this order be published for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: October 21, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 21, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMEN, Atty for Guardian,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-26-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,492; Department No. 7.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALICE QUESADA, Deceased.

Alice Schingle and Sarah Sullivan, administratrices of the estate of Alice Quesada, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed with the clerk thereof their verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing them to sell the whole of the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased at either public or private sale, as said administratrices should deem most beneficial to said estate, and those interested therein, and it appearing to the Court from such petition, that it is necessary, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested, to sell the whole of said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Court, Department No. 7 thereof, at its Courtroom situate in the building known and designated as the New City Hall, south side of Market street between 8th and 9th streets, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 25th day of November, 1912, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. thereof, of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrices for the sale of such estate.

It is further ORDERED that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 21, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

WALTER E. DORN and
SULLIVAN, SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrices,
1108 Humboldt Savings Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-26-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,898; Department No. 10.

WILLIAM GREIG, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Greig, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

PIECE NO. 1.

Commencing at a point, situate on the Northerly line of Mariposa Street, distant thereon 50 feet Easterly from the Northeasterly corner of Mariposa and Missouri Streets; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Mariposa Street, 25 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Southerly 100 feet to the Northerly line of Mariposa Street and point of commencement.

Being portion of Potrero Nuevo Block Number 270.

PIECE NO. 2.

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Mississippi Street, distant thereon 225 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Mariposa Street, running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Mississippi Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Easterly 100 feet, thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 100 feet to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Potrero Block No. 305.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles,, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of October, A. D. 1912.

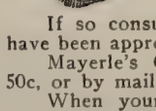
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

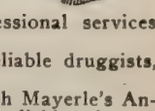
The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of October, 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-10



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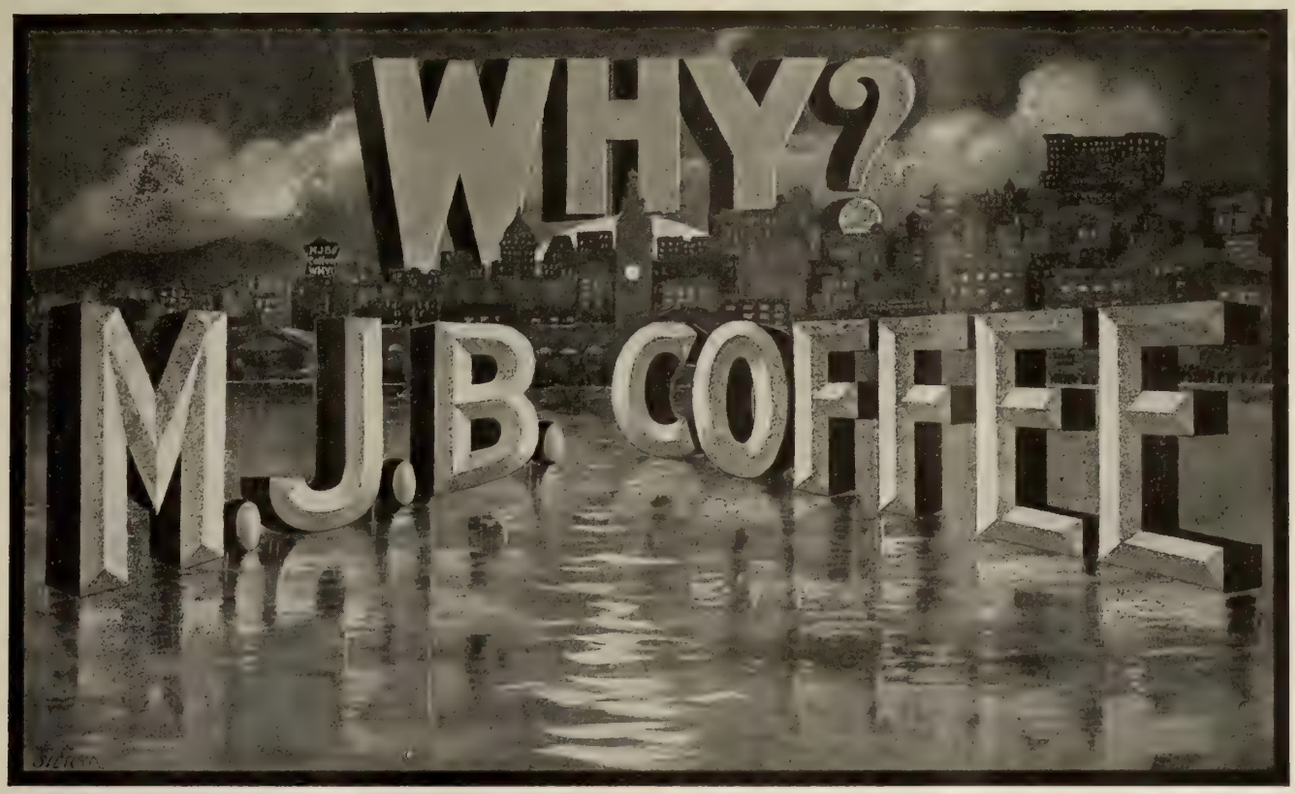
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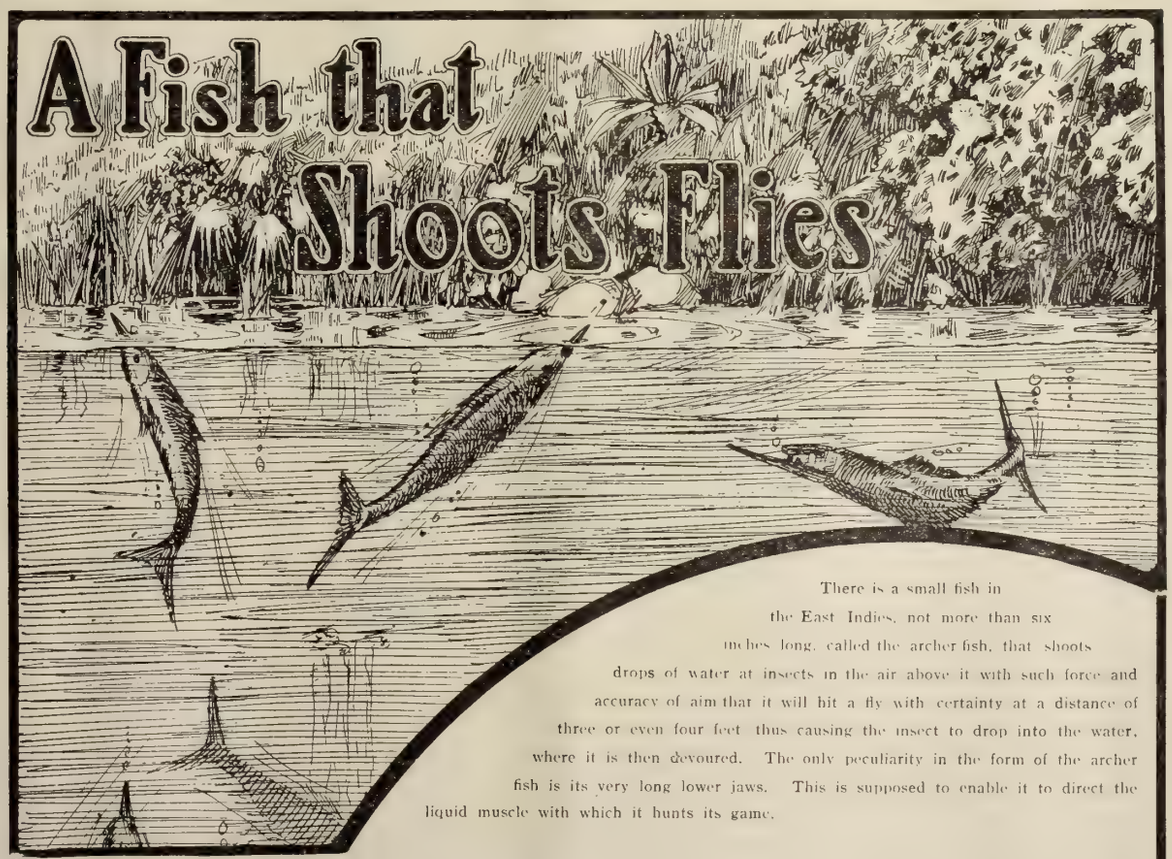
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XX. No. 1056 SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 16, 1912 PRICE, 10 CENTS



There is a small fish in the East Indies, not more than six inches long, called the archer fish, that shoots drops of water at insects in the air above it with such force and accuracy of aim that it will hit a fly with certainty at a distance of three or even four feet thus causing the insect to drop into the water, where it is then devoured. The only peculiarity in the form of the archer fish is its very long lower jaws. This is supposed to enable it to direct the liquid muscle with which it hunts its game.

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TOWN TALK

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Political Personalities

A solemn contemporary presumes to lecture us on the evil of introducing personalities in politics. It is too bad that political discussion should too often deal with personalities, but while abstract principles should be the primary reason for our political faith, the most logical and philosophical of men cannot resist the concurrent force of human influence. When there is a political faction led by a powerful chief the personality of the man may count more than the principles of his cause and when such is the case dispraise of him is not to be rigorously avoided. Nor is it justly to be assumed that spleen rather than political sentiment is the animus of personal criticism. When times are turbulent, when vital issues are before the people and a great man has changed his attitude toward the burning questions of the day, why should not his motives be frankly and freely canvassed? It is inaccurate to say that it is a low order of modern journalism that is given to personalities in political discussion. No men were more addicted to analysis of men and motives than Demosthenes and Cicero. In modern times Cobbett was perhaps the most violent of all partisan debaters. He loved to coin a nickname, and for years he pestered Erskine with his second title of Baron Clackmannan. One of his favorite compendious expressions was "The Sons and Daughters of Corruption." Seldom has there been a time in British politics when principles were not subordinate to personalities. When Sir Robert Peel changed his attitude toward the Corn Laws Disraeli believed himself justified not only in attacking the new policy but in ridiculing and satirizing its author. Gladstone and Disraeli were continually attacking each other, and it was not in the House of Commons but at a banquet that Disraeli went out of his way to swat his powerful opponent when he described him as a "sophistical rhetorician inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity." Coming down to our own day, was there ever a time in American history when discussion of men and motives was more justifiable than in the recent campaign? Dealing with the Progressive party we were dealing chiefly with the ambition and pretensions of one man. Accepting that man at his own valuation, his sentiments might have been deemed worthy of serious consideration. It became important to show that the man was an impostor and that nobody was more sensible of the fallacy of his sentiments than the man himself.

The Colonel's Consolation

Colonel Roosevelt and his lieutenants would have us believe that they find cause for gratification in the circumstance that the Bull Moose ticket polled more votes than the Republican. On the morning after the election the Colonel had a very keen eye for a silver lining to the cloud that darkened Oyster Bay. But the Colonel we may be sure is under no delusion respecting the late disaster. The Colonel is an excellent interpreter of political phenomena. He understands very well that the strength of the Republican party is not to be judged by the election last week. The Democratic landslide made possible by the split in the Republican party received a great deal of impetus from voters actuated not by dissatisfaction with President Taft but by dread of the great proponent of rule or ruin. Eager as the Colonel may be to render his grief less poignant he will find it extremely difficult to digest his present affliction. Time, the great comforter, whose agency is exhaustion may soothe the Colonel's feelings during the Wilson regime, but the Colonel's egotism is not to be easily depleted. It will be hard for him to realize that he has shot his bolt. The Pinchots, the Munseys and the Uriah Heep of the Harvester Trust may succeed in convincing him that he can come back and take on the appearance of a menace once more. But we look to see the Colonel's forces disintegrate rapidly long before the end of the Wilson term. We are told that like William J. Bryan he will continue despite his defeat to play an important part in the politics of the nation. But the cases of Bryan and Roosevelt are not at all analogous. The Colonel had the misfortune to fall. Bryan never reached the crest of the acclivity. There was about the Colonel the glamor of the winner; he was the Man of Destiny, the invincible captain, the impregnable fortress that had never been taken. Now the illusion is dispelled. The hero who returned from Elba has gone the route to Waterloo.

Bryan's Self-Revelation

How like the Hon. William J. Bryan was the message he sent to Governor Wilson the morning after election! A better yardstick to measure the Nebraskan by we have never seen. "I am glad," he said, "to report that you have carried my State, my city of Lincoln and my precinct. Your success here adds to my enjoyment of your national victory." In other words, I am glad to know that the honors are with both of us. Which brings to mind the observation of Lavater that he only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish passes on like Samson and tells neither father nor mother of it. Not by this test are we to form an estimate of the great man who has been recommended for the office of Secretary of State. Here is a heavy unimaginative sort of man whose flights are circumscribed to his own prospects. When it is fitting for him to give graceful utterance to himself, so wanting is he in ideas that nothing apart from his own routine of sensations presents itself to say. Mr. Bryan is one of those men who are eternally clamorous of their own exploits. Trifles in the abstract are not trifles with him, but subjects of legitimate interest to the world, and the world is his confessor in the matter of his daily actions. Men of this type think that you are interested in knowing that they take a bath every morning and that they eat a light breakfast. They will attempt to found a claim to distinction on a fondness for buttermilk. It is to Governor Wilson's credit that he sized up Mr. Bryan years ago when he expressed the hope that the Nebraskan would soon be knocked into a cocked hat.

What Think They Now?

Now that the voice of the people has been heard it would be interesting to know what is thought of it at this time by certain eminent citizens who have been telling us a long time that public opinion is the real test of what is true and what is false. We allude of course to Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Dixon of Montana, Senator Bourne of Oregon, Governor Aldrich of Nebraska, Governor Stubbs of Kansas and all the other doctrinaire job-chasers who have insisted that "everybody was cleverer than anybody," and who have been left stranded by the ebbing tide of public opinion on the side of the popular current. These gentlemen never had anything to say of the rhythmical movement of public opinion, of its actions and reactions, or of the need of judging whereabouts in the oscillation the truth was to be found; according to their philosophy it was safe to take the verdict of public opinion at any time on any subject. Therefore they were in favor of making this a government of public opinion with facilities for registering it on the slightest provocation, whether for a political purpose or for the administering

of justice. Hence, too, their proposal to make the Constitution easily susceptible of change. So it would be interesting to know what now is thought of public opinion by the universal Crichton who was snubbed on election day; as well as by the inflammatory Dixon who used to say that the people never err, and by J. Bourne who once offered a prize of $1,000 for the best essay setting forth why Mr. Roosevelt should have a third term. We fear that the people have alienated some of their best friends and warmest admirers. We believe that if Mr. Roosevelt were now to express his candid opinion it would be to the effect that the people are easily duped, fit only to be led or driven.

In Behalf of the Heavenly Maid

It goes without saying that this is a music-loving community. We love brass bands and we love Italian opera, and we are tolerant of a certain kind of music at our meals. All sorts of tunes appeal to the parochial ear. We are not, however, in the highest stage of musical cultivation. The delights of music in its loftiest development are known to a very small element of this community. The passion for orchestral music, the kind that gives us emotion, color, atmosphere, that speaks to the senses with all the distinctness of a painting or a poem, is not widespread; indeed, as to this kind of music there is a very broad virgin field for cultivation. But, thanks to the generosity of some of our public-spirited citizens, the men who are going to build us an opera house, our education is no longer neglected. These men have already given us a superb orchestra, which is now spreading the light. The symphony concerts are stimulating an interest in the musical art, as is evidenced from the growing demand for the literature of music, and the frequency with which one hears discussions of academic questions pertaining to music. In certain circles nowadays not to be able to dispute intelligently as to the proper function of a symphony, or to be ignorant of the nature of the dispute between Wagner and Nietzsche, or of the relative merits of Berlioz and Bach is to argue oneself hopelessly uncultured. This is one of the good signs of the times. San Francisco is becoming curious about the mysteries of music and the aims and philosophy of the master composers. Also Herr Hadley is surely enlarging his clientele. In the circumstances we make bold to venture a suggestion, and it is this,—that greater effort be made to popularize the so-called "Pop" concerts. The "Pop" concerts should serve as a preparatory school to the regulation symphony concerts, and they should be made more in the nature of the European promenade concerts to which in a measure they correspond. Now to make symphony concerts popular it is not sufficient to bring the music within the comprehension of the plain people; it is necessary to lure the public, especially of the feminine gender. In other words San Francisco is in need not only of an opera house but of a symphony hall. It is a question whether symphonies can be enjoyed to the utmost in an ordinary theatre. There are adventitious aids to the enjoyment of music. An oratorio sung in a church where it moves many to tears and causes them to raise their eyes to heaven in pious ecstasy is quite different from the same oratorio sung in a theatre. Wagner we are told cannot be heard anywhere as well as at Bayreuth where there is atmosphere for the religious-minded who may listen to the music as to a sacred ritual at which they are assisting. And so though we realize that it is imposing on generosity and good nature to suggest to the gentlemen who have given us a fine symphony orchestra and who are going to give us an opera house, that a concert hall would add to the joy of living hereabouts we feel assured that even if they heed not the suggestion they will appreciate the spirit in which it is made.

Some Simplified Spelling

The simplified spellers, prominent among whom is that fantastic scholar David Starr Jordan, have been making great progress of late. They have reached a point where their absurdity is apparent even to the unlettered. Possessed of the notion that they ought to make spelling easier and consistent, and make words look better, they have invented a system which compasses none of their objects. How great has been their failure may be seen almost at a glance by laying before you the ballad of "John Gilpin" as the reformers would have us spell it. Here are a few verses which the reformers have printed in a little book containing their arguments in favor of spelling reform:

He suun replied, "I du admier
  Of woomanciend but wun,
And yu ar she, mi deerest deer,
  Thairfor it shal be dun."
* * * * * *
John Gilpin cist hiz luving wief;
  Oerjoid woz he tu fiend
That, tho on plezher she woz bent,
  She had a fruugal miend.

So thre dorz of the shaiz woz staid
  Whair thai did aul get in;
Sics preshus soelz, and aul agog
  To dash thru thic and thin.
* * * * * *
Aa lucles speech, and buutles boest
  For which he paid ful deer;
For, whiel he spaic, a braiing as
  Did sing moest loud and cleer.
* * * * * *
Nou let us sing, long liv the Cing
  And Gilpin, long liv he!
And when he necst duth ried abraud,
  Mail I be thair tu se!

We used to laugh at Artemus Ward, and he wasn't half as funny as these simplified spellers. It is evident on the most casual examination that Jordan and his confreres are not consistent, a man may run and see that they have not made words prettier, nor is the logic of the alterations always apparent. If the word two should be changed to tu why should the word frugal be changed to fruugal. And if beauty and ease are desiderata consider the line "Whot nyues? What nyuez? yuer tiedingz tel." Why the consonant c which has two sounds should be substituted for k which has only one sound is a mystery that passeth understanding. Being almost a circle c is a more beautiful letter than k, but assuredly it does not improve the appearance of all words in which it is substituted. For instance "woomanciend" is not as pretty as it should be. We are told that simplified spelling will save a great deal of time in a child's education, but we are of the opinion that children will find simplified spelling quite as difficult to master as complex spelling. And we are not at all sorry, now that we have seen specimens of the reformers' handiwork in verse. Nay, it is comforting to find that they have made such a botch of the language, for at first they filled us with something of dread. Now language is far more than an arbitrary arrangement of symbols and sounds for representing and communicating thought. It is a thing of picturesque growth, full of sentimental interest. Words are landmarks on the roads that nationalities have traveled. They remind us of the progress of human speech and the development of human thought. To alter derivative spelling is to efface the history of a word, to weaken its significance and destroy its suggestiveness. These considerations may be of no importance to a Jordan or a Carnegie, but to men who realize that mankind live not by science and mechanics alone the preservation of language unmarred is deemed a very worthy object of earnest solicitude.

For Sappho

By Wilton Agnew Barrett

One noon I sat and sang to you
  (Over our heads the roses blew),
  I touched as in wild dream my lyre,
The music I drew forth was fire,
And fire the words that sought my tongue—
Ah! I was your lover and mad and young.

You leaned on the marble and looked at me
  (Over our heads the roses blew),
  My song was the lure and beauty of you—
Like flame beneath thin ivory!
But ever your burning eyes would scan
The sea for the Lesbian ferryman.

Varied Types

C—RICHARD M. TOBIN

By Edward F. O'Day

"Dick" Tobin is our preux chevalier of polo. As Kipling put it about the captain of the Lushkar team, he plays across a polo field like a lambent flame. A golfer too is "Dick" Tobin; in fact, a lover of all healthy outdoor activities.

But unlike many others of his set "Dick" Tobin is not exclusively an open air man. Can you picture Walter Hobart at a chamber concert? Or burning the midnight oil over a volume of Chesterton? There is no such difficulty in the case of "Dick" Tobin. Unroll the scroll of his busy and interesting life, examine what he has accomplished, study his position—and you will find that his has been, from every angle, an eminently satisfactory career. He stands at the forefront of a banking institution known all over the world; he has cultivated the rare art of conversation; he has the instinct of graceful hospitality; he is prominent among our connoisseurs of literature, painting and music.

His love of music has brought his name into the public prints a good deal of late. Noticing that, I paid him a visit at the Hibernia Bank. I went to talk with Richard M. Tobin because he is active in the affairs of the Musical Association of San Francisco. That body has given us our symphony orchestra and is now busily engaged in preparing plans for a magnificent opera house. Richard M. Tobin is one of the board of governors of the association. More than that, he is on the music committee. So he is having much to do, and will in the future have a great deal more to do, with directing and improving the musical taste of this by no means musically benighted community. The views of such a man on the artistic outlook in San Francisco, particularly in so far as music is concerned, should prove very interesting.

"Residence in California is accompanied by many delights and many benefits," he began. "Nowhere is there a more lovely climate and nowhere are the beauties of nature so entrancing. Californians have nothing to regret so far as the natural advantages of their State and its climate are concerned. We do lack, however, artistic resources and interests. The thing that makes one feel most our remoteness from the centers of civilization is the very rare opportunities we have of listening to the opera, of hearing good music in other forms, of seeing the best plays and the drama in its classic form, and of looking at beautiful pictures. This absence of artistic interest and aesthetic resources, it must be frankly confessed, is a drawback to life in California. I believe that it is this disadvantage that has led so many men who have become rich here to take their families to live in other parts of the world. The absence of intellectual and artistic pleasures is particularly hard upon women who are so much more developed upon that side than men are, and who moreover have not the material resources of business affairs.

"The attractions that Europe has for Americans are the great art galleries, the opera, the splendid music festivals. The need of this country is to develop artistically. This is what Colonel Roosevelt meant when he pointed out in one of his speeches at Berkeley that men of the type of St. Gaudens were the really great contemporary Americans.

"Consider the matter of painting, for instance. A writer in the Nation points out that a collection made of all the great paintings of Americans would not bear comparison with the collection of any one of the principal European cities. He affirms that American art collections are considerable only in the Dutch school. There is in the whole of America only one Botticelli of note.

"I think it is plain that a realization of this deficiency has become general within the last ten or fifteen years. Up to that time no very great enthusiasm for art had been exhibited in this country, either by the nation or by its citizens. We all know how severely those who brought great masterpieces of art into this country were penalized by the fatuous practice of imposing a huge duty on works of art. It is said that the



RICHARD M. TOBIN

beautiful collection of Mrs. Gardener almost ruined her in custom duties, though it must be plain that her superb possessions will one day become the property of the nation.

"Boston and New York, as cities, have set us a very good example. The occasion of my first visit to Boston was to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra play, and to see the frescoes in the public library. I should have felt well rewarded if the journey had been as far as Pekin. These two accomplishments in art are sufficient to give Boston a very high place among the cities of America.

"New York is manifesting a similar enthusiasm. The collection of the Metropolitan Museum becomes year by year more interesting and precious. The Metropolitan Opera House, thanks to the generosity of the rich public-spirited citizens in New York, has now a season which in many ways is unequalled in Europe. Two fine orchestras are supported by similar means. Mr. Pulitzer in his will left a bequest of $400,000 to the New York Philharmonic. The history of the New Theatre is a striking example of what sacrifices New Yorkers are ready to make to increase the charm and the artistic interest of their city. Through the personal influence of Mr. Morgan the sum of over $2,000,000 was collected in the hope of founding an American Comedie Francaise. And now San Francisco seems to have become animated by the same inspiration.

"Two years ago a symphony orchestra was organized here, and through the munificence of some three hundred of our citizens has been placed upon what we may hope is a permanent basis. It has given a great deal of the best kind of pleasure to those who love classic music. We have a great many musicians here who deserve the name of artists in its highest sense. These have been assembled in the San Francisco Orchestra and under the leadership of Mr. Hadley have after a short existence of less than two years begun to play in a manner that may be compared to the best orchestras of our country. The performance that was given of Richard Strauss' tone poem, 'Death and Transfiguration' may well have been a source of pride and satisfaction to everybody who has hopes for the artistic development of this city. The manner in which the public has supported the enterprise shows how anxious the people here are for good music and how appreciative when it is given.

"The success of the Symphony Society has, I believe, been the inspiration for the creation of an opera house. San Francisco is fortunate to possess among its citizens one who combines public spirit with ability and constancy of purpose, and who enjoys moreover to a high degree the confidence and gratitude of his fellow citizens. Mr. Crocker modestly depreciates the difficulties of his undertaking; but the fact remains that in a very short space of time he has secured contributions to the extent of over $600,000 towards the purpose of the opera house. The contributors of this vast sum will receive no material advantage in return, except the privilege of being permitted to purchase their own boxes for such performances as may be given.

"The erection of this opera house is the one thing that could have made possible the performance of opera in San Francisco. In order to induce the management of the great opera organizations in the East to bring their artists here, and to face the great initial loss involved by the journey, it was absolutely necessary to have a house large enough to hold an audience sufficient in size to insure an adequate return. None of our theatres could possible have held such an audience. In an opera house such as is planned I believe we may expect a yearly visit from the Metropolitan Opera Company, which means of course performances given by the greatest of living artists.

"Moreover a home will be provided for or-

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Among all the fools a mysterious Providence lets live the freak-election-bet fool takes idiotic precedence.

We shall not suffer from the war until the supply of Turkish tobacco runs out.

Turkish rugs, however, will be as plentiful as ever, for the simple reason that most of them are made in this country.

We bet there isn't a school boy in San Francisco who can bound Albania. Or who knows where Macedonia begins and ends.

The Crown Prince of Greece has cleaned his name from that old blot of cowardice; the capture of Saloniki gives him a new start.

Is Ambassador Bryce afraid that President Wilson will try to talk history to him?

Will the sentimentalists please shed a few tears for Ortie McManigal? Those souvenir spoons prove that a murderous dynamiter may be a good husband.

Not the most attractive feature of woman suffrage is the female exhorter of the campaign stump.

Probably Governor Johnson never had a tougher job than that of writing this year's Thanksgiving Day proclamation.

Lost or strayed but certainly not stolen a jimmy garfield. Disappeared somewhere between Chicago and Armageddon.

Governor Johnson lost his home town and was beaten in his own precinct, and Lieutenant Governor Wallace was unmercifully scratched in Los Angeles. Thus we learn that where they are best known, they are least liked.

If Mr. Wilson can play ball without squinting too much at the grand stand he's all right.

The Splendid Knight

By Judith Gautier (From the French)

He is dead, his red lips will never kiss again, his proud eyes are closed forever, so why give way, oh, Katranida? Why give the grace, the youth, all the beauty that you have, to be food for the worms that consume his body?"

But the Saracen woman, wrapping herself in her sorrow, heard not a word. She hurried out of the fortress. Her face was like a milkwhite stone, and the black light of her eyes seemed to overflow with tears.

The mourning scarf that she wore knotted on her forehead floated out behind her, catching here and there on the rough walls as she ran down the narrow street, and the terrified slave who was following her tried in vain to catch the frail stuff to stop her flight.

All at once, below them, the galley appeared, the flaming brilliance of its graceful sails rising and falling on the deep blue of the waves.

At that instant the funeral train appeared at the landing place. The steep descent of the narrow street threw the procession into disorder. Staggering at every step, the bearers of the great coffin kept their feet with difficulty, now and again catching up the pall of black velvet that kept slipping from its place.

Sorrowful voices chanted a dirge, accompained by the sound of wind instruments, and in the pauses of the music could be heard the clank of armor and the heavy rhythm of the men's tread. Before them the standard flashed among the bared swords.

At the sight Katranida faltered. Up till that time it had seemed to her like the fluttering of sinister wings, a misfortune which had been predicted but which left the dead erect and free. This cruel sight crushed her with its definiteness: a prisoner of the coffin.

Breath failed the loving woman, who tottered back with her arms spread out like a cross against the burning whiteness of the wall, and her head nodded as if she would still deny the reality.

At the foot of the declivity the voices took up again the cadence of the song and order was reestablished in the cortege, which spread out into a procession on the same jetty near the galley.

Round about, from the roofs of the terraced houses, in all the open space and on the quay, the crowd of Saracens looked on, grave and silent. The dead adversary was allowed to go, the magnificent enemy so admired by those whom he had fought agains that they called him: The Great Count, the Splendid Knight, the King of the Franks, and even the Little God of the Christians. He had so longed to sleep the great sleep down there in La Pouille, near his illustrious father, Robert Guiscard, and his noble ancestors: let him go then, and might Allah have mercy on him!

A group of knights, the points of their lances lowered, pressed around the coffin. Heralds preceded it, sending forth a loud fanfare; they stepped upon the galley, and the knights began at once to take their places on the unsteady deck, directing the dangerous embarkation of the great coffin. After them the squires and men-at-arms embarked, and the rest of the funeral was left on shore.

Katranida, as if chains were tugging at her heart, advanced, pushing aside the arms that barred her passage. One of the knights took her part: "Come, since you weep, fair infidel," and she passed on board, quickly drawing her long, black veil over her face, hiding her tears.

Presently the galley started with all its white sails set, and gradually the lamentation of those who remained grew fainter; the "amens" of the deacons kneeling in the great tower of the Christian church floated solemnly over the heads of all.

An awning of gold brocade, draped with black cloth, now sheltered the coffin, and on it, in the midst of the black velvet, lay the great and terrible sword of Bohemond. The sun was mirrored in its long blade, which sent forth a thousand blinding flashes.

While the white Laodicean disappeared in the golden mist, the knights, seated in a circle about the coffin, their hands resting on their lances, deplored with tearful voices the loss of their prince and, in a sorrowful litany, retold the great deeds of his glorious life: the arrival from the West of the renowned Norman prince Bohemond, son of Robert Guiscard; his entry into Constantinople, in company with Godefroy of Tancredia and other noble and puissant crusaders; then the alliance with the Grecian emporer, Alexis Comnene, who was terrified by his guests and made them fair promises and great vows; the conquest of Antioch, of which Bohemond became sovereign prince, the pillage, the booty, the incalculable riches and the extravagant luxuries, the wild orgies, the crimes before which heaven and earth had trembled; then the dark days, the terrible sieges and the fearful privations they had made the Saracens endure; finally how they had been crushed by numbers, betrayed by the emperor who foreswore his vows and gave them into captivity and death.

Groaning, they tore their hair and beards and beat upon their breasts.

The Arab sailors looked at them impassively and heard without understanding.

Katranida, leaning against the mast, was fascinated by a bare corner of the coffin that the drapery, blown by the wind, had left uncovered.

She hurried forward to wind her arms about it, to set her lips upon it, and her heart was as if broken by the feeling of horror that drove her from her well beloved. Her love hurled itself against the wall of the irreparable that shut out the future. There could be nothing more for all time, and a flood of tears carried her back to the past.

In her turn, in a broken and trembling voice that grew stronger little by little, she herself told what she knew of the dead hero, while the Arab sailors, disturbed at their work, listened to her with knitted brows.

"Have I not been the greatest victim of this victor?—even to the very day when, after a superhuman struggle, he was conquered? Shy and curious, I wanted to see the captives of my father, the Sultan Soliman. I pressed my face to the barred window of the dungeon where they were; but I stayed there longer than I should have done, fascinated with admiration.

"Bohemond did not seem to belong to the human race, and surely the world has never seen another such as he. Taller by a cubit than his companions, his appearance was terrifying, and, at the same time, though one could not say why, it was gracious and gentle as that of a little child. His skin was of a wonderful whiteness, with a little flush of red in the cheeks; his beard was fine and of a golden color; his silken curls

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Correspondence

A Voice From Uskub

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I am a Greek and I wish to protest against the nonsense which Dr. Jordan has been uttering about the uprising against Turkey. He says that the people who have been under Turkish despotism ought to be more patient. I lived former'y in Uskub and I have a brother there now whose tongue was cut out by Turks for refusing to tell where he kept arms and ammunition. He had neither, and there was nothing for him to tell but he lost his tongue nevertheless and both his arms were broken. My brother's case is but one of many. If Dr. Jordan knew something of the cruelties which the Turks have been inflicting on Christians in the Balkan States he would know why patience is not a virtue there. The Greeks and the Bulgarians are fighting not merely for their liberty but for freedom from brutality, and they have suffered so much that they will win. It is preferable to die on the battlefield than to be tortured to death in the street. The fall of Uskub is a very good sign. Owing to its position at the junction of several valleys and roads this town has always been a place of great strategic importance from the days when it was the capital of the great Servian Empire of Stephen Dusan down to the present time. During the heyday of the Ottoman power Uskub was a name of terror for all Christendom. It was there that the Sultan or Beglerbeg of Rumelia gathered the Turkish armies when contemplating a fresh raid into Europe. It is still a place of great importance. It is situated on both banks of the Vardar, which is crossed by several bridges. The massive brown walls of Czar Dusan's citadel rising up out of the sluggish river, crowned with the dazzling white Konak, the barracks and other public buildings and the opalescent outlines of the mighty Schar Dagh in the background form one of the most striking sights in the Balkan land. Uskub is a meeting point of many races, many creeds and many political aspirations, and the various discordant elements which make up Macedonia are all represented there. The most conspicuous part of the population are soldiers. Soldiers are everywhere.

Yours truly,

—An Exile.

No Bad Books for Children

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I notice a telegraphic despatch in one of your papers stating that certain books for children have been barred from the public library of Washington, D. C. I am glad to see that the library authorities of the capital are following the example which Los Angeles set ten years ago. I should be very glad also to learn that San Francisco's public library was considering the same step. You need such restrictive measures much more than we do. In the Los Angeles public library the following "juveniles" are barred: Oliver Optic series, Horatio Alger books, College Sport series, Jack Ranger series, Boy Hunter series, Dare Well series, Motor Girl series, Dorothy Dale series, Dorothy Dainty series, L. T. Meade series. The "Pansy" and the "Elsie" books were never allowed at all. There was talk of excluding "The Five Little Peppers," but it was reluctantly allowed to stay. The idea in our city is to keep these books away from the young so that they may have more time to read "Sanford and Merton" and other stories which instruct while they entertain. You have a lot of badly behaved children in your city, and much of their misbehavior is due to their reading. Hadn't you better do as Los Angeles has done?

Very sincerely,

—A Los Angeles Woman.

The Bulgarian Czar

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: You seem surprised that Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria should suddenly loom so large on the European horizon. Have you forgotten his lineage? His grandfather was Louis-Philippe, one of the cleverest men of his time. His mother was the Princess Clementine who married the Duke of Coburg-Kohary. Louis regarded her as the most highly endowed of his daughters. Queen Victoria was very fond of her, and a distinguished diplomat once said of her that she was "Alexander III's nightmare, Francis Joseph's bog, Bismarck's sleeping draught and one of the three clever women of Europe." Is it any wonder that her son should achieve outstanding greatness?

Respectfully,

—The Genealogist.

Marble Days on Oak Mound

Ukiah, Cal., November 9, 1912.

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Anent the character sketch of Attorney Thomas B. Dozier, which appears in this week's issue of Town Talk, the enclosed clipping from the Ukiah Times of June 27 may be of interest to you, as it gives a sort of flashlight of him thirty years ago. When a student of Oak Mound, young Dozier did not thumb the vocabularies of his Cicero and Virgil in vain. Franklin K. Lane, Garret W. McEnerney, Theodore A. Bell, "Copper King" Burrage, Professor Adolph C. Miller, Dean Sharp of the College of Dentistry, Frank Mathieu and other celebrities knuckled marbles on the Oak Mound grounds when they were young. "Haec olim meminisse juvabit." I am,

Very truly yours,

—F. O. Mower.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Signif cant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Elevators in the Forum

It is permissable for this once to repeat the Ecclesiastes chestnut, "Nothing new under the sun." The Romans had twelve elevators in the Forum. Professor Boni, the archaeologist, discovered one built fifty years before our era began. It consisted of a wooden platform and was raised and lowered by ropes and pulleys which were worked by a capstan in the subterranean corridors of the Forum. And yet it is an exceptional Latin scholar who could tell you offhand the Ciceronian word for "lift."

Knox Made a Hit

Secretary of State Knox made a great hit with the Japanese Government when he delivered in person the condolences of the American Government on the death of the Mikado. Among other nice things he said: "The late Mikado's name will be remembered in history for all time as great among the world's greatest men. The people of America with one heart and mind profoundly sympathize with Japan in her deep bereavement and at the same time they rejoice with the Japanese people in that the halo which is lighted about Mutsuhito's name will grow in glory and brilliance with the coming of the ages." These words are being repeated approvingly all over Nippon. They have a different ring from the formal regrets delivered by representatives of other governments. The new Mikado has ordered that they be written in the imperial record book kept in the inner palace and also that they be inscribed on the monument over the dead Emperor's grave.

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Why Nogi Died

General Nogi committed suicide following the death of the Japanese Emperor because he felt that he had disgraced himself by losing a regimental flag during the Saigo Rebellion. This fact has come to light through the publication of a letter the General wrote immediately before killing himself. The incident happened when he was a young man, but he never got over it, although the Emperor overwhelmed him with marks of distinguished consideration. It has also come out that although the Countess Nogi killed herself with all the fortitude befitting the wife of a Samurai, she cried out with the great pain, thus attracting a maid servant. The General hid himself while the maid was in the room but as soon as she left to summon assistance, he slew himself in the presence of his wife.

Mikado's Doctor in Disgrace

The doctor who attended the Emperor of Japan in his last illness is finding himself in difficulties because he will not satisfy the demands of that circle in Tokio which still clings to old ideas. These persons, who have been much impressed by General Nogi's suicide, demand that the doctor also shall kill himself, but he declines to do so. It has been explained to him that he will be held in dishonor if he does not follow the example of Nogi, but all the persuasion and indignation leave him unmoved. "It was not my fault," he says, "that the Emperor died." He has declared in several journals that he was unable to attend the Mikado as he should have done owing to the Court etiquette, and added that if the Emperor had followed his advice and abstained from alcoholic drinks he would still be alive. The doctor, who is an uncommonly able man, is at the moment one of the most despised men in Japan.

Poems About San Francisco

LXVII—A SEA DREAM

By Edmund F. Green

(The following lines are from a modest volume entitled "Verses" published in 1909 by Edmund F. Green. Mr. Green is a well known member of the Bohemian Club and is in the insurance business. He is a very unpretentious singer, as becomes an insurance man, but when he finds his inspiration in San Francisco scenes, as in the following verses, he writes gracefully enough.)

Loaded down to the water's brim,
Sailing over the quiet bay,
Far to the west, where the setting sun
Gilds the close of a summer day.

Sailing off to the land of dreams,
Following fantasies still to be,
Airy phantoms that beckon it on
Over the breast of the summer sea.

What lies back of the mist and cloud?
Back of the west and the golden haze?
Fairy palaces, fairy isles,
Fairy measure of endless days;

Rest forever for him who sails,
Smoothly, quietly, far away,
Out of the harbor, across the bar,
Over the water, at close of day.

The Spectator

Miss Foy for the Cabinet

The local papers published a despatch from Los Angeles reciting that the Bourbon suffragettes of the southern town had requested President-elect Wilson to appoint a woman to his cabinet. Unfortunately the cream was skimmed from the jest before it reached the newspaper shops. The story in its untouched purity has to do with the ambition of Miss Mary E. Foy. Miss Foy is one of the presidential electors on the Wilson ticket, the only woman who shares this honor with her being Mrs. James Ellis Tucker of St. Helena, the sister of "Billy" Bourn. Miss Foy, like Mrs. Tucker, is a woman of wealth and energy. Giving lavishly of her time and money she organized a great number of women's Wilson clubs in the southland. When victory crowned the Wilson banner she decided to reimburse herself by seeking signal political honor. The result was renewed activity in Los Angeles followed by a telegram to the women in charge of the Democratic campaign in this city. The telegram recited that one thousand prominent Democratic women in the South had indorsed Miss Foy for a position in the new president's cabinet, and instructed the northern women to get busy and back up the action of her admirers below the Tehachapi. The wire was received by Jennie Leland Durst, chairman and Mrs. Grace Caukin, secretary of the Women's Committee of One Hundred. When they read it their indignation knew no bounds. They communicated its contents to other women prominent in the committee, and the thermometer went up every time it was read. "Perhaps she wants to be Secretary of War," said one woman with withering sarcasm. "We'll teach her to keep her place!" vowed another. All the women to whom the contents of the telegram were communicated including Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. Atherton, Miss Frances Joliffe, Mrs. Arthur Cornwall, Mrs. Peter Hamilton and Mrs. V. de Witt Warr have declared themselves in strenuous oppositoin to the vaulting ambition of Miss Foy.

A Warning for Mrs. Atherton

The men in charge of the Woodrow Wilson campaign in California were a good deal worried from time to time by the speeches which Gertrude Atherton made on the stump. The fact that she made cigarette smoking an issue in the campaign filled them with anxiety. There was evidently a good deal of this nervousness left on election night. On that night Mrs. Atherton paid a visit to the campaign headquarters in the Phelan Building. Louis H. Mooser was one of those who kept her posted as the returns came in. "I'm just dying for a smoke," said Mrs. Atherton casually to Mooser. "For God's sake, Mrs. Atherton," exclaimed Mooser, "don't smoke in here." "But I must have a smoke," insisted Mrs. Atherton. "If you must, please go out and smoke in the corridor," begged Mooser. But Mrs. Atherton decided to do without.

Wants To Be Ambassador

Word comes to me from Los Angeles that one of the first Democrats to apply for a job under the new president is R. F. Del Valle, a presidential elector. Del Valle belongs to one of the wealthy old Spanish families of Los Angeles, and he thinks that he is eminently fitted to be ambassador to Mexico. So he lost no time in making application for the post. Down in Los Angeles they are saying that one of the men in California who will be close up to President Wilson is Lynn Helm, the Angeleno attorney. Helm is president of the California Bar Association, and wielded considerable influence in the presidential fight. But the principal reason for his closeness to the new chief executive is that they were classmates at Princeton.

The Job-Chasers Are Busy

The Bourbons have been out of office so long that their desire for jobs is sadly in need of satiation; so they are crowding up to the pie wagon with frantic eagerness. Every mail brings to the headquarters of the State Central Committee a bundle of applications for all sorts of billets from United States Attorney down to fourth class Postmaster. As soon as it was known that Wilson had won offers of money to pay the State campaign bills began pouring in. One man who has held office as a Democrat for many years visited headquarters on Tuesday night and left a small check behind, explaining that he had been too busy to contribute before. Ever since the election checks have been received, some of them ingenuously dated before the election. I suppose the total of contributions proffered since the election would be in the neighborhood of six or seven thousand dollars.

A Bull Moose Congressman

Among the many blessings for which we are indebted to the Johnson administration is the Hon. John I. Nolan, Congressman-elect from San Francisco. Mr. Nolan having long been walking delegate of the Machinists' Union is in the true sense of the word a representative citizen of this city. Mr. Nolan has had much experience of strikes and politics. He was a supervisor when P. H. McCarthy was mayor, and he used to spend his time at Sacramento during sessions of the Legislature urging legislation of the kind that is most desired by organized labor. Mr. Nolan distinguished himself during the Rolph campaign at a Rolph meeting by getting on his feet and asking the mayoralty candidate unpleasant questions.

Our Opera House Expert

Joseph Versatile Redding is about to shine in another role. He is now on his way to Europe to look over the great opera houses and so gather ideas to be embodied in the proposed home of grand opera in this city. In the East Joe will arm himself with letters from Andreas Dippel of the Chicago Opera, Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan and Whitelaw Reid, our Ambassador to London. Thus fortified he will depart for the capitals of the old world, and when he returns what he doesn't know about the architecture of opera houses will be a minus quantity. Joe is particularly keen to see the new opera house in Palermo, said to be one of the finest ever built.

Spreckels Suspects

So. Mr. Rudolph Spreckels suspects that Wilson was counted out in California and is willing to contribute to a fund to defray the expense of a recount! Well Mr. Spreckels ought to be regarded as mighty good authority on this particular subject. Once upon a time all the strong-

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arm men of the current dispensation were pals of his. They were on his staff in more than one municipal election in San Francisco. Detective Burns knows intimately the ways of the Johnsons, McCabes and Dwyers. The probability is that Detective Burns can come out here under the direction of Mr. Spreckels and uncover any raw work that was done.

The Stemming of Enthusiasm

It turns out that the most active spirit behind the association which is raising the money to build an opera house for San Francisco is William H. Crocker. This is the same Mr. Crocker, one of the dailies tells us, who made possible the rebuilding of the Olympic Club, who financed the new Masonic Temple enterprise, and who gave away nearly a block of land on California street hill for a site for the pro-cathedral of the Episcopal Church. The list of Mr. Crocker's benefactions is a long one. The whole list has never been published, the reason being perhaps that not all of the big things he has done since the fire are known to any individual. We only know in a general way that when any public enterprise is started the first step is toward the Crocker bank. Yet it has not been seen fit to indulge Mr. Crocker's enthusiasm for good works. This enthusiasm has been frowned on by the one man in the State who knows what's what in all matters pertaining to the public welfare. Mr. Crocker used to be chairman of the finance committee of the Board of Regents of the California University, and his associates regarded him as invaluable in that position. The university received the benefit not only of his services and his enthusiasm but of his money. When Governor Johnson learned how active Mr. Crocker was in university affairs he ordered a new deal in the finance committee. The Governor knew that Mr. Crocker ought to be removed from the chairmanship because he also knew that Mr. Crocker had not been in sympathy with the political aspirations of Hiram Johnson. Thus does a broadminded man in the gubernatorial office perceive how things are to be set right.

Back to the Barn

Well, it's all over. The horse cars are to be banished from Market street. Our city authorities got every scintilla of glory from the compromise negotiations that was available, and when they reached the point where they were told that one more appeal to the gallery would result in the withdrawal of every concession they quit—all but Koshland and Bancroft. These two protectors of the rights of the dear pee-pul are almost as exacting as E. P. E. Troy, the only genuine civic patriot in our midst. Koshland was not at all satisfied with the compromise. And doubtless Koshland knows more about the iniquity of the corporation than any of his confreres, for supervisoring is his only business. Besides purchasing supplies for the city he has nothing to do but watch the bad corporations, and it is perhaps a matter of great significance that he had an amendment to offer which the other supervisors shied at. Bancroft was satisfied, but he was in favor of submitting the matter to the objects of all his solicitudes—the dear pee-pul. The raise in taxes hasn't made Bancroft sweat a hair. "Pile on the agony," is his philosophy, "so long as it is made to appear that I am on the job making the corporations behave."

A Flashy Joker

Of course our public servants are deserving of great credit for getting so many concessions from the railroad. Thornwell Mullally appears to have given them everything they asked. Indeed it appears he was willing to give them more than they first appeared to want. He was willing to stop the Jackson street cars at Sutter and Market, and doubtless was laughing in his sleeve when he vouchsafed that concession. But when the supervisors heard from the people on Jackson street they dropped the proposition as though it were a red hot stove. Mullally also agreed that the city should have the right to switch its cars from the outside to the inside tracks and that the company should not have the right to switch its cars from the inside to the outside. At first blush this seems as if the company is taking the worst of it, and therefore the concession puts a feather in the official cap. Of course it's unfair to the company, but it shows that our servants are looking after our interests and willing to gouge a little for the dear people. Thus is popularity fashioned of flubdub. But consider—Who will suffer in a tie-up on lower Market street? Not the comparatively small number of people riding on the Geary street car, but the great bulk of people riding on all the cars of the United Railroads. In other words, the supervisors, to make it appear that they are rubbing it into a public service corporation, are really rubbing it into the great majority of the people of the city. This is but a specimen joker. Let us be grateful, however, since the horse cars are to be banished, but let us not forget to revile the railroad. Let us wholly forget that Thornwell Mullally initiated the whole compromise scheme, inviting the city to run its cars down Market street and granting every request that could be conceived in the fertile mind of a supervisor bent on vindicating his devotion to the dear pee-pul—barring of course the final request of the inimitable Koshland and Referendum Bancroft.

Willis Polk and St. John

This is the story of Willis Polk's patron saint, as told by Willis himself. "When I was young and foolish," says Willis, "I lived over in Piedmont, and my place was the rendezvous for a lot of painters, poets and others who had a liking for what was then considered rather unconventional fun. The result was that my quiet neighbors were kept awake many a night by the noise of music and laughter, and they were a good deal shocked by what they thought our wicked way of life. One night I gave a party, and the fun was faster and more furious than usual. It lasted far into the night. In the midst of the revelry there came a modest tap-tap at my door. 'Come in!' I yelled. And there stepped into the room a gentleman in clerical dress with a package under his arm. 'Mr. Polk,' he said, 'I am Dr. Worcester, one of your neighbors, and I have brought you a little present which I hope you will accept.' He refused to stay, though I urged him to, and departed, leaving the package. I learned afterwards that he was the Reverend Joseph Worcester, pastor of a church in Piedmont. He is now the pastor of the beautiful Swedenborgian Church in this city. Well, of course everybody was curious to see the present which had come to me in such strange circumstances, so I unwrapped the package and there was a beautiful copy of Donatello's bust of St. John. There was a roar of laughter. One of my crazy guests stuck a cigarette between the saint's lips, and another put an old stove-pipe hat on his head. Then we forgot all about him, and the party went on. But the next day when my guests had gone and I awoke to see the saint gazing gravely at me, I was ashamed of what we had done. I took the hat off his head; I removed the cigarette and carefully wiped the cigarette stains from his mouth. Then I gave St. John the place of honor in my apartment. He remained there as long as I was in Piedmont and when I moved to San Francisco St. John came with me. The saint talked to me for fifteen or sixteen years. Then the earthquake came and tumbled him from his place of honor, shattering him to pieces. Shortly afterwards I met Dr. Worcester. It was the first time I had seen him since that wild night. I told him that St. John had been broken and said I was going to have him mended and restored to his niche. 'You needn't do that,' replied Dr. Worcester; 'he has done his work. I don't think you need him any more.'"

A "Jim" Woods Banquet

It has been resolved (nobody knows by whom or when or where) that the business of fanning

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the flame of conviviality with the wing of friendship, too long neglected, must be attended to; also, that to that end a series of dinners should be given during the winter. The first of them was pulled off at the Cliff House Friday night of last week. The motif (a dinner to be a success must always have a motif) was James Woods of the St. Francis. The toastmaster was Frank Maroney who explained that it had been unanimously agreed that there wasn't anybody in town more deserving of honor at the hands of representative citizens of San Francisco than the quiet, amiable, public spirited police commissioner who manages the big hotel in Powell street. It is one of the paradoxes of the city, as was observed by Myron Wolf, in responding to a toast, that a community famed for its hospitality should have learned so much of the art of dispensing hospitality from "Jim" Woods, an importation from the cold and effete East, whose counsel and services are in demand for every movement for the betterment of the city. In a somewhat different strain spoke Larry Harris, who more than sustained his reputation on this occasion for sprightly, humorous after-dinner speaking. He brought out his pan and added a dish to the menu that was full of meat and well spiced. Among the speakers were William H. Metson, J. C. Nealon, Judge Graham and Major Stanton. Among the banqueters were Frank Drum, Wellington Gregg, Thornwell Mullally, William F. Humphrey, Percy Henderson, Jack Spreckels, "Bud" Havens, E. P. Brinegar, M. H. Esberg, Colonel George Pippy, Clarence Ward, A. C. Eisen, Chief of Police White, Dr. John Gallwey, Felix Hoendorf, Edwin C. Hammer, Samuel N. Rucker, Fay C. Beal, Joseph Deering, Fred Fenwick and Bush Finnell.

A Ponderous Guide Book

The late Mr. Murray and the present Mr. Baedeker saw to it that their guide books were handy volumes of pocket size and light weight, manuals that could be held in one hand with ease. Handiness would seem to be the first desideratum in such a book. How can a guide book guide you if you can't take it with you? A pocket compass might just as well be as large as a binnacle. Helen Throop Purdy should have thought of this before she sent her guide book to the press. "San Francisco; As It Was, As It Is and How To See It" is a guide book nine inches long by seven inches wide and weighing about five pounds. Obviously this is not a handbook or manual. You can't take it with you on your excursions around San Francisco. You must leave it behind when you start out. Then what are you to do? Make copious notes from it? There seems no other way, for the information which it gives about street car lines must be immediately available to be worth anything. The sightseer can't go back to his hotel to consult a reference volume every time he wishes to take a street car to a place of interest. It may be said that the sightseer has other means of acquiring information, a hotel folder, for instance. But this book enters into competition with the hotel folder. It tells where all the points of interest in the city are, even including shops, and what cars to take to visit them. Helen Throop Purdy's book seems to defeat its own purpose. It is a guide book suffering from obesity.

The Name of City and Bay

Mrs. Purdy seems to entertain doubts on the subject of San Francisco Bay having been named after St. Francis of Assisi. "It is possible," she suggests, that the bay was named for Sir Francis Drake, and that the Spaniards changed Sir Francis to St. Francis. This reminds me of a verbal gem flashed before the Board of Supervisors by Abe Friedlander, an obscure lawyer, when the Board was changing a lot of street names throughout the city. Abe had been retained by members of the Arguello family to persuade the city fathers to commemorate their great family by attaching its patronymic to one of the avenues in the Richmond District. The supervisors pointed out that they had decided to rechristen this street St. Francis Boulevard. Abe was indignant. "Don't you know," he cried, "that St. Francis was the greatest pirate that ever sailed the Spanish Main?" There was a murmur of shocked surprise, and one of the Arguellos plucked Abe by the sleeve and whispered to him. "Of course, gentlemen," corrected the abashed Abe, "the St. Francis I refer to is St. Francis Drake." Like Abe Mrs. Purdy seems to have her saints mixed.

Who Is Our Patron Saint?

Mrs. Purdy makes no doubt that the city of San Francisco was named in honor of St. Francis of Assisi. But is the gentle Assisian our patron saint? Most people take it for granted, including Bishop Nichols who is eager to have a statue of the saint erected on the crest of Lincoln Park. Yet the matter admits of doubt. In the "Ecclesiastical and Religious Journal for San Francisco," written by Father Langlois, a Jesuit priest who came to the city in 1848, we find these curious words: "The first mass said in the Mission established in the city of St. Francis Xavier was on June 17th, 1849." Father Langlois means our San Francisco when he speaks of the city of St. Francis Xavier. Evidently he regarded the great Jesuit saint and not the founder of the Franciscan order as our patron. An explanation of this interesting point is attempted by Rev Joseph W. Riordan, the author of "The First Half Century of St. Ignatius Church and College," as follows: "Although the children of St. Francis had named the bay after their Holy Founder, they had named the Mission established on its shores 'Dolores' in memory of the Sorrows of the Virgin Mother. This foundation had nothing to do directly with the settlement from which the present city has sprung, and which was called Yerba Buena until January, 1847, when Alcalde Bartlett issued a decree changing the name to San Francisco. . . . While, therefore, the title of the bay had long been consecrated by usage, the title of the town was of recent origin, and imposed by the will of one man. The town was named after the bay; the bay, after St. Francis of Assisi; as a natural consequence, town and bay should have the same patron. But he who by his office could give a new name to the town, could not reach the private devotion of its inhabitants. The official name must remain San Francisco (St. Francis) but the civil government, under American rule, was not specially concerned in discriminating between the various saints of that name; and so Father Langlois considered himself free to designate the spiritual protector of the city; the more so, as we shall see, because as Vicar for the northern part of the diocese the administration of ecclesiastical affairs belonged to him. Now, as missionary, his special patron had been St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies. As an accepted novice of the Society of Jesus, his special devotion was naturally towards the Jesuit saints. . . . The title, therefore, was neither unintentional, nor the result of ignorance, but was the product of the novice devotion of Father Langlois' heart." So the question is really open to debate.

Not Very Reliable

To return to Mrs. Purdy's guide book. It is not as reliable as it might be. There are places

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Santa Fe

where her information is faulty and other places where it is inadequate. She says, for instance, that the names of the first two Jesuits to come here were Blanchet and Langlois. She means Brouillet and Langlois. The sculptor of the Lick Monument in Marshall Square was not Frank Happenberger, but Frank Happersberger. Typographically, in binding and in pictures Mrs. Purdy's book does credit to Paul Elder, its publisher.

The Restraint of Shortall

Judge Shortall made a campaign speech in a nickelodeon in the Sunset District a few nights before election day. He told the story of his life, recounting his struggle with early hardships, his care for the dear folks at home and other intimate details which suers for the suffrage feel called upon to bare when they mount the stump. He wound up by saying: "And I didn't begin to raise a family until after I was married." Which, in these sad bad days, may be glorified as an instance of proper, not to say rectitudinous restraint.

Jim Barry's Threat

"Did you ever hear about Jim Barry at the County Jail?" asked the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock when I caught him in a conversational mood the other day. I admitted that I had not, but added that I should be delighted to hear any story about the genial editor of the Star. "Well," said the Clock Winder, "Jim Barry was once set to the County Jail for contempt of court. Laumeister was sheriff at the time, and being very fond of Barry and looking on his imprisonment as a purely formal matter anyway, gave him a nice sunny room at the Jail. While Barry was there another editor, this time the editor of a little fly-by-night paper, was also ordered into custody for contempt. Sheriff Laumeister sent his undersheriff to Barry to ask him whether he would be willing to share his room with the other editor. Barry had a great contempt for the editor in question, and was indignant at the request. 'Share my room with him!' he exclaimed indignantly. 'Why, I'll leave the jail first!'"

His First Book

Score another for Peter B. Kyne, our young story teller. Peter's first novel is about to appear as a serial in Sunset, and already he has disposed of the book rights to Doubleday, Page and Company. The story is entitled "The Long Chance," and the action is laid on the California desert. Twenty illustrations have been made for it by Maynard Dixon who came from New York at the invitation of the Sunset people to do the work. When the Eastern publishing house read the announcement of this serial story they immediately asked permission to read the story, and liked it so well that they offered Kyne an advance of $1,000 and the usual royalties, which he accepted. It is interesting to know that they made only one suggestion. "Put more tears into it if you can," they told Kyne; "the women readers like 'em." So Kyne is sprinkling more tears on the story, but not in the way Dick Swiveller used to sprinkle them on his letters.



DOROTHY LANE

The charming English actress who will appear in "The Butterfly on the Wheel" at the Cort.

Knew His Weakness

Sam Blythe, not the political expert of the Saturday Evening Post but the genial Bakersfield oil man, is responsible for the following. Blythe

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says he stepped off the Lark at Los Angeles a few days ago and made his way through the depot crowd to a taxicab. As he was about to give a direction to the chauffeur he was nearly knocked over by a young man he knew who was rushing, suitcase in hand, to catch a train out of the southern city. "What's your hurry, Joe?" demanded Blythe when he had regained his balance. "Why," exclaimed the young man, "I've just found out that the police down here employ pretty women to tempt men and then arrest them if they fall. I know my weakness, and I'm getting out of the city before temptation comes my way!"

Mrs. Wiggin's First Book

Kate Douglas Wiggin has been telling in the New York Times how she came to write. The story has particular interest for us because Mrs. Wiggin lived and worked in San Francisco when she first broke into the literary enclosure where she now ranges at will. Here is how it happened: "My first advent into print was not a book, but a three-part story, accepted by the St. Nicholas Magazine and paid for (mirabile dictu!) to the extent of $150. I was 17, and why I did not consider myself a full-fledged author, embarked upon a successful career, I can hardly tell, but a period of common sense overtook me with considerable severity. I examined myself and, though I discovered an intense desire to write, I discovered nothing to write about. I had neither knowledge nor experience, nor yet the genius which supplies at a pinch the place of both, so, somewhat regretfully, I turned my back on Literature (the Muse showing a most unflattering indifference) and took a peep into Life. All my instincts led me toward work with children, so I studied educational methods for a year and a half, finishing with a course of kindergarten, theory and practice. Then most unexpectedly I found myself in the position of organizing the first free kindergarten work west of the Rocky Mountains, my sphere of effort being a precinct in San Francisco known as "Tar Flat." This is not the place to describe that experiment, which, under favoring circumstances, took root, blossomed and bore fruit all up and down the Pacific Coast. Suffice it to say, I was too busy with living to think of writing. I was helping, in my woman's way, (I fear at first it was but a girl's way), to do my share of the world's work, and it absorbed all my energies of body, mind, and soul. But though the public was generous, there was never money enough! Fifty children under school age, between 4 and 6, were enrolled, but the procession of waiting mothers grew longer daily. Patrick's mother, Henri's, Levi's, Angelo's, Leo's, Katarina's, Selma's, Alexandrina's, stood outside the door asking when there would be room for more children. On a certain October day I wondered to myself could I write a story, publish it in paper covers, and sell it here and there for a modest price, the profits to help toward the establishment of a second kindergarten. Preparations for Christmas were already in the air, and as I sat down at my desk in a holiday spirit I wrote in a few days my real first book, "The Birds' Christmas Carol." It was the simplest of all possible simple tales; the record of a lame child's life; a child born on Christmas Day, and named Carol by Mr. and Mrs. Bird, her father and mother. The Dark Ages in which I wrote were full of literary Herods, who put to death all the young children in their vicinity, and I was no exception with my fragile little heroine. What saved me finally was a rudimentary sense of humor that flourished even in the life I was living."

"The Star Treader"

Clark Ashton Smith, the Auburn boy for whom puberty and poetry were simultaneous phenomena, has attained to the dignity of book covers. He has been published by Aleck Robertson, which is a distinction in itself; and furthermore, has been printed in golden gorgeousness with a rubricated title page by the Philopolis Press. The virgin poems of Keats or Shelley, Wordsworth or Tennyson were casketed in no fairer receptacle. Wherefore the shy singer of the mountains may be very proud, if he will; but there's a peril for poets in any sort of pride, so he had better not. "The Star Treader and Other Poems" contains some half a hundred efforts, short and long; withal a toothsome morsel for the bite of criticism. At first glance they seem to range over a wide field, but in fact they are pretty closely confined to that gloomy meadow 'tother side of Phlegethon where day is indistinguishable from night. Young Smith loves the gloom; and if he must face the light, 'tis rarely the honest sun—rather the rarefied ether of the interstellar spaces—which holds his gaze. Star Treader is no misnomer.

An Impressionable Poet

A very impressionable young man is Clark Ashton Smith, taking the swift impress of Nature, the more readily if she hap to be in her moods of mystery. Taking also the swift impress of other poets. It may be the Tennyson of "In Memoriam," it may be the Browning of "Childe Roland"; but principally it is Keats and Shelley. One of the best poems in this book is "Saturn," a longish narrative in blank verse. Reading it one cannot resist stating the obvious, and the obvious is that if there had been no Keats' "Hyperion" there would be no Clark Ashton Smith's "Saturn." "Hyperion," as Macaulay's school boy remembers, was left unfinished. "The poem," said Keats pathetically, "was intended to have been of equal length with 'Endymion,' but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding." Smith had the courage to resume a little beyond where Keats left off. Doubtless he found his inspiration in these words:

> Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelve,
> Upon his elbow rais'd, all prostrate else,
> Shadow'd Enceladus; once tame and mild
> As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
> Now tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted, wroth,
> He meditated, plotted, and even now
> Was hurling mountains in that second war,
> Not long delayed.

Smith gives us that second war of the Titans against Jove and his younger gods, and right warm milling it is too!

Peering Into the Abyss

Young Smith is avid of the mood melancholy. He is a callow Il Pensoroso who wears a cloud



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on his brow and sends his thoughts along the murky channel of gloomy musings. Thus we have "The Night Forest," "Song to Oblivion," "Medusa," "Ode to the Abyss," "The Last Night," "Lament of the Stars," "Lethe," "The Eldritch Dark," "Shadow of Nightmare," "To the Darkness" and "Averted Malefice," till one is constrained to cry, "Something too much of this." Somebody who has influence with young Smith, say George Sterling, should entreat him to come away from the abyss. If he loses his balance a good poet is lost. This entire book, as a matter of fact, should be regarded as a collection of those efforts which a poet leaves behind him as he nears maturity. All young singers are fascinated by the dark, luxuriate in melancholy and hollow their cheeks with weeping for the death of Pan and the evanishment of the Olympians. That is a phase through which the poet must pass. But it is not to be taken too seriously, except in relation to his future work. Young Smith has the gift of song, there's no denying that; but it remains to be seen whether he will emerge into the clean white light of day and do his singing in the open road, instead of haunting caverns and treading the spaces between the stars.

The Promise of "Nero"

I think we may pin our faith to the youngster. All the work in this volume is superbly done, and some of it is as valuable for its matter as for its manner. Especially the "Nero," a monologue in the Tennysonian style of "Ulysses," but not a copy of anything I know. A strength not boyish muscles these lines wherein the last of the Caesars yearns for the godhead which would make his power of mischief infinite. Any poet alive today might well be proud to have written this poem. And there are others which show promise, simple things which perhaps young Smith doesn't value overmuch. Such are "The Mystic Meaning," "The Winds," "The Snow Blossoms" and others. There is no new tone in any of these, as there is no new tone in the longer, more pretentious poems, but they are downright music just the same. Withal "The Star Treader" is a book which no lover of poetry will care to miss.

Back to the Farm

Judge Nusbaum of Oakland has hearkened to the call of the country. He has given up his law practice, banished all thoughts of the codes and hied him to Mendocino County to be close to Mother Nature. Judge Nusbaum has become the foreman of the big Eden Valley ranch which belongs to the Henshaws. The Eden Valley ranch is a valuable property with great cattle ranges and a game preserve, but it has not prospered. Bad management has made it for a long time a very costly holding. The sheep have died, the cattle have had to be sold at the wrong season and other misfortunes have come upon it. But now that a former judge and lawyer has taken hold, it is expected that good will follow evil days; for Judge Nusbaum is a man of versatility and generally succeeds where he applies himself.



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A Sidewalk Rag

In the old days when south of Market was south of Market street the youngsters of that populous section would gather about an Italian organ grinder and dance to his not too inspiriting music. Other times, other manners. Now the young people take to Broadway. At least they did the night of the first Greenway. The Egbert Stones who live on Broadway and Steiner gave dinners to thirty preceding the Bachelor and Benedick ball. It was a gay party, and the friends of the Misses Harriet and Marion Stone enjoyed themselves immensely. Apparently they were so eager to dance that they couldn't wait till they reached the Fairmont. So they went out on the sidewalk and ragged. The music floated out to them through the open windows. It was a pretty sight, but so unusual that the neighbors were surprised.

The "Caved-In" Figure

Miss Eliza McMullen, the pretty little granddaughter of Mrs. John McMullen, is being welcomed back from Paris where she has been for the past year. She left a pretty little Dresden shepherdess type of girl with floppy sash-girdled frocks with the fluffy frilly accessories that only the petite figure can display lavishly. She returns "tailored" to the last second of Parisian fashion. She has acquired the new "caved-in" figure that is accomplished by a strange bending of the knees that gives a crouching appearance to the figure and the walk that accompanies it is a shuffling glide. Eliza McMullen carries it off in most fascinating manner, and in a tan tailored suit with its cutaway coat she is the claimant of much admiration. The girls who are trying to copy her style are having a woeful time of it but it will come in time to those who have slender figures. Harriett Alexander has very nearly acquired it. She has the crouch but her walk is yet an incipient wobble instead of the coveted glide.

Advice from the Bride

Miss Inez Kenny was a very beautiful bride. And very composed. When she entered Trinity and was about to advance to the altar to become the wife of Willard Chamberlin she noticed that Miss Helen Dean, one of her bridesmaids, was very pale and nervous. "For heaven's sake, Helen, smile!" she exclaimed. And Helen did her best to smile.

Cheever and the Ribbon Counter

In the New York World I read that "Cheever Cowdin has tired of measuring ribbons for his father and has gone to California. He is not cut out for a dry-goods merchant and the ribbon counter is not his forte so Cheever has gone West and perhaps thereby hangs a tale." Can this refer to young Cowdin's marriage to Miss Hopkins only now anticipated by the society writer of the World? It looks that way, for all the stir the wedding made in local smart set circles. Although Cowdin and his bride passed the summer in the East the metropolitan scribes seem ignorant of his marriage and since his return are hinting at a California romance. Truly we are specks on the New York social horizon. It is news to me that Cheever ever measured ribbons. I cannot condemn his distaste for this means of making a livelihood and since it is not essential that he make a livelihood, having one fairly provided for him, why should he measure ribbons?



Photo. Haberlecht

MISS PHYLLIS DE YOUNG

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. De Young who made her debut Tuesday night at a brilliant reception in the De Young mansion in California street.

An Unique Celebration

Mr. and Mrs. George Beckley who were married at the St. Francis last year had an unique celebration at their Honolulu home two weeks ago. Mrs. Beckley who was Miss Beatrice Campbell, step-daughter of Colonel Sam Parker, has sent photographs of the event taken by flashlight to friends in this city. It was a native feast for one hundred guests given under a marquee on the lawn of the Beckley residence to celebrate the christening of the small daughter of the house as well as the eighteenth birthday of her mother. It is not often in this age of late marriages that a mother can celebrate her own coming of age at her child's christening and the double event made the affair one of peculiar interest. Conspicuous among the guests was the beautiful Princess David Kawananakoa, sister of the hostess, who I am told has entirely recovered her health in the salubrious climate of her native islands, but she is not likely to revisit San Francisco soon.

"The Rag" Cut Out

Miss Grace Garrish, the clever Minneapolis girl who is drilling society girls and men for the production of the "Campus Mouser" which will be put on at the Valencia next Monday and Tuesday night for the benefit of society's pet charity, the Armitage Orphanage at San Mateo, has had to eleminate the "ragging" which she inserted in the play as a delicate little compliment to San Francisco. She wrote it in Minneapolis and has given it in a number of cities, notably Portland, but no mention of the "rag" was in the lines or suggestion of it in the dances. For the San Francisco production however it was liberally introduced. One rehearsal before the patronesses however showed Miss Garrish that she would have to permit it to be censored. Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard loudly voiced her objection to even the word "rag" being permitted to remain in the mouth of dainty little Harriet Alexander who is playing the part of Cynthia. A few members of the board of directors of the Orphanage were inclined to express themselves as not minding the exhibition in the least, but the conservative element triumphed and the Tango, the new Argentinian dance, lead by Dorothy Deane will be the only innovation.

Miss De Young's Debut

That was a brilliant affair Tuesday night at which beautiful Phyllis De Young made her first formal social bow. Amid beautiful decorations and surrounded by the matrons of her family, this charming girl received the representative members of San Francisco and peninsular society, and was in turn welcomed to the ranks of the debutantes. Miss De Young is a girl of great intellectual as well as personal charm. She has the poise which comes from long sojourn in the

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old world combined with a girlish vivacity which will make her a favorite at the balls and teas and other entertainments of the Winter. She made a pretty picture indeed as she stood in her gown of snowy white in the midst of a floral bower and greeted her friends. After the reception there was dancing for the younger folk and bridge for the oldsters. About five hundred guests attended this interesting debut. Among them were: Mr. and Mrs.—Horace Pillsbury, Charles Crocker, Edward Barron, George Armsby, Henry C. Breeden, Henry Foster Dutton, Frederick McNear, Samuel Hopkins, Augustus Taylor, William H. Taylor, Leon Greenebaum, Frederick H. Beaver, Henry E. Bothin, J. A. Chanslor, Oscar Cooper, John Deane, Lawrence Fuller, Larry Harris, Robert Henderson, Capt and Mrs. Martin Crimmins, E. O. McCormick, Downey Harvey, A. W. Foster, Harry E. Holbrook, Webster Jones, Clinton Worden, Joseph L. King, Jerome Landfield, Walter E. Dean, Walter L. Dean, Andrew Welch, Lansing Kellogg, Emory Winship: Mesdames—Eleanor Martin, A. N. Towne, Gertrude Atherton, Fletcher Ryder, John Darling, Henry E. Dodge, Jesse Dent Grant: The Misses—Louise Janin, Jane Hotaling, Helen Dean, Dorothy Deane, Alice Hager, Virginia Joliffe, Frances Joliffe, Enid Gregg, Nellie Grant, Ethel Gregg, Helen Garritt, Geraldine Forbis, Margaret Casey, Ysabel Chase, Dorothy Beaver, Jennie Blair, Marie Brewer, Elena Brewer, Helen Bertheau: Messrs.—Felton Elkins, Gordon Armsby, Roger Bocqueraz, Gayle Anderton, Henry Hadley, Arthur Hadley, Walter Hobart, Knox Maddox.

The Society Circus

Just to show that our society young men are not without a certain amount of literary cultivation, let me repeat a conversation I heard in the tapestry room of the St. Francis the other afternoon. Two of our gilded youths were examining the beautiful electric motor car which is on display there in connection with the society circus. "I say," one of them addressed the other, "do you know who gave the first society circus?" "How should I know, old man?" replied the other; "I'm no blue book or social encyclopedia." "Blue book be buttered!" exclaimed the first youth. "Have you ever read Suetonius?" "Who wrote it?" asked the other. "Well," replied the interlocutor with scorn, "if you stay home some night and find Suetonius' Lives of the Caesars in your daddy's library, you'll find that Nero gave the first society circus." Though the remark was not meant for me, I took the hint, and sure enough the speaker was right. Nero did give the first society circus, and it was a great affair. Knights, senators, even Roman matrons took part in the plays. One knight seated on an elephant was lowered to the stage from a trap in the ceiling. Senators fought as gladiators. Even Nero did not disdain to let the audience hear his beautiful falsetto voice. It was the first society circus and vaudeville, and it was a great success. It was perhaps on a more lavish scale than that which will be given soon for charity in this city, but this latter will not be insignificant by any means. The energetic women who have been enlisted in the sweet cause of charity by Mrs. Adrian Splivalo, the projector of the circus, are working hard, and promise many novelties.

The List of Buds

The debutantes who have been passed upon by Ned Greenway as eligible to the set over which he holds sway and who will make their first formal appearance in society this winter are: Miss Sophie Beylard, Miss Henriette Blanding, Miss Corona Williams, Miss Elizabeth Brice, Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Nancy Glenn, Miss Amalyta Talbot, Miss Phyllis de Young, Miss Dorothy Deane, Miss Helen Hinckley, Miss Helen Nicol, Miss Margaret Nichols, Miss Harriett Pomeroy, Miss Ruth Zeile, Miss Helen Wright, Miss Mary Gayley and Miss Barbara Sutton. The list does not include Miss Arabella Morrow who attended several of the Greenways last season as the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin; Miss Constance Metcalf and Miss Jane Hotaling; nor Miss Christine Donohoe—all of whom are supposed to be of "Assembly" rating. That they were not guests at the First Bachelor and Benedick Ball is causing speculation.



MRS. ADRIAN SPLIVALO
The charming projector of the Society Circus and Horse Show which is to be held next month.

The Mystery of Ermine Tails

The significance of ermine tails as a dress accessory is being speculated upon by the members of a certain ultra-smart clique. The wife of a prominent army officer at the Presidio has a marked predilection for ermine and wears a magnificent stole of this expensive fur on all occasions—and in all her photographs. Recently she has appeared wearing ermine tails as hair ornaments. At a recent dinner at which General and Mrs. Arthur Murray were the guests of honor she appeared with one ermine tail arranged aggressively in her coiffure. The next week when Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner in honor of Major General Leonard Wood the same lady was present with three tails in her hair. On ordinary occasions she appears without them, which has given rise to the speculation that there must be some deference to rank when she increases their number, and an especial compliment paid to guests of honor when she wears them at all. Interest is centered now on the query, "How many will she wear at the ball to be given November 21 in honor of Sir Thomas Lipton by Mrs. Martin Crimmins"? Enid Gregg has an attractive gown which she dons on occasion that has one single ermine tail nestling at the hem of the skirt on the left side. Can it be that an ermine tail thus worn by a pretty girl may have a significance also? The "language of fans" once so much the mode was simple compared to the possible subtleties of the new fad.

THANKSGIVING SUGGESTIONS. Natural looking little turkeys filled with candies, or miniature candy plum puddings decked with holly add immensely to the attractiveness of the Thanksgiving dinner table. Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores.

A Cultured Family

Miss Adele Rosenthal who won all sorts of warm encomiums by her piano playing at the "pop" concert last Friday belongs to a well known San Francisco family. She is the daughter of Marcus Rosenthal, the lawyer, and the niece of Toby Rosenthal, the painter. She has spent

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many years abroad, chiefly in Munich where her uncle has a high position in the artistic fraternity. Many years have passed since Toby Rosenthal lived in San Francisco and painted "Elaine," but he is still an indefatigable worker. Miss Rosenthal's brother is following in his uncle's footsteps, having devoted himself to the palette and brush.

Plunged in Mourning

Several of our prominent families have been plunged into mourning recently and will be in retirement this winter. Two or three young matrons whose entertainments are always features of the season will be sadly missed. Mrs. Jack Wilson who is in mourning for her father William Cluff will take no part in the social program nor will her sister Mrs. John Breuner who has decided to spend a quiet winter at her Menlo Park home. Mrs. Harry Bates has also decided to winter at Menlo Park as she will forego the diversions of the beau monde owing to the death of her father John F. Merrill. Last week Mrs. John Drum canceled all her plans for the winter when her father J. J. Spieker passed away. Mrs. Drum has the sympathy of many friends in her bereavement as she was devotedly attached to her father whose only child she was.

Opening of Hotel Green

Announcement has been made that Hotel Green of Pasadena, the largest resort hotel in the west, will open for winter season on the twenty-third of November. Heretofore the Hotel Green has opened its doors for the winter season from December 15 to 20, keeping open for the season of five months. The Green is receiving numerous reservations daily and their management looks for a long and successful season. Since last season the east wing of the hotel has been enlarged to make room for a new and attractive European dining room, in addition to which the attractions for early guests will include the arcade stores, grill, billiard room and theatre. A fine new tennis court and lawn golf course have also been added to the entertainment features of the grounds. David B. Plumer, General Manager, is expected to arrive about the fifteenth of November.

The Kohler and Chase Recital

At the weekly music matinee of Kohler & Chase which will take place at Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon, two soloists will appear. One of these will be Lowell Moore Redfield, a baritone who is a favorite in club and church circles. The other soloist will be Miss Lorraine Ewing, pianist, a pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt. Mr. Redding will sing works by Gounod, Bohm and Dudley Buck. Miss Ewing will play compositions by Mason, Friml and Kely. Kohler & Chase desire to emphasize the fact that no cards of admission are required at these events. The firm cordially invites the public to attend and to partake of its hospitality. Among the other feature will be the interpreation of Liszt's famous Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 14 on the Pianola Piano. There will also be two excellent works played on the fine Aeolian Pipe Organ.

Football Night at Techau's

The night of the big football game was a gala occasion at Techau Tavern, where hundreds gathered joyously to celebrate the event. Admission was by reservation only and many who neglected to secure tables in advance were unable to find accommodation. The scene reminded one, by reason of its life and gaiety, of the merry crowds that throng the Tavern on New Year's eve, or the more recent gathering on election night. Great as is the number present on these special nights, it is by no means unusual for the Tavern to be quite as well patronized on ordinary occasions, when the after-theatre patrons frequently require every available seat. This popularity is due to the constant efforts of the management to maintain not only the unequaled service and cuisine, but to preserve that atmosphere of good fellowship which is one of the chief charms of the cafe.



DUSTIN FARNUM

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Gossip of the Theatre

The San Francisco Orchestra

A splendid achievement was that of Adele Rosenthal at last Friday's popular concert. In the Grieg concerto for piano and orchestra Mr. Hadley, so far as the audience was concerned, was eclipsed by the lady at the open mouth of a piano. For a woman to make the piano perform its function in this Grieg masterpiece it requires, it seems to me, superb courage. But Miss Rosenthal has beside her self-confidence the talent to justify it, but the piano under her touch is far from virile in tone. Her playing though not notable for its breadth, fulness and volume well demonstrated the sustaining power of the glorious instrument. The only time Mr. Hadley was in the picture was when as leading man he congratulated the lady very cordially and charmingly. The Mignon overture, a Moszkowski number, gay and blood-stirring and McDowell's Claire de Lune were the numbers for popular appeal, and they were delightfully played. Two movements of the "Symphony Pathetique" were offered as the piece de resistance to students of music. Mr. Hadley misses nothing in the playing of this work. Indeed Mr. Hadley extracts all that can be extracted out of the rarest concoctions of the composers. What they have to say is said articulately under his leadership. If, as some think, he does not radiate magnetism, he certainly renders music with sensitive, scholarly fidelity.

—H. M. B.

"The Chocolate Soldier" Again

"The Chocolate Soldier" hasn't fatigued us yet. This is his third visit, but he is as welcome as ever. A full house greeted him at the Cort Sunday night with unabated enthusiasm. The pretty music and the comedy were enjoyed just as wholeheartedly as if this had been his first appearance among us. There is a hint herein for the makers of musical entertainments. These entertainments are usually weakest in their librettos, for it seems to be easier to get a tuneful score than a witty and humorous book. "The Chocolate Soldier," having been built on a Shavian comedy, contains lines and situations of a superior kind. When the plot of "Arms and the Man" was wedded to the beautiful music of Oscar Strauss the result was so happy that "The Chocolate Soldier" bids fair to be perennial. None grudges him his popularity. And it is to the credit of Manager Whitney that he has kept up the high standard of the cast.

—The First Nighter.

Concert of Miss Helen Colburn Heath

Musical and social circles are evincing no end of interest in the concert to be given by Helen Colburn Heath at the Colonial Ball Room of the St. Francis Hotel, next Thursday evening. Miss Heath will be assisted by Herbert Riley, 'cello virtuoso, and Uda Waldrop, pianist, and will have the following ladies as patronesses: Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mrs. Edgar Preston Brinegar, Mrs. Frank B. Carpenter, Mrs. Robert Chester Foute, Mrs. James Monroe Goewey, Mrs. George W. Hallowell, Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Carolyn Huntington, Miss Rosalie Kaufman, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Norris, Mrs. Max C. Sloss, Miss Henrietta Stadtmuller, Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler. Miss Heath has exercised the most careful judgment in making up her program, and Mr. Riley, Mr. Waldrop and Miss Heath will be called upon to give their very best efforts. The program will include numbers from Mozart, Hugo Wolf, Brahms, Haydn, Rachmaninoff, Arensky, Weckerlin, Widor, Ambroise Thomas, Chopin, Popper, Uda Waldrop, Edith Simonds, Henry Hadley and Bruno Huhn. The Rachmaninoff and Arensky numbers will be heard in concert in San Francisco for the first time. Keen local interest is centered in this concert by reason of the fact that the last group of songs on the program will be by composers who at present are residing in San Francisco; Henry Hadley's "Butterflies," Uda Waldrop's "Stay at Home," and Bruno Huhn's "The Fountain."



LESLIE LEIGH

Who will appear in Jesse L. Lasky's American operetta "California" next week at the Orpheum.

The Mero Farewell Recital

Mme. Yolanda Mero, the brilliant young Hungarian piano virtuosa, will give her farewell concert with a most interesting and varied program which includes a number of works never before played in this city, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, this Saturday afternoon, November 16, at 2:30 p. m.

Gerville-Reache, the French Contralto

Mme. Jeanne Gerville-Reache, the French contralto who was brought to this country as a star of the original Hammerstein company at the Manhattan Opera House, will pay us her second visit as a concert artist, and is announced for two recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, December 1 and 8. No singer of recent years left a deeper impression on our music lovers than Gerville-Reache, and we shall again hear some of the important works of French composers that are too rarely seen on programs. Mme. Reache promises arias from Bruneau's "La'Attaque du Moulin," Massenet's last work "Roma," "Les Troyens" by Berlioz, and of course will sing groups of songs in German, French, Italian and English. Miss Gertrude Ross will be the accompanist.

Maud Powell

The first of the great violinists to appear under the Greenbaum management this season will be Maud Powell. Maud Powell stands in the front rank of her profession, regardless of sex, and holds a position among violinists such as Carreno does among pianists. Greenbaum promises three quite exceptional programs by Maud Powell during the week of December 8.

The Alice Nielsen Events

Our own little Alice Nielsen, now of the Metropolitan Opera House, surrounded by an all-star company from the Boston Opera and a complete grand opera orchestra of thirty players will be the principal attraction of the coming week. Mlle. Swartz, the contralto of the organization, is the youngest alto on the operatic stage, being just twenty-one years of age and yet a star member of the Boston Opera. Alfredo Ramella, the tenor, is a true lyric tenor on the style of Bonci and was brought from Italy especially for the lighter roles at the Boston Opera. Fornari, the baritone, is well remembered for his triumphs here with Nordica and Constantino in "La Gioconda" and "Les Hugenots." Jose Mardones is a Spanish basso and reputed to have the most beautiful voice heard in this country since the days of Pol Plancon. Luigi Tavecchia is famed as a buffo and visited this city with Mme. Sembrich a number of years ago. Fabio Rimini, the conductor, is a young Italian from the opera at Bologna, but will be attached this season to the Boston Opera. The first public performance will be given next Thursday night, November 21, in Scottish Rite Auditorium when "The Secret of Suzanne," an opera in one act by Wolf-Ferrari will be given in its original form with the original orchestration for which Miss Nielsen possesses the sole rights. Manager Greenbaum asserts that any other presentation of the work must be with a piano and small arrangement for string instruments. The original orchestration really made half the success of the little gem. Costumes, appointments, etc., will be from the Boston Opera House. Preceding the opera a concert will be given which alone would be worth the price of admission. Here is the program: Overture by the Grand Opera Orchestra; Duet from "Linda di Chamounix," Signors Fornari and Mardones; Aria from "La Boheme," Signor Ramella; Aria from "La Tosca," Alice Nielsen; Aria from "The Barber," Rossini, Signor Fornari; Aria from "Joan of Arc," Tschaikowsky, Miss Swartz; Aria from "Simon Boccanegra," Verdi, Senor Mardones.

Mrs. Birmingham at Alcazar

Mrs. Lillian Birmingham, the noted local contralto, announces a matinee musicale for next Friday at the Alcazar Theatre, in which she will be assisted by Miss Alma Birmingham, pianiste, Dr. H. J. Stewart, Mr. Allan Dunn and the Alcazar orchestra. Mrs. Birmingham's program will include songs by Gluck, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Wagner, Chausson, Bachelet, Debussy and Massenet, and is to be followed by an elaborate scenic and costume production of "The Legends of the Yosemite in Song and Story," words by Mr. Dunn and music by Dr. Stewart.

A beautiful stage picture of the Yosemite while darkness is supplanting twilight will be presented, and Mrs. Birmingham and Mr. Dunn will be appropriately attired in Indian garb, the former singing the legends and the latter reciting the introductory lines, with Dr. Stewart leading the orchestral accompaniment. The advance sale of seats for this entertainment presages a crush audience in which San Francisco's artistic and society circles will be largely represented. Prices range from $1.50 to 50 cents.

Dustin Farnum in "The Littlest Rebel"

Dustin Farnum in the stirring drama entitled "The Littlest Rebel" promises to be the center of interest when he comes to the Columbia next Sunday night, November 17. He will play a two weeks' engagement, with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The production comes intact, preceded by flattering reports of success in New York, Chicago and Boston. A feature of the performance is the introduction of a spectacular and thrilling battle between Northern and Southern forces just outside of Richmond in the Spring of 1864. Supporting Dustin Farnum are Alexis B. Luce, Morris Burr (whose impersonation of General Grant has caused widespread comment), George Thatcher, formerly of Thatcher, Primrose and West, dainty Mary Miles Minter and others of importance.



MISS GRACE CARLYLE
Soprano soloist with the Philharmonic Four at the Pantages

Acts for All Tastes at Pantages

The Ellis-Nowlin troupe of comedy acrobats, billed as the "Fire-Fighters" can be depended on to furnish a gale of laughter at Pantages next week. There are ten skilled athletes in the act. It is a pantomimic farce with lots of horse play and sensational acrobats. The second headliner is that sterling comedienne Miss Gertrude Lee Folsom, assisted by a competent company in the farce, "The Gold Cure." The Philharmonic Four consists of a well known orchestra leader and soloist, Mr. Julius Haug, Miss Grace Carlyle, a popular soprano soloist, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest von Gizycki who have won renown on the concert stage with 'cello and harp. The Twin City Quartette are masters of harmony in vocal selections. The Three Kelcy Sisters are acrobatic dancers and singers. Mabel Elaine is a dainty singing and dancing comedienne. The Dunbars, Charles and Madeline, offer a novel singing turn with numerous imitations. Interesting motion pictures completes a fine bill of vaudeville.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel"

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" which the Shuberts and Lewis Waller will offer at the Cort for two weeks, beginning next Monday, November 18, is the joint work of Edward H. Hemmerde, a king's counsel and member of the British Parliament, and Francis Neilson, M. P. It may be due to the legal talent in this combined authorship that the climax of the drama is reached in a divorce trial in a court-room scene which a dozen lawyers, present at New York's first night of "A Butterfly on the Wheel," pronounced as the best representation of its kind they had seen on a New York stage. The production on tour, as in the New York presentation, has had the personal supervision of Mr. Lewis Waller, and, as in New York, is interpreted by the all-English company, selected by Mr. Waller, which includes Stanley J. Warnington, Hamilton Deane, Vincent Sternroyd, Dorothy Lane, Florence Leclerq, J. Malcolm Dunn, Henry Dornton, Arthur Benton, Kevitt Mantion, John Winstanley, Alys Rees, Harry Ross and others. "A Butterfly on the Wheel" comes direct from a run of an entire year in New York, which followed a similar season of prosperity in London.



ALICE NIELSEN
In "The Secret of Suzanne" next Thursday night at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

"California," an Operetta at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as its headline novelty a one-act American operetta "California" by Cecil de Mille, Robert Hood Bowers, Grant Stewart and Jesse L. Lasky. The story is clever, the music lilting, the lyrics bright, and Lasky has given it a picturesque and elaborate production. In the company are Leslie Leigh, Harry Griffiths, Edward Mora, Austin Stewart, Morgan Jones, Cecil Corey, Lottie Wells, Madeline Sears, Sophie Fugel, F. Emerson Overton, Allan More, E. Boneman and Charles B. Burton, musical director. The scene of the operetta is the garden at San Juan and among the lyrics sure to become popular are "Goodbye California," "Save the Mission," "I Love You" and a tuneful

finale. James J. Morton, monologue comedian, returns after quite a lengthy absence. Nonette, the violinist who sings is also included. She was a favorite pupil of Ysaye, the famous Belgian violinist. Schichtl's Royal Marionettes will make their first appearance here. The scene is a miniature stage. By request Dane Claudius and Lillian Scarlet will return for next week only to present their musical melange "The Songs of Fifty Years Ago" in which they recently created one of the greatest vaudeville furores ever known in this city. Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson, George H. Watt, "the electric problem" and Nat Nazarro and company will conclude their engagement with his bill.

"Secret of Suzanne" at the Cort

It is a difficult thing to combine melody of the highest order with humor, but this is the accomplishment of the young Italian composer, Wolf-Ferrari, in his latest composition, "The Secret of Suzanne" which will be given at the Cort, Sunday afternoon and evening, November 17. At the afternoon concert The San Francisco Orchestra will give: Berlioz, Rakoczy March from Damnation of Faust; E. von Reznicek, Overture, "Donna Diana," (first time in San Francisco); Massenet Suite, Scenes Pittoresque. Then the stage will be cleared for the performance of the "Secret of Suzanne." At the night performance the "Secret of Suzanne" will be preceded by a grand operatic concert. This will be followed by the performance with an entire change of cast from that of the afternoon. It will be produced with a real all-star cast, drawn from the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and with all of the effects and environment of the original production. The orchestra is the pick of the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

Last Week of Fealy and Durkin

For the farewell week of Maude Fealy and James Durkin at the Alcazar, commencing Monday night, is announced their successful vehicle, "A Colonial Girl" in which they will be assisted by the complete strength of the stock company. This play, written by Grace Livingstone and Abbey Sage Richardson, is a colorful picture of the stirring days of '76, and Eastern critics have pronounced it an exceptionally faithful depiction. Unlike most romantic dramas, it is strongly equipped with comedy that is at once clean and original. Its climaxes are fine examples of artistic playwriting. Following the Fealy-Durkin engagement comes Orrin Johnson, one of America's most prominent leading men, and Marguerite Leslie, an English actress who is favorably known in London and New York, with a repertoire of modern plays, their opening vehicle being Charles Klein's successful work, "The Gamblers." In all their productions Mr. Johnson and Miss Leslie will be aided by the Alcazar's present regular acting corps.

Burr McIntosh—His Plain Talk

Burr McIntosh has produced something new. After a quarter-century filled with excitement and accomplishment, he came to San Francisco a year ago, to establish himself. He first appeared at the Alcazar. After that he quietly entered into the life of the city. Last August he established his photographic studio. Finally a week ago in Scottish Rite Hall he produced his new "Plain Talk" on the beauties and wonders of California and our country. Next Tuesday afternoon in the Cort at three o'clock (to allow business men to be present), the "Plain Talk" will be repeated because of numerous requests. Many interesting people, including Sir Thomas Lipton, Mayor Rolph, C. C. Moore and others will be present.

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BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT Two Weeks
Night and Saturday Matinee Prices—50c to $1.50.
Entire Lower Floor $1 at Wednesday Matinees.
The Messrs. Shubert and Lewis Waller Present the Dramatic Sensation of the Season
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O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
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MARVELOUS VAUDEVILLE
Jesse L. Lasky's American Operetta "CALIFORNIA" with Leslie Leigh and Harry Griffith; JAMES J. MORTON, "A Fellow of Infinite Jest"; NONETTE, the Violinist Who Sings; SCHICHTL'S ROYAL MARIONETTES; Return of one week only CLAUDIUS AND SCARLET presenting "The Songs of Fifty Years Ago"; LULU McCONNELL & GRANT SIMPSON in "The Right Girl"; GEORGE H. WATT, the Electric Problem; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of NAT NAZARRO & CO., the Acme of Athletic Artistry.
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
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ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Week Commencing Monday Night, November 18th
Farewell Appearances of
MAUDE FEALY and JAMES DURKIN
With the Alcazar Company They Will Appear in
"A COLONIAL GIRL"
A Romantic Comedy of the Days of '76
Prices: Night 25c to $1; Matinees, 25c to 50c.
Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
To Follow: Orrin Johnson and Marguerite Leslie in a Repertoire of Modern Plays.

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SPECIAL PRICES AT WEDNESDAY MAT., 25c to $1
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In the Massive Production
"THE LITTLEST REBEL"
A Story of the Civil War by Edward Peple
100 People on the Stage



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"THE SECRET OF SUZANNE"
And Grand Opera Concert
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT, NOV. 21st at 8:15.
and
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 24th at 2:30
Tickets, $2.50, $2.00 and $1.00, ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's.
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Frank W. Healy, Manager, 711 Head Building, 209 Post Street. 'Phone Sutter 2954.

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SUNDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 17th
"THE SECRET OF SUZANNE"
Preceding the Opera Members of the Company Will Give a Recital of Operatic Excerpts
Seats—$2, $1.50, $1, 75c and 50c. Boxes—$2.50.
Tickets on sale at the usual places.
Direction.....FRANK W. HEALY

CONCERT OF
MISS HELEN COLBURN HEATH
Soprano
AT THE COLONIAL BALL ROOM,
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Had it not been for the Balkan war and the flurries in the various continental stock markets accompanied by advances in discount rates at London, Berlin, Vienna and finally at Paris, gold would have been imported from Europe in large quantities and would have eased the stringency here. But Europe sent Wall street about $50,000,000 in securities in place of gold and is thus paying for cotton, wheat and other commodities by giving us back our own stocks and tokens of indebtedness. By retiring part of its indebtedness abroad and reacquiring securities on which dividends and interest have to be paid to foreign holders every year, the United States becomes stronger financially, but it is something of a struggle to pay off debt so fast. If interest should remain high here and foreign markets should at the same time become easier, it might become profitable to sell finance bills abroad and import gold. The fall in sterling exchange rates which accompanied the sharp advance in interest rates shows a tendency in this direction. At the same time bidding for gold when the country does not demand its importation in the ordinary course of international adjustments is a wasteful operation, and it would be better for the federal treasury to deposit some of its idle surplus where most needed so as to avoid a tax on our export trade represented by the cost of buying and importing gold. The only objection to this is the fear expressed by some bankers that treasury deposits might be followed by exports of gold to Europe. As a result of the forced restriction of trading on the exchange under the control of the banking interests, accompanied by similar operations in European centers, the week closed without a flurry of any sort in the stock markets of the world though the Balkan war had taken on a critical aspect and the Turkish armies were being driven back on Constantinople.

Wheat—The last week has witnessed a reinstatement of the bearish sentiment in all cereals, and it has again become as aggressive and intense as at any previous time this crop year. The heavy movement of wheat to the market centers has revived the belief that this year's production is too great to be absorbed at present prices, and that accordingly values of wheat must decline to a far lower level than they have yet reached. The magnitude of the crop is brought to the attention of the public so repeatedly and in so many ways that the investor is conspicuous by his absence, and selling enterprises are every day reaching larger and larger proportions. With such a generous advertising of our enormous cereal wealth importing nations are becoming somewhat reconciled to their own crop shortage. They have the assurance that over-abundant supplies await them on their own terms on this side of the Atlantic. The inconsistencies of the situation are illustrated by the recent statement of a prominent New York financial institution which, after saying that this year's big cereal production insures for the West and the Southwest greater prosperity than the country dared hope for, adds that money rates will probably rule firm in this country. All of which seems to imply a close money market, a high rate of interest and, inferentially, that our boasted wealth will tend to our impoverishment. In fact our advices from the country now indicate that the producer is not regarding even the present values of grain with unalloyed happiness, for it must not be overlooked that the current price of 84 1-2 cents for December wheat in Minneapolis only nets the farmer about 70 cents in the western part of the Dakotas and an average of 60 cents in Montana.

Corn—The corn market has also experienced a fresh outbreak of bearish sentiment, based in a measure on the big increase in the estimates that crop experts are now making of this year's production. The price for May has already reached a point below the 50 cents level and prediction is made of a still further decline in values. Should the price decline to 45 cents for May, as some assert it will, it implies that the farmer will receive but 30 to 40 cents for his corn after paying transportation charges. This is so big a drop from the 50 to 80 cents price which corn has been bringing at the farms for so many months of the year that farmers will be loath to market freely, and will turn their attention to stock raising and feeding their corn on the farms.

Cotton—It was a bull market in cotton from start to finish the past week and at the close prices are up about $8 per bale from the extreme low point made some weeks ago. Sentiment which is the big factor in all markets, has undergone a decided change and those who were loudest in their predictions of cotton selling at 9 cents are arrayed on the bull side and are now predicting 15 cents before January 1. This change in sentiment was brought about by the action of the spinners in taking all the spot cotton offered at southern ports and predicting an unlimited demand for finished goods. Spot cotton was called by the spinners, and the spot houses in turn bought back their hedges in the future market. The market has been heavily short and notwithstanding the unfavorable political news from the far east Liverpool was a heavy buyer here both for the actual and futures. Exports are running very heavy and are almost as large as for the same period last year. The

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weather news is hardly a factor now, although clear weather is wanted to gather what is left of the crop. Business in all lines is exceptionally good and barring any more unfavorable news from across the water our market should have a still further advance. But in view of the rapid rise we have had it looks as if a reaction is in order speculatively, and if we get this reaction cotton can be bought with safety.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

ganizations like the symphony society, where they can give their performances and conduct their studies and rehearsals amidst sympathetic and encouraging surroundings.

"I hope and believe that the enterprise of a municipal art gallery is not very far off. It is much to be regretted that we have not a collection of pictures for the entertainment and improvement of our fellow citizens of the character possessed by the cities of Chicago, New York and Pittsburg. When this shall have been accomplished those who live and die in California will not have so much to regret as they have now. With the masterpieces of art within reach the desire of Californians ever to leave their lovely State must surely be diminished. San Francisco needs only this artistic charm to become a true metropolis of the west. I believe that many who now journey to the East and to Europe would be happy, if we had fine music and fine pictures to show them, to come to stay in San Francisco.

"It is highly important for the encouragement of music that the surroundings should be of a harmonious and sympathetic nature, and that one should be protected from all distractions. In my mind the correct idea of an opera house is the Prinz Regenten in Munich. There one is given a comfortable seat, and an unrestricted view of the stage is secured by the fact that the head of the person next in front is almost at one's feet. Performances are carried on in religious silence and in complete darkness. In the entr' acte one can walk about in a delightful garden where there is nothing to shock the imagination or to dispell the charm that the music has cast. I think we may fairly hope to have something like this in San Francisco. Mr. Redding who has gone abroad in the interest of the project, will return with models of the very best opera houses in Europe. I think that the citizens of San Francisco may confidently look forward to the possession of an opera house which for beauty and comfort and sympathetic surroundings will compare with any.

"One of the most delightful features of the whole affair is the harmonious and spirited manner in which our prominent citizens have combined in this project. We have often been taunted with a lack of harmony in San Francisco. This incident would seem to show that disunion, if it ever existed, has gone, and I believe that in no city in the country of the size and wealth of San Francisco could so important an enterprise have found such ready and enthusiastic support."

The Splendid Knight

(Continued from Page 6.)

framed a proud and superb face. The blue eyes, shining like stars, had in them a dominating force

"When he saw my face against the iron bars, the outburst of his gaiety was so sudden and formidable that I almost fainted.

"But I was conquered for all time by his strength, his grace and his beauty. I could not understand how such a man had been conquered; even though a captive, it seemed as if he were triumphant and fairly lit up the dungeon, as if they had made a prisoner of the sun. I obtained from the prince, my father, some relaxation of their sufferings; and I dared, on the day when that dreadful war, revived by his own brother, was about to cost my father his throne, I dared open the prison in which such bravery was lying idle, begging the hero and his compainons to save us and then return.

"Bohemond gave his oath, became a conquerer, and kept his vow.

"But one wound burned in his soul, hatred against the Greek emperor, thirst for revenge at having been betrayed, and Bohemond is dead without having avenged himself.

"Alas, alas! Those splendid eyes are now closed forever, those eyes whose blue would have made me believe in the Christian heaven, and now I envy Death which took him, the conquering enemy to whom I had given my heart!"

She was silent, and with a wild gesture hid her face in her veil, winding it about her like a black shroud.

A great stillness reigned over all under the blazing light of the sun, while the prow of the galley cut through the sapphire of the waves, and the sails distended like full bosoms, passed along like phantoms, carrying the dead.

All at once the voice of a sailor was heard:

"Land, land! To the left—the Isle of Corfu!"

Then, all at once, the pall on the coffin flew into the air, and, with a burst of laughter that sounded like a trumpet call, Bohemond drew up his tail figure and shook out his blond curls crying: "Victory!"

All the knights had risen, with the smiles of men who had known what they were to expect. Each quickly singled out a man in the crew, whom he prevented with his lance from making any resistance.

Broad of shoulder and slender of waist, Bohemond appeared in all his formidable strength, stretching his limbs and hungrily breathing in the pure air.

All eyes were upon him, and, almost at his feet, her hands joined in mute ecstasy, Katranida gazed at him with adoring eyes.

They glided gently into the roadstead of Corfu. Boats approached the galley, whose sails had already been lowered. One of them bore the Governor of the Grecian island; he had come to pay his respects to his dead rival, who was no longer to be feared.

Then Bohemond waved aloft his shining blade and cried:

"Behold me, Bohemond, son of Robert! You thought me dead, but I am alive and you are my dupes. I could not give up life until I had washed out the insults that have tarnished my honor. I shall return to my own country to call the bravest nations to arms against you. I shall make Constantinople swim in blood. Insolent Greeks, tell your faithless ruler, I am more than ever alive, and an evil day it shall prove for all of you."

And while the galley spread her wings again and stood out for the open sea, Bohemond raised up Katranida and, folding her to his broad chest, added, all his anger drowned in the delicious and tender expression of his smile:

"And for you, my own, it shall prove a day of happiness."

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Alexander Heynemann entertained at a luncheon on Friday in honor of Miss Margaret Casey.

Miss M. A. Wise and Miss Marie Payne will be the honored guests at a large tea to be given on November 21 by Miss Ramona Hamberger

John Richards of Spokane who is on business in Southern California, is making headquarters at Hotel del Coronado. C. H. Dickey of Honolulu is there to remain for some time. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. S. Woodward of San Francisco registered a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Kingsbury of San Francisco are at the same hotel. Others registered from San Francisco are: D. McLeon, M. McLeod, F. H. Hillman, D. G. Scofield, S. G. Casad, W. S. Rheem, D. W. Earl, W. S. Miller, Miss Florence Smith and maid, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Wheeler. E. F. Smith of Chicago registered during the past few days. A party from Portland consisting of Mrs. R. L. O'Reilly, Miss C. A. O'Reilly and Mr. R. J. S. O'Reilly registered recently.



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The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,144; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of sale made by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 22nd day of October, 1912, in the matter of the above estate the administrator of the estate of said deceased will sell at private sale to the highest bidder upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the 26th day of November, 1912, all the right, title, interest and estate of said Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, at the time of her death and all the right, title, and interest that said estate has by operations of law, or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of her death, of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Sutter Street, distant thereon one hundred and forty (140) feet westerly from the westerly line of Pierce Street, running thence westerly along the southerly line of Sutter Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to point of commencement.

BEING a portion of Western Addition in Block 429.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash Gold coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of making said sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, all bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of John F. Hanlon, Attorney for said Administrator, at his office, Room 505 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the administrator personally or be filed with the Clerk of said above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale. Deed and abstract taxes for current year at expense of the purchaser.

Dated: this 9th day of November, 1912.

WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
505 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-3

CERTIFICATE OF NAME OF PERSON DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME—No. 1073

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that my full name is ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and that the place of my residence is at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that I am transacting a French Confectionery business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of L. RUFFIEUX;

That the principal place of my said business is at No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and that I will continue to transact such business therein, under said name and style;

That there is no other person interested with me in said business, and that I am the sole owner thereof.

Dated, this 30th day of October, A. D. 1912.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 30th day of October, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twelve, before me, JAMES H. STIRLING, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and she duly acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) JAMES H. STIRLING,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. My Commission Expires September 11, 1915.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 31, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By W. R. Castagnetto, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. at Law,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—(Probate); No. 10,980; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

W. J. PALETHORPE, the administrator of the estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for order of sale of real property, and it appearing therefrom to the satisfaction of the Court that a sale of the real estate described in said petition is necessary and for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein,

IT IS ORDERED: That all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be and they are hereby directed to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, thereof, in the City Hall Building on Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 4th day of December, A. D. 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administrator for the sale of the whole of the real estate of the Estate of said deceased; and

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED: That a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 29, A. D. 1912.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 30, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER, Attys. at Law,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-2-5

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO BECOME A SOLE TRADER

In the Superior Court of the State of California, within and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of WINIFRED KIMBALL DE WOLFE to Become a Sole Trader.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Winifred Kimball de Wolfe, the wife of Edgar S. de Wolfe, who is a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, intends to make an application to the above entitled Court on the 18th day of November, 1912, at the opening of the Court on said day, or as soon thereafter as said application may be heard, for a judgment and order of said Court, permitting and authorizing her to become a Sole Trader and to transact business in her own name, and upon her own account, as a Sole Trader, under the provisions of Title XII, Part III, of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California; that the nature of the business to be conducted by the undersigned is that of an Interior Decorator and Designer, and to buy and sell goods, wares and merchandise, and the place at which it is proposed to conduct said business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 5th day of October, 1912.

WINIFRED KIMBALL DE WOLFE.

CHARLES H. FAIRALL, Atty. for Petitioner,
Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 44,453; Dept. No. 10.

ARTHUR RITTER, Plaintiff, vs. MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. J. CRISP, Atty. for Plaintiff,
624 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-28-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,898; Department No. 10.

WILLIAM GREIG, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Greig, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

PIECE NO. 1.

Commencing at a point, situate on the Northerly line of Mariposa Street, distant thereon 50 feet Easterly from the Northeasterly corner of Mariposa and Missouri Streets; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Mariposa Street, 25 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Southerly 100 feet to the Northerly line of Mariposa Street and point of commencement.

Being portion of Potrero Nuevo Block Number 270.

PIECE NO. 2.

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Mississippi Street, distant thereon 225 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Mariposa Street, running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Mississippi Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Easterly 100 feet, thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 100 feet to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Potrero Block No. 305.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles,, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of October, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of October, 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,492; Department No. 7.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALICE QUESADA, Deceased.

Alice Schingle and Sarah Sullivan, administratrices of the estate of Alice Quesada, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed with the clerk thereof their verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing them to sell the whole of the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased at either public or private sale, as said administratrices should deem most beneficial to said estate, and those interested therein, and it appearing to the Court from such petition, that it is necessary, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested, to sell the whole of said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Court, Department No. 7 thereof, at its Courtroom situate in the building known and designated as the New City Hall, south side of Market street between 8th and 9th streets, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 25th day of November, 1912, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. thereof, of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrices for the sale of such estate.

It is further ORDERED that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 21, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

WALTER E. DORN and
SULLIVAN, SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrices,
1108 Humboldt Savings Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-26-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 32,803.

PETER KOCELJ, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of PETER KOCELJ, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning on the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue at a point distant Northerly Three Hundred Sixteen (316) feet measured along said line, from the Northerly line of Lake Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Twenty-fifth Avenue Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet to the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue and the point of beginning. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block 47.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 26th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, none; Addresses, none.

BRADLEY L. WALLACE and JEROME M. POLITZER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-12-10

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Letters

A Romance Founded on History

The book season is yet young and there is no means of forecasting accurately what it holds in store, yet it is safe to prophesy that one of the bright spots will be Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews' first novel, "The Marshal." What the publishers think of it is sufficiently indicated by the fact that they have given the illustration over to Andre Castaigne. The story carries us back to the early years of the nineteenth century when Napoleon was the largest figure in the eye of the world, and begins with a homely domestic scene, a group of little French peasants gathered in the wide stone hall of the farm house to beg a story from their grandmother, and the childish clamor, arising from each demanding his or her favorite recital. Francois, the eldest of the little band, is grandmere's favorite and it is his choice, which he calls "Napoleon Comes," that is selected. The recital intimately concerns the little lad himself for it relates an incident of his own baby days. It was in 1813 that Napoleon with his staff officers, on his way towards Germany, passed through the little village and halted for a brief conference, making the farm house his temporary headquarters. The little Francois, then three years of age, had been put to bed in an interior room for his daily nap, but awakened by the talking, had crept out of his crib and into the living room where, attracted by the sword of Marshal Ney, he tried to convert it into a plaything. Thereupon ensued some banter amongst the officers which ended in Napoleon's taking the sword, and placing the infant on his knees, giving him the accolade. Addressing him as Chevelier, he made the half prophecy that some day, under another Bonaparte, the little boy might be a Marshal of France. Whether it was jest or earnest no one could tell, but at any rate the child, as he grew older, took it quite seriously and looked forward to a time when he might be of service to a new emperor. He was a winsome little lad, cheerful and manly and apparently without fear, and when he was about ten years of age and misfortune overtook his family, and Waterloo and St. Helena had become history, there came to live at the ancient chateau its seigneur, General Gourgaud, with his little motherless daughter. It was not long before the child Francois and the intimate associate of the great emperor came together, drawn by their sympathies though one was a man of middle years and the other a small child. The general was busy writing his memoirs of the emperor and the child was employed in copying the work and in acting as audience, listening to stories of the great campaigns and becoming every day more of an enthusiast. While he was never formally adopted by the general, never separated from his own family, little Francois became to all intents and purposes a son of the house and when, shortly, the Marquis Zappi, an Italian nobleman and likewise an old Napoleonic campaigner and life long friend of the seigneur, brought his own little son to remain while he went to America to superintend property interests in Virginia, a journey from which he never returned, the three children, one a daughter of the Baron General Gourgaud, another an Italian marquis, and the third only a little French peasant, grew up together like members of one family, without thought of difference in social position. The father of little Francois never took the knighting of his child at all seriously but General Gourgaud was of a different opinion. To him the emperor's word was no light matter and he always asserted that should the Bonapartes be restored Francois Beaupre would have an undoubted right to his title. It was one day while the children were still young enough to be absorbed in a game of robbers and bandits about an ancient ruin that they were joined by a new playmate, a lad slightly older than themselves, a runaway schoolboy who had given his tutor the slip. This proved to be Louis Napoleon and the encounter fixed more firmly in the mind of Francois the idea that he was to be of some marked and signal service to the house of Bonaparte. Devoted and unselfish, his short life was filled with brave and gallant deeds and futile sacrifices. He neither spared himself nor was he spared by his associates and his cheerful disposition, readiness of resource and innocent vanities disarmed criticism. The story leads from the little French village under the Jura to an Austrian prison, from Europe to America and back again, from Paris to London, through war and diplomacy, and in and out of all the tangled web of the futile and premature attempts to restore the French Empire. The picture of the boy prince Louis who was afterward Napoleon III is a much more agreeable one than history paints and the only view of Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine, wife of Louis Bonaparte and Queen of Holland, is that of the devoted and sacrificing mother. Three great hopes filled the heart of the peasant-born lad Francois Beaupre: to win the love of his little playmate, Alixe, to aid in restoring the imperial throne to Louis Bonaparte and to be a Marshal of France. In none of these was he successful yet he died happy in the belief that he had accomplished them all. The story is well written and shows a marked advance on the part of the author. If it is not precise history it has magnetic qualities which should awaken an interest in history. Parents and guardians who are in search of something for boys and girls would do well to substitute "The Marshal" for the sloppy juveniles which are currently believed to be the only suitable reading for the young in their first teens. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY

Why is it that a fellow generally admires a clever girl, even if she is plain, and then marries a silly one if she is pretty?

The fellow who asks for a girl's hand is very often surprised to find himself under her thumb.

In politics it's the stump that counts, not the family tree.

The sins of omission are merely those we forgot to commit.

It is just as well to believe only half you hear, and then to forget most of that.

KNIGHT & HEGGERTY

Attorneys at Law and Proctors in Admiralty

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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The Degenerate Turk

An empire crumbling like an ancient palace, passing like a pageant on which the lights grow dim, is a mournful spectacle, symbolical as it is of life itself. The lesson it teaches is as old as the hills. There may be instruction in it, but of what use? We know there is no escape from Time with its corroding, subtle forces of decay. In the East are the yellow races awakening from slumber; in the West an age-worn empire rapidly disintegrating. Historical parallels abound. To the Turks themselves we may look for one in the days when they swarmed southward from the deserts of Tartary carrying their conquests over the fertile provinces of the Roman empire, meeting the Saracens half way who were coming northward from the deserts of Arabia. As usual commentators look not beyond the day for the causes of disaster. We are told that the Young Turks are wholly to blame; that the nation was unprepared for war. The truth is that the Turks have never in a hundred years been ready for war. Their unpreparedness had become characteristic. Ill clothed and ill fed, even badly led, the Turk has always been a fighter. What then is the explanation of the panic of the followers of Zecki Pasha? Time alone tells the tale, just as it told the tale in Greece and Rome. There has been decay in the ancient austerities and pieties. There is loss of faith in the religion of the Turk which was once a call to arms. In a measure the Koran is a training manual. In the old days when the Moslem faith held sway over the heart of the Turk, he fought with the ferocity of a fanatic, with a blind confidence in destiny and the blessings of Allah. It was for Islam that he fought six years under the walls of Constantinople when he had his first experience with Greek fire, the only thing that could repulse him. The modern Turk is a materialist. Allah is in his seventh heaven, but the Turk is tainted with the fleshpots of the West. This is the irony of history.

Consecrated Fraud

At a moment when unregenerate politicians in all sections of the State are pointing the fat finger of suspicion at Los Angeles and charging that in that city whose atmosphere is heavy with the odor of sanctity raw work was done in the interest of the sacred Bull Moose, it must be extremely painful to the good citizens to learn that on election day the total number of ballots cast failed utterly to approximate the registered vote. From the election returns it appears that the vote was in the neighborhood of 100,000 shy. This disproportionate showing is exceptional everywhere save in Los Angeles, a circumstance which must intensify the embarrassment of the good citizens, those war worn fighters in the cause of militant reform, who greatly predominate in this angelic city where even kissing is tabu. Excessive registration, which has become an old story in Los Angeles, appears to be regarded there as the only innocent form of amusement. True it implies fraud, perjury and all that sort of thing, but the supposition is that it is for the greater glory of the city, and thus it seems to have become consecrated as the chief of the civic virtues. Los Angeles has a passion for apparent populousness, and a big registered vote is the end that justifies the means. But if it be true, as rumor has it, that every Tom, Dick and Harry who passes through Los Angeles during the period of registration is put on the roll, then it is not unreasonable to assume that the manipulators of election machinery in that city would not scruple at altering a handful of figures. Such being the case how poignant must be the emotions of the chaste ones of the electorate who spend their time laboring with the wicked like missionaries in Thibet.

The Burden of Taxation

The taxpayers of San Francisco having received their bills from the tax collector are now aware that it is easier to vote for bond issues than to stand the consequences. Along with the high cost of living has come more weight to the burden of taxation, with the result that the man in the street who has been yielding his ear to the propagandists of municipal ownership has started to think on new lines. In all probability it would be fatal to submit to the people at this time a proposition to purchase the Spring Valley Water system. If the man in the street were asked now to vote to issue bonds to build another municipal street railroad or to build a garbage crematory or to ornament Twin Peaks with a lovely park, is it not likely that he would ponder his tax bills before making reply? To be sure it was necessary for us to issue some bonds, and it may be necessary for us to issue some more, but meanwhile it would be well for those supervisors who have been failures in everything but politics, who can conduct no business but the city's, and who therefore must depend on the indulgence of the people for a good living, to exhibit in the immediate future an aptitude for economy. One of the good results of the raise in taxation is that it has caused the man in the street to sit up and take notice. Indubitably he has already done some thinking about the report that the Mayor, the City Attorney, the City Engineer and two Supervisors are to go on to Washington to argue the justice of our attachment to Hetch-Hetchy. Why, he has probably asked himself, should he be called upon to pay freight for this superabundance of brains, especially as Mr. Phelan is going as a volunteer being eager to make a pilgrimage to New Jersey, thus designing to kill two birds with one stone. It will be hard to convince the man in the street that Mr. Rolph and Mr. Shaughnessy, who certainly know all the facts, are in need of reinforcements. There is no law to be discussed, nor is the highfalutin stuff that passes for eloquence in the Board of Supervisors to be tolerated. But bond issues have swollen the sacks in the treasury, and the little leaks, the ratholes in the dyke that start the cataclysm, are not to be considered when there's a chance for a junket.

The Logical Man

It is with profound regret that we hasten to put ourselves on record in opposition to our esteemed contemporary the Call with respect to the nomination of the Hon. Franklin K. Lane for a chair in the Wilson cabinet. The regret is for two reasons: first, we prefer to be in accord with our contemporary; secondly, we hate to put a stone in the beflowered pathway of the talented young man with the bald head from California. There is no question of Mr. Lane's fitness. Moreover it is not to be doubted that Mr. Lane in the interest of his country would switch gracefully from a Republican to a Democratic administration. Who, from Siskiyou to San Diego now or in the twenty years since the San Francisco statesman first began accepting, has known him to decline anything? No, Mr. Lane is not only qualified, he is available. And in all probability by this time he has his prehensile hooks on the job. But we do protest none the less. Our reason is this,—in the event of Mr. Lane's entering the Cabinet that will settle it so far as California is concerned. That will be deemed recognition enough for California. We might get some small consulship, or a diplomatic post in one of the Latin republics, but an Ambassadorship

anywhere on the Continent of Europe, that would be as inaccesible to a Californian as the belt of Orion. In the circumstances how unjust it would be to the Hon. James D. Phelan to recommend the Hon. Franklin K. Lane! Mr. Phelan's claims must be given precedence. Mr. Phelan is our foremost Democrat. Mr. Phelan has done more than hold office for his party. Mr. Phelan has supplied the sinews of war. Besides he is a native son, whereas Mr. Lane is only a favorite son who came to California to get on the payroll. It is urged against Mr. Phelan, as we have been told, that with all his weath he contributed only two thousand dollars to the Wilson campaign fund; but that his whole, large and warm heart was in the fight there is none to deny. Also, it is a matter of public knowledge that after the election Mr. Phelan stood ready to contribute to a fund to defray the cost of a recount in California. Whatever may be the sentiments of the State as a whole we are sure that San Francisco is heartily in favor of sending Mr. Phelan abroad to whatever distance the President in his wisdom may see fit. And we are also sure that to whatever diplomatic post he is committed he will reflect credit on his country. A man who will not make enemies rashly, whose eloquence is ceremonial, warranted safe and intelligible, and who is able to hold his end up, Mr. Phelan is deserving of recognition at the hands of a party for the success of which he has waited long and patiently.

Women Disfranchised

The somewhat startling discovery has been made that New Jersey had woman suffrage more than one hundred years ago. It is startling because New Jersey has not woman suffrage now. To be sure archaeologists have found that there was equal suffrage in certain ancient nations, but what the effect was nobody cares, as of course there is no lesson to be drawn for Christian people from the political phenomena peculiar to pagans. But it may be worth while to give ear to history teaching by example in New Jersey. The Constitution adopted by that Colony in 1776 provided explicitly for woman suffrage: "All inhabitants of this Colony of full age, who are worth fifty pounds proclamation money, clear estate in the same, and have resided within the county in which they claim a vote for twelve months immediately preceding the election shall be entitled to vote for Representatives in Council and Assembly, and also for all other public officers that shall be elected by the people of the country at large." That this clause meant what it said is evident from the following: "Every voter shall openly and in full view deposit his or her ballot, which shall be a single written ticket containing the names of the persons for whom he or she votes." This law was in force and effect for fourteen years. It was repealed in 1807. Why? The discovery certainly suggests this question, and in all probability busybodies (against whom we shall fulminate imprecations) will doubtless have the temerity to investigate.

The Bludgeon in Arizona

The people of Arizona having voted to put the recall in their Constitution the Bulletin reminds us that President Taft refused to approve the bill admitting Arizona to Statehood because of the clause in the original Constitution providing for the application of the recall to the judiciary. And although the campaign is over the Bulletin takes occasion to charge that President Taft was guilty of attempting without justification to coerce the people of Arizona. The truth of the matter of course is that President Taft conscientiously and courageously performed what he conceived to be his duty regardless of the enmities his action was bound to excite. The bill admitting Arizona to Statehood required the approval of the President, and he would have been false to his oath had he given his approval while convinced that the character of the Constitution was irreconcilable with the spirit and principles of our republican institutions. He knew it was in the power of the people of Arizona to annul his action, knew it was likely they would do so, but not to conciliate them would he become their accomplice, though to make it all the harder for him to do right Theodore Roosevelt was shouting his head off in approval of the principle of the recall. President Taft's message on this question was as statesmanlike as any that he or any other President ever uttered. That he knew what to expect we know from these words: "Even if we strike out the judicial recall now, they can reincorporate it in their Constitution after Statehood"; but he insisted that it was necessary for the authority "primarily responsible for its creation to assert in no doubtful tones the necessity for an independent and untrammeled judiciary." The people of Arizona having seen fit to follow the example of California and other neurotic States by providing for the use of the recall as a means of making it easy to intimidate their judiciary it does not follow that President Taft was wrong or unjust. If the people of Arizona were to make approval of the judicial recall unanimous they could not thereby vindicate the truth of its principle. It is conceivable that all the people of Arizona might affirm by ballot that the blackness of white was self-evident, but one man free from the defect of color blindness would know they were in error. About the soundness of the principle of the recall honest men may differ for the reason that honest men may not agree as to the meaning of justice. There are men who do not understand why justice is represented as blind. Not understanding it they are in favor of the recall. There are men unaware of the fact that justice in the sense of enforcement of the laws of the land and as distinguished from the virtue which impels us to give to every person his due, is essential to the stability of government. They have no objection to a Constitution under which a maddened community may wreak vengeance with the aid of a timid judge on the head of an innocent man. The judicial recall has one virtue; it is such a terrible thing that few men have the audacity to propose the employment of it, but while it remains in the Constitution the demagogue at the bar may have some advantage over a self-respecting adversary, and the people of the State must suffer the reproach that they are not a civilized community.

Dr. Abrams and His Critics

The physicians who permitted themselves to be lured into print for the making of a newspaper story reflecting discredit on Dr. Albert Abrams are not to be applauded for their judgment. The giving of flashlight opinions is not indicative of the sound discretion that ought to distinguish members of the medical profession. Dr. Abrams may be pursuing an ignis fatuus, but the doctors who have been interviewed on the subject of his reported discovery are not informed sufficiently to pass judgment. It is considered unwise in the medical profession to accept as authentic anything respecting scientific research or achievement which does not come through channels controlled by men or associations recognized as authoritative. Yet the doctors who permitted themselves to be interviewed on the subject of the Abrams discovery knew nothing about it except what they read in the press despatches. They certainly do not know whether Dr. Abrams was quoted correctly. Now why this precipitousness? It is hard to understand, for though envy loves a shining mark there are circumstances that would seem to render the doctors of our parish somewhat placable toward Dr. Abrams. There is, for instance, the circumstance that he is hardly to be regarded as in competition with them. A man of wealth, he can afford to indulge a passion for research and study, and of late years he has devoted very little time to active practice. He has spent a great deal of time abroad where he has been accorded recognition by the world's greatest scientists as a man who has contributed to the sum of human knowledge. It was but a few months ago that we quoted a paragraph of foreign comment on Dr. Abrams. It was not a paragraph from a daily paper. It was a paragraph from the official organ of the British Medical Association. It was an excerpt from a speech made by the president of that body at its annual meeting. That gentleman, one of the most distinguished physicians of England, observed that Dr. Abrams had achieved much that was of importance to medical science. Some months before the utterance of that tribute we found that Dr. Abrams was receiving high praise from men of learning in Paris, and we quoted from one of the leading journals of that city an article conclusive of the fact that he was taken seriously by men who perhaps may be sceptical with more grace than the dogmatists of San Francisco. Now if we seem to resent what has been said by these gentlemen it is not because we hold a brief

for Dr. Abrams, though we must confess that we have long been curious regarding his labors, the reason being that he was a home product who gave promise of reflecting credit on his native State. Nor let it be supposed that we depreciate the value of scepticism that is born of a wholesome precaution against charlatanry, of which there is so much reason to complain in this country. It is better for doctors to be sceptical than to be receptive toward new theories. But there are doctors in this city who are inclined to be brutal in their scepticism. We had some experience of them not long ago when a physician (Dr. Schaefer) who had discovered a new serum came to town to acquaint the members of his profession with his discovery. He was not a quack. He was a physician in good standing, who believed he had made a discovery that would be of great benefit to mankind. He asked not that his serum be accepted, endorsed and put upon the market, but that it be investigated, and at a meeting of doctors he was treated like a pickpocket. It was afterward explained that as he was a country doctor who expressed himself in the vernacular rather than in the terms of medical science he excited distrust. Nevertheless Dr. W. B. Coffey, a man of great ability, who believed in the country doctor, made use of the serum and found that it possessed remarkable curative powers. Having this illustration of a professional tendency in mind we would admonish the brethern of the profession, who do nothing more than practice what they have been taught, employing (when they have it) superior skill and knowledge for their exclusive aggrandizement, to practice also forbearance and be at least charitable toward men of philanthropic temperament who are devoting their lives to research in the interest of mankind. For the medical profession we have the very highest respect, so many are the members of it going about doing good without expectation of reward, and therefore it is in the kindliest spirit that we would rebuke those distinguished gentlemen who, shunning publicity as they do in deference to the ethics of their profession, nevertheless hastily embraced the opportunity of advertising their scientific conservatism by swatting a confrere who suffers the handicap of an international reputation. It has been said that doctors have one advantage over members of other professions inasmuch as when they make a mistake it is buried six feet underground. Not so the doctors who made the mistake of assuming the accuracy of a despatch from Chicago.

The March of the Black Mountain

By Gilbert K .Chesterton

What will there be to remember
Of us in the days to be?
Whose faith was a trodden ember
And even our doubt not free.
Parliaments built of paper
And the soft swords of gold
That twist like a waxen taper
In the weak aggressor's hold.
A hush around Hunger slaying,
A city of serfs unfed,
What shall we leave for a saying
To praise us when we are dead?

But men shall remember the Mountain
That broke its forest chains,
And men shall remember the Mountain
When it marches against the plains
And christen their children from it
And season and ship and street.
When the Mountain came to Mahomet
And looked small before his feet.
His head was high as the crescent
Of the moon that seemed his crown,
And on glory of past and present
The light of his eyes looked down.

One hand went out to the morning
Over Brahmin and Buddhist slain,
And one to the west in scorning
To point at the scars of Spain.
One foot on the hills for warden
By the little Mountain trod,
And one was in a garden
And stood on the grave of God.
But men shall remember the Mountain
Though it fall down like a tree;
They shall see the sign of the Mountain,
Faith cast into the sea.

Though the crooked swords overcome it
And the Crooked Moon ride free,
When the Mountain comes to Mahomet
It has more life than he.
But what will there be to remember
Or what will there be to see—
Though our towns through a long November
Abide to the end and be?
Strength of slave and mechanic
Whose iron is ruled by gold—
Peace of immortal panic—
Love that is hate grown cold.

Are these a bribe or a warning
That we turn not to the sun,
Nor look on the lands of morning,
Where deeds at last are done?
Where men shall remember the Mountain
When truth forgets the plain
And walk in the way of the Mountain
That did not fail in vain.
Death and eclipse and comet
Thunder and peals that rend
When the Mountain came to Mahomet
Because it was the end.

Perspective Impressions

The chap who writes the funny newspaper stories about bald-headed men is never much of a humorist.

We shall never cease being provincial till distinguished visitors forget to tell us that our city is marvelous.

A tax bill speaks louder than a dozen editorials.

Is anybody really worried about that Liberty Bell?

Sir Thomas Lipton is a jolly old soul. Yes, he is—so all the girls say.

Tom can't lift the cup but he can increase the demand for his tea, and that's no minor consideration in the Lipton philosophy.

The Examiner advises us to vote for Amendment No. 6 because it provides for financing the extension of public utilities by a special tax. Which causes one to wonder what proportion of the raise in taxation the Examiner has been called upon to pay.

The Rev. William Rader tells us that the Bulgarians are fighting for their religion. Dr. Rader also believed that the Bull Moose were fighting for the Lord at Armageddon.

Another Goo Goo is gone wrong in Los Angeles. When the last but one is exposed then Brother Earl will feel more at home.

Society like everything else is becoming democratic, as you may observe if you read the newspapers. It's no longer who's who but who isn't who.

So the people of Los Angeles are thinking of recalling their reform mayor! And he's a pillar of the church, too! Having troubles of their own the Pharisees to the south of us cannot spare time to pray for the backsliders of Portland.

The Hon. William J. Bryan is busy jockeying himself into a position to be conciliated. If there ever was a time when somebody felt like knocking him into a cocked hat we are in the midst of it.

What are the mysteries of death compared with the mysteries of life!

To be graciously old seems quite as difficult as to be charmingly young.

It is the woman out of tune with her surroundings who spends her time vindicating her sympathy with the sorrows of the world.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria

A Scion of the Infamous House of Orleans Who Appears to Have Inherited Some of the Characteristics of His Forbears

By Theodore Bonnet

The world has its eye on Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Here is a man who has done big things. Two months ago an obscurity, in as many weeks he altered the map of Europe, brought the Turk to his knees and made of himself a personality to be reckoned with by the nations of the earth. Ferdinand furnishes us at once food for the imagination and an interesting study in heredity.

From the leading newspapers of the European capitals one gets the impression that Ferdinand has a somewhat narrow basis of wholesome, commonplace human virtues to compensate for the defects of his character. He is described as a past-master of intrigue, a man of unblushing audacity, a scholar of the highest culture, a politician without morals. Something of a voluptuary is Ferdinand, fond of fine women, with the tastes of Solomon, I infer; the very man that might renew the promise of Xerxes to reward him who should invent a new pleasure. In short Ferdinand, though of European birth, lineage and rearing, according to common report is the typical soldierly despot of the Orient. Singularly enough the press of Paris is especially uncomplimentary in its observations respecting the character of Ferdinand; singularly because of the French blood in the veins of this consummate captain who raised himself from a petty vassal principality to the throne of what is soon to be recognized as one of the great independent kingdoms of the world. The Paris press tells us he is a stern monarch who first courted his people and then made them bow before the iron of his rule. Yet thus far it has not occurred to the press of Paris or the press of elsewhere that Ferdinand is a true son of France, or rather that he is the quintessence of all his tribe, a tribe that through the years, nay, through the centuries has continuously bred true to type. Ferdinand's grandmother was Clementine, daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French, whose father Louis Philippe Joseph, called Egalite, playfully dubbed King of Paris, was a direct descendant of that cunning Duke of Orleans who was Regent in the boyhood days of Louis XV. In other words Ferdinand is an Orleans, a name that once stood throughout Europe for bloody and unnatural murder, a name that was stamped with eternal blackness in the days of the Revolution when a Duke of Orleans, faithless to his blood, regardless of the ties of family and race, making common cause with the Jacobins that he might ride the storm, cast his vote in the National Convention for the death of the King.

The most illustrious ancestor of the Orleans family exhibits the political features of the least remarkable descendant; and the most remarkable descendant—the present Czar of the Bulgars—exhibits all the characteristic traits of the earliest of his forbears. When Louis XIV sat upon the throne of France a Philip of Orleans courted the people. When Louis was in his grave a Philip of Orleans took violent possession of the throne at the bidding of a Parliament whose voice he worshiped that it might be the more effectually silenced. During his regency he gave the country a government that for corruption Ferdinand will find it difficult to surpass. Nearly every Philip of Orleans was a demagogue born an aristocrat—the wolf of royalty in the sheepskin of Democracy. Ferdinand, from all accounts has followed the example of his ancestors; at least to the extent of pampering the people till they served his purpose, but of course with the exception of the Regent, none ever attained the power now possessed by the man who has been described as the sternest monarch in Europe.

Through the long series of portraits in the house of Orleans there is no mistaking the family likeness. If some features are missing others are accentuated. We may go back to the founder, Philip, the second son of Ann of Austria and Louis XIII, and we shall find that he bears a resemblance to Ferdinand of Bulgaria; for he too was a man free from all moral restraint. True he was not a soldier, but he had a son who was no mean warrior—that Duke de Chartres who shamed his mother by marrying at his depraved father's instigation the bastard daughter of Louis and Madame Maintenon. Perhaps this second of Ferdinand's ancestors resembles him more than any of the others. Skilled in intrigue was this man who became the Regent. A soldier, fighting the battles of his country he tried to have himself made King of Spain on conditions favorable to the enemy. His treachery having been discovered he was ever after in bad odor at Court, so that when Louis was dying, dreading a regency which would give the Duke uncontrolled power, he made a will appointing a council at which the Duke should sit as President, the other members of which were the Duke's enemies. The will proved to be waste paper, for the Duke seized the Government before the King was in his grave.

Ferdinand is a scholarly man, fond of astronomy, a lover of the laboratory. So was his ancestor, the Regent, who had so much to do with alembics during the period when poison ended the lives of several persons who stood between him and the throne that all Europe believed him a murderer. This Duke of Orleans studied astrology, magic and the whole art of necromancy. And of course he was a libertine, but that was the fault of his age, not his. To blame a Prince of those days, a contemporary of Charles the Second of England, for his amorousness is to betray a curious lack of historical perspective. We are all chaste now, but it was otherwise in the days of the Merry Monarch, who was however, less licentious than the Regent of France. While Charles had four-and-twenty fiddlers for his favorite fad, the Regent preferred as many wantons. The Regent was the son of his father in all but one of his father's passions, for whereas the parent wore a bracelet and painted his face the Regent was inclined to be normal in his infidelities. Yet his mother had said of him when he was only sixteen that he had all the experience in vice of a man of sixty, adding that he "hated innocent amusements." This royal rake died with his head reposing on the knees of his mistress, the Duchess of Phalaria, while she was telling him one of the droll stories for which she was much celebrated in a circle that gloried in its unblushing infamy.

There never was but one person in Paris who could go the pace with more than the speed of the Regent, but the record was kept in the family, for the Regent was sire to the one more facile than he in debauchery. It was his own daughter the Duchess de Berri. A great hostess was the Duchess. She used to preside at her father's orgies. From all accounts, including the most authoritative, that of her father's friend and guide, Saint-Simon, she must have been a woman of many charms, though that of exclusiveness was not among them. To find her counterpart in history we must go back to the days of the Empress Faustine and her daughter Lucille who would rather be with her lover in a desert than without him in a palace.

The Regent left a son who inherited from his ancestors all but one of their defects. He was inclined to asceticism and devoted himself to study. This passion for learning is the one passion that has come down almost unintermittently in the Orleans family. So highly developed was it in the Regent's son, that although in accordance with the fashion of his day he took a dancer for his mistress, such time as he passed with the lady he generally employed in a harmless endeavor to convince her of the truth of the metempsychosis theory, in which he himself devoutly believed. Of the Louis-Philippe who comes next history has preserved few records, but such as are to be found indicate that notwithstanding the asceticism of his father he inherited all the characteristics of his race. Unscrupulous, contemptible in pecuniary matters he was hated and despised by the nobility of Paris, but he played the demagogue like a true Bourbon of the Orleans branch with some success. He, too, was a soldier, a gallant one, and contributed largely to the victory won by Marshal d'Estres over the English at Hastenbeck. This Duke courted the people so assiduously that they playfully called him King of Paris by way of distinguishing him from the actual King, who held himself aloof from his subjects at Versailles The son of the King of Paris, or the great-grandson of the Regent, proved himself typical of his breed. He was as dissolute as any of his ancestors, and if anything more assiduous and more successful in cultivating the affections of the mob while intriguing against the King. Like Ferdinand of Bulgaria he also was a student of the sciences, but he was not a good soldier. Indeed the stigma of cowardice was fixed upon him in a naval battle against the English. This was the Louis-Philippe who was known as Egalite, who associated with Voltaire and Ben Franklin, and who voted for the death of the King to propitiate the mob that soon after shouted in ecstasy at sight of its former hero baring his neck to the blade. And it was this man's son, another Louis-Philippe, who intrigued his way to the throne after the restoration of the Bourbons only to find that he, too, was attended by the family Nemesis. This Louis-Philippe, a scholar like the rest of them, was the grandfather of the brilliant woman by whom Ferdinand of Bulgaria was brought into the world.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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Varied Types

CI—CHARLES SUTRO

By Edward F. O'Day

Probably it's because the family comes from Aix-la-Chapelle. Environment has a lot to do with inherited traits, and if a man rejoices in forebears who showed discrimination in the choice of their home, his good fortune is sure to exhibit itself in his personal characteristics. I suppose most of us would rather have our family trees rooted in San Francisco or New York than in Keokuk or Kalamazoo. Among old-world cities there are some which history has glamored with an unusual fascination. Aix-la-Chapelle is such a city; and Charles Sutro's family came from Aix-la-Chapelle.

You cannot have read your medieval history without succumbing to the charm of Aix-la-Chapelle. Even in the old days of the Roman Empire it was a distinguished place, for the rich Romans used to go there to worship in the temple of Apollo and drink the hot sulphur water for their rheumatism. But when you hear the name you think at once of Pepin and a greater than Pepin, namely that colossus of the middle ages, Charlemagne. Charlemagne made the smiling valley town a great city of the Holy Roman Empire. He had been born there and when he died they interred him in the wondrous cathedral where since his far-off day thirty-five kings and eleven queens have received their crowns. Charlemagne made it too the centre of Western culture, and so it remained for many centuries. Art and architecture found inspiration in the adornment of its churches and its palaces which became so rich that when the Normans harried up the Rhine they always stopped to loot in Aix-la-Chapelle. All the fighters of Europe from Spanish Spinola to Corsican Bonaparte have at one time or another marched their veterans through its streets or invested its walls defended by stout burghers.

When your family comes from a place like that you are apt to have a lot of old-world enthusiasm for the best things in art and letters coursing with the blood in your veins. That kind of ancestry makes for imagination and taste and gives a hearty contempt for the superficialities of new, unpolished civilizations. The thought is offered in partial accounting for the traits which Charlie Sutro shares with the other members of his family.

The elder members of the Sutro family came to San Francisco in the fifties. There were two brothers, Emil and Gustav, and their cousin Adolph. Emil and Gustav established a banking business here in 1858, and it is still fluorishing. Emil Sutro was the father of Gustav Sutro who is in the bond business and of Alfred and Oscar who are eminent attorneys. The latter married the sister of Denis O'Sullivan. Gustav Sutro, the other brother, was the father of Charles who carries on the old banking and broking business, and Emil. Finally, the cousin Adolph Sutro who became the Mayor of San Francisco, had two sons, Charles who is in the real estate business and Edgar who is a capitalist. His daughters are Mrs. Emma Merritt, Mrs. Kate Nussbaum, the wife of an eminent professor of the University of Bonn, Rose Morbio who is the wife of an Italian count and Mrs. Clara English who married an attorney of Chicago and now lives in Paris. Then there is Alfred Sutro who is the son of Dr. Sutro, another cousin. Alfred is one of London's most distinguished playwrights. He wrote "The Walls of Jericho" and many other fine plays, and was the first English translator of Maeterlinck. Finally there is another branch of the family in the East. The name of Theodore Sutro stands, in Baltimore and New York, for high accomplishment in law and literature while his two daughters are pianists with an European as well as an American reputation.

Obviously this is an unusual family. Its tree branches out from the twelve-hundred-years old city of Aix-la-Chapelle to the New World and back again. On its boughs everywhere are artists, poets, men of high finance, professional men and connoisseurs. The student of heredity should find such a family worth his study; the eugenist will probably discover in its generations an embodiment of his shadowy theories.

Charles Sutro did not turn to art for a career. He followed in his father's footsteps, and in the money market has achieved a conspicuous success. But he could no more keep away from art than a Lee could keep away from soldiering.

Herein the influence of the Old World is not merely an hereditary influence, but also more immediate. For Charles Sutro, like all the others of the second generation in San Francisco, was educated abroad. He spent his most impressionable years in the atmosphere of cultivation that pervades the schools of Berlin. He haunted the picture galleries, he attended the opera and the concerts of the great artists. He read and he observed, saturating his mind with things worth while. The result was that Charles Sutro came back to this city to go into business, it is true; but also to worship at the shrine of art. I don't think I ever heard him referred to as a prominent clubman; you would not name him among the regular first-nighters; he is not an inveterate diner-out. But when there is a really good play in town, or a good opera or a vocalist or instrumentalist one shouldn't miss, Charlie Sutro doesn't miss. He's there with a trained eye and a critical ear.

Californian artists who give exhibitions here are more than half glad when he drops in to see their pictures, as he almost invariably does. For he is something of a patron of art as well as a connoisseur. If he likes a picture he is as apt as not to buy it, a condition of affairs not as common hereabouts as it ought to be.

Every once in a while he hies him to Europe, for he doesn't care to get out of touch with what is going on close up to the world's hub of cultivation. I suppose there isn't a good gallery in Europe which he hasn't gone over, not once but many times. I'm sure there isn't a big picture dealer in London, Paris or Berlin that can't call him by name. More than that, he can tell you of more or less obscure places in Florence, Venice, Munich, Amsterdam where a masterpiece is to be had at a proper figure. You must know your Europe pretty well before you get on to such things. They are not to be read in Baedeker.

Being a very discriminating collector, with a knack of severely appraising not only the worth of pictures but their adaptability to the atmosphere of his home, Charlie Sutro doesn't buy lavishly, but the pictures he possesses are supreme of their kind. There's a Corot before which artists have done everything except drop on their knees in worship. It is not in Corot's "popular" manner—half of the Corots which Corot never painted are the "silver grays" that faddists love—but the cognoscenti swear softly and reverently that it's in Corot's best manner, which is much more important.

I know of a fine Californian painter who was invited several times to inspect this Corot. He made excuses till he could evade no longer. When he saw it, his eyes shone and he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Mr. Sutro," he said, "I was afraid to come. I have seen so many Corots which were not Corots. But this!"

The rest was too rapturous for repetition.

There are other great pictures on the Sutro walls. There is Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Mrs. Pope, the actress; there is a Sir Thomas Lawrence portrait of a young girl; there's a Dirk Hals; there's a Vollons landscape; and there's the marvelously beautiful Bronzino portrait of Francis the First of the de Medici house. And the best Californian artists are represented.

The Sutros have done a lot for San Francisco. Adolph Sutro created a fairyland on a bluff overlooking the Pacific and threw it open to the city. More recently his heirs gave the municipality an opportunity to acquire this and contiguous property for an ocean park. No doubt philanthropy is part of that Aix-la-Chapelle inheritance. For when I was talking to Charlie Sutro about his pictures he remarked, quite casually, not to say carelessly:

"They'll belong to the city some day."



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The Donkey Spring

By Rudolf Baumbach (From the German)

In a green valley, enclosed by precipitous heights, there flows a cool, copious spring, called the Donkey Spring. The fountain is enclosed by a wall and protected by a roof, upon the ridge of which there swings a weather-vane in the shape of a tin donkey.

Every morning during the summertime, you may see at the spring pale city girls, under the protection of careful mothers and anxious aunts, drinking the cool water from dainty goblets. Gentlemen from the city frequent the spring, too, and forsooth, not only sickly lads, but robust fellows, with browned faces and smartly twisted mustaches. A gray-haired soldier, who for the last thirty years has been coming and going with the swallows, a poetical, misunderstood girl with long straw-colored locks, an enigmatic widow in deep mourning, a mountebank, much in demand, especially during a rainy spell, who juggles with coins and cards—all these persons are to be found at the Donkey Spring. And thus there are wanting none of the usual accompaniments of a summer's outing. But, hold! we had almost forgotten the most important item—the hostess of the Golden Goose. She rules with sovereign sway, cooks well, and treats high and low with an honest gruffness that affects the city-folk as refreshingly as May dew.

Concerning the origin of the name which the spring bears there is much dispute. Some say a thirsty donkey unlocked the fountain by pawing, others assert that the spring bears its name because its water, like donkey's milk, is beneficial to weak persons. But both views are erroneous, as will become perfectly plain to anyone who will hear this story to the end.

Many, many years ago, when the mightiest trees of the forest still slept as a germ in a brown acorn, no one knew the healing qualities of the future Donkey Spring. The guests that assembled about it were the animals of the wood, or grazing cattle, herdsmen and charcoal-burners. The people praised the cool water, and the animals did the same after their fashion.

One day there stood at the spring, on opposite sides, two individuals. He was a donkey and she was a goose and both were in the first bloom of youth. They greeted each other silently as they quenched their thirst. Then the donkey drew bashfully near the goose and said:

"Young lady, may I accompanay you?"

She nodded and would fain have blushed, but could not. Then they walked side by side through the dale and spoke of the weather. They had walked some distance when the donkey stood still and asked:

"Young lady, whither goes your way?"

Sadly the goose cast a side glance at her escort and murmured softly: "Oh, that I knew! I am the most uphappy creature under the sun!" And when the donkey inquired further and urged her to unburden her heart, she told him the story of her life.

"My name is Alheid," said the goose, "and I am of good family. My ancestress was one of the geese that saved the Capitol. You know the story, squire, do you not?"

The donkey answered hesitatingly: "E-aw," which, in his dialect, is taken to mean, yes. Really, he had not heard the story at all, but he did not wish to offend the goose.

"Another ancestress of mine," continued Alheid, "entertained friendly relations with St. Martin. She is even said, so the legend has it, to have given up her life for him. However, I do not wish to tarry with the history of my ancestors, but rather to speak of myself. I first saw the light of the world, together with eleven sisters and brothers, in a barnyard where my mother, a brood-goose, lived a life becoming her position. I was my mother's favorite, for in our family the youngest child is always the brightest."

"Exactly as in our family," remarked the donkey.

"I will pass over the years of my childhood," the goose went on, "the happy games in the village pond and in the fish-pond of the castle garden, where, in the company of young swans, I acquired the grace of movement which people have so often praised in me. I had long ago cast off the yellow down of youth, and blossomed out into young womanhood, when one day there appeared at the farm a man with a prominent aquiline nose and two shining black locks adorning his temples, carrying a bundle on his shoulder. The peasant's wife and the servant girls crowded about him and eyed with longing looks the ribbons and cloths which he took from his sack. But I must be brief. I was captured, and, with wings and feet bound, given over to the stranger, who received me in exchange for a piece of blue cloth, figured with red roses.

"And now came sad days. I was imprisoned in a narrow stall and reared as a fatted goose on noodles and barley-meal. With horror I perceived that my circumference increased from day to day, and not even my grief over my sad fate could put a stop to the evil."

Here the donkey cast a glance upon the figure of his escort and vowed he had never seen a more dainty goose. With a grateful glance at the donkey, Alheid continued:

"During the last night—horror seizes me when I think of it—I heard terrified cries which proceeded, evidently, from the throat of one of my fellow-prisoners. I saw two eyes gleam in the moonlight and heard the death-rattle. A fox or a weasel must have got into the barn. Fright gave me strength. I forced my way through the grate of my prison and reached the open. I was saved. My wings carried me to this valley and now I shall try to eke out a living as a wild-goose until winter, when I may possibly establish myself as snow-goose."

Alheid drew a deep sigh and was silent.

"My fate," said the donkey, "is similar to yours, Miss Alheid. Observe the black cross that adorns my shoulder; it will tell you all. I am of the race of the palm-donkeys and my name is Boldewin. My ancestral tree has its roots in Noah's ark; Balaam's ass and the ass with whose jawbone Samson slew the two thousand Philistines are among my ancestors. That it was one of my forefathers who died as a philosopher between two cocks of hay, I will simply mention in passing; neither will I dwell upon the merits of my ambitious ancestor who founded the allied family of the mule. My parents were cloister-folk and bore pious monks upon their begging expeditions. My older brothers and sisters too became serving brethren, but the good fathers sold me to the cloister miller and I, a palm-donkey, was obliged by rude persons to carry vile meal-bags. For a time I suffered in quiet submission. But the last night, when the maltreatment of the vulgar miller-churl had reduced me to despair, I burst my shackles and made my way to this peaceful forestmead, where I found you, fair Alheid, at the cool spring. And here I purpose to bide for the present and lead the contemplative life of a forest donkey."

And thus donkey and goose remained in the valley. They lived apart from one another, as decorum requires, but met and held concourse daily until finally the one could not live without the other. They were happy and still sad, happy because they loved and were loved, sad because they knew they could never belong to each other.

"Alas, that I was born a goose!" sobbed Alheid, and Boldewin, the donkey, sighed: "I wish I were a bird," and he knew full well what sort of bird he wished to be.

Thus weeks rolled by. The donkey grew perceptibly thinner, although there was no lack of nourishing food in the valley, and the ruddy hue of the goose's bill faded and her little eyes grew less sparkling.

Now, there lived in a hollow rock of the forest an old owl; she was the wisest woman far and wide, and the animals often asked her advice. To her the donkey told his tale of woe, and when he had finished, she said: "I can do nothing for you, but wait until the solstice. Then the white wish-fairy comes to the spring to bathe. Tell her your need; perchance she will help you and change your form. She is a great sorceress."

The donkey left, half-consoled. On the eve of the day of the solstice, when Alheid, the goose, had already retired to her bower, he concealed himself near the spring and awaited the wish-fairy.

She did not keep him waiting long. In her robe of swan-down she came flying, cast the feathery vestment aside, and bathed her white limbs in the cool spring. With donkey patience

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXVIII—THE LOW BROWN HILLS

By Ella Higginson

(Ella Rhoads Higginson, the author of the following good poem, was born in Kansas, but was educated in Oregon and was identified for a good while with the Pacific Coast. She lived for a time in this city. She has written novels, short stories, verses and books of travel. The following is from her volume of poems, "When the Birds Go North Again," published by the Macmillan Company in 1907.)

I did not love them overmuch
Till I had turned away,
But now they glimmer thro' my dreams,
They haunt the summer day—
The low brown hills, the bare brown hills
Of San Francisco Bay.

My heart ached for their barrenness,
Their browns veined thro' with gray;
No tree where some sweet Western bird
Might sit and sing his lay—
But low brown hills and bare brown hills
Of San Francisco Bay.

Not one slim blade of living green
To make the soft slopes gay;
No dim secluded forest dells
Where one might kneel and pray—
But low brown hills and bare brown hills
Of San Francisco Bay.

But ah, their hold upon my heart
Now I am far away!
They glimmer thro' my dreams at night,
They haunt the summer day—
The low brown hills, the bare brown hills
Of San Francisco Bay.

Tell me the secret of this charm
That ever night and day,
From greener lands and sweeter lands
Draws thought and dream away
To the low brown hills, the bare brown hills
Of San Francisco Bay.

The Spectator

Shall We Have Local Option?

The busy souls who sit up nights worrying about other people's morals and who have long looked forward to the day when San Francisco could be turned into a dry town, will make their first attempt in that direction at the election on Tuesday, the tenth of December. It may be unknown to a great many voters in this city that a local option proposition will be submitted at that election. The champions of the project have been hunting their quarry without a brass band accompaniment, not caring to arouse too much attention in quarters where attention might spell antagonsim. But they circulated a petition to get their proposition on the ballot, and without too much difficulty secured about fifteen thousand signatures where they only needed about eight thousand. So the city will be given the chance to say whether it is tired of being wet. On the outcome of the vote will depend the future plans of the sworn enemies of the demon rum. If they are encouraged, the propaganda of prohibition will be vigorously pushed.

What Is Proposed

The proposed amendment to the Charter provides that upon petition from twenty-five per cent. of the voters in any specified district of San Francisco, which must contain not less than fifty city blocks, the question of whether saloon licenses shall be granted in that district shall be submitted to a vote of the people of that particular district. If a majority vote for license the saloons remain, or if they had previously been voted out may return. But if a majority vote against license, no further licenses can be granted in that district, and six months later all existing saloons must close. It is also provided that the question cannot be submitted twice to the same voters within three years, unless twenty-five per cent. of the voters ask for the resubmission. That this is a very pretty scheme calculated to warm the cockles of the anti-saloon man's heart may be seen without much difficulty. The anti-saloon people and prohibitionists, by a little manipulation, could easily mark out a district of fifty blocks including sections known to be of dry tendencies and including also an entire business street, like Fillmore, Polk or Market. The necessary signatures could be obtained, and then the voters of this local option district who might be in favor of allowing saloons in the business parts of the district, but who might wish to keep the residence sections free of saloons, would be confronted by a difficult dilemma. If they vote against the local option district because they are willing to have saloons in the business part, they are apparently voting for saloons in the residence section as well; and on the other hand, if they vote for the local option district on account of a desire to keep the residence section dry, they are voting to put all saloon keepers in the business part out of business. It would be very easy to catch the voters in this dilemma. Anybody can mark out on a map of the city a local option district wherein the residence section would be certain to outvote the saloon part on the business streets. It looks like a case of "heads I win, tails you lose" for the prohibitionists.

What the Brewers Say

Naturally the brewers are up in arms against the manifest injustice of this proposed amendment. They have taken practical means of placing themselves on record. The brewers subscribed $75,000 for the World's Fair, and like other subscribers have so far been called on for a part only of their subscription. Now they say that if this amendment to the Charter is adopted they will be compelled to withhold the rest of their subscription; say they won't be able to afford the money if their business is jeopardized by a situation which they couldn't have foreseen when they subscribed. They have told this to the Fair directors who are quite worried over the situation. And the worriment has extended in all directions among business men. Every business which depends in whole or in part on the breweries, the wholesale liquor dealers and the saloons will be affected if this amendment is adopted. Is the time coming when San Francisco will be a dry town?

Is Lipton Scotch or Irish?

The query may seem ridiculous. Certainly 'twould never have suggested itself to my mind had it not been for the interview with the Oolong Baronet outspread upon the fair first page of the Examiner by Mr. J. Lawrence Toole. Mr. Toole is a dramatic critic, and he regarded the subject of his analysis as the star in a mirthful farce which might be dubbed "Crossing the Bay." Apparently Mr. Toole bracketed Sir Thomas with Harry Lauder and Peter Donald. He gives him a Scotch accent. He makes him speak of himself as a Scotchman. He says he's a Scotchman. Which might be looked upon as conclusive under ordinary conditions. For Mr. Toole is a careful observer and conscientious in

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the matter of facts. But it seems that on this occasion he was carried away from the realities by a too vigorous enthusiasm. As a Scotchman Mr. Toole was eager to claim the millionaire Tea Knight as a product of his own country. Hence the mistake which mars the texture of Mr. Toole's interview. As for Mr. Toole himself, we learn that he is a Scotchman from Sir Thomas' own lips. For we read these amazing words: "Man, I thought one Scotchman would have the nerve to ask another Scotchman anything."

A Higher Authority

Was Sir Thomas joking when he said that? Or did Mr. Toole misunderstand him? Could the baronet by any possibility have said "Irishman" instead of "Scotchman"? I am genuinely mystified. Mr. Toole says Sir Thomas is as Scotch as Colonel Duncan Neill. He speaks of the Clyde as being Sir Thomas' river. He says the Lipton accent is "as soft as the down of a thistle." And he proves it by quoting him as giving the Scotch twist to his words. In my bewilderment over all this I tried to figure out how so confirmed a Scotchman as Lipton ever came to name his three most famous yachts "Shamrock I," "Shamrock II" and "Shamrock III." Scotchmen usually prefer the thistle to the shamrock. I resolved to consult a higher authority than Mr. Toole. I went to the new Encyclopedia Britannica. And there I read that Thomas Lipton was born in Glasgow of Irish parents. Unless the Britannica man nodded like good old Homer Sir Thomas must be Irish after all.

His Life in America

In this same interview Sir Thomas touched very lightly on his early life in this country. He skimmed over it thus: "The first time I came to this country as a lad of sixteen I traveled in the steerage and landed at Covent Garden without a cent." Of course Sir Thomas had a lapse of the tongue there. He meant Castle Garden. But he omitted some very interesting details. When the Lipton lad arrived in this country he went to New Orleans. There he first worked in a grocery store. Then he was a conductor on a street car. Rising in the world he traveled through the South for a photograph firm, selling enlargements in pretty gilded frames. Then he got a job on a South Carolina plantation. He must have saved his money, because when he returned to the old country he was able to embark in the business which finally made him a millionaire.

The Voice of One Crying

I have hearkened to the voice of one crying in the downtown streets for lucre. It is the voice of Doctor Aked and I hear him complain that unless our good people rush forward with their fountain pens poised above their check books, he will have to rest content with his present House of God. Doctor Aked makes an almost febrile appeal. It is addressed "to rich and poor, to Jew and Gentile, to humble Christian and cultivated pagan." It asks for sums "ranging from one dollar to ten thousand," no doubt with the accent on the ten thousand. The doctor points out that his is the only Protestant church left in the business district. In a previous statement he had said that it was the "only" church left there, but since then somebody has evidently called his attention to St. Patrick's, old St. Mary's and Father Caraher's church; hence the qualifying word Protestant. Let me quote Doctor Aked at his most eloquent: "There ought to be one great church in the center of the city where men and women from all over the world can be satisfied that they will hear preached, with whatsoever of human infirmity, a Gospel which does no violence to modern culture, harmonious with the best thought of our time, a Gospel as wide as human need, as broad as the love of God."

The Priest of Human Culture

In this his role of modern culture's exponent Doctor Aked intrigues my fancy. I love to dally with the thought that we have in our midst a priest who can fit the Gospel to "modern culture" for all the world as a carpenter fits tongue and groove. I congratulate Doctor Aked for daring the role of a human tuning fork, fetching an assonance out of Christianity and "the best thought of our time." But how in the world does he do it? How does he know what is the best thought of our time? Can mere man know what is the best thought of any but the bygone ages? I am afraid that it has been a long time since Doctor Aked turned the pages of Matthew Arnold. The apostle of sweetness and light, no mean authority to quote even to an Aked, was always hammering home the notion that thought must be distilled in the alembic of time before it can be known for good or bad thought. But Arnold was an Oxonian, and his ideas of culture were not those of the university where Doctor Aked took his degree. Doctor Aked lives and thinks wholly in the present which is for him the best, the wisest and the most cultured of all possible times; and he talks like the zeitgeist.

The Optimism of Alice

Next to a President who made his own way in the world from obscurity to the white light that beats on the eminence, the plain people love the grand opera prima donna whose early struggles were the test of her genius. They like to talk of Melba's shilling concerts, of Sembrich's shabby shoes, the self-denial of Schumann-Heink and Nordica's hats of ancient vintage. So why should we not hark back to the early nineties and ponder the Alice Nielsen struggles with a capital S. Is there in all the wide world a prima donna who can point with pride to so brilliant a record of obstacles overcome and perseverance rewarded? Alice Nielsen is a great optimist. Nothing but her sublime optimism could have carried her through. In her young days she had nothing but her native talent. She had a mother and child to support. Whenever there were any superfluous dollars she took singing lessons. In time she began to attract attention, but instead of accepting invitations to go about she stayed at home and studied and studied. What with her constant rehearsals at the Tivoli and performances at night she was busy enough, but she was taking singing lessons all the time, so that when her chances came she was ready for them. After she was established as the American queen of light opera any manager in the country would have taken her at a big salary and percentage, but she preferred to take the advice of Henry Russell, the English impresario of broadest culture and go in for grand opera. That meant a big financial sacrifice and three years more of hard study. But hadn't she studied all her life? She hied herself to beautiful Italy, and in addition to music went in strong for Italian and French. Her tenacity of purpose is sublime. I hear she has spurned several offers of a second marriage. It goes without saying that suitors always follow in the wake of a successful operatic star; but pretty Alice has kept her pretty eyes always on her beloved Art.

King "Mikita"

A correspondent whose modesty forbids the disclosure of his name takes me to task for

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Santa Fe

describing King Nicholas of Montenegro as a predatory despot, and kindly supplies me with a lot of first-hand information about the monarch and his little kingdom—the black mountain—which is but a microscopic speck on the map of Europe. King Nicholas, he tells me, is one of the gentlest of men, a patriarch rather than a despot. It is true that his sway over Montenegro is as complete as was that of Haroun-al-Raschid over Bagdad but it is the sway of a fond and beloved parent. The palace of the king is not half so pretentious as the home of a prosperous shop-keeper in this country. He is adored by his subjects, whom he visits in their homes and who visit him without the least ceremony. He receives in the palace the lowliest of his subjects. He once had to suspend an army council to decide a controversy between a peasant and his father-in-law over a table. When the king goes through the streets he exchanges cigars and cigarettes with all and sundry and discusses the outlook for tourist travel. The evening finds the king at home, where he reads while the women knit. His intellectual interests are mainly literary, he being a poet and a playwright. The Paris critics, who are reluctant to praise kingly poets, have pronounced Nicholas a genuine poet, and his drama "Balsanska Tsaritza" has received enthusiastic commendations from the Revue des Deux Mondes. He has done brilliant work in many forms of poetical composition. His themes are almost invariably patriotic. He tells in vivid verse that when the old Serb kingdom fell at Kosovo, Montenegro was the only safe asylum for the Serb race. By no bard has the racial spirit of Serb patriotism been more burningly kept alive.

His Passion for Simplicity

Simplicity remains as characteristic of the little kingdom of Montenegro, says my correspondent, as it was fifty years ago when Nicholas first assumed patriachal sway over the people. The state of society in the country has been styled Homeric because of its primitive artlessness. As in the Illiad princesses washed clothes, so in Montenegro do the daughters of the royal house wait at table and pass the dishes. When the Queen of Italy, who is one of the six daughters of the king, and the two Russian Grand Duchesses who are her sisters visit their father their mode of life remains uncompromisingly patriarchal. It is said that when at home in Montenegro Queen Helena still asks her father's permission before helping herself to a second goblet of wine. At table Nicholas is waited on by one of his daughters. The bread is baked by the queen. Nowhere about the palace is there any evidence of kingly state. The king detests extravagance and luxury, and he worries about the costliness of the clothes of his married daughters. He preaches frugality to his subjects. It is related that he once remonstrated with a hotel keeper who had bought a gold watch, pointing out that his own was brass. His Majesty has often said that European kings are too extravagant in their mode of life, thus setting their subjects a bad example. He has carried his passion for economy to the length of forbidding the only millionaire among his people from buying a costly motor car in Paris.

His Country's Tradition

In ability and in character the King of Montenegro has been pronounced the first monarch of his age. Fifty-two years ago he became the ruler of a principality which extended not over a thousand square miles of territory. Half a decade had not elapsed since the close of the Crimean war and Turkish suzerainty still prevailed in nearly all the lands south of the Danube. To have spoken at that time of kingship in connection with the black mountain would have seemed utterly absurd. But Nicholas set up his claim to the royal prerogative and after many years of negotiation it was granted by the Powers. That was but two years ago. He won recognition by his ability as a ruler as evidenced by the great improvements that had taken place in his country. But of course the courts of Europe were kindly disposed to him. They entertain for him the same profound respect they formerly had for King Christian of Denmark. Like Christian he is one of the "grandfathers of Europe." But King Nicholas is a king not so much in the sense in which George is King of the Britons, but rather in the heroic fashion of Ulysses King of the Ithacans, and he represents more than the statistics of the small population of a stony territory. As Gladstone said of him nearly twenty years ago when giving the Montenegrins their coveted little strip of seaboard, he stood for traditions that exceeded "in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylae and all the war traditions of the world." He was referring of course to the fact that the black mountain heroically maintained its independence during the many centuries when the conquering Turk was undisputed master of all the wild country by which Montenegro is surrounded.

War Correspondents Under Restraint

The dailies have been publishing a lot of news about the war, but if you study it you will see that most of it isn't news at all. This is hardly the fault of the newspapers. Rather it is the fault of the censors in the Balkans. These censors, I learn from European newspapers are even stricter than were the Japanese censors during the war with Russia. The war correspondents in the Balkans are not at the front. They are not even in the rear of the marching hosts. And wherever they are the news they are permitted to send is not the news they would like to send. So between times, that is, the intervals between the happenings of which the war correspondents are informed and about which they are permitted to tell, they spend their time making guesses that don't require sterilization. And their guesses thus far have greatly outnumbered their facts. They guessed the fall of Adrianople till they got tired guessing it, and then they turned their attention to Constantinople and tried to guess when the massacre would be pulled off. What has probably made guessing very difficult in the Balkans is the indifference of the Bulgarians to principles of military strategy. Nobody could have guessed, for instance, that Bulgaria would separate her forces and send one section of the army to try to cut Abdullah Pasha off from Constantinople, but what might have seemed an extremity of rashness proved the safest course. Perhaps the air-ship has made it hard for the correspondents. The Bulgarian bird men have set a new pace in military affairs, and it's hard to keep in touch with plans made as a result

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of inspection from the central blue. But whatever the shortcomings of the correspondents it is certain that headline writers are making good. Dearth of news has only one effect on the headline writers. It stimulates their imagination.

Lane and the Cabinet

The Call has very kindly gone to the assistance of President-elect Wilson, and has lightened his burdens by picking one of his cabinet officers. This must be as gratifying to the new president as it is to Franklin K. Lane, the man whom the Call has chosen for a Washington billet. To the cynical there is no particular distinction about being mentioned for a cabinet job, but thank heaven! we're not all cynics. So Franklin K. Lane may be regarded as one to whom new honor has come. He must consider himself under obligations to the Call. And the Call's pride in its fight for Lane will persist in the face of failure. For I'm afraid this fight for Lane is going to fail. In the first place there is nothing to indicate that President-elect Wilson will allow the newspapers to choose his advisers for him. In the second place, Lane has written to a friend here that he would not accept a cabinet place if it were offered; says he's not rich enough and thinks that his present work is the work for him. Which shows that Lane is a pretty wise man. Too bad the Call didn't find out how Lane stood before it pitchforked him into the fight.

Phelan an Ambassador?

The local Democrats are wondering whether James D. Phelan will be permitted to pick a plum off the Wilson tree in return for his distinguished services during the campaign. Some are of the opinion that Phelan will be made an ambassador, but just what ground there is for saying so I have been unable to discover. No doubt some of the Democrats think that a man of such cultivation would shine in one of the old-world capitals, while others, mean things, may want to get Phelan as far away from here as possible. It is said that Phelan has always regarded his friend Truxton Beale as a lucky dog because "Trux" was once ambassador to Persia and is in a position to speak carelessly of the days when he was in the diplomatic service. Phelan would just love to represent the government at Paris or London or Vienna, but I doubt if he would go to Teheran. As for his chances of going to London or Paris or Vienna—well, they are not blindingly bright. Just the same he packed his grip and hied him East the other day, and the "pollies" think they know why.

The Pull Worth While

Some of our wise politicians have been reminded that in Cleveland's day the best Federal jobs in California were obtained by influence exerted through the Solid South, and consequently the Southern Club on the brow of Nob Hill has become a centre of political interest. It seems quite reasonable to assume that Woodrow Wilson will follow the example of Grover Cleveland when it comes to distributing political pap in California. It will be remembered that Lawton of the Mint, John H. Wise, Collector of Port, Sam Brooks, the sub-Treasurer, Clarence Greathouse, Minister to Korea, and several other prominent job-holders in Cleveland's day were Southern gentlemen. It was through the pull of their relatives in the South, not in recognition of their political prestige in California, that they were taken care of. Long and harrowing were the ululations of the shovelry of California when the plums went to the chivalry of Virginia, Kentucky and Alabama. In all likelihood Woodrow Wilson, who is a Southerner himself, will heed the voice of the South in preference to the clamors of a State in which, he very well knows, his following is no more than a corporal's guard. The circumstances that enabled him to make a showing this year were of course exceptional and there is no reason why he should seek the favor of the politicians who have no pull in the South. There is, however, one Californian politician "close up" to the distinguished historian, but as he is keeping "mum" the job-chasers have not invoked him. I allude to Signor Caminetti who used to be in Congress and who knows the ways that are subtle in Washington.

That Big Oil Deal

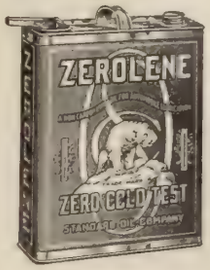
When Eugene de Sabla left town some months ago it was known that the suave promoter had something big up his sleeve, but what it was nobody could guess. A slick handler of big financial propositions is de Sabla, and he is never accompanied by a brass band. He always looks like ready money, lots of it, and he has a very winning personality. This oil deal that he put through the other day is one of the biggest in the industrial history of the State. It may be that not more than a few millions changed hands, but the transaction is one that involves fifty million dollars. The men behind it have got control of the greatest stretch of oil lands in the State. What the minority stockholders of the Union Oil Company think of the deal is something not difficult of conjecture. It looks very much as though they have been left out in the cold by those saintly citizens of Los Angeles who sold the controlling interest.

The Minister Defined

Thanks to the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon who once made a stir in near-literature by writing "In His Steps," we have a comprehensive definition of the ideal minister of the gospel. "A man, to become a modern minister," says Sheldon, "must be perfect physically; must have intellectual strength, spiritual vision; possess the initiative; be a public speaker; have a message to deliver; be tactful; must not lack courtesy; be willing to stay in one place; have a knowledge of human nature; be optimistic; believe in the Gospel; and have one purpose in view—to save men." Till I read this I had never suspected that Sheldon was a humorist, and I am inclined to think that he meant it all seriously, as humorists are not selected as Earl lecturers at Berkeley. (It was while lecturing for the pious Earl foundation that Sheldon produced this gem.) If we were to take Sheldon at his word, we should find no difficulty in explaining why men don't go into the ministry as readily as they used to. They feel that they are not worthy. Surely anybody would hesitate to embrace a life which calls for the combined endowments of an Aked, a Rader, a Dille and a Sheldon. Sheldon's requirements for a minister of the gospel are as exacting as those for a poet mentioned in "Rasselas." You'd really think Sheldon was describing one of the Twelve Apostles!



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The Items Examined

Why a modern minister should be perfect physically I can't understand. St. Paul was of short stature, so he wasn't perfect physically; yet he made a pretty successful priest. The intellectual strength and the spiritual vision may be conceded. These are general terms; they mean as much or as little as you please. The initiative is part of the qualifications of a good grocer as well as of a modern clergyman; so are tact and courtesy. But "to be willing to stay in one place!" Where, oh where is the minister who shows that willingness when "the call" comes from a bigger church or a more prosperous congregation? I am glad Sheldon includes belief in the Gospel; so many modern clergymen would have been willing to waive that qualification.

Jack London Ploughing

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." We have the authority of old Sam Johnson for it. More logically, who drives six horses hitched to a plough should be a husky with muscles of steel. I infer that Jack London answers the requirements, for word has just come to me that Jack has turned field laborer at Glen Ellen. London has a magnificent place of one thousand acres at Glen Ellen, half of it virgin woods covered with maple and madrone and the rest under cultivation. He takes a great interest in the farm work, and his latest essay is to follow six horses up and down the heaving furrows. The man who can do that is no mollycoddle. No doubt London, like Bobbie Burns, will find inspiration as he ploughs.

Hopper Coming Home

"Jimmy" Hopper, by many regarded as California's premier short story writer, is in New York and will soon cross the continent. Hopper has spent the better part of the past three years in Paris, a city he has a great affection for, only occasionally running across to New York to talk to a publisher or eat a Welsh rabbit in McDougall Alley. But now he is headed for California, and will rejoin his wife at Carmel. They say he'll be glad to get there once more, for "Jimmy" yields not even to George Sterling in his admiration for the natural charms and artificial delights of the literary colony.

"Bunker Bean," a California Product

Harry Leon Wilson, another denizen of the colony by the white-sanded beach, is attracting a great deal of attention all over the country with his new story "His Majesty Bunker Bean," now running in the Saturday Evening Post. It is one of the keenest narratives vouchsafed the readers of serial fiction in many a long day. It is interesting to know that "Bunker Bean" is a Californian product, though I don't expect the Home Industry League to be as delighted with the news as they would be if Bunker were an edible bean like the dusky frijole. "Bunker Bean" was all written at Carmel, and by the same token, written since Wilson's romantic marriage to pretty Helen Cooke, the daughter of Grace MacGowan Cooke of the Carmel colony. So it is evident that Wilson has not been resigning himself to uxurious idleness. Wilson is one of those writers who loafs and invites his soul in the true Whitman spirit for months at a time, and then plunges feverishly into work for a month or two, accomplishing a tremendous amount in the period of application. It was so that he wrote his best seller "The Spenders"; also "The Boss of Little Arcady." It was in the same fashion that with Booth Tarkington he produced those popular plays "The Man from Home," "Cameo Kirby" and "Your Humble Servant."

Judge Coffey Shivered

The Sunday before election Judge Coffey went, as is his habit, to the ten o'clock mass at St. Dominic's Church. Arriving early he met the Dominican priest who was to say the mass, and they chatted for a few minutes in front of the church steps. It happened that among the weekly announcements read from the pulpit that Sunday was one about a mass to be said during the week for a deceased member of the congregation named Thomas Judge. When the priest came to this item his mind fixed on the word Judge and strayed away a minute to his chat with Judge Coffey. So this was the way he read the announcement: "On next Wednesday morning a requiem mass will be said for the repose of the soul of Judge Coffey." Many eyes in the church turned to the jurist, and my informant says the poor judge shivered with apprehension. Meanwhile the priest corrected his mistake, and the congregation resumed its prayers.

Anthropology for the Masses

I am in receipt of a communication from Professor A. L. Kroeber, the curator of the Museum of Anthropology at the Affiliated Colleges, wherein the information is tendered that a miniature reproduction of the Taj Mahal carved in alabaster will be displayed to the public this coming Sunday. This will be succeeded on following Sundays by other exhibits "illustrating some point in the history of civilization." The communication further informs me that Professor Kroeber "expects the innovation to meet with approval because in the year the Museum has been open he has found the San Francisco public hungry for information." I am glad to hear that our people are so avid of knowledge. I don't know whether or not it is necessary for me to warn the professor against overfeeding them. I dropped into the Museum one Sunday for the particular purpose of seeing Ishi, and was lured into the lecture room where a young man talked on dress in its anthropological relation. When the room had been darkened and a picture had been projected on the screen the young man began: "Dress is a very touching subject. In the first place the dress touches the body of the wearer. In the second place, if you are a married man, you are frequently 'touched' by your wife who wants to buy a new dress." Thereat I fled in the darkness, nor returned till the lecture was over and Ishi was trotted out and compelled to make strange noises and thrust a bit of shell through the cartilage of his nose.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

That "Campus Mouser"

Who wrote the "Campus Mouser" was not disclosed by the program, and that may be taken as a sign that the author repents and is ashamed of his effort. However, it provides the setting for a series of marches, dances and specialties; so what's the odds? Any number of girls guaranteed to belong to really-truly "society" had their names in the program, and all who could be accommodated were provided with musical and dancing numbers. Fortunately, before the show started Colonel Howell arose in the first row (not of the chorus but of the orchestra chairs) and, looking very dark and handsome, announced that there would be no "encores." A few cried "Oh! Oh!" in disappointment, but the most of us were mightily pleased. After all, an amateur show is an amateur show, and one can get too much of it. There was probably just enough Monday night. The applause was very evenly distributed, each and every girl, apparently, having as many fond relations and proud friends in the theatre as each and every other girl. If there were any heartburnings they were therefore concealed from the audience. No doubt there were a few just the same; there usually are.

Our Girlish Kickers

One thing demonstrated by this charity show might give us pause if we belonged to a thoughtful generation, which we do not. Every last one of the principal girls showed considerable ability as a dancer. And every last one of these same girls showed a deplorable lack of voice. The only explanation is that our girls learn to dance, but don't learn to sing. And when I say dancing, I mean stage dancing wherein the leg feminine is convoluted dizzily, kicked this way and that and exposed in all its rounded silken glory. Compared to the cultivation of a sweet voice this sort of dancing must be regarded as a vulgar accomplishment. The situation is one for the moralist to enlarge upon. I merely call attention to it. Miss Marie Whiting, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Harriet Alexander, Miss Katherine Redding, Miss



MISS GERTRUDE WARREN

The talented Californian actress who will soon be heard from on Broadway.

Janet Painter, Miss Dorothy Dean and all the rest of them showed that they could execute difficult steps with ease and grace; but alas! their voices wouldn't do at all. The best singer (as also the best dancer) was Miss Enid Gregg who did a clever specialty with Willard Barton, but even Miss Gregg's voice though sweet is lacking in carrying quality. Miss Gregg danced like a professional; she brought down the house in the greatest ovation of an ovating evening.

Not an Eltinge

The exigencies of what passed for a plot in "Campus Mouser" compelled Austin Sperry to rig himself out in woman's clothes. There is none of the Eltinge artistry in Sperry. You'd never mistake him for a girl. The same may be said of Stewart Kendall who also wore feminine togs. I'm glad to record this. There are a lot of effeminate youngsters in our gilded society circles, and I'm delighted to see that the mistake of allowing any of them to play these parts was carefully avoided. Some of them, I'm sure, would have played them too well. Sperry, by the way, displayed the only good voice of the evening He should have had more singing allotted to him. Mrs. MacDonald Spencer carried off the acting honors in a character part, and nearly gave us a sensation. Her skirt started to fall off, and there was a good deal of laughter as it slipped a half-inch at a time. But Mrs. Spencer caught it this side of catastrophe.

Mrs. Crimmins Stood Firm

A number of the army matrons stationed at the Presidio are considerably miffed because Mrs. Martin Crimmins consistently ignored all their hints that she have a formal "receiving party" at the ball which she gave in honor of Sir Thomas Lipton at the Officers' Club. If a long line of the wives of colonels, majors and captains had assisted Mrs. Crimmins in greeting her guest the affair would have taken on an "official" tone that would have gratified the vanity of the army women, while it would have completely robbed Mrs. Crimmins of the credit of giving a private ball. But the little hostess stuck to her original intention of making it her own party to as great a degree as is possible when one lives at an army post, and the women whose social life does not extend beyond the confines of the army, as Mrs. Crimmins' does, feel that an opportunity to shine by reflected glory has been absolutely lost.

A Question of Armitage Ethics

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those interested in the affairs of the Armitage Orphanage at San Mateo. This is the home given by Charles Templeton Crocker and his sister Mrs. Malcolm Whitman as a memorial to their parents, and for which the benefit production of the "Campus Mouser" has just netted a large sum that will enable the Board of Directors to pay its expenses for the coming year. The club women of the city who have been so busy with scientific analyses of the best methods of dispensing charity will be much interested in the point at issue. To assist a child to be self-supporting who has been dependent from his babyhood upon charity is the main object of those concerned in the welfare of waifs. And the members of the Board of Directors of the Armitage are of this mind also, but they find a curious little obstacle in the way of encouraging the boys in their desire to earn money. Adjoining the Orphanage is the Beresford Country Club, the members of which devote their Sundays to playing golf. They applied to the board of directors for caddies who would be able to earn a tidy little sum each week. But the Orphanage is a denominational institution and Bishop Nichols ruled that the boys should not be permitted to work on the Sabbath. So the boys spend their Sundays in idleness when they fain would be learning the lesson of at least partial self-support at the only available occupation in the neighborhood. At the same time, the society girls and men who took part in the "Campus Mouser" rehearsed their songs and dances from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight for four consecutive Sundays at the St. Francis in order to fill the coffers of the Armitage Orphanage for the care of these same boys.

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Elkins Going East

After playing a little polo down the peninsula Felton Elkins will go to New York for diversion. He is eager to see the new plays which are already making this a notable theatrical season. Besides, he has a play to submit to the New York managers. It was written by Elkins in collaboration with Miss Janet von Schroeder, and both young people have high hopes for it. The theme is a psychological one worked out on pretty grim lines, but theatrical managers rather like that sort of thing nowadays, so Elkins is optimistic about his chance of having it produced.

Mrs. Vincent and Irish Society

Mrs. Arthur Vincent, "Billy" Bourn's daughter, is delightfully situated in Ireland in so far as social life is concerned. She has the ideal home for entertaining, and lots of distinguished neighbors to entertain. The Muckross estate at Killarney is undergoing many changes and repairs Lord Ardilaun didn't keep it up very well, so there was much room for improvement. There will be many brilliant house parties there as soon as the alterations are completed. "Angels, often passing there, doubt if Eden were more fair," sang the poet of the Muckross place. Many of Mrs. Vincent's guests will have the same doubt. Among these guests will be many Americans, for there has been a large American social "invasion" of Ireland in the past few years. It might be well to mention some of the distinguished American women now residents of Ireland whom Mrs. Vincent will have an opportunity to entertain. There is the Duchess of Manchester who, though little seen in Dublin, spends a good deal of time at Kylemore Castle, her husband's romantically situated home in Connemara. In the south there is Lady Barrymore, nee Wadsworth whose home, Fota Island, Queenstown, is renowned for its lovely gardens filled with palms and all kinds of tropical plants. Then there is the charming American countess, wife of the Earl of Granard. Though the earl's duties as Master of the Horse in his Majesty's household keep him and his wife a good deal in London, they constantly pay flying visits to Castle Forbes, the family seat in County Longford, where they have been carrying out a regular transformation scene in the way of renovations and improvements. A still more recent American bride is Lady Decies whose husband after a distinguished career in the army now commands the South of Ireland Horse, and who in order to keep in touch with this gallant corps intends to spend a good deal of his time in Ireland and has taken Lord Annaly's charming seat, Luttrellstown, near Clonsilla, where he elected to have the annual training of the yeomanry carried out last summer. At an early date another brilliant American, Lady Paget, will have settled in Dublin. Already Dublin social circles are looking forward to Lady Paget's coming and to her influence in a community that somewhat lacks originality and initiative in entertaining. Truly a brilliant circle for Maud Bourn to join.

A Statue of Saint Barbara

Santa Barbara society is to revive a medieval ceremony at the unveiling of a new statue of St. Barbara that has been erected in the park surrounding the St. Francis hospital. It will be called the "Festival of Santa Barbara," to take

THANKSGIVING SUGGESTIONS: Natural looking little Turkeys filled with candy; or miniature candy plum puddings decked with holly, add immensely to the attractiveness of the Thanksgiving dinner table. Geo. Haas & Sons four candy stores.

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place on December 4, the ceremonies lasting throughout the day. In the morning there will be a procession of priests and acolytes to the dedication and the afternoon will be given over to a garden party at which the fairest flowers of Santa Barbara's smart set will receive the olla podrida. Among the society leaders having charge of the event are Mrs. Arthur Alexander, whose mother was a De La Guerra, and who is a cousin to Miss Elena Robinson; Miss Josefa De La Guerra who still lives in the old family adobe, and Miss Amy Broome, the daughter of "Lady" Broome who is a frequent visitor to San Francisco. Mrs. Billy Graham and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson have promised the support of their presence. The ceremony will be attended by friars from the old Mission and will be picturesque in the extreme.

Humane Bureau Benefit

That most worthy charity, the Catholic Humane Bureau for the Care of Destitute Children will give another afternoon entertainment on November 13. This time it will be a musical tea at the beautiful home of Mrs. August Comte Jr. at 3851 Clay street from three till five. Some distinguished artists in private and public life have promised to appear for the afternoon so some pleasing surprises are in store. The handsome Mrs. Comte and her husband are noted for their lavish California hospitality, so a delightful afternoon may be expected. The previous affairs for the benefit of the Bureau were given at the homes of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Garret McEnerney, Mrs. Lacey, Mrs. Driscoll and Mrs. Fredericks.



VIEW OF HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA

Miss Warren Goes East

Another Californian girl has been called East by the many opportunities there presented for advancement in the dramatic field. Miss Gertrude Warren, daughter of one of the well known newspapersmen of this city and Oakland, is now in New York after having spent a year with the Alcazar theatre stock company in this city. Miss Warren is a beautiful girl of the brunette type and has given great promise of success in the career which she has entered upon.

Mrs. Swartzenberg Here

Mr. R. E. Mulcahy's youngest daughter, Mrs. Helen Swartzenberg, arrived from New York this week. She will remain with her father at his country home in the foothills near Atherton until after the holidays when she will return to her vocal studies in New York. Mrs. Swartzenberg will stop for a short time in Texas, where she and her sister have large cotton holdings, and she will also pay a visit to Louisville, the home of her grandparents and mother. She is the great-grand-niece of Captain and Mrs. Charles Dawson, of one of the most prominent families of Louisville in the early days. Captain and Mrs. Dawson were Virginians by birth, going to Louisville in the early fifties, where Captain Dawson became a factor in the financial interests of Louisville. Mrs. Swartzenberg has a beautiful voice and inherits the beauty of her grandmother who was considered one of the beauties of Louisville in her day, besides being possessed of an exceedingly fine voice.

The dream of the best dressers is realized in our offerings.—Vogel's, Ladies Tailor—420 Sutter Street.

Dramatic Reading of "The Raven"

Kohler & Chase have engaged Mrs. Lillian Quinn Stark, a distinguished dramatic reader, to interpret Edgar Allen Poe's famous poem "The Raven" with musical accompaniment composed by Max Heinrich, the famous German singer, at the weekly music matinee at Kohler & Chase Hall Saturday afternoon, November 23. No cards of invitation are required, but everyone is welcome. The musical accompaniment to "The Raven" will be played on the Pianola Piano by Mr. Riggs. Other features on the program next Saturday will be two numbers for the Aeolian Pipe Organ, namely, Intermezzo No. 2 from Wolf-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna" and the Prelude and Siciliana from "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The Society Circus and Horse Show

Preparations are going on apace for the Society Circus and Horse Show to be given at the Pavilion Rink on the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 5, 6 and 7 and for the afternoon of Saturday. This big event is for the benefit of the Infant Shelter, one of the most beneficent institutions in California and one which is sustained by absolutely no endowment but by the hard work of the ladies interested therein alone. The horsemen of Central California are interesting themselves and all the owners of high-class horses in San Francisco are entering the best of their stables. There are twenty-four classes to be judged at the four performances and many cups and ribbons will be allotted the successful competitors. The Pavilion will be fitted with two circus rings, forty-two feet in diameter, with a stage between, on which will be given a special show at every performance. The performers and riders will include many men and women prominent in society, and sensational and daring feats will be executed by those who ordinarily would not disport themselves save for the sake of "sweet charity."

Thanksgiving at Techau's

There will be a merry gathering at Techau Tavern to enjoy the delights of a real Thanksgiving dinner and table reservations are already pouring in. The Tavern lends itself most admirably to the spirit of these festal occasions, when good fellowship is the order of the day. The deft service, the harmonious decorations, the mellow light from the great art glass lanterns, the superior music, the air of culture and refinement, all combine to make the Tavern popular on all holiday occasions. Thanksgiving day will be no exception to the rule and promises to bring even greater crowds to the cafe than those which assembled on the night of the general election, while for gaiety and enjoyment it bids fair to rank with the celebrations of New Year's eve.



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Gossip of the Theatre

The Gifted Nonette

Nothing succeeds like cleverness on the vaudeville circuit. A little talent is no handicap, but it is not necessary to be talented in the sense of being able to do easily what is difficult for others to do at all; to be able to affect a facility in anything that is not within the range of everybody's power is sufficient. These reflections were induced by Nonette at the Orpheum last Sunday afternoon. Nonette is an attractive young woman possessed of cleverness in the sense that she has a certain knack or aptitude which depends more or less on a kind of adroitness and which enables her to display certain external graces to the admiration of beholders. Nonette plays the violin and sings. She does both at one and the same time. Now the violin is not an instrument for self-accompaniment. For that matter neither is the piano. To sing well one must do nothing more than sing. Likewise to play the violin well (something that is rarely done by a woman since the soul of the instrument reserves itself for masculine caresses) one must do nothing but bow. However, Nonette, as I have said, fiddles and sings. If Nonette did nothing but fiddle she would not be on the Orpheum circuit; if Nonette did nothing but sing she would not be on the Orpheum circuit; yet doing both together she is there with both feet—daintily shod feet—and beside fiddling and singing she attitudinizes gracefully, accompanying both her voice and her fiddle with undulations of her supple body. Instead of listening to the music, I worried about the performer, being certain that her great efforts were in vain. When the audience applauded I was pleased though I felt that the applause was a mark rather of generous feeling than of approbation. But she was encored. What a kind audience! Then she was encored again. Slowly the scales were falling from my eyes. Nonette was encored a third time. Indeed, if I am any judge at all Nonette was the hit of the afternoon. When it was all over it was easy to understand. The audience regarded Nonette as a very talented woman: first, because she plays an instrument that few women ever attempt to play; secondly, because she is her own accompanist. Nonette proves that in her line of endeavor a little skill may serve as well as great genius. Martin Beck knows his business.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Opera and Symphony

That so-called tabloid grand opera "The Secret of Suzanne" came to us in chunks this week. It was first given us Sunday afternoon after an interesting popular concert, and on that occasion it was not given us in a style to create a favorable impression of the work; rather to stimulate interest in the performance to be given later by Alice Nielsen. It is a dainty little story that this opera tells and it is sung to pretty music of a rather simple character, which is probably one reason why it is called Mozartean, though it is a long way after "Figaro" or the "Il Seraglio" that was the spontaneous outpouring of a boyish heart. The "Secret of Suzanne" is grand opera of a very light character. The music is delightful, though almost as primitive as the little marital scene enacted on the stage. Though it imposes but a very light tax on the singers those that came to us from Chicago are by no means able to do it justice. While Mr. Alfreda Costa is excellent as the Count, Miss Cayvan is mediocre as the Countess. She has a fine number, a smoking reverie in sustained style, which is Mozartean enough, but as she gives it the charm is not apparent. The allurements and fascinations of the little bride were wholly lacking, but we shall doubtless enjoy them through the medium of Alice Nielsen, for the part might have been written for her. Among the vocalists heard on Sunday was a Miss Berry, who is hardly the kind of singer one expects to hear on any such occasion. Mr. Dippel should think better of San Francisco, and when next he has singers to send on the road let him not forget that Sioux City is less hard to please than the one by the Golden Gate.

* * * * * *

The third symphony concert on the fifteenth was the best of this season. The Rachmaninoff



GERVILLE-REACHE

The French contralto who sings here Sunday afternoons, December 1 and December 8.

Symphony (No. 2) was superb and superbly given. A lovely rhapsodic dance by S. Coleridge Taylor was played with great spirit. It is in Wagner that Mr. Hadley conducts with the greatest gusto of enjoyment. Tschaikowsky and Strauss may recede in the favor of musicians as time passes, but Wagner will go on making his music clear and singing his music dramas with tongues of flame to ears that develop in understanding. For my part I wish every concert would close with Wagner.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

The Child on the Stage

Beholding "The Littlest Rebel" I could not help feeling sorry that Edward Peple wrote "The Prince Chap." If Peple hadn't written "The Prince Chap" he would have been spared the dangerous knowledge that one of the easiest roads to success in playwriting consists in building four acts around a child. The child supported the structure of that play, and the play was quite a success. The child therefore has become Edward Peple's main dramatic support. (When he wrote a play for Mrs. Leslie Carter, leaving the child out, he made a dismal failure.) In "The Littlest Rebel" the child is almost the whole show. The child is a little girl with golden hair and bare legs. I can imagine all the dear ladies and sweet girls at a matinee calling her a perfect darling. No doubt she is a perfect darling. But perfect darlings are sometimes known to pall. Most of the time they should be seen and not heard. In the theatre, many theatre-goers think, they should not even be seen. Some dramatists share their views. Shakespeare must have held the opinion, because there are no children in his plays. Are there any children in Moliere? But the modern stage is untrammeled in its efforts to make the emotional appeal. Anything calculated to quicken the pulse or elicit a sob seems to be permissible. Hence we must expect to see golden-haired, bare-footed children pitting their wide-eyed innocence against grown-up sophistication. We must sit in silence and behold a youngster winding and unwinding the plot on a dimpled finger. We must allow the playwright to tangle up his characters in baby curls and condense his wisdom into words of one syllable for a treble voice. If we protest we are hard-hearted wretches, calloused to all innocent influences, so soiled by the contacts of a wicked world that infantile goodness is not for us. It's unfair. It places us in a false position. We may have children of our own; we may actually be fond of them. But we are under suspicion if we protest against seeing their counterpart on the stage. The situation is all in favor of the canny dramatist. It is as though he said to us: "See the pretty golden-haired, bare-footed child. You dare not say you don't like her, because if you do, I shall say that you're wicked." Meanwhile the golden-haired, bare-footed child is putting money in the playwright's pocket. The play which would not otherwise succeed, has a long run. By the time it is withdrawn the playwright has built another play around another child. Why not leave the child to the moving pictures? They are not a grown-up's entertainment anyway.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Alice Nielsen Performance

Alice Nielsen and her brilliant galaxy of stars give their farewell performance at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. The feature will be Miss Nielsen's production of "The Secret of Suzanne." She alone has the right to the original version in this city, and without a grand opera orchestra the little gem loses half of its beauty. The cast will be the same as for the first performance, and Fabio Rimini will wield the baton. Among the works to be given in the concert portion of the program are the trio for male voices from "Faust" sung by Signors Ramella, Fornari and Mardones; the duet from "Mme. Butterfly" sung by Alice Nielsen and Mlle. Swartz; the aria from "La Tosca" by the tenor Ramella; "Habanera" from "Carmen" by Mlle. Swartz; some songs of Spain by Jose Mardones; and Fornari's offerings will be Neapolitan folk songs. Alice Nielsen will also sing a group of four songs in English. Tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's. On Sunday the box office will open at ten o'clock at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

The Beel Quartet

The Beel Quartet will give its second concert at the St. Francis next Tuesday night, November 26, at 8:30 p. m. Debussy's quartet in G minor Op. 10 will be given for the first time here in its entirety, and the quartet in E minor Op. 59 by Beethoven and Haydn's quartet in E flat will complete the program. Tickets may be obtained at the usual Greenbaum box offices. In order to avoid the rush attendant on the Christmas season, it has been determined to give the third Beel Quartet concert on Tuesday night, December 10, instead of on the seventeenth as originally announced.

The Gerville-Reache Concerts

After an absence of two years Mme. Gerville-Reache, the French contralto, will pay us her second visit, and Manager Greenbaum announces two concerts, the dates being Sunday afternoon, December 1, and Sunday afternoon, December 8. Mme. Gerville-Reache has prepared a most unusual repertoire in German, French, Italian and English. Many of the works on her programs have never been heard here. At the opening concert she will sing the aria from the great success "L'Attaque du Moulin" by Bruneau, the aria from Massenet's last triumph "Roma," the aria of the blind mother from "La Gioconda" and the Brangaene aria from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." There will be songs by Beethoven, Strauss, Bauer, Saar, Georges Hue and Paladilhe. At the second concert arias from an old French classic "Jeannot et Colin" by Niccolo, "The Trojans" by Berlioz, Tschaikowsky's "Pique Dame" and Baron Camille Erlanger's "Fedia" will be given. Songs by Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Gertrude Ross and others will be given, among them one by Harvey Wickham, a local newspaperman. The sale of seats for both concerts will open next Wednesday, November 27, at Sherman Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's. Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum. Gerville-Reache will furnish the program for the fourth program of the St. Francis Musical Art Society's series.

Maud Powell

The dates definitely arranged for the concerts by Maud Powell, the great woman violinist, are Thursday night, December 12, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, December 14 and 15. Greenbaum promises programs of exceptional interest.

Four Headliners at Pantages

Seven acts, all new to San Francisco, will be offered at Pantages next week. Four of the seven are genuine headliners. The seven acrobatic Hamada Japs occupy the top of the billing on account of the really sensational feats they accomplish. There are three men and four Japanese women in the act. A remarkable musical instrument is the Myriophone. It is made of twenty-five wired wheels occupying a space about twelve feet high and ten feet wide. As the wheels revolve the operators touch the wires, producing melodious airs. Harrison Greene and Miss Katherine Parker, well known natives of San Francisco, are credited with being a pair of snappy entertainers. They have a fine line of dialogue, songs and stories. Jim Rutherford, the former well known circus clown, and Miss Lottie Munroe have a comedietta called "An Extra Added Attraction." Bessie Leonard has a novel singing and dancing act during which she makes a number of changes in full view of the audience. The management of Pantages announce that beginning December 1 they will present the famous motion picture of "The Garden of Allah."

Orrin Johnson and Miss Leslie at Alcazar

Orrin Johnson and Marguerite Leslie who open a limited starring season next Monday evening at the Alcazar, are new to San Francisco, but bear Broadway's stamp of approval. Each of them has earned fame under various managements on "The Great White Way," and before appearing there Miss Leslie won laurels in London. That their engagement at the Alcazar will be profitable to all concerned goes without saying, for their abilities are to be exploited in plays of established worth. Charles Klein's latest successful American work, "The Gamblers," is to be the medium of introducing Mr. Johnson and Miss Leslie to the Alcazar's clientele. It has been hailed in the East as the finest thing Klein has yet given to the stage, and that means something when taken in connection with his authorship of "The Music Master," "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Third Degree." Through its unfolding of a Wall-street conspiracy is intertwined a love story both unusual and daring, yet so discreetly handled that the New York critics unanimously pronounced it a masterpiece of skillful playwriting.



SCENE FROM "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"
The clever English drama now at the Cort.

Ethel Green at the Orpheum

Ethel Green, one of the daintiest and most winsome comediennes in vaudeville and a great favorite in this city, will appear at the Orpheum next week as a monologist and singing comedienne. Sydney Ayres, one of the handsomest and most popular of romantic actors, will appear next week only. His offering will consist of a one-act play of his own authorship entitled "A Call for the Wild," the action of which takes place in Arizona. He is supported by an excellent company which includes Roy Clements, Myrtle Langford and Rea Mitchell. The versatile comedian Harry Gilfoil will be seen in his greatest hit "Baron Sands." George Felix, the Tom-Fool comedian assisted by the Barry girls, Emily and Gladys, will present his big scream "The Boy Next Door." The natural independence of the bull dog makes it one of the hardest animals to train. Once however his teaching is accomplished he makes the best of canine actors. Al Rayno whose fame as an animal trainer is world-wide, will introduce a splendid assortment of bull dogs possessed of a rare amount of intelligence, which is exhibited by the clever manner in which they perform a variety of difficult stunts. Next week will be the last of James J. Morton; Schichtl's Royal Marionettes and Jesse Lasky's production of "California."

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" at the Cort

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" has been making a success at the Cort. The second and final week begins tomorrow night and the advance sale indicates that the same attendance will prevail in the final nights of the much-discussed English play. "A Butterfly on the Wheel" was written by Edward H. Memmerde and Francis Neilson, both members of the British Parliament and the former a King's Counsel. The play deals with the divorce problem and concerns itself with a frivolous young person—the "butterfly" of the title—and her indiscretions, prompted by the fact that she is married to a man much older than herself. She is innocent of any wrong, however. In the "big scene" of the play, the interior of an English court is shown in all its realism, the serious foreign divorce proceedings are reproduced, and the "butterfly" is flayed on the "wheel" of justice. The company interpreting the drama

is an all-English one and was selected and rehearsed by Lewis Waller, the actor-producer who brought the play to America. Dorothy Lane makes a charming butterfly; J. Malcom Dunn is a fervent lover; some happy comedy work is contributed by Hamilton Dean as Lord Ellerdine, and clever acting of difficult roles is contributed by Alys Rees, Stanley Warmington, Harold Ross, Henry Dornton, Vincent Sternroyd, Florence Lelercq, and others. There will be a Thanksgiving Day matinee in addition to the regular ones on Wednesday and Saturday. On Sunday, December 1, comes Valeska Suratt, as great a celebrity as the stage knows, in "The Kiss Waltz," a New York Casino musical comedy that has had an enormous vogue. An elaborate production and a beauty chorus is announced.



ETHEL GREEN

Vaudeville's daintiest comedienne who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

Dustin Farnum for Another Week

Dustin Farnum as the Northern officer, Lieut. Col. Morrison in the successful A. H. Woods production of the Civil War play "The Littlest Rebel" will be seen at the Columbia for but one more week, beginning Sunday night next. The farewell performance will be given on Sunday night, December 1. During the second and last week of the San Francisco engagement three matinee performances are to be given. These will take place on Wednesday, Thanksgiving Day (Thursday) and Saturday. A great musical treat, "The Quaker Girl" comes to the Columbia following the engagement of Dustin Farnum. The first presentation of the piece is to be made on Monday night, December 2. There are twenty new songs in the piece, and "Come to the Ball" has been pronounced one of the greatest waltz songs that has ever come to this country. Victor Morley is the hero of the play. There are dozens of beautiful girls and the costumes are gorgeous.

"A Modern Eve" at the Cort

No musical play of recent years has created a more decided impression on the European continent and in America than Martin Beck's and Mort Singer's production, "A Modern Eve," the Berlin operetta which was presented at the Garrick in Chicago last April and broke all records for a summer's run. Its success comes from a clever story, skilful comedy, novel action and several genuine song hits which include the waltz song, "Good Bye, Everybody," now in vogue everywhere. "A Modern Eve" is now in its second year at the Neus Theatre, Berlin, where it was originally produced, and where Mr. Beck and Mr. Singer witnessed the performance which induced them to import the offering to America. "A Modern Eve" opens at the Cort for a two weeks' run on December 8th.

(Continued on Page 23.)

AMUSEMENTS

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Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Thanksgiving Day
The Messrs. Shubert and Lewis Waller Present
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"A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"
With Lewis Waller's All-English Company
Prices 50c to $1.50. "Pop" $1 Wednesday Matinee
Commencing Sunday, December 1st—Valeska Suratt in "The Kiss Waltz."

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE
ETHEL GREEN, Vaudeville's Daintiest Comedienne; SYDNEY AYRES supported by his own Company in his one-act play "A Call for the Wild" (Next Week Only); HARRY GILFOIL in his original character "Baron Sands"; GEORGE FELIX, assisted by the BARRY GIRLS in "The Boy Next Door"; AL RAYNO'S PERFORMING BULL DOGS; JAMES J. MORTON; SCHICHTL'S ROYAL MARIONETTES; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of Jesse L. Lasky's "CALIFORNIA," an American Operetta with Leslie Leigh, Harry Griffith and Austen Stuart.
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
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Charles Klein's Greatest Play
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.
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ALICE NIELSEN
And Her Company in
GRAND OPERATIC CONCERT
And the One Act Opera
"THE SECRET OF SUZANNE"
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 24 at 2:30
Tickets: $2.50, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's. Sunday at the Hall.

THE BEEL QUARTET
SECOND CONCERT
TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26th at 8:30
ST. FRANCIS BALLROOM
Tickets: $1.00, at above offices.

GERVILLE-REACHE
The French Contralto
"A Woman With a Cello Voice"—London Times
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 1st
and
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 8th
Tickets: $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00.
Box-offices open Wednesday, November 27th, at usual Music Stores.
MAIL ORDERS to Will. L. Greenbaum, care either Box-Office.
Steinway Piano
Coming—MAUD POWELL, Violiniste.

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HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR
FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT
GREEK THEATRE
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 23, at 2:15
Program
Berlioz.....Overture, "Carnaval Romain"
BEETHOVEN.....SYMPHONY, NO. 5, C MINOR
R. Strauss.....Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration"
Prices: 50c to $1.50. Seats on sale at box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco and Oakland, and Student's Co-operative Store, Glessner, Morse & Geary's, Tupper & Reed's, The Sign of the Bear, and Sadler's, Berkeley.

COLUMBIA THEATRE
The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783
ALL THIS AND NEXT WEEK
Nightly Including Sunday
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Special Holdiday Matinee Thanksgiving Day
A. H. Woods Presents
DUSTIN FARNUM
In Edward Peple's Great Civil War Drama
"THE LITTLEST REBEL"
Prices: Evenings and Saturday Matinee, $1.50 to 25c.
Wednesday Matinee, $1.00 to 25c.
Engagement Closes Sunday night, December 1st.
Beginning Monday night, December 2nd, "THE QUAKER GIRL."

SECOND SEASON OF THE KOHLER & CHASE
MATINEES OF MUSIC
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
AT 3 O'CLOCK
26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco
Featuring eminent California Soloists, the Pianola Piano and the wonderful Aeolian Pipe Organ.
No Cards of Admission Required
Open to the Public

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Basing their expectation on the favorable news received early in the week regarding railroad earnings, general business and the U. S. Steel statement, the bull pools started to bid up their specialties and their efforts were fairly successful. But unfortunately for the cause of higher prices, the advances were purchased at the expense of activity, and when the laborious attempt came to an end the market was about as dead as could be. That is not the way a bull market should act and the net results of the week proved it. Tariff talk counteracted the bullish news and it was said President-elect Wilson would call an extra session not later than April 15. Unless the defeat of the Liberal Government on the Irish Home Rule Bill is to be construed as increasing the chances of a general European war (because the conservative party is supposed to be more pugnacious and more likely to become embroiled in disputes with Germany), it is hard to see why it should depress the price of American securities. Elections have been coming thick and fast in the United Kingdom for several years, and the stock market should be used to them by this time. An American stock market that can bear up bravely under a presidential election and then give to prices one week later under the possibility of a foreign election is a queer affair. The market seemed to be influenced by political conditions at home and abroad, and no special features developed affecting any important stock. These conditions were the outlook for an early session of Congress and an English election. The worst feature of the market situation is not the possible importance of either event, but the ease with which the break came and the little support the market received.

Wheat—The action of the wheat market the last week furnishes another example of the intensity of the bearish feeling that asserts itself at the smallest encouragement. A slight decline in the foreign grain markets, and an improved tone in the security market, seem to be all that is necessary to assure the trade that the foreign political situation is more settled and in less danger of embroiling the big powers of Europe than has been the case for some time past. The lop-sided or one-sided production of wheat this year is a sort of confusion to the trade, and it is not unlikely that if the small production in the soft winter wheat States had been in the northwest, and the big production of that section had been in the soft winter wheat States, the sentiment and price might have differed considerably from what they are, but the big production flows through the gateway of Minneapolis and Duluth where all can see it, while if a full crop had been raised where now it is a failure, the increased production would not be noticed because the movement would not center so conspicuously as that of the northwest. The great irregularity in this year's production of wheat is a very deceptive influence to the trade, and is likely to prove more so as the season advances. We believe it intensifies the bearish sentiment and unduly depresses values which, if much longer continued, may result in over-exportation and greatly oversold markets.

Corn—The corn market is weighted down by the big figures that are given for this year's production. At present values are based on purely imaginary ideas of the conditions that are expected to prevail by and by, and not on burdensome stocks, for they are near the point of exhaustion and are constantly being reduced. The guess that corn is low enough now will likely prove true in time, but it is often observed that even when a commodity is low enough it sometimes will decline still lower. This was the case two years ago when corn for May was cheap at 50 cents, but it sold down to 46 cents and then advanced to 80 cents. Present values for this cereal will insure an enormous consumption on the farms as well as for other domestic uses, and will also meet a large foreign demand.

Cotton—The trend of the market is still upward under the influence of continued extensive buying by large interests who have the situation well in hand, for the time being at least. The weather conditions over the entire belt have been favorable. Little or no rain fell and the temperature has been rather high for this time of the year. There are no indications for a decided change in the near future. The movement to market continues heavy with no sign of a let-up for the present. However, exports continue heavy also, and while serving to increase stocks in Europe, prevent an accumulation at primary points and the interior. Weekly trade reports for the United States continue favorable in all lines, especially in textiles, sharp advances having followed the big rise in value of the raw material. Manchester reports continue favorable, though the higher prices for cloth are said to be checking business, but yarns are very firm. The feature of late in the market has been the attitude of the American markets at the opening during the past few days, completely ignoring disappointed Liverpool markets, the English market having shown a disposition to halt. But the American markets when due to open lower, would open higher and continue to improve by reason of unlimited buying of a speculative character. The improvement in contract values has carried near positions up to nearly 12 1-2 cents, which represents an advance of nearly 200 points without any reaction of consequence. This has required large incessant buying.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank
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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.
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Merchants National Bank of San Francisco
Corner New Montgomery and Market Streets

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits..$1,768,076.98
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 1,639,482.36
Deposits 6,368,228.50

OFFICERS

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C. A. Hawkins.....Vice-President
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The officers of this Bank will be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.
Safe Deposit Vaults open from 7:30 a. m. to 12 p. m., Sundays and Holidays included.

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JUNE 29th, 1912:

Assets $51,140,101.75
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,656,403.80
Employees' Pension Fund..... 140,109.60
Number of Depositors 56,609

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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Auto Notes

PUBLICITY FOR THE FAIR

Thirty-seven hundred miles of publicity and a chain of working organizations, all promoting the big San Francisco Fair, is the undertaking just begun by C. W. Armstrong of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce who has started on a tour from Boston, Mass., to San Francisco in the interest of the Exposition. Armstrong has started across the continent in a Rambler Cross Country and will visit all the principal cities, delivering addresses to the Chambers of Commerce and prominent business men's associations. The Rambler is of the 1913 model and is equipped with the new unit gasoline and electric motor.

BIG CLOSED CAR SALES

Statisticians of the automobile industry are marveling this year at the enormous increase in the sales of closed cars of all types which indicates that the motor car has at last become an all year around vehicle.

The most progressive concerns, which keep accurate records to serve as a barometer of sales conditions in all sections of the country, will be interested in the results of an investigation made by The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, indicating that enclosed car sales are no longer confined to large centers of population, but are being made by dealers in smaller towns and, in some cases, to well to do farmers throughout the Middle West.

The most popular type of this car, according to The Thomas B. Jeffery Company, is that of the Sedan which is designed especially for the man who likes to drive himself. The Gotham type, which has a forward and rear compartment, is next in line.

This is a light limousine type built on a 38 horse power chassis and a combination price is made when the Cross Country body is taken. This is a popular seller because many people desire to have an open car in summer in addition to a closed car in winter.



And see us about renting a safe deposit box for your valuables. It is the only place for them if you wish to insure their safety.

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults Crocker Building Post and Market Sts.
John F. Cunningham, Manager

The Donkey Spring

(Continued from Page 8.)

he waited until she had risen from the water, and as she sat upon a rock, combing her hair, Boldewin stepped up, pawed thrice with his forehoof in greeting, and entreated the fairy earnestly to transform him into a gander.

The sorceress shook her head. "This is a strange wish," she said, "but I can and will fulfil it for you;" and into the ear of the devout donkey she whispered: "Pick seven daisies tomorrow at sunrise and eat them in silence, then dip your head into the spring and you will be transformed into a spruce gander. And now go and leave me alone."

Deeply moved, the donkey thanked her and departed. He did not sleep a wink all that night, and as soon as the tree-tops were reddening he was up, looking for the seven daisies. Then he hastened to the spring, dipped his head into the water, and when he emerged he saw, to his great joy, in the glassy surface, the image of a stately gander with a beautiful curved neck.

As quickly as possible he hastened to the nest in which the goose had taken up her abode. "Alheid, my beloved Alheid," he cried, "where art thou?"

"Here, my love," she cried from the thicket, and a dainty she-donkey came tripping forth from the bushes.

Struck with horror, the lovers viewed each other.

"Oh, what an ass I am," groaned the gander. "Oh, what a goose I am," sobbed the she-donkey, and then both broke down weeping and Alheid related amid tears how she, following the advice of the owl, had sought the wish-fairy and upon her supplications had been transformed into a donkey. Hereupon the gander also made a report, interrupted often by great sobbing. Never did the midsummer sun shine down upon two more unhappy creatures than our lovers.

But time is the great healer. Quiet, patient endurance superseded agonizing pain. One ray of hope remained. At her next visit, perhaps, the wish-fairy could be prevailed upon to give to one of the lovers his former shape. But a whole year must needs pass before then. Patience, therefore, patience! And again Boldewin and Alheid lived together like brother and sister.

After much distress and danger which winter brought to the two anchorites, spring made her triumphal entry, the sun climbed higher and higher, and finally the eve of the day of the solstice had come.

With anxious hearts the lovers neared the spring and laid their case before the wish-fairy.

"This is indeed a bad case," said the sorceress. "I cannot retransform either one of you, however much I should like to do so. But let me make you a proposition. How would it do if you were to become human beings? To make a man and a woman of a donkey and a goose is not so difficult, and easily within my powers. What do you say?"

With one accord Boldewin and Alheid cried: "Yes."

The fairy murmured her charm and commanded both of them to dip their heads into the spring. They did so, and when they straightened up, Boldewin had become a strong, young lad with a good-natured face, while opposite him stood the most charming little woman with the prettiest ruddy mouth and languishing eyes.

They fell upon their knees before the good fairy and kissed her hands in gratitude, and they kissed each other and whispered words of love and troth. But the fairy, who perceived that she was superfluous, wrapped her robe of down about her and flew away.

The lovers remained in the valley Boldewin built a house, and in it they passed happy days.

In the villages round about no one surmised that Boldewin had been a donkey and Alheid a goose, for they were as sensible as other people. And, of course, they did not publish the story of their transformation, for that would have injured their reputation. But when they came to die, they entrusted the secret to their eldest son, and it was he who, in memory of his parents, called the house The Golden Goose and the spring the Donkey Spring, as they are called even to this day.

How the medicinal properties of the water were discovered, and how gradually new life entered the remote woodland valley, is told in full in a book which may be had by applying to the hostess of The Golden Goose.

The wish-fairy has long ago discontinued her visits, presumably because the valley has become too bustling for her. But even today it happens that nearly every year a couple of lovers become acquainted at the spring, who are as well mated as the heroes of our tale.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,551; Department No. 3.

JOHN FINDLEY MILLIKEN, Plaintiff, vs. MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

11-23-10



ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

SAN FRANCISCO

Paid-Up Capital.....$ 4,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits .....$ 1,600,000
Total Resources $40,000,000

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Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

Lust of power has killed all the good features in unionism.

The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,144; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY E. O'KANE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of sale made by the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 22nd day of October, 1912, in the matter of the above estate the administrator of the estate of said deceased will sell at private sale to the highest bidder upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after the 26th day of November, 1912, all the right, title, interest and estate of said Mary E. O'Kane, deceased, at the time of her death and all the right, title, and interest that said estate has by operations of law, or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of her death, of, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Sutter Street, distant thereon one hundred and forty (140) feet westerly from the westerly line of Pierce Street, running thence westerly along the southerly line of Sutter Street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles easterly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to point of commencement.

BEING a portion of Western Addition in Block 429.

Terms and Conditions of Sale—Cash Gold coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of making said sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court, all bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of John F. Hanlon, Attorney for said Administrator, at his office, Room 505 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the administrator personally or be filed with the Clerk of said above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale. Deed and abstract taxes for current year at expense of the purchaser.

Dated: this 9th day of November, 1912.

WILLIAM D. O'KANE,
Administrator of the Estate of Mary E. O'Kane, Deceased.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Administrator,
505 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-3

CERTIFICATE OF NAME OF PERSON DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME—No. 1073

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that my full name is ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and that the place of my residence is at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that I am transacting a French Confectionery business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of L. RUFFIEUX;

That the principal place of my said business is at No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and that I will continue to transact such business therein, under said name and style;

That there is no other person interested with me in said business, and that I am the sole owner thereof.

Dated, this 30th day of October, A. D. 1912.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 30th day of October, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twelve, before me, JAMES H. STIRLING, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and she duly acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) JAMES H. STIRLING,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. My Commission Expires September 11, 1915.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 31, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By W. R. Castagnetto, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. at Law,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—(Probate); No. 10,980; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

W. J. PALETHORPE, the administrator of the estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for order of sale of real property, and it appearing therefrom to the satisfaction of the Court that a sale of the real estate described in said petition is necessary and for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein,

IT IS ORDERED: That all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be and they are hereby directed to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, thereof, in the City Hall Building on Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 4th day of December, A. D. 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administrator for the sale of the whole of the real estate of the Estate of said deceased; and

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED: That a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 29, A. D. 1912.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 30, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER, Attys. at Law,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-2-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 44,453; Dept. No. 10.

ARTHUR RITTER, Plaintiff, vs. MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

F. J. CRISP, Atty. for Plaintiff,
624 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-28-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,898; Department No. 10.

WILLIAM GREIG, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Greig, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

PIECE NO. 1.

Commencing at a point, situate on the Northerly line of Mariposa Street, distant thereon 50 feet Easterly from the Northeasterly corner of Mariposa and Missouri Streets; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Mariposa Street, 25 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Southerly 100 feet to the Northerly line of Mariposa Street and point of commencement.

Being portion of Potrero Nuevo Block Number 270.

PIECE NO. 2.

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Mississippi Street, distant thereon 225 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Mariposa Street, running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Mississippi Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Easterly 100 feet, thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 100 feet to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Potrero Block No. 305.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles,, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of October, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of October, 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,294; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CARLO CASASSA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, David J. Casassa, administrator of the estate of Carlo Casassa, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the offices of his attorneys, Devoto, Richardson and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said offices the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Carlo Casassa, deceased.

DAVID J. CASASSA
Administrator of the Estate of Carlo Casassa, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 23, 1912.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Administrator,
600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., S. F. 11-23-5

The man who is afraid to think for himself ought to get married.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 12,492; Department No. 7.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALICE QUESADA, Deceased.

Alice Schingle and Sarah Sullivan, administratrices of the estate of Alice Quesada, deceased, having this day presented to the Court and filed with the clerk thereof their verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing them to sell the whole of the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased at either public or private sale, as said administratrices should deem most beneficial to said estate, and those interested therein, and it appearing to the Court from such petition, that it is necessary, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said deceased, and those interested, to sell the whole of said real estate for the purposes and reasons mentioned in said petition;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Court, Department No. 7 thereof, at its Courtroom situate in the building known and designated as the New City Hall, south side of Market street between 8th and 9th streets, San Francisco, California, on Monday, the 25th day of November, 1912, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. thereof, of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrices for the sale of such estate.

It is further ORDERED that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 21, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

WALTER E. DORN and
SULLIVAN, SULLIVAN and THEO. J. ROCHE,
Attorneys for Administratrices,
1108 Humboldt Savings Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-26-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 32,803.

PETER KOCELJ, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of PETER KOCELJ, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning on the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue at a point distant Northerly Three Hundred Sixteen (316) feet measured along said line, from the Northerly line of Lake Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Twenty-fifth Avenue Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet to the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue and the point of beginning. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block 47.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 26th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, none; Addresses, none.

BRADLEY L. WALLACE and JEROME M. POLITZER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-12-10

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

The Symphony in Berkeley

Under the auspices of the University of California, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give its first symphony concert at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, this afternoon at 2:15 sharp. The musical and dramatic committee of the University have the affair in charge. The Musical Association of San Francisco have determined that this afternoon's concert, from a musical standpoint, shall be by long odds the best that can be had. Conductor Hadley and the entire membership of the Orchestra will be on hand and the Music Committee of the Musical Association has selected a program that will call for tne very best efforts of Hadley and his men. The program will open with the Overture, "Carnaval Romaine" of Berlioz, a splendid composition. Richard Strauss' Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration," the big hit of the second Symphony Concert at the Cort will close the program. The Symphony will be the Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C Minor, Opus 67. Of all the nine symphonies by Beethoven, this is probably the best known, the most generally comprehended, and the most widely popular. Tickets are on sale at the usual places: Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco and Oakland, and Student's Co-operative Store, Glessner, Morse & Geary's, Tupper & Reed's, The Sign of the Bear and Sadler's, Berkeley. The prices of admission are from $1.50 to 50 cents. In the event of inclement weather, the concert will take place in the Harmon Gymnasium.

Burr McIntosh Scores

Burr McIntosh greatly impressed a large audience with his plain talk on the beauties of California and the United States on Tuesday afternoon. So successful was the lecture that it will be repeated by request on Saturday, November 30, this time in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel.

Letters

A MacGrath Romance

Harold MacGrath's new novel "The Place of Honey Moons" begins in characteristic fashion, with a beautiful unknown and an introductory adventure which looks like the commencement of an intrigue but which proves, as usual, to be as proper as a Sunday school entertainment. The unconventionality is assumed for one night only and the lady, preserving her incognito, is well enough acquainted with the character and integrity of the game she stalks to be certain she is running no risks. There is a slight variation in this plot, since the charming stranger who seeks out Edward Courtlandt in an obscure Parisian cafe after opera hours is only a minor character. Courtlandt is one of the types of the American millionaire of romance, gifted with all the graces of mind and body and strictly upright and moral. He has been, as the reader readily surmises, at some time in the recent past, a favored suitor of the great prima donna, Eleanora da Toscana, but for some reason that capricious beauty whose father was a prize fighter and who ran barelegged on the pavements in New York's east-side, haughtily refuses to recognize his existence any more, and neither he nor any other of her train of suitors is favored with her address. The two most persistent followers are the American, Courtlandt, and a certain Russian grand duke who resembles him superficially, and when da Toscana is abducted, decoyed from her hotel on pretense of an errand of mercy, and kept five days imprisoned in a villa at Versailles, to the temporary destruction of her voice as well as other inconveniences, she accepts the trifling circumstancial evidence as proof, and holds Courtlandt to be the guilty one though, singularly, refusing to prosecute him, exacting from him only his promise before the prefecture of police that he will not further interfere with her. The threads of the drama are drawn together at the Italian lakes later in the season, where da Toscana, her socially aspiring mother and her plain, blunt father, are sojourning, and where drift also the grand duke, the millionaire and various other friends and suitors, and likewise Flora Desimone, an operatic star and rival, with the flower of her envy and jealousy in full bloom though she has already attached her grand duke as permanently as social canons will sanction. Da Toscana who is plain Nora Harrigan in her home circle, has her hands full for the threads of her skein are badly tangled and there is no one she dares to take into her confidence. It is only after there has been a duel fought and a bout of fisticuffs between Courtlandt and the ex-champion Harrigan that an accident gives the key to the whole mystery, just a secret marriage, an apparent breach of faith and a temperamental woman's assumption of the martyr's role. Of all the present day writers of popular fiction none can rival Harold MacGrath in the matter of cheerful endings. From Bobbs-Merrill.

"A Man's World"

"A Man's World" which has reached its third printing, is a good book. The story is that of an average man, though the environment is not the common one. The early chapters deal principally with the religious life of a child born and brought up in the lower mountains of Tennessee, in the family of an uncle, a pious, God-fearing, strictly honest and just, but narrow minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian faith, and of the first absolute and unquestioning acceptance of the doctrines, the formal union with the church at the early age of eleven years, and the subsequent doubts, disillusionments and disbelief. "A Man's World" is not to be classed among the books to be hidden from public view. It is straightforward but not bald, a book for mature minds, and one that furnishes food for thought whether in accord or disagreement. It is easily one of the foremost books of this season. Published by the Macmillan Company for Albert Edwards.

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The Goodness of the Good

What a glorious and virtuous and vigilant Administration is this we have at Sacramento! To confess insensibility to its manifold blessings is to convict oneself of not reading the Hon. Chester Rowell in the Fresno Republican. There are several editors occupying upholstered seats on the State machine, but not one testifies his gratitude so often or so fervently as the twinkling satellite of the prune belt. Mr. Rowell is the prose laureate of an Administration that represents all that is good and defies all that is bad. Constant reading of this chant royalist has given us the impression that of all the sins that first entered into our clay with the primeval Adam scarcely one is left to remind us of our common humanity. Hence the gratitude due to Governor Johnson, inventor of the Board of Control. This remarkable product of the Governor's genius recently discovered that by a system of petty graft a former warden of Folsom penitentiary had got hold of $261.85 belonging to the State. Compelled to disgorge, he is now held up to us by Mr. Rowell as an awful example of a period that is past. Mr. Rowell felicitates us on the bygoneness of yester-year and the evanishment from public life of the many evildoers whom he has helped to excommunicate with thunder of epithet and mighty swish of smoking pen. From the Rowell rhapsody on the serene sense of public trust well reposed we infer that the current dispensation is the nearest thing to perfection that the world has seen since the days of Eden. The Board of Control has completely throttled the Monster that formerly absorbed our sustenance. Graft is as dead as a door nail; also the system under which "everybody was a good fellow." Mr. Rowell virtually guarantees the conscientious spending of every cent of public money. By way of supplement to Mr. Rowell's raptures we will venture the prediction that during Governor Johnson's term the Board of Control will never discover any wrongdoing on the part of a representative of the State machine. Furthermore, "without fear of successful contradiction" we now solemnly affirm that not with a high power microscope is the Board of Control able to discover a single "good fellow" on the water front. What is bound to be discovered when the Governor returns to private life is another matter about which discussion at this time would be premature.

The Governor and the Harbor

From several sources the suggestion has come that Governor Johnson should be given a dose of his own medicine. Doubtless it would be easy to recall Governor Johnson, but it would be unfortunate were the recall invoked in his case on any of the grounds heretofore suggested. Perhaps the most plausible of all the reasons advanced as a basis for a recall proposition in the case of the Governor is that he was instrumental in disfranchising a large number of the voters of this State, but that is not a good reason. To employ the recall for such a reason would be to illustrate one of the base uses to which it might be put, and such employment could be justified on no other ground than the expediency of impressing the people with the perniciousness of an ultra-democratic contrivance. The friends of the recall will not admit that one of its purposes is to enable the people to inflict punishment on a public servant. Their championship of the recall is on the ground that it will enable the people to get rid of an intolerable servant who has proved himself unworthy of trust and whose policies are inimical to the public interests. Now it cannot be shown beyond peradventure that Governor Johnson deliberately disfranchised a number of citizens. Nor is it feared that he will again deprive a number of citizens of their Constitutional right. So let us not deal with Governor Johnson as he deals with others. Let us consider him not as a politician tricky, narrow minded and audacious, but let us rather consider him as the helmsman of the ship of State and see whether it would be advisable to summon him before the bar of public opinion. Let us consider the attitude of the Johnson machine toward the proposal to transfer control of the harbor of San Francisco from the State to the municipality. The wisdom of this proposal cannot be seriously questioned. The desirability of local harbor control is acknowledged wherever there is a harbor. It is of the utmost importance to this city that there should be a great increase of shipping facilities along our water front. At present as a consequence of gross mismanagement and of favoritism to powerful corporations there is a grievous lack of accommodations for shippers and ship owners, and there is no prospect of adequate improvement of the situation. It is believed by our commercial bodies that with the harbor in control of the municipal authorities it would be easier by force of public opinion to compel necessary action than it is at present or than it ever will be. The State authorities are responsible to the whole State, and the people of the State are but vaguely informed of conditions on our water front. Furthermore there are shortsighted communities in this State that conceive it to be to their advantage to retard the progress of San Francisco. Is there a man in all California who honestly believes that it is to the interest of San Francisco to have her harbor used as the grazing ground of a Governor's understrappers? There are men who have the effrontery to assert that it is, but they are not disinterested. They will tell you that agitation for local control was started in the interest of the Octopus, and they will ask you why it was never demanded before Johnson kicked the railroad out of politics. The answer to this question is very simple. Before Johnson's time we were not on the eve of the opening of the Panama Canal; nor had we felt the necessity of increased facilities as we have felt it because of the increase in the volume of shipping. As to the suggestion that the Octopus is dissatisfied with State control now that the good Mr. Johnson is on the job, the disingenuousness of it is obvious. Admitting that the Johnson machine commanded by the ineffable Tom Finn stands for something resembling all the Christian virtues, what guaranty have we that the old regime will not recur? And as to the suggestion that the Octopus has been kicked out of politics, that may serve to stir the emotions of the marines, but let the recall be applied to the Governor, and then we shall see where the affections of the Octopus are. Now Town Talk is not at all in favor of the recall, but Town Talk believes there will never be greater justification for the use of it than that which has been given by the Administration at Sacramento when it began intriguing against the interest of this city from selfish and sordid motives. If Governor Johnson permitted his concern for his political machine to render any of his policies inimical to the interests of Los Angeles the recall would be resorted to with speed that would make his head whirl. But San Francisco is easy-going and complaisant, and the Governor is brazen and defiant in the face of criticism, ever ready to resent a statement of fact with the retort fulminant, caring not a solitary Armageddon expletive for the sentiments of our Chamber of Commerce or any other body of citizens.

The Hand Iconoclastic

With all due deference to the Rev. Charles Aked, and with no disposition to discourage him in his efforts to raise money for the building of a new church we ask the question, What's the matter with the old one? We ask it because we feel that something of sentimental interest ought to attach to the venerable house of worship in which our new and eminent citizen reconciles the word of God with modern culture for the edification or spiritual uplift of the religiously inclined. Somewhat more intimate with its facade than with its interior atmosphere, nevertheless the abbreviated structure at Post and Mason streets has become endeared to us through long years of association. A picturesque phantom of the past is this old brick church, a stationary ghost that we should like to have tarry with us. The walls of it are inspiring pages in

the history of our city. It is a sermon in brick more eloquent than Dr. Aked. Looking at it in the perspective of waning years we re-tread in sweetest reverie the journey of life. It breathes for us a little of the genius of Gothic repose amid the tumult of a great city. Must this old church that has served two generations of God's worshipers, that received their joy and echoed their sorrow, be torn down to gratify the ruthless spirit of destruction that dominates a bourgeois age? Dr. Aked has so decreed. But again we ask, What's the matter with the old church? Does a church become obsolete like an office building? We have never understood that such was the case. On the contrary our impression always has been that age gives distinction to a church and makes it precious in the eyes of men. Surely the First Congregational Church has not outlived its usefulness. We suspect that the worst to be said against it is that it is not sufficiently ornate to satisfy Dr. Aked's fastidious taste, but even in simplicity there is merit; nay, there is beauty, especially when Time, who is no mean architect, whose handiwork is not to be lightly tampered with, has contributed a few characteristic touches. Dr. Aked has had an architect design for him a classic structure that looks more like one of our pretty little banks than anything else. What a pity it would be to tear down the old church and rear in its place a building of the style that pleases Dr. Aked! However beautiful the architecture of ancient Greece, it has become associated with commerce in San Francisco. To embody in a church the style that was Athenian, even in a church more partial to modern culture than to the Sermon on the Mount, would be, to say the least, inept. The present church is a contrast to the temples of Mammon, and in its surroundings is impressive even apart from its associations, and it can arouse in those who have imagination emotions of profound awe. Even without its spire, in its perfect tone and quietude it is a distinguished building. In addition to style, character and tradition, which cannot be wholly unintelligible to Dr. Aked, there is another consideration of no small importance to be urged in behalf of the old church. With this consideration Dr. Aked may have no sympathy being a new-comer from foreign parts. What does Dr. Aked know of our young passion for the preservation of landmarks, our tender feeling for the few objects of sentimental interest that dot the landscape of the State! True the First Congregational Church is not as rich in historic memories as the Missions, but it is not much younger than old St. Mary's, the restoration of which gladdened the hearts of people of all creeds; and at any rate it is an inspiring relic of other days that survived in part the ravage of earthquake and fire. Now what is the most cogent reason to be urged in justification of the tragedy contemplated by Dr. Aked? Is the old church too small to accommodate the crush induced by the burning eloquence of the noted divine? We do not believe that such is the case. Lack of church attendance is the complaint of the hour. And it was only last week that Dr. Aked, complaining of the lure of the great white way, exclaimed, What chance have I, backed by four musicians, against the attractions of this big city? No, this troupe—the musicians and the monologist—are not playing to "standing room only." Perhaps Dr. Aked has something of the sentiment of the English architect who a few years ago urged the tearing down of Buckingham Palace. He said the old building was all right enough in the time of George the Fourth, but that the nation had grown and should have a palace commensurate with its size. San Francisco has grown since the sixties of last century, so perhaps Dr. Aked feels that we should have a church symbolical of the march of the materialism that is in harmony with modern culture. Dr. Aked is certainly strong for modernity. Dr. Aked is right down to date. Smartness is writ all over him. He is the best-seller personified. And we are convinced that he is an eloquent man, since we know that he moved his congregation to acquiesce in his design though every man and woman that sits at his feet must have been prepossessed in favor of the old church. We suppose that Dr. Aked, who abandoned the wicked of New York because they would not tear down an old church and gratify his passion for brand newness will have his way in San Francisco, and we shall not be so impertinent as to protest, but we will express the regret that the money subscribed for the work of destruction is not to be spent in restoring the old tower and spire and giving the interior of the old church a little artistic decoration of the kind conducive to genuine religious feeling.

The Balkan Situation

The time has come for the revision of the Treaty of Berlin, and the statesmen of Europe have a much more complicated problem on their hands than the one that was solved in July 1878 when the Powers formally sanctioned the beginning of the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. It is safe to say that of Turkey in Europe little more than the wish-bone will be left when the next carving will have been done. The Empire at the moment of its greatest expansion some five centuries ago, held the whole of the vast peninsula from the Mediterranean and Adriatic to the Black Sea, stretching northwards to the gates of Vienna, where the Ottoman advance was at length checked by Western Europe. Compelled gradually to retire, still the Turks held for a long time all the country from the Mediterranean northwards as far as and including modern Servia and Roumania and embracing Greece, Macedonia and Bulgaria. Though conquered, the national spirit of the original inhabitants of these lands was not extinguished, and found its opportunity in the gradual decay and weakening of Turkey. Greece, aided by British sympathy, was the first to earn her independence by the war of 1821-9. Then came the Berlin conference and the treaty which was in the nature of a compromise, taking no account of the natural aspirations of the peoples for whom it professed to legislate, designed merely to maintain the equilibrium which then happened to exist in the Near East. It gave independence to Roumania, Servia and Montenegro and handed over certain territories to Russia. At the same time Austria was given compensation in the Balkans for the possessions in Italy which she lost in the sixties. Austria was empowered to rule to the exclusion of any other sovereign the two beautiful Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. So as a matter of fact when she annexed them four years ago she made no great change in the map of Europe. After the losses of Turkey decreed by the Treaty of Berlin came the practical severance of Cyprus and Egypt, and, later on, of Crete; while in 1881 the greater part of Thessaly and Epirus passed to Greece. It is clear, therefore, that the process of the disintegration of Turkey has been in progress many years. It is clear, too, that she is not capable of a very vigorous protest against another carving. But when the Powers meet the rights or feelings of the Turk will not seriously complicate the problem to be solved. There are other considerations much weightier, and of a most perplexing character. The dominant Powers must first consider their own welfare, and doubtless they will perceive that, after all, the loss of Turkish influence in the Balkans is not conducive to the peace of Europe. The truth is the loss of Turkish influence has made the Balkans a more ticklish problem than ever. For as soon as the war is at an end then will be revived the insistent aspirations of the peoples who formed the alliance against Turkey. It is no wonder that Austria has been serving notice on Servia. Austria sees trouble ahead. Indeed, at this writing Austria is beset with trouble, and there is threat of a conflagration involving all Europe, all on account of a petty kingdom whose present ruler has not yet cleared himself from the charge of being at least an accessory after the fact to the murder of his predecessor. Panslavism still appears to be as great a force in Russia as it was in 1876 when many Russian volunteers gave their lives to further the Servian insurrection against Ottoman oppression. It was Russian sympathy with that revolt and the Bulgarian uprising that forced the hand of Alexander II and brought about the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. It was thought that since then most of the Panslavic agitators having died, educated Russians had become absorbed in their own national affairs. But there is a new generation of Panslavic agitators, and Servia is a hotbed of conspiracy and intrigue. Nothing short of a Panslavic confederacy will satisfy the aspirations of the Servians. It was the Servians by their intrigues and revolutionary agitation that forced Austria for self-protection to seize Bosnia and Herzegovina. Whole provinces of Austria-Hungary are teeming with several millions of Southern Slavs who talk practically the language of their immediate neighbors, the in-

habitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina. If we add the very numerous Serb-speaking population of the south of Hungary proper, we can safely state that the whole south of Austria-Hungary is in its vast preponderating majority a mass of people who naturally and still more in consequence of continuous and active propaganda deeply sympathize with the political aspirations of the Slavs in Servia and Bosnia-Herzegovina. So at this time Austria is looking forward to a revolt of nations who are still in the epic stage of heroic traditions and have at all times been desperate fighters.

Two Good Amendments

There are two proposed amendments to the Charter which ought to meet with universal approval, designed as they are to establish the merit system under civil service regulations in all county offices and to promote efficiency. By the adoption of Amendment No. 3 the clerks employed in the offices of the Assessor, County Clerk and Recorder will cease to be affected by revolutions of the political wheel. This amendment will put an end to the scramble for jobs that takes place whenever a new county officer is elected. The forces now employed in these offices having been trained and disciplined under faithful and efficient public servants, men of the calibre of County Clerk Mulcrevy and Recorder Godchaux, it is to the interest of the city to keep them were they are rather than to continue the practice of wholesale removals which breeds incompetency and renders impossible the orderly conduct of public business. Amendment No. 4 is intended to increase the efficiency of county offices with but a slight increase in expense. It provides for the raising of clerks to the rank of deputies that they may be empowered to give greater assistance to their chiefs. The increase in cost under this amendment will be less than one-fifth of one per cent. Both measures have been approved by the Supervisors, the Grand Jury, the Civic League of Improvement Clubs and several industrial organizations.

A School for Craftsmen

With all our provincial contempt for the way things are done in England we find it profitable to borrow ideas from that country occasionally. New York borrowed one recently and is now making good use of it through the medium of a public evening school devoted to industrial art. It resembles in measurable degree the Central School of Arts and Crafts under the Technical Education Board of the London County Council, a school that has done much to foster the ideals of tasteful furnishing and decoration in Great Britain. This school has advisory boards of experts in each class of work, and the output of its graduates is of the highest character. The school has contributed greatly to a revival of interest in what William Morris used to call the lesser or decorative arts. We believe it was the preaching of Morris that induced the establishment of this school. Morris was the enthusiastic apostle in England of that great body of art by which men in all times have sought to beautify the familiar matters of every-day life. It comprises the crafts of house-building, furniture-making, pottery, glass-making and weaving. These arts give people pleasure in the things they must use. Morris argued that there should also be pleasure for the craftsman in the things that he makes. This has long ceased to be in the United States, and judging from the sentiments of the times it will not be long before it will be the unpardonable sin against the walking delegate for a workman to do anything well enough to derive pleasure from it. Most of the things that we have for every-day use are made by machinery, and consequently there is little demand for the artistic craftsman. Hand-made articles are too expensive for the plain people, but it would not be so were there greater interest in the decorative arts and more craftsmen to increase the supply. Now this is a matter that should engage the attention of the State. It is important for many reasons that a taste should be cultivated for the decorative arts, and that public schools should be established similar to the one in New York. Now that we have a labor trust it is pretty hard for a boy to learn a trade. Why not make it easy for boys to practice the lesser arts? This is an industrial age and this is an industrial country, and it would be well for us to educate a great body of craftsmen in an art made, as Morris says, by the people and for the people and as a joy to the maker and the user. If refinement is good for a people then for that reason we should cultivate a taste for the decorative arts and provide for the training of craftsmen. If it be well to mitigate the so-called curse of labor, that is another reason for raising up skilled craftsmen, for the curse of labor is largely a matter of dull, mechanical routine, and this is unknown to workers in the decorative arts, who indulge their imagination and fancy and take the same pleasure and pride in their performances that is taken by the maker of a sonnet or the painter of a picture.

The Swallow

By Ralph Hodgson

The morning that my baby came
They found a baby swallow dead,
And saw a something, hard to name,
Flit moth-like over baby's bed.

My joy, my flower, my baby dear
Sleeps on my bosom well, but Oh!
If in the autumn of the year
When swallows gather round and go . . .

Perspective Impressions

A new S. P. terminal for this city. Good! And a new one for Sacramento. Fine!

Andrew Carnegie's personally conducted pension bureau is becoming a public nuisance.

There ought to be severe punishment for an aviator who deliberately throws men, women and children into a panic because they are watching his flight from a vantage point where no entrance fee can be charged.

Wouldn't it be funny if the saloon men proposed local option on churches!

San Francisco, assured time and again by pulpit-thumpers that she is the wickedest town on earth, is not too wicked to feel sorry for Portland.

"If you want a good thrashing," said President-elect Wilson to a photographer, "keep that up." The professor has his hat in the ring.

The Rev. Rader grieves because an irreverent clergyman of Seattle called him a peanut. Yet to be called a peanut is to be pronounced edible and palatable. Some men are too obtuse to appreciate a compliment.

The fight for Hetch-Hetchy reminds us of the money already spent on the presumption that it was ours. How businesslike! And Mr. Phelan the banker largely responsible for it! Wonder if he'd take the same chance with his own money.

Blanche Bates has found an ideal husband among the benlindsey reformers of Denver, and thinks she is going to quit the stage for good. Soon the footlights will be singing, "Come you back you darling actress, come you back to old Broadway!"

Varied Types

CII—MISS FRANCES JOLLIFFE

By Edward F. O'Day

"Does the oratory come from the English or the Irish side of the family?" I asked.

One is not au courant with the times unless one takes a respectful interest in heredity, so the question simply had to be asked.

"Oratory? I'm not so sure that it should be called oratory," said Miss Jolliffe with becoming modesty. "But it is politics, isn't it, and the Irish have the knack of politics. So I should say, from the Irish side by all means."

"Are there any other orators in the family on the Irish side?" I continued.

Miss Jolliffe's black eyes snapped in a smile at that word "other" wherewith I conveyed a not very subtle but deserved compliment. I had heard Democratic politicians rhapsodize on Miss Jolliffe's speaking, and they all insisted it was real feminine oratory.

"There is something much more important," replied Miss Jolliffe.

"What could be more important?" I demanded in my best interlocutory manner.

"Poetry," exclaimed Miss Jolliffe. "I am related to James Clarence Mangan."

The dark Rosaleen herself couldn't have infused a heartier enthusiasm into the words.

"And what does the English side contribute?" I pursued, for I was by now a confirmed hereditarian.

"On the English side," confessed Miss Jolliffe, "I am descended from old Thomas Jolliffe of Stratford-on-Avon. From one of his brothers, rather, for he was a bachelor. Of course you have heard of him."

"Of course," I said, but so jauntily that Miss Jolliffe knew there was no truth in me.

"He was the Carnegie of his day," Miss Jolliffe explained. "He founded the grammar school of Stratford at which Shakespeare, a century or so later, received his education. There are Jolliffes in the East and they have tried to trace the family tree to the Earl of Warwick. But I'd rather be connected with the man who founded Shakespeare's school than with a mere king-maker, wouldn't you?"

It was spoken like a true democrat, and it helped us to run the conversation back to the political track from which it had swerved.

"Do you like political speech-making better than acting?" I inquired.

"No comparison," said Miss Jolliffe, relegating the art histrionic to the place where it belonged. "In speech-making one is actor, author and producer."

Time was when Miss Frances Jolliffe trod the boards. That was before she turned dramatic critic. But I rather think she thinks that the most important as well as the most interesting work of her life was done in the campaign just closed.

The woman stump speaker was a feature of the recent presidential contest in California to which insufficient attention has been directed. That women should have gone forth in the land to address big gatherings not of their own sex alone but of men as well, debating intricate questions like the tariff, the minimum wage, the high cost of living, the trusts and the significance of the third term agitation, is a phenomenon with which the philosophic historian will have to deal largely when he strives to express the spirit of our times. Whether woman has come into politics to stay or whether her incursion is merely temporary nobody is wise enough to say. But we have witnessed the innovation, and it is perhaps more important than the coming of the flying machine. Like her friend Mrs. Atherton Miss Jolliffe is one of the innovators.



Photo, George Fraser

MISS FRANCES JOLLIFFE

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Very unexpectedly," explained Miss Jolliffe. "I was asked to make a few remarks at a political meeting in Berkeley. I was interested in the topics under discussion, so I contributed my mite. Quite to my own satisfaction I demolished Progressivism, Roosevelt and Governor Johnson. When the meeting was over men who had heard me told me it was all 'quite cute.'

"Naturally I was very much discouraged. But a professor at the University told the men at the Democratic headquarters about me, and I was asked to go on the stump. The idea began to appeal to me and I went.

"In that first talk I hadn't had time to feel nervous. But before every other speech I made I suffered dreadfully. My spirits were lowest when I was on my way to Sacramento. I thought I should never be able to face the audience. It was real stage fright, not the nerve-deadening kind which I had once or twice on the stage, but bad enough just the same. Pauline Jacobsen was with me, and tried to cheer me up.

"'All the big fighters feel that way before they go into the ring,' she said . 'Jeffries used to cry, and Jim Corbett was never himself. It's only the pikers who feel all right.'

"But ten minutes before I spoke the low spirits left me. I was quite composed when I faced the audience, but I couldn't remember a word of what I had prepared. That Sacramento audience frightened me at first. I began by telling them that they had a beautiful city. I suppose they expected the usual flubdub, for they looked bored. When I spoke about their beautiful capitol they all but groaned. But when I told them I was going up to their beautiful capitol and ask the Governor's office boy how he liked to run the State they laughed, and we got along splendidly together. Grove Johnson was my best listener. He sat in front, chuckling and encouraging me with nods and applause. At the close of the meeting everybody gave three cheers for Wilson, and then somebody led three cheers for me.

"I delivered several speeches in the interior and as many as three a day in San Francisco. By degrees I built up a speech which I think was pretty effective. At least my audiences seemed to like it. Some things which I expected to score heavily fell flat, so of course I cut them out. The audience, particularly the woman part, was always impressed when I told how the Jane Addams chorus girls took the words of the hymn 'Follow Jesus' and substituted Roosevelt's name for that of the Savior. That was always received in a curious fashion. There was a disposition to laugh, for of course there is a ridiculous side to it, but everybody of no matter what creed, appreciated the sacrilege of the substitution.

"Once I attended lectures at Princeton given by Doctor Wilson, and when I told my audiences about the personality of the man they were always interested. An audience likes the personal note. And from time to time I tried to introduce a little humor, but not much. I think the secret of Governor Johnson's effectiveness in speaking is that while he possesses the sense of humor he keeps it out of his speeches. People like to hear serious subjects seriously handled. I shouldn't dream of saying anything light or humorous in the last ten minutes of a speech.

"But I think the most effective thing in my speeches was the description of conditions at Lawrence. I had been there during the strike, and I tried to paint the miseries of those unfortunate workers. I really made some of the women cry. And sometimes I would get so much worked up myself that I'd go on a sort of emotional debauch. That subject was very close to my heart, and when you are sincere you can always impress your audience."

I had heard something about that from people who listened to Miss Jolliffe. They too told me of the wet eyes in the audience. The influence of heredity? No poet ever sang the miseries of his unhappy country more poignantly than James Clarence Mangan? So why shouldn't a dark Rosaleen of California make women cry about Lawrence?

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An Albanian Night

By Henry W. Nevison

Even from the middle slopes of the great mountains, it was a long climb up to the valley that wound into the central cluster of bare and precipitous heights. Like all mountain roads in the Balkans, the almost imperceptible track wandered over masses of solid rock, and screes of large, loose stones where no English horse could struggle. At one point, as I climbed, I could see, on looking back, a part of Scutari Lake, green in the distance; and just at one little gap, where the water from the lake meets a branch of the wild river Drin, and flows with it down to the fever-haunted port of Medua—just beyond that gap gloomed the dark horizon of the Adriatic.

It was nearly evening, and I thought of the Austrian-Lloyd steamers passing up and down that beautiful coast from Trieste. I could picture the captain, always capable and polite, always answering the unvarying questions of the passengers patiently in every language that sails the seas. I could picture the passengers themselves washing and dressing in their comfortable cabins, or reclining on deck-chairs while they recalled the amphi-theatre of Pela, or the ruins of Spalato where Diocletian constructed his palace as a last refuge from a world rushing headlong into Christianity. Now and then one of them would say, "What a pity the Albanian mountains are clouded! They are so romantic!" But at the back of all minds would lie the re-assuring expectation of the dinner's numerous courses, to conclude with ice-pudding.

Far up among those clouded mountains themselves, the situation was, I suppose, romantic. Heavy rain drenched the scene, and cold, grey wreaths of mist crept round the corners and across the face of the grey precipices above, revealing and again enveloping the craggy summits, or an unexpected cliff fringed with black pines. But in the depth of the glen the stony river-bed was dry with the heat of many months. Nowhere was there sign of cultivation. There was no sign of man at all, except the thin track scraped upon the rocks, until suddenly the walls of a house appeared, and half-a-mile further on the walls of another, and more beyond. Perhaps there were fifty houses in all, and the obvious peculiarity of nearly all those houses was that they had no roofs, no windows, no doors, but consisted of bare and blackened walls, standing like skeletons in a desert.

The peculiarity caused me no surprise. In all lands it is still the usual penalty of war or rebellion. In the last week I had passed through ten districts or villages devastated in the same way, and now my chief emotion was joy at discovering that the whitewashed church and the priest's house attached to it still retained a roof. Entering, I found the church desecrated as usual—altar, pictures, images, and everything smashed to pieces; even the bells pierced with rifle bullets. The priest's house also was pillaged and empty, but there is great charm in a roof. "To have a roof over one's head"—how good it sounds! In a few minutes my guide, the muleteer, and I had lighted a fire on the open hearth, smoking up into rafters that had been spared out of some queer respect for religion. Three of the churches have been burnt like ordinary houses, but, as a rule, the church roofs are untouched, and under their shelter many families have made a new home, portioning out the consecrated floor into domestic plots, like pews.

I was wondering whether it was only the extreme poverty of the region that had allowed Roman Christianity to survive in this northwest corner of the mountains, while nearly all Albania accepted Islam with unaccustomed docility, when a great shouting arose in the valley outside. It was the Malissori (the word only means "mountaineers," and is distinctive of no particular clan)—it was the mountaineers announcing the appearance of strangers in their customary manner. Presently, the room began to fill with gaunt and hook-nosed figures, clothed in the rags of the Albanian costume—the sleeveless jacket and tapering trousers of white woolly stuff, with broad black edgings down the important seams, finishing off into variegated patterns; the little white cap or red handkerchief on the head; the cartridge-belt, revolver, silver chain, and yards of girdle about the waist; and slung on the back the necessary rifle—Mauser, Martini, or Gras—which they have fought so hard to keep. Down they all sat, in a circle, on their heels, asking questions and narrating deeds of war.

Politeness being satisfied, a leading man (not the "color-bearer" of the clan, who was away) invited us down to a hut that he and his uncle had constructed beside the ruins of their home. It was the next house in the village, only twenty minutes away. The hut was built of rough-hewn tree-trunks, thatched with straw and branches, all on a foundation of a loose stone wall. It was about 40 ft. long by 15 ft. broad, and almost anywhere you could stand upright, with a foot or so to spare. I have seen no such excellent substitute for a ruined home. Most of the substitutes are poor little shelters, rigged up with branches, leaves, petroleum tins, and charred beams, against a wall inside the ruins. They gave some shade from the blaze of sun, but now that the rains had come, they dripped in most places (as do the caves which some of the more fortunate families have occupied), and under the snow and the freezing winds, which are already blowing, many of the people in them will die. Even through a remnant of tiled roof, where I had slept a few nights before, the rain splashed on to the cartridge-box which was my pillow. But here not a drop came through. The floor was dry earth and rock, and fresh bracken piled thickly upon it served for carpet and beds.

It was a waste of blood and treasure, but Albania's reputation for hospitality had to be maintained, and some four-footed thing was sacrificed, cut into lumps, and boiled slowly in an iron pot swinging from a crossbeam. When a man who had been pinching the bits of flesh from time to time, at last declared they were soft enough, we sat round a hewn board upon the bracken, and took what we could get out of the pot. Besides the rib which I caught, I was, of course, given the head as well—tongue, brains, eyes, and all other delicacies comprised in it. White, strong-smelling cheese followed, with segments of the great circles of bread made from the maize still irregularly supplied by the Turkish Government, and brought up by the mountaineers about once a fortnight from distant Scutari. The host himself and the women served. It was one woman's function to wash our feet in a wooden bowl when we arrived, to hold up a tiny oil lamp during the meal, to pour water over our hands afterwards, and all the evening to light the cigarettes with wood embers that she snatched from the fire with sugar-tongs attached to her girdle. The rites of hospitality having been thus observed, the host and the women took their turn at the flesh-pot, while we sat in a circle at the other end of the hut, asking questions and narrating deeds of war.

Towards midnight, some of the men crept out into the rain, returning to their own particular ruins. The rest settled down on the bracken, with such bits of rug and horsecloth as had been saved from pillage. The women took off their heavy leather belts, a foot broad, and covered with silvery little studs; and soon nearly all of the ten or twelve of us were asleep. But the old grandmother and one of the children kept crying out and shaking with fever, for they had just returned from the distant lowlands of Bragu-Mati on the coast, where this Klementi clan takes the flocks for winter, and where the Government had kept most of them shut up all through the feverish

(Continued on Page 21.)

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That Y. M. C. A. Scandal

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Some time ago you spoke about the propaganda for the suppression of prostitution in this State, and you quoted Lecky on the subject of the wholesome influence in society of the "priestess of humanity." I immediately bought Lecky's "History of European Morals," and I have been reading it. The other day I came across a paragraph which I think is worth quoting in view of what has happened in the Portland Y. M. C. A. I presume that the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium in Portland is run on the same lines as that in this city. Here everybody swims stark naked. Did you know that? Yes, swimming trunks are prohibited. The reason? Well they say it is a sanitary reason that causes them to bar trunks. Now for Lecky: "This vice, which never appears in the writings of Homer and Hesiod, doubtless arose under the influence of the public games, which, accustoming men to the contemplation of absolutely nude figures, awoke an unnatural passion, totally remote from all modern feelings, but which in Greece it was regarded heroic to resist." In Portland there were probably two things that led to the Y. M. C. A. scandal. In Portland the women have succeeded in doing what a lot of fool-women hope to do in California. They have made it hard to find a "priestess of humanity." By the way I hear they have done the same thing in Los Angeles, and I hear also that conditions are what you predicted they would be in all large cities where the fool-women had their way. The priestesses are scattered through the residence neighborhoods, and respectable women are frequently insulted in the public streets.

Respectfully,
—A Subscriber

Will Somebody Tell?

November 23, 1912.

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I take the Town Talk so that I may be posted on the true inwardness of many of the happenings in San Francisco. I believe there is no greater public service you could perform at this time than to give the inside facts concerning the Sutter St. Railway. Who are the real parties behind the so-called Municipal League that seem to be so powerful that they are able to incommode a large portion of the population of the city and retard the progress of the city beyond the power of any other interest to advance it? What are the private interests that are to be conserved in preference to the welfare of the city? The representatives of the league are certainly not so powerful as to accomplish these things of themselves, and it will interest the people who live on the line of the Sutter street cars to know just what power it is that has unnecessarily compelled them to endure such discomforts for so many years. We had hoped that this administration would have the backbone to stand up and protect the interests of the people but it is quite evident that the same forces which have impeded the city's progress in the past are still in the saddle. Who is it?

Yours cordially,
—J. H. Morse.

A Wail About Taxes

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: For a long time I prided myself on my civic progressivism. I was full of enthusiasm for all sorts of municipal improvements. A new park? Better streets? Water supply? Fire system? Geary street road? Traffic tunnels? Sure! I was for 'em all. Every time a new bond issue was spoken of I got out and boosted the idea, and begged all my friends to vote right. Believe me, I was the busiest little champion of projects for the improvement and adornment of our beloved city you ever saw. But my enthusiasm has been dampened. It got a jolt the other day and has been going to pieces ever since. Right now I couldn't scare up enough enthusiasm to advocate an appropriation for filling up the chuck holes in front of my home. No more for me. I'm through with civic spirit. The metamorphosis took place when I paid my taxes. And at that I only paid the first installment; couldn't pay both installments at once, as I have always been in the habit of doing, because my taxes have about doubled and I didn't have enough money. Mention a bond issue in my presence and I throw a fit.

Sincerely,
—A Wage Earner.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Bismuth to Show Cancer

An important discovery in connection with the diagnosis of cancer of the stomach was made public in Paris recently. Hitherto, it has been pointed out, all attempts to examine this organ for cancerous tumor by means of the x-rays have proved nearly useless, as it was hardly distinguishable on the plate among the mass of muscles and other organs of the abdomen. Two French physicians have now found, however, that if the patient drinks a solution of bismuth before examination, the stomach, when filled with this liquid, which is opaque to the Rontgen rays, will be shown as a very clearly defined mass. Should any gaps appear in the stomach's outline, these must be due to cancerous bodies, which fill up parts of the stomachal cavity and occupy the spaces which, in a normal person, would contain the bismuth solution. In this way, it is asserted, tumors can be diagnosed and exactly located at the very first symptoms. Great interest has been aroused among physicians by this discovery.

Czarevitch a Bleeder

The medical publication Hospital of London says the Czar's physicians have found that the Czarevitch has haemophilia. In other words he's a "bleeder." This malady is frequently observed by scientists among European royal families dating from the middle ages. The victims have a tendency to bleed excessively. Their blood lacks to a greater or lesser degree that power of coagulation or clottting which in normal persons leads to the natural arrest of hemorrhages after any except very serious injuries to the large blood vessels. At the present time it would seem that haemophilia was more prevalent than ever among Princes. The late Duke of Albany suffered from it and eventually died of it. The second son of the King and Queen of Spain is said to be afflicted with it and to be incurably deaf in consequence of hemorrhages in the inner ear. Rumors also credit the Hohenzollerns with not being exempt from it, and it is said that some of Queen Mary's relations are haemophiliacs to a slight degree. The disease hardly ever occurs in females, but is handed down almost exclusively through the female line.

Jewish Colonists in Palestine

There are now over 100,000 colonizing Jews in Palestine, and they are rapidly redeeming the country. Of these 50,000 or 60,000 are in Jerusalem alone, and despite the "red passport" with which foreign Jews must provide themselves, and which limits their stay in Palestine to three months, their establishment of stores in the city and their purchase of farms in the surrounding country goes on. These foreign Jews furnish the capital and the executive ability in making the native Jews of Palestine self-supporting, and in many cases wealthy, while insuring to themselves the basis of comfortable fortunes. What this influx of Jewish capital and brains has meant to Palestine may be gathered from the figures. The colonists now own 40 villages and about 100,000 acres of land, 75 per cent of which are under cultivation. The education of the Jewish population of Palestine is mainly in the hands of the French "Alliance Israelite Universelle" with fifteen schools, seventy teachers and 2,200 pupils, and of the German Jewish "Hilfsverein" of Berlin with twenty-two schools, 150 teachers and 3,000 pupils.

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Poems About San Francisco

LXIX—FROM THE HILLS

By Howard V. Sutherland

(The following sonnet on San Francisco as seen from the hills is from a book of verses called "Songs of a City" written by Howard V. Sutherland. The poem is not of the first order of excellence by any means, but it is interesting because it embodies a viewpoint rather unusual. To Mr. Sutherland this city is "young but proud"; so he does not agree with Bret Harte to whom San Francisco was "indifferent of fate." Mr. Sutherland is a prophet; he says that San Francisco is one day to arouse the world from money-grubbing with a message of truth. It may be so; you never can tell.)

'Mid sedges tall this summer day I lie
And hear the waves fall softly on the sand.
So pure the air, it seems with outstretched hand
One e'en might touch that veil we call the sky.
From o'er the sea the wind with fretful sigh
Betakes its way across the fertile land,
Whose flaunting poppies form a golden band,
And dance before the sun's voluptuous eye.
Beyond the dunes a city, young but proud,
Uprears its front in sunshine and through cloud
And ever lures new children to her breast;
A man-made city; one whose voice shall sound
In days to come life's truth the world around
And wake earth's leaders from their gold-dru ged rest.

The Spectator

The Perennial Picket

The raucous voice of the curbstone picket is once more heard in our city, informing us that a fresh boycott is being waged by the labor trust. The curbstone picket has become a familiar nuisance in San Francisco. We have come to regard him as one of the vital protagonists in the drama of life. But to visitors he is a novelty and diversion. People from Europe and folks from the large Eastern cities are unacquainted with the San Francisco variety of picket. They are tolerant of pickets elsewhere, of men who try to get non-union men to quit work, but the picket who is a menace to public order, who publicly calumniates a merchant by describing his store as "unfair" and who tries to deter people from buying therein, is a character peculiar to California and especially to San Francisco. Here he is not only tolerated but encouraged and coddled. The business men as a whole of San Francisco heartily approve the boycott as conducted by organized labor. They dearly love the noisy picket. They regard him as concrete evidence of our advanced civilization. They hail him as a symbol of democracy. They are proud to know that the officers of the American Federation of Labor have praised California for its friendliness to the labor trust. The Bulletin made exclusive announcement the other day of the resolution according us this praise, and the next day Mr. Crothers went out and induced a few more merchants to advertise.

Lovers of the Labor Trust

It is to good, benevolent, philanthropic gents like Mr. Crothers that organized labor is indebted for the high esteem in which it is held in San Francisco. To be sure all our public spirited newspaper proprietors are partial to organized labor. (Were it otherwise the picket would be suppressed, and the boycott would be comparatively unknown). But Mr. Crothers is the most ardent of all the newspaper friends of labor. He loves the unions with a wholly disinterested passion, but even though his heart were confined to his purse he would love them just the same, for they have made his affection profitable. In espousing the cause of organized labor Mr. Crothers voices the sentiment of our leading merchants, as is evident from the way they increase their advertising space in the Bulletin. These merchants might alienate Mr. Crothers' affection from organized labor in twenty-four hours by taking their advertisements out of his paper, but that they will not do. Some of the retail clothiers who are now under boycott because they refused to assist in the creation of a new walking delegate and the manufacture of jobs for professional laborites are advertising in the Bulletin just to show that they dearly love a picket. And these gentlemen are only a few of the many honest merchants who are known as public spirited citizens, and who will tell you that they love their city. Some of them are of the Down Town Association, some of the Chamber of Commerce, and they love to talk at banquets and tell you what ought to be done for the dear old city. Merchants today are not vastly different from the merchants of ancient Babylon who were required by law to keep their stores on the outskirts of the city for reasons that history recites.

A Temporary Aberration

Some of our princes of commerce pretended to be very angry when the strike was declared against our leading retail clothiers. I am told they got together and organized a Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association similar to the one in Los Angeles, and that a great deal of money has been pledged for its support. The purpose of the association, 'tis said, is to buck the labor trust. This is incredible. Does anybody believe that the merchants of San Francisco can stand together for their common interests? If anybody is inclined so to believe let him go forth and size up a few of them. The spirit of the merchants of San Francisco, it is certainly reasonable to assume, is reflected day by day in the incendiary editorial columns of the Bulletin. Else why should they so heartily contribute to the support of that paper? Is there a merchant who will tell you that he knows the Bulletin does great harm to this city but that he advertises in it because it is a good advertising medium? If so he will confess himself a mean and sordid wretch with no such sentiment in his being as love of city. I do not believe there is any of our distinguished merchants who will make so humiliating a confession. Look up a list of the owners of the Emporium, consider the honorable gentlemen who run the Nathan Dohrmann company, Sloan & Co. and our other leading houses, and then ask yourself if it must not be that these self-respecting gentlemen who dearly love the city advertise in the Bulletin not only because it is a good advertising medium but because in catering to incendiarism and promoting class hatred it reflects their warmest sentiments.

The Student of History Speaks

"It seems to me," said my friend the Student

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of History, "that the fine writers of the newspapers are missing a great opportunity in connection with this war in the Balkans." "As for instance?" I asked. "Well," expatiated the Student of History, "take Salonica for example. There's a field for plain and fancy writing. That old city has a story which fills many volumes. Why don't the newspapermen tell us about it? It used to be Thessalonica and was founded by Cassander who named it after his wife, the sister of Alexander the Great. In the Roman days it was traversed by the Via Egnatia, the highroad to Byzantium and many a Roman legion trod its streets on the way to battle. The old highway is still there. Did you ever read Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians? They were written to the Christians of Salonica. With his co-workers Timothy and Sylvanus Paul founded a Christian community there before he went on to Corinth and Athens. They were an ornery lot, and as soon as Paul's back was turned they fell into evil ways. They became idle, thereby disturbing industrial conditions, they drank too much and they hankered for the heathen gods. So Paul had to write them two pretty severe letters. It was always a troubled town. In the fourth century Theodosius massacred seven thousand citizens for insurrection. Constantine favored it, enriching it with fine buildings and many art treasures. Naturally it tempted the Iconoclasts, and the citizens fought like demons in defense of their statuary. Later on it passed through many hands. The Slavs, the Bulgars and the Normans took it. Baldwin, the conqueror of Constantinople, gave it to Boniface of Montferrat. Later the Burgundians swooped down on it. Then the Byzantine emperors took it; later the Venetians; then the Turks; and now it's back in the hands of the Greeks. And believe me, they'll have trouble holding it. There's nothing Salonica likes so much as trouble. They've always been fighters. Their patron saint is a soldier, Demetrius who was proconsul of Greece under the Emperor Maximian."

He Is Shut Off

"Did you know that Scutari was mentioned by Livy?" demanded the Student of History, warming to his theme. "Or that Philippopolis was the old Eumolpia captured by old Phil of Macedon and renamed for him? And did you ever read the description of the plains of Thrace in the Georgics? I reckon Ferdinand of Bulgaria didn't forget that when he was outside Adrianople, for he's a scholar. He knows that the Bulgarians are conquering Virgil's land of Boreas, the north wind. A great old battle ground it is. Darius overran it. Its people contributed one hundred and twenty ships to the armada of Xerxes. The Goths, the Huns, the old Bulgars and the Turks fought many an engagement along its rivers. Did you know that Orpheus came from Thrace? It's a fact. Or that it was famous for its worship of Dionysus? Why, in certain out of the way places the old Dionysiac rites are still performed. They still have the old ritual play and the goat men still carry the ancient phallic emblems while the people bow down in worship. There are some rather strange details about this erotic rite—." "But you're mistaken if you think I'm going to publish them," I hastily interposed. Whereupon the Student of History quit me in high dudgeon.

Alas, Poor Malini!

If I were a prestidigitateur I should go right out and conjure tears from a turnip in order that my grief for the misfortune of Malini might be fittingly emphasized. For a great woe darkens the brow of the little magician; humiliation drapes his shoulders like a pall and his expressive eyes are glazed by a monumental sorrow. The wizard who palmed King Edward's crown, who mystified the Queen of Holland, whose sleight of hand performances made the Duke of Connaught gasp and the Duchess draw a long breath of aristocratic bewilderment, who caused Diaz to ejaculate "Caramba!" and who purposes to amaze the new Mikado in his imperial palace, abides in the slough of respond. Oodles of royalties from the Shah of Persia to the Queen of Bavaria have been amazed at the Chevalier Malini's feats. Less important personages all over the world have sought in vain to penetrate his mysteries. From the day that he first arrived in San Francisco he has been the pet of the most exclusive clubs, the lion of drawing rooms in Broadway and Pacific avenue, the hit of a dozen professional entertainments. When the Chevalier Malini saunters through the lobby of the St. Francis ordinary mortals gape at him in wonder and feel themselves privileged if they can meet him on familiar terms in the society of the wine room. He's a personage, is Malini, a Mephistopheles in the flesh. He laughs at the law of gravity; has a speaking acquaintance with the fourth dimension; and what he can't do with cards is considered a negligible, non-existent nothing! But alas! Malini has come to grief.

Beaten at Cards

If there is one branch of the profession of magic which Malini thinks he has mastered, it is that which has to do with cards. The pasteboards are his fifty-two familiars, coming and going at his will, appearing at his nod in the most unexpected places, disappearing at a wave of his chubby hand Heaven knows where! There are no card tricks which Malini cannot perform,

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[illegible] games of cards which Malini likes but has not mastered. Malini has a passion for the festive 'stud" and when he is not mystifying an audience he is fond of dallying with table stakes. So Malini has been in the habit of sitting in at a cosy game not a thousand miles from Union Square. The gamblers welcomed him, apparently no whit appalled by his consummate wizardry. If they ever saw that interesting picture which represents Malini playing cards with the devil they were not impressed. Whenever Malini wanted a game of "stud" he got it, and got it good! With a skill not to be despised the poker players met Malini on his own ground and took his measure. He lost heavily at many sittings. When his available cash was gone he realized more on his resplendent jewels and tried again with the same result. Rumor hath it that one of Malini's friends lent him twelve hundred dollars which was soon conjured into the pockets of his card antagonists; and that another kind friend lent him eighteen hundred which went the same way. In the argot of the Rialto Malini was "cleaned." The little chevalier proved no match for some of our chevaliers d'industrie who never saw a royalty in the flesh and never want to but who are on pretty good terms with the kings and queens of the deck. It is very sad and Malini has my sympathy.

Japs to Coal at Honolulu?

Through a despatch from Yokohama to the New York Sun I learn that the Toyo Kisen Kaisha is about to build three ships for the San Francisco trade. These ships are to be of greater tonnage than any now engaged in the Pacific business. This is gratifying, but another part of the despatch gives us pause. It reads: "Although no announcement has been made, it is learned that the Toyo Kisen Kaisha Company has as part of its new programme the establishment on leased ground of a great coaling station at Honolulu, Hawaii, where its ships now engaged in the South American trade may get supplies and possibly transship their cargoes." Is this true? If the Japanese contemplate it, will the American Government allow it? Or will the same protest be made as when it was reported that the Japanese were going to make a big settlement on Magdalena Bay? Of course Japan would like to have a coaling station at Honolulu. It would give her tremendous prestige in the Pacific, not merely commercially but also as a world power, for the Japanese merchant steamers under the subsidy of the Government belong to her fleet in time of war. This looks like a matter worth investigating.

A Matter of Mileage

The bon mot of the Lipton dinner last week was thrown into the midst of proceedings by that incorrigible wit Larry Harris, much to the disquietude of the Hon. Joseph Dwyer. This distinguished representative of the State machine was one of the speakers of the evening. Given twenty-four hours notice he prepared a gem of eloquence for the occasion, a gem more ponderout than brilliant. Mr. Dwyer had a lot to say. It was feared that he had become interminable. Like all speakers who try to exhaust their subject he exhausted his hearers. Then came Larry Harris. "Just before the banquet," said Mr. Harris, "I met Mr. Dwyer, and he told me that he had put together the material of his speech on his way down from Sacramento. Thank God he didn't come from Reno!"

Lipton Was Game

Miss Maude Lillian Berri was among those present the night Sir Thomas Lipton was entertained at the Press Club. Miss Berri went to the piano to play her own accompaniment for a Scotch song, and Sir Thomas gallantly stepped forward to arrange the music. This brought his head quite close to Miss Berri's, whereupon she turned round to the throng in the jinks room and said, "He isn't game." Again Sir Thomas stopped to turn the music for Miss Berri, and again she turned and laughingly said: "He hasn't done it yet." Later in the evening Sir Thomas approached Miss Berri, took her by the hands and said: "Miss Berri, there seems to be some doubt in your mind as to whether I'm game. Let me set that doubt at rest here and now." And he did by giving her a hearty kiss.

He Liked the Texas Tommy

There were some expert Texas Tommy dancers on hand at the Press Club to exhibit their steps for the benefit of Sir Thomas, and he enjoyed them hugely. When they had danced themselves to the verge of exhaustion they quit, only to be urgently requested by the yachtsman that they start all over again when they had rested. And of course they did. "Why do you call it the Texas Tommy?" Sir Thomas asked "Uncle Bill" Naughton, the president of the club. "The Tommy is not in my honor, is it?" Very diplomatically Sir Thomas was informed that it was not

War Abolished Again

Prexy Starr Jordan of Stanford, the distinguished author of "Eric's Book of Beasts" has just indulged in his favorite diversion of abolishing war. Writing of the Baron D'Estournelles de Constant, the French senator who was out here not long ago lecturing on universal peace, Eric or Prexy Jordan rather, has this to say: "He has succeeded fairly in convincing France that the wrong involved in the seizure of Alsace and Lorraine cannot be made right by force of arms. The way out lies in the recognition of the common interests and common civilization of Germany and France. When these nations cease to stand opposed to each other as rival military powers, ready to do each other any in-



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justice the force of arms makes possible, then the two nations will emerge from mediaevalism into real civilization." Obviously the Baron is a man after Jordan's own heart, a day dreamer of beauteous visions or, shall be say? a butler announcing the Millennium in the House of Peace. Jordan easily explains the way out of the Alsace-Lorraine difficulty. The nations will be like States of our republic. And "the French cantons of Alsace-Lorraine will then naturally adhere to France, the German to Germany." And there you are! With all the powers of Europe swabbing their gun barrels and filling their cartridge belts this solution of a hard problem is bound to fill us all with amazement if not with admiration.

The Obliteration of Boundaries

"Already," continues Jordan, "the common interests of commerce and education have made the world very small. They have obliterated boundary lines. All civilized states are part of the 'Unseen Empire' of Civilization." The "common interests" of commerce may be seen rather actively at work just now in the trifling dispute between Austria and Servia, between Germany and Russia. We have seen some boundary lines obliterated recently too. The boundary lines of Bulgaria and Turkey, of Greece and Macedonia, of Servia and Turkey and of Montenegro and Turkey have been rather suddenly obliterated, but only a Jordan would say that they have been obliterated by "the common interests of commerce and education." Unfortunately the powers of Europe go on making war, forgetting their "common interests" despite Jordan and his friend D'Estournelles de Constant.

Changes in the Call Office

From present appearances and from the gossip which is flying about newspaperdom, W. W. Chapin is going to cut down expenses on the Call. I understand that one of the big presses has been silenced and eleven pressmen discharged. Also that the advertising staff has been cut down. On the other hand it is said that the salaries of the remaining advertising men have been raised. The Sunday department has been abolished. This means that the Call will supply its readers with a "syndicate" Sunday supplement instead of the eight pages of interesting local matter and pictures which constituted a big feature of the Sunday paper during the years when Rufus Steele so ably presided over the Sunday department. Another change is the loss of the services of "Jim" Tufts, the news editor of the Call. "Jim" Tufts has been one of the best known and ablest newspaper executives of this city for many years, and his retirement is a real loss to the paper. There are rumors of other changes, for it is said that Fenwick, the new editor who came from Seattle with Chapin intends to bring some of his old newspaper pals from the East and install them in responsible positions in the local room. And there is another rumor to the effect that the Call is to be made a two-cent paper.

The Activity of Phil Francis

Phil Francis, valiant knight of the editorial pen, is about to enter the lists with a paper of his own. Since severing his connection with the Call Phil has been in Stockton making arrangements to start another daily paper. The first number will appear shortly. I understand that in his first issue Phil will start a movement for the recall of Governor Johnson. Phil will never forgive the Governor for the unjustifiable attack which Johnson made on him, and intends to go after his administration hammer and tongs. Those who thought they had occasion to rejoice when Phil left the Call will probably sing very small when he unlimbers his editorial artillery. Every officeholder who felt the sting of Phil's lash has been exulting more or less openly since his name disappeared from the Call's editorial page, and Phil has been keeping track of their utterances. Decidedly there will be some interesting reading in the new paper. Here's wishing Phil all sorts of success.

Weill to Sanford

State Senator John Bunyan Sanford was one of the Democrats invited to the Bourbon love feast given by Raphael Weill to celebrate the election of Woodrow Wilson. It was quite natural that Sanford should be bidden because he is the national committeeman for California. But Sanford wasn't sure at first whether he wanted to go, so he wrote to Weill from Ukiah saying that he was "afraid" he would be unable to attend. Later on Sanford changed his mind, and appeared at the Bohemian Club with the other guests. Raphael Weill received him. "Senator Sanford," he said, "your refusal to come will make it necessary for me to set another place." And it was said in a manner which few besides Raphael Weill could achieve.

Our Art Exhibitions

This is that time of year when artists are seized with the itch of exhibiting, and when amateurs with check books buy Christmas presents for their lucky (or unlucky) friends off studio walls. You can't heave a stone in Sutter street and thereabouts without hitting a picture show. I have been to several in the past few days. Some I would fain forget; others have been worth while. Among the latter was Boronda's at the St. Francis. Lester Boronda is a young man of considerable accomplishment and greater promise. There is poetry in his soul, and the faculty of interpreting beauty in her softer moods. He lives at and loves Monterey, and some of his best little canvasses picture quaint nooks in that old town so dear to artist-folk. I am glad to say that I saw "sold" tickets on a number of his paintings. Boronda is going to New York to exhibit, a good idea—he will get the always valuable judgment of outsiders on his work and surely profit by it. Another day I went down to Jules Tavernier's old studio in upper Montgomery street to see Piazzoni's exhibition. This was a most remarkable show in that not a canvas was for sale. Piazzoni had just returned from his first conquest of Tahoe with a number of studies to be worked up later in larger canvasses. There were some exquisite things on his walls, and I can imagine the connoisseur leaving the studio in exasperation because nothing was for sale. Personally I do not suffer much, for the pictures I fancy are apt to be way beyond my means. On still another day I joined the crush at the Bohemian Club where the members who paint are having their annual hanging.

All Sorts of Paintings

A heterogeneous array is this Bohemian exhibit. There are some very good pictures, a great many very bad pictures and a slue of mediocre things that are shamed by their very presentable frames. Verily, one could walk through two-thirds of this Bohemian show with eyes shut and miss little of worth. The omissions are conspicuous. There isn't a Francis McComas on the walls; yet many adjudge him Bohemia's best painter. And although Fred Yeats has a landscape or two, where are his admirable portraits? Speaking of portraits, Orrin Peck shows a wonderful piece of

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work, the portrait of some European ecclesiastic of high degree marvelously done. Looking on work like this one wonders why Peck doesn't become a real top-notcher instead of a wavering dabbler. He can do great work but he only does it once in a while, as in this portrait. Another arresting portrait is Frank Van Sloun's of Mrs. Earl Cummings. Admirers of this beautiful woman will tell you it is not a likeness. That's as you will, but it's a bold, masterly canvas just the same. The same artist, a newcomer here and quite a young man, I'm told, has two other pictures "An Artist and his Model" and "Behind the Scenes" which are quite admirable. Robinson shows his beautifully poetic conception, "Phantom Ship." Dickman has a splendid marine. Will Sparks has some opulent landscapes that display a Turneresque exaltation. Arthur Cahill hangs some very good cartoons of Charley Field, MacKenzie Gordon, "Jack" Shiels, Riley Hardin and Judge Melvin, blithe Bohemians all. And I must not forget some characteristic canvasses by our only Maynard Dixon.



"TOM" LIPTON AT THE CLIFF HOUSE
The noted yachtsman was so delighted with the treatment he received at the famous resort that he insisted that manager Roy Carruthers should join him in a souvenir picture.

The Great Hawkshaw

When Detective Burns arrested the Los Angeles dynamiters the newspaper accounts of his achievement were like chapters out of an old yellow-covered dime novel. Burns was pictured as a hero of the Nick Carter type. We were told that he took up the case somewhat after the style of M. Dupin; that what to the ordinary mind might have seemed a triviality was to him a clue of the utmost importance, and that he followed it like a bloodhound after a scent. We were given no details. The story of the development of the clue was extremely vague. It was a mystery story calculated to give the impression that the unraveling of the tangled skein was all a matter of the most subtle logical deduction. The reporters didn't pretend to know how the trick was done, but they marveled at the detective's wonderful ingenuity. Burns permitted one reporter to accompany him when he went searching for "plants" of dynamite, and whenever one was uncovered the reporter experienced the same sensation that is produced by an Indian fakir when he makes a tree grow spontaneously to a great height. I remarked at the time that it was all very simple, and predicted that in time we should learn that Burns didn't discover anything; that he had merely acted on information furnished by somebody who knew all about the dynamite outrages. I explained that though I had no information on the subject I was very familiar with the ways of detectives and especially with the ways of Burns. Of all this I remind my readers because of the testimony given in Indianapolis last week. The testimony was that Secretary Hockin of the iron workers' union "peached on his pals" long before Burns was employed, and revealed not only the identity of the dynamiters but told where the several "plants" could be found. Burns did little more than furnish the air of mystery.

The Steffens Heroes

Another matter on which the testimony taken in Indianapolis throws light is the motive of the McNamaras. It will be remembered that Lincoln Steffens professed to take an interest in them because he regarded them as soldiers in the cause of labor. He told us they believed in the philosophy of direct action and felt they were justified in resorting to violence for the sake of the oppressed. According to Steffens the McNamaras were nothing more than misguided philanthropists eager to be of service to the downtrodden slaves of capital. It now appears that the McNamaras were imbued with nothing but enthusiasm for their own interests. They wanted money, they murdered people for money. There is nothing of sentiment in the McNamaras. For money they would have blown up a meeting of unionists as readily as they blew up the Times' building.

'Ods Bodkins!

Paul Lambeth certainly did disturb my Sabbath calm last Sunday morning. Paul is the London war correspondent of the Call. From Fleet street Paul observes the march of armies in Thrace and elsewhere and throws fits on his way to the cable office. Paul's worst fit was executed while he was putting on the cable the despatch which spoiled my last Sunday. In that despatch Paul embroiled the whole world in war. Not content with hurling the legions of the Triple Alliance at the throats of the legions of the Triple Entente, Paul dragged Japan, China, the United States and Canada into the bloody fray. Paul had everybody doin' it. "Even the hope," cabled Paul, "that the United States may be spared from the conflict, that her farms may feed war-famined Europe, is threatened with annihilation tonight." How did this happen? Paul explains. Japan is about to take advantage of the Balkan war to overrun the new republic of China. That will necessitate "the armed intervention in China of the military power of the new world." Could anything be simpler? Paul is an international War Office; he presses the button and the armies do the rest. Paul is the blood-thirstiest little man we've seen since Bombastes Furioso.

And Canada Too!

Paul insists on dragging Canada into the world turmoil too. Thus: "As England is Japan's ally, the question is being asked, 'What will Canada do if the Mikado demands the support on American soil of his British treaty partner?'" The answer is easy for Paul. "Canada would at once secede." This terrible realization "is gnawing at the vitals of crown officials and patriotic Fleet street editors." Pity the gnawed vitals of the ink-slingers in Fleet street! Later on Paul speaks of "the abomination of the world's desolation." Alas for Paul! Was he soused, or did he have a pipe dream? And how did the Call happen to pay cable tolls on such blithering fustian?

MARK CROSS LONDON

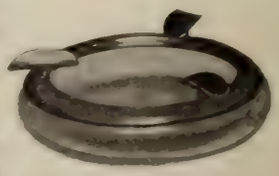
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Queen's Wakefulness

Let me record wakefulness where I have so often commented on a pretty somnolence. Queen Eleanor Martin (or should I rather say Mrs. Edward Martin?) is the only woman in society who can snatch forty winks in public without losing her dignity. Time and time again have I seen the Martin lids dropped in somnial quietude the while a great artist plucked the soul of music from his violin or a society amateur sang a ragtime ditty. Rising superior to her surroundings on the downy wings of slumber Mrs. Martin has repeatedly aroused my admiration. Watching her my vagrant thoughts have occasionally wandered away from the concert or the charity entertainment to those renowned sleepers of Ephesus or to the achievements of the only Kowalsky. What was my surprise, therefore, at the last concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society to mark Mrs. Martin's unusual wakefulness. Not once while Alice Nielsen or any of her supporting artists sang did Mrs. Martin veil her orbs. It was an unusually long concert—wasn't over till half after eleven—but Mrs. Martin sat wide-eyed in her box through it all. The black eyes of the beautiful Miss Nieto who sat beside her were not brighter than Queen Eleanor's. No doubt the Queen had taken her beauty sleep late that afternoon.

An Invitation by Cable

James Van Alen, the millionaire New Yorker who expatriated himself a few years ago because he preferred English to American society, is going to give a big Christmas party at his beautiful villa outside of London. There is nothing unusual in that, because everybody who can afford to entertains out of London during the merry Yuletide. But "Jimmy" Van Alen has set a new mark in the fashion of issuing his invitations to his country party. A lot of the invitations have been sent by cable. It matters not where Van Alen's friends are; if he wants them to visit him he asks them. Fortunately, most of Van Alen's friends are so nicely fixed for worldly goods that the expense of travel doesn't bother them if the invitation otherwise appeals. They simply give the necessary orders and depart. One of those to whom Van Alen cabled an Xmas invitation is Mrs. Fletcher Ryer of this city. Mrs. Ryer knows the Van Alens well. She lives a great deal abroad, and has entertained and been entertained by the Van Alens. I hear that Mrs. Ryer and her charming daughter Doris will accept the Van Alen invitation.

Mrs. Darling Discussed

There has been comment here on the noticeable fact that Mrs. John A. Darling has let down the bars a bit during her present visit. She has invited people to her dinners whom she wouldn't have invited a few years ago. This strikes many observers as extraordinary. But not me. Mrs. Darling has a right to readjust her social standards any way she pleases; and she has not added any dull people to her list. But explanations have been attempted. One of them comes to me in an eastern paper. (Mrs. Darling's doings being of more than parochial interest she is discussed in eastern papers.) This paper gives quite a fanciful explanation. It says that Mrs. Darling was dying to belong to the Century Club. But she feared that, having aroused feminine envies from time to time, she might be blackballed. So she relaxed her exclusiveness. She has been very attentive, says the paper, to Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, and Mrs. Smith has put up Mrs. Darling's name at the Century.



MRS. A. COMTE JR.
Who gives a musicale and tea at her home this week for the benefit of the Catholic Humane Bureau.

Nothing In It

The eastern scribe is unduly impressed with the importance of the Century Club. "To be enrolled as a member of the Century Club," says this wiseacre, "is worth more to some women than a passport to Nirvana." How many of us believe that? I happen to know that Mrs. Darling cherishes no such illusion. Mrs. Darling is not an enthusiast for women's clubs. She has never taken the short cut to culture, for she knows that it always leads to culturine which is odious to her. The simple truth of the matter is that Mrs. Sidney Smith is an old and esteemed friend of Mrs. Darling. The first thing Mrs. Darling did when she arrived here in September was to give a dinner in honor of Mrs. Smith's daughter Cora. And when Mrs. Smith suggested that she put up Mrs. Darling's name at the Century, Mrs. Darling had no objection.

Mrs. Darling's Rag Masque

The latest hostess in high society boldly to send forth invitations to a "rag dance" is Mrs. John Darling. But Mrs. Darling was ever a progressive. One of the most brilliant women in San Francisco society, she has done a great deal to remove the curse of provincialism from the sets she adorns. For there are several sets. Through her second marriage to a distinguished soldier of Uncle Sam's service Clara Hastings-Catherwood-Darling became identified with army circles, and she has never drawn the money line in San Francisco. Social qualities without financial recommendation Mrs. Darling prefers to financial without social. This comes from a viewpoint broadened by residence abroad as well as the independence of the thorough-bred. I doubt if any other of our leaders would dare send out cards for a "rag masque" to the proper people.

Hypocrisy Among Raggers

There is no denying that proper people do rag. They are free to confess it but "rag parties" are not advertised. It reminds me of Mrs. Atherton's independence with the cigarette. Everyone smokes who likes tobacco and yet when Mrs. Atherton comes out for cigarettes in the public prints there is a sensation. Everyone rags who dances. Yet when Mrs. Darling sends out formal invitations to a rag dance it is a radical departure. Usually invitations are telephoned to the limited number of congenial friends and the party may rag to its heart's content until dawn. But the next day the dancers will support a movement to revive the cotillion in society. It is a forlorn cause, that of the cotillion. They have tried to further it in New York, but the staid figures are of another time and other manners. The reign of the rag is upon us. Let them call it by any name they choose. At the Bachelors and Benedicks balls it is known as the one-step with "crab" variations and so on. It is all the same. Society is abandoned to the rag, varied only by the waltz.

Deux Temps, Adieu!

Let the knell of the two-step be sounded. It has passed, departed and may never return. Like

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..ll institutions that have served their purpose, accomplished their ends, it is relegated to limbo. The two-step destroyed the miserable pirouette of our forefathers called the polka, and paved the way for the rag. It was a good dance, and in the new era should not be forgotten for the part it played. Do I hear a protest that this R. I. P. is premature? It is not. Where the two-step still stirs, it is a mere lingering impulse. In the younger crowds controlled by conservative chaperones it dies slowly, and may even know a long lingering. There are still traces in old-fashioned dancers of another school, who are endeavoring to obliterate them. They are imploring the enlightened to teach them to rag. But the two-step is dead. I affirm it. R. I. P.

M. Dechene Arrives

I note with interest the arrival from Paris of Monsieur Achille Dechene, the gentleman who is to design the setting for Mrs. Frank Carolan's French chateau. The plans are finished and, I am told, show a successful and beautiful adaptation of the architecture of the Renaissance to modern uses. M. Dechene's work will be to go over the estate that covers a large acreage in the hills back of Burlingame, and select the most suitable site. There are so many errors of site in the pensinsula colonies that I must congratulate Mrs. Carolan on her discretion in bringing an authority from Paris. A western architect might draw a perfect chateau to be set in a eucalyptus grove. I have seen a formal English garden surrounding an Italian villa more than once and the incongruity of a Spanish adobe in a Japanese landscape. From the care and deliberation Mrs. Carolan is employing in the construction of her chateau, I shall not be surprised if it is one of the most perfectly planned country homes in America. From the fact that Count Boni de Castellane who is in the advisory decorating business will come from Paris to oversee the installment of an entire room taken from a chateau on the Loire, the extent of Mrs. Carolan's enthusiasm may be guaged.

A Tea and Musicale

This Saturday afternoon the ladies of the Catholic Humane Bureau will give a musicale and tea at the home of Mrs. August Comte Jr., 3751 Clay street for the benefit of the very worthy charity to which they devote their time. Among the talented folks who will contribute to the entertainment are Miss Fernanda Pratt, Miss Von Weick, Mrs. Cadenasso, Miss Alice Guthrie, Miss Dorothy May, Miss Giorgiani, Judge Frank Murasky, Professor Sauvelle, Joseph Rosborough and Mr. E. Lastreto.

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Miss Dorn's Concert

Mrs. Noah Brandt is to be felicitated for having induced Miss Camille Dorn to appear in a public piano recital. This beautiful eighteen-year old girl is mistress of the instrument and more than satisfied the expectations of those who knew her artistry when she played at the St. Francis on Wednesday evening, November 20. The colonial ball room was filled with music lovers who testified their delight in the most approved fashion. Miss Dorn gave a splendid program. There was a Schumann concerto played with unusual feeling for the nuances of the poetic composer's moods. There were also a group of Chopin offerings to which Miss Dorn gave a distinctive rendition. Rubinstein, Liszt and Moszkowski numbers completed the offering. But no, not quite. For there was a pretty little thing called "Chasing the Butterfly," the work of Miss Enid Brandt which Miss Dorn played charmingly.

Miss Petre at Kohler and Chase's

The soloist for this Saturday's music matinee at Kohler & Chase Hall will be Miss Helen Petre, soprano. This able vocalist returned a short time ago from abroad where she made an excellent reputation. She was a pupil of Marchesi. In addition to Miss Petre's solos which include the Jewel Song from Faust, there will be fine selections on the Pianola Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ. The latter include Rubinstein's Staccato Etude and Tschaikowsky's Overture 1812.

The Kitchenette at Techau's

The hurried luncheon from the kitchenette on wheels is a feature of Techau Tavern service which is much appreciated by those whose engagements preclude an extended luncheon hour, the service being quick and the menu unequaled. During the hours of more leisurely enjoyment, notably after the theatre, the cafe is equally popular, and it has become the correct thing to drop into the Tavern when the play is over, to meet friends and enjoy the excellent music while partaking of a late supper. There is an undeniable charm about this exceptionable cafe, with its tasteful decorations, rich lighting effects and general air of refinement and respectability which appeal to the best element of the San Francisco public.

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Gossip of the Theatre

The New Leaders at the Alcazar

The introduction of a new leading man at the Alcazar is an important event in matineedom. When a new leading man and a new leading woman make their first bow together the importance of the event is multiplied by two. So Monday night was a great occasion, and the regular Alcazarans turned out in force to signalize it. There were lots of flowers, many applausive demonstrations, excited chatterings between the acts and the inevitable curtain speech.



MME. GERVILLE-REACHE
The French contralto who sings two Sunday afternoons, December 1st and 8th, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.

The verdict cannot be given offhand. It never is. The welcome is always cordial on the first night, but the Alcazarans are wont to withhold the judgment which makes or breaks until ability is amply demonstrated. Still, it is undeniable that Orrin Johnson and Marguerite Leslie started under favorable auspices. It looks as though they are going to make good with their exacting clientele. Orrin Johnson is tall and good looking. He has raven black curly hair which he parts in the middle. He carries himself well and wears dress clothes with grace. He has a good voice and has mastered elocution. But perhaps he is a little too fond of sibilant tones. And perhaps he is a bit too stagey, sending his hand to his brow too often and striking heroic attitudes. It may be too that he lacks passion; that his voice hasn't the heart throb. We shall find out later. It is too soon to pass on these things. Marguerite Leslie is quite tall, good to look upon, sumptuously built. In her negligee she was a very attractive figure. The girls noticed that she had dimples in her elbows. Her acting seems to be of leading lady standard. At times her voice was too low, but of course she was not used to the playhouse. Take them all in all, the auguries seem to favor the new leading people. "The Gamblers" was a good play for their debut. It is the kind of play the Alcazarans love, for its "refined melodrama" embraces many thrills and the lines are not burdened with subtle meanings. The new people are in good company. Bennison, Wesner, Ruggles, Miss Carlyle and the rest set a pace which any leading people must "go some" to keep up with. Let us hope in all sincerity that Mr. Johnson and Miss Leslie will prove equal to the demand.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Nielsen Concert

"The Secret of Suzanne" as Alice Nielsen gives it is a most delightful little opera. For Alice Nielsen is an actress as well as a singer. She gives us the emotions of the part with real feeling, beauty and tenderness. There is a meaning in every pause and every gesture. There is spontaneity in her manner, and in her voice a passionate note that vibrates among the instruments and is always a delight to hear. There is but one fault to find with the performance as given by Mr. Russell's company, and that is that the orchestral accompaniment is too elaborate. It was intended to be given in miniature and that is as it should be. In the concert that preceded the operetta Miss Nielsen was heard in several charming songs. She won her audience with her first number, an aria from Tosca. It was the most fashionable audience I have ever seen in Scottish Rite Hall, but it was not at all self-conscious. It warmed to the singer at the close of the first song and showered her with applause. All her songs were evidently chosen with a view to exhibit her facility in legato singing and her lovely nuances. Miss Nielsen has a very sweet quality of voice, and she sings everything with exquisite taste, and though she has no great range of voice it is a flexible voice, and one is somewhat disappointed in not hearing her venture into songs with florid passages. At the St. Francis Musical Art Society concert Saturday night the first part of the program was very much the same as the concert at Scottish Rite Hall. I think it is a mistake for singers who give these concerts not to extend their repertoire.

—H. M. B.

The Sigmund Beel Concert

Nobody in the colonial ballroom of the St. Francis blamed Sigmund Beel when he stopped short after the first few bars of the Debussy Quartet. For several minutes the strains of an alien music had been floating into the concert chamber. It came from the tapestry room downstairs and it was good music as Herman Heller's music always is, but it should not have been allowed to enter into competition with Sigmund Beel's quartet of magic strings. But there it was, an unexpected and unwelcome vagrant at our feast of tone, and the question was how to exclude it. Beel disappeared for a minute and shortly after the quartet had resumed the Debussy number there was no more jarring harmony in the air. Everybody breathed more easily and sank back in luxurious enjoyment of the great quartet. At the first Beel concert we heard Schumann and Dohnanyi Quartets and a Brahms Sonata for piano and violin. That was an enthralling program; but compared to it the offering Tuesday night was enchanting. First there was the Haydn Quartet in D which I did not hear, having arrived late, but I was made aware of my ill luck when I heard music lovers using superlatives about it after the concert. There were two other numbers on the program, the Beethoven Quartet in E minor, opus 59 and the Debussy Quartet in G minor, opus 10. Here were two masterpieces of contrasting greatness set side by side, and the comparison of their beauties must have delighted all the music lovers present. Beethoven, the master of emotions; Debussy, the master of moods. Beethoven stealing upon the heart like a memory of sacred sweetness; Debussy conquering the brain with the more patent arts of our self-conscious times. Yet both pouring upon the ear a golden stream of sound that lifted us away from the workaday world into



MISS ESTHER MUNDELL
Who will give an interesting recital on Wednesday night, December 4th, at the St. Francis ball room.

the realm of faery where all sound is music and all speech is lyrical. Seldom have I seen a gathering so wrapped in audial delight. The music of the strings fell upon a perfect silence. The audience need not have applauded so generously to show their appreciation. I am sure Beel and his associates felt the sympathy of their hearers, knew the effect they were producing. Beel should be proud of the audience which comes to hear his quartet. Just as the audience is proud of Beel and Meriz, of Firestone and Villalpando. They give our community a rare musical distinction.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Gerville-Reache Concerts

It is just two years since Manager Will Greenbaum introduced us to the voice and art of Mme. Gerville-Reache, the star contralto of the Ham-



NATALIE ALT
Appearing in the title role of "The Quaker Girl" at the Columbia.

merstein forces. Since that time Mme. Gerville-Reache has devoted most of her time to concert work and has prepared a repertoire of works that will interest every music lover. Her programs are replete with novelties and unhackneyed gems. Scottish Rite Auditorium will witness Gerville-Reache's first concert this Sunday afternoon. Novelties by Bruneau, Massenet and others will be given, and songs in German, French, English and Italian will be included. The second concert with an entire change of program will be given Sunday afternoon, December 8. Next Tuesday night Mme. Gerville-Reache will sing for the St. Francis Musical Art Society.



ADRIENNE AUGARDE
The favorite English comedienne who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

Maud Powell

In the midst of the many announcements for piano and song recitals it will be a welcome change to hear a violin concert, especially by an artist like our own American woman Maud Powell. In Europe as well as in this country, when one speaks of the greatest living virtuosi, the name of Maud Powell is mentioned with Elman, Ysaye, Zimbalist, Marteau and the other masters. Greenbaum announces concerts by Maud Powell on Thursday night, December 12, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, December 14 and 15.

The Return of Esther Mundell

Esther Mundell who used to teach in many of our best families and who is an accomplished pianist, a splendid theorist and excellent musician besides being a singer with a voice of unusual beauty, has returned after four years abroad. She appeared in concert in France and England and devoted much time to her vocal studies under the direction of Jean De Reszke. Miss Mundell has decided to devote her career to the vocal side of her art, and announces a most interesting recital at the St. Francis on Wednesday night, December 4, when she will sing songs and arias in four languages and will be assisted by that excellent pianist Uda Waldrop. Tickets for Miss Mundell's concert may be secured at Sherman Clay and Co.'s and at the St. Francis news stand.

A Master Pianist Coming

There are fifteen piano virtuosi touring in America this season. All have been offered to Manager Will Greenbaum before any one else. Out of the list he has selected four, each an artist of a different type. Thus far we have heard Rudolf Ganz and Yolanda Mero. A wonderful pianist will appear here under Greenbaum's direction in January. The artist is Leopold Godowsky, and he holds the position of head master at the master school of pianists in the Royal Conservatory of Vienna. He is said to do things on the piano that seem impossible to the average virtuoso. Godowsky will play at the Columbia.



TINA LERNER
The brilliant and beautiful Russian pianiste, soloist with the San Francisco Orchestra, who may be heard in joint concert with Arthur Hadley, Soloist.

"The Quaker Girl" at the Columbia

The story of "The Quaker Girl" which comes to the Columbia next Monday evening, December 2, for an engagement of two weeks, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, is built around a Quaker girl who, when cast off by her own people, joins an exiled Bonapartist princess and goes to Paris where she secures a position as a model in a dressmaker's establishment and incidentally learns many things about the world from which she has been so rigorously shielded. In the dressmaking salon in the second act there is a delightful exhibition of modish feminine attire. In the last act, also, there is a gorgeous dress display. It represents a grand ball and the gowns are as elaborate as such a function requires. The array of beautiful women dressed in wonderful gowns and flashing jewels is a sight seldom offered on the stage and is one of the great features of this production. The music is simple and melodic and the lyrics are of the catchy sort. The great waltz song "Come to the Ball" which has become so popular is one of the big hits. There are twenty new and beautiful songs. Victor Morley and Natalie Alt head the company of one hundred. An orchestra of twenty-eight will be heard.

The Garden of Allah at Pantages

Among the most impressive announcements of the season is that made by the management of Pantages that the wonderful pictures of the Garden of Allah will be shown for the week starting Sunday, December 1. The pictures are guaranteed to be exclusive and first run. They are genuine pictures of the original Garden of Allah and the makers traveled 10,000 miles to the desert of Sahara to secure them. J. P. Read secured the permission and co-operation of the Liebler Co. to go to the desert of Sahara in Africa where the real Garden of Allah is located, to secure in motion pictures the original scenes and native characters around which the play and book were written. The result was that Mr. Read secured over sixty scenes many of which it was impossible to produce in the play. The pictures show the Torture Dance of the Howling Dervishes, the Snake Biting Dervish charmer, the Soudanese Triumph dance, the dance of the Ould Nails, etc. Menlo Moore's "Stage Door Johnnies" with dainty little Trix Oliver is the headline act. It is a bit of song, dance, laugh and revel. Special scenery, electrical effects,

some gorgeous wardrobe and many catchy musical numbers are interpolated. The Maybelle Fonda Troupe of young men and women jugglers; the Arlington Four, singing and dancing messenger boys; Howard's Bears and Dogs; Al Carlton, the "Skinny Guy," well known here for his fun, are the other acts that go to make up the bill.

"The Witching Hour" at the Alcazar

"The Witching Hour" in which Orrin Johnson and Marguerite Leslie will op n the second week of their season at the Alcazar next Monday evening, was written by Augustus Thomas, and by many competent critics it has been pronounced one of the most remarkable plays launched this century. No other American dramatic work produced during that period has equalled it in enduring magnetism. For four years it served John Mason as a starring medium, being presented by him more than once in every city in the United States and Canada east of the Rockies, and since its release for stock company use the competition to obtain it has been so keen as to raise its rental to an almost prohibitive figure. If the Alcazar were not equipped with two stars who are in themselves a mighty attraction the management might have hesitated to pay the royalty demanded for "The Witching Hour," but with such players in such a play there is double assurance of a profitable week. Mental telepathy is the theme of "The Witching Houh," and its exposition is reflective of the rare stagecraft and fine knowledge of public taste for which Augustus Thomas is famous.

To Lecture for Charity

Burr McIntosh has organized "The Sunshine and Flower League" for the laudable purpose of supplying flowers to the poor inmates of all the hospitals of California. To give the society a good start he is contributing a benefit which will take place this Saturday evening at the St.

(Continued on Page 23.)



STAGE DOOR JOHNNIES

Who will appear at the Pantages commencing next Sunday afternoon, December 1st.

AMUSEMENTS

Pantage's Theatre

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Exclusive First Run Motion Pictures of New York's Memorable Success"

"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

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In a Bit of Song, Dance, Laugh and Revel Set to the "Clink," the "Pop" and the "Honk Honk" of Midnight Life.

7—BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS—7

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.

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Last Time Tonight "A Butterfly on the Wheel."

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One Week Only—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

The Queen of Beauty

VALESKA SURATT

In the New York Casino Melody Masterpiece

"THE KISS WALTZ"

Prices—50c to $2. Wednesday Matinee, $1.50.

Commencing Sunday, December 8th—"A Modern Eve."

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Engagement of Two Weeks with

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Orchestra of 28.

Prices: Evenings and Saturday Matinees, $2 to 25c. Wednesday Matinee, $1.50 to 25c.

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CONTRALTO EXTRAORDINARY!

Two Exceptional Programs at

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 1st at 2:30

and

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 8th, at 2:30

Tickets, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler and Chase's. Sunday at Hall.

Steinway Piano Used

Coming MAUD POWELL, Violinist.

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ORCHESTRA

HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR

FOURTH POPULAR CONCERT

CORT THEATRE

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 1, at 3:15

Soloist—TINA LERNER, Pianist.

Program includes Mendelssohn, Overture, "Ruy Blas"; Grieg, "Heart Wounds" and "Last Spring"; Tschaikowsky Concerto for Piano and Orchestra; Liszt, "Liebestraum"; Richard Strauss, Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration."

Prices—35c to $1.00.

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O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

MARION LITTLEFIELD'S FLORENTINE SINGERS; ADRIENNE AUGARDE and her Company in Mrs. Richard Burton's one act comedy "A Matter of Duty"; ED MORTON, the Comedian who sings; FLYING MARTINS, Sensational Wizards of the Air; HARRY GILFOIL as "BARON SANDS"; GEORGE FELIX and the BARRY GIRLS in "The Boy Next Door"; AL RAYNO'S PERFORMING BULL DOGS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Tremendous Hit of ETHEL GREEN, Vaudeville's Daintiest Comedienne.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Traders who could foresee the swings, made money in the stock market last week. Fluctuations were wide enough to give speculators plenty of action, yet in the end the net gains and losses in the better class of securities were not great. As was anticipated by good judges of conditions, the stock market is now witnessing a periodical weeding out of the goats from the sheep. Those issues which have been the subject of pool manipulation on one side and blind buying on tips by the public on the other, are breaking away from the general list. This painful process of elimination has to come once in a while, and it seems to be going on now in an orderly fashion that causes no real disturbance or anxiety. In fact, it is welcomed by the more conservative brokers who always wish their clients to stick to issues of corporations of true standing which publish full information of their earnings and finances for the benefit of shareholders and investors. In addition to this the week has seen industrial securities depressed by fears regarding tariff revision. Wall Street did not respond freely to the decided improvement in most European financial centers. The New York stock market has been less buoyant than foreign exchanges, though Europe has turned buyer of American securities on a large scale, showing little fear of tariff changes and perfect assurance that our railroads will profit greatly from the splendid crops that have been harvested. General trade reports showed still further improvement. Sales of iron and steel products broke records and prices continued to show a rising tendency. Grain markets softened under pressure of heavy offerings, but prices are still good for such large crops and the declines should lessen the high cost of living.

Wheat—The most demoralized market in the country today is that of wheat. It is now 34 cents below the high point in May; 10 cents lower than at the same time a year ago; while Minneapolis quotations are 23 cents per bushel lower than those of last year. At the prevailing prices in the markets of the northwest and southwest the producer in large areas of the western sections of the country, after paying transportation charges, finds that his wheat nets him from 55 to 65 cents per bushel. As labor is scarce and high and the cost of production has greatly increased in the last few years, the farmer is trying to figure out what the basis is for all the prosperity talk about which so much is said. Besides the producer, there are people in other occupations who are puzzled in reconciling the inconsistencies in economic conditions, especially those that pertain to the wheat market. It is observed that while values of wheat here are sinking, prices at Liverpool and Antwerp are maintained at a remarkable high parity of 23 to 27 cents above those on this side of the Atlantic, while Paris quotations are around 166 cents per bushel which, exclusive of the import duty of 36½ cents, is $1.25 cents per bushel or 35 cents above Chicago, 39 cents above Minneapolis and 40 cents above Kansas City. Another peculiarity is that prices in Europe seem more disposed to advance than to decline. The foreign trade appears apprehensive about insufficient supplies for its future requirements, while the American trade is hysterical in its belief in such an overabundance that values of wheat must recede to a far lower level when already they are below the cost of production.

Corn like wheat has a severe attack of bearish sentiment, but there is some excuse for it, because it is conceded that a big crop has been raised, and that the movement from the farms to the market centers throughout the months of December and January is usually much in excess of the consumptive demand. But it must also be remembered that corn already has declined 40 cents per bushel, and that for several months during this year, and until recently, the consumptive demand absorbed all the receipts and reduced the old stock to the vanishing point at prices 30 to 40 cents above present values. It was a wise observation that one of the well known crop experts made a few days ago when he said that farmers were laying aside a great deal of corn to guard against the possibility of crop failure such as occurred in corn, hay and oats in 1911. As present prices are satisfactory to the consumer of corn at home and abroad and unsatisfactory to the producer it would appear to furnish a good opportunity for an investor.

Cotton—There was the resumption of extensive buying at the start of the week and it was kept up to the close with very few reactions, the close showing the highest prices so far on this upward swing. The weather remains favorable in all parts of the belt with very little or no rain. Weekly trade advices for the United States remained favorable in all lines of business, although the export demand for cotton goods is said to be quieter. Ocean freight rates have been easier by three points to Liverpool, denoting a less urgent demand for forward shipments to Europe. According to the Census Bureau report the amount of cotton ginned for the period up to November 14 was 10,294,000 bales against 11,313,000 bales last year. These are pretty full figures and would indicate that the crop is larger than early estimates would indicate. But traders are working on the idea of a record consumption of American cotton by the world this season and for that reason the larger crop ideas have had little or no influence as yet. The movement to market

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The officers of this Bank will be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.
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JUNE 29th, 1912:

Assets $51,140,101.75
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
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continues on a very heavy scale and port receipts for the week were 719,000. Sentiment continues very bullish and predictions are freely made of 15 cents cotton before the first of the year, but it looks as if the trade were overdoing the advance the same as they did the decline down to around 1050 and a good setback should be in order from this level. However we feel friendly to the market, believe that the money is on the long side and would take advantage of any fair reaction to buy cotton for an investment.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

"No, I don't think I was treated merely as a woman," said Miss Jolliffe in answer to a question. "I was always careful to address myself principally to the women in an audience, so that the men might not think that a woman was trying to enlighten them. The hardest test was at the Union Iron Works where I made my only midday open air speech. Rudolph Spreckels was with me, and after the meeting one of the workingmen who didn't know that Mr. Spreckels was my brother-in-law said to him:

"'Why in blazes did they send that man to speak over here? But gee! did you hear that little woman!'"

"Tell me the compliment you liked best?" I begged.

Miss Jolliffe's lips moved, but she changed her mind.

"Out with it!" I insisted.

"Well," Miss Jolliffe confessed laughing, "the chairman at Sacramento said I was the only real woman speaker he had ever heard."

"Have you had enough of it?" I asked.

"I don't think so," replied Miss Jolliffe. "It gets harder every time, and there is nearly always a sense of inadequacy when you sit down. But it has a charm which grows. You feel that you're doing something worth while."

"So you'll try it again?"

The relative of James Clarence Mangan and old Thomas Jolliffe of Stratford considered.

"Well, I should like to go on the stump against the Municipal Opera House."



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Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults Crocker Building Post and Market Sts.

John F. Cunningham, Manager

An Albanian Night

(Continued from Page 8.)

summer to prevent them joining in the revolt.

During the night, a rekindled stick upon the hearth sometimes lit up the interior of the long, low roof, and revealed the sleeping forms upon the ground. Outside, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled like a stage storm in "King Lear." At half-past four the women began to stir, softly making up the fire and clearing away the bracken. At the first light I went out into the thin grey air. The rain had stopped, but a bitter wind raged down the valley, where in winter the sun appears only for one hour a day. Looking up at the highest peaks, I saw they were already turning white under a transparent mist of snow.

Who will help to keep these people alive during the winter? It is a strange race to have survived into days like ours—a people ignorant of all learning, but eager to learn; child-like in their conceptions of politics and war; incapable of combination, but proud of their blood, rigorous in their code of honor, and clinging like wolves to their ancestral rights and ancestral religion. They are suffering now, and the suffering will increase every week.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,489; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of GIOVANNI PODESTA, also known as GIOVANNINI PODESTA, and as G. PODESTA, Deceased.

Adelina Podesta, administratrix of the estate of Giovanni Podesta, also known as Giovannini Podesta, and as G. Podesta, deceased, having this day filed herein her verified petition for an order of sale of a portion of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth;

And it appearing therefrom that it is necessary, and also that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and of those interested therein to sell the said portion of said real estate;

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its courtroom in the New City Hall, on the southeasterly side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1912, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix for the sale of the said portion of said real estate;

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week, for four (4) successive weeks, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, November 27, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

A. P. DESSOUSLAVY and P. A. BERGEROT,
Attys. for Administratrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-30-5

The Gentle Cynic

It isn't because they are helpless that some people never help others.

When you treat a man like a dog you can't blame him for growling about it.

A man never realizes how many friends he hasn't till he needs a few.

One man's point of view is as good as another's, until you try to sit on it.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

The Garret McEnerneys have returned from their annual sojourn at Nauheim. This year they spent three months at the delightful old German resort, returning home via Paris and London where they have many friends by whom they were entertained during their stay.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Thompson of Ottawa, Ontario, are registered at Hotel del Coronado. Mrs. A. M. Joy of Boston and Mrs. F. Thurber Seal of New York are guests there. Mr. and Mrs. I. Ollesheimer of Berlin are there for the winter. Mr. F. R. Benjamin of New York is spending some time. Mrs. Mary A. Collins and Mrs. J. Hadley Doyle of Washington, D. C., are enjoying themselves. Dr. and Mrs. L. N. McPhillip of Vancouver and Mrs. H. MacKenzie of Victoria are visiting Southern California and making headquarters at Coronado. F. H. Seeley of Kansas City is visiting there. Visitors from afar include: Mrs. Clarence Thomas, London, and Chas. A. Brown and Mrs. Susan J. Stone of Honolulu. H. H. Sands and Eric Roland of New York are registered. Mrs. W. E. Rhoder, Mrs. John Dupee, H. A. Seller and R. S. Hotz are from Chicago. Los Angelenos include: Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Masten, Mrs. Geo. E. Burnall, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wise, John G. Graves, W. T. F. Donald, Miss Clara Germain, W. H. Bentley, Worthington Gates, Harrison Albright.

Joseph Beringer, pianist and director of the well known Beringer Conservatory of Music in this city, will be in Santa Rosa next Thursday, December 5, to conduct the semi-annual examination of the music students at the Ursuline College. Professor Beringer will precede the examination with a lecture on "Piano Composition for Four Hands."

Among the many guests at Paso Robles just now one of the most attractive personalities is the charming coloratura soprano, Madame Bernice de Pasquali. The Signor de Pasquali will soon join her, and after some weeks of rest and baths at the famous springs, will escort her to San Francisco where she has engagements. With Madame de Pasquali are Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McCaslin, New York friends. The party arrived at Paso Robles from the East by train, and Mr. McCaslin's automobile is now en route by freight. The clientele of the springs includes a very large number of people from our Northwest and the Canadian provinces. The arrivals are unusually early and indications are that an increased number will enjoy the baths and the sunshine this winter. Among those already settled may be mentioned Mr. G. Clazy with Mrs. Clazy, prominent society people of Vancouver, accompanied by Miss Allen. Mr. C. A. Stoess, a business man of note, also from Vancouver; Mr. F. M. Jordan and wife of Seattle.

"He's a financial genius. Split a cup of coffee over a fellow's light-colored trousers—"

"And got out of paying for the trousers, eh?"

"Why, he talked the other fellow into paying for the coffee!"



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Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

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CERTIFICATE OF NAME OF PERSON DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME—No. 1073

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that my full name is ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and that the place of my residence is at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that I am transacting a French Confectionery business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of L. RUFFIEUX;

That the principal place of my said business is at No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and that I will continue to transact such business therein, under said name and style;

That there is no other person interested with me in said business, and that I am the sole owner thereof.

Dated, this 30th day of October, A. D. 1912.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 30th day of October, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twelve, before me, JAMES H. STIRLING, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and she duly acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) JAMES H. STIRLING,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. My Commission Expires September 11, 1915.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 31, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By W. R. Castagnetto, Deputy Clerk.
A. COMTE, JR., Atty. at Law,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,294; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CARLO CASASSA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, David J. Casassa, administrator of the estate of Carlo Casassa, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the offices of his attorneys, Devoto, Richardson and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said offices the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Carlo Casassa, deceased.

DAVID J. CASASSA
Administrator of the Estate of Carlo Casassa, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 23, 1912.
DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Administrator,
600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., S. F. 11-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA O'CONNELL, sometimes and also known as and called JULIA CONNELL, Deceased—No. 13,908; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of their attorney, John J. Barrett, Room 1255 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, deceased.

JAMES MADDEN,
JOSEPH MADDEN,
Executors of the Estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 30, 1912.
JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executors,
1255 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-30-5

ORDER SETTING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR ORDER DIRECTING EXECUTRIX TO MAKE CONVEYANCE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,645; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNA M. HUTCHINSON, Deceased.

LILLIAN H. P. SURRYHNE, executrix of the last will of Anna M. Hutchinson, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for a decree of this court authorizing and directing her, as executrix of the last will of said deceased, to convey and transfer certain real property, in said petition and hereinafter described, to E. J. Rinckel; and it appearing from said petition that the said Anna M. Hutchinson was, during her lifetime, bound by a contract in writing to convey said real estate as in said petition set forth;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, the thirtieth day of December, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., upon said day, and the courtroom of the above entitled court, department 10 thereof, be, and the same are hereby, fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the time and place of hearing said petition be given by publication of a copy of this order for at least four (4) successive weeks before said day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

The real property hereinabove and in said petition referred to is described as follows:

All that certain real property in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lot number nine (9), as laid down and delineated on a certain may entitled, "Map of Robley Terrace, Oakland, California, June, 1908, F. C. Turner, City Engineer," filed July 23rd, 1908, in the office of the County Recorder of said Alameda County.

Dated, November 26th, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
THOMAS E. HAVEN, Atty. at Law,
Monadnock Bldg., Rooms 941-943, San Francisco. 11-30-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—(Probate); No. 10,980; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

W. J. PALETHORPE, the administrator of the estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased, having filed herein his verified petition for order of sale of real property, and it appearing therefrom to the satisfaction of the Court that a sale of the real estate described in said petition is necessary and for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein,

IT IS ORDERED: That all persons interested in the estate of said deceased be and they are hereby directed to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10, thereof, in the City Hall Building on Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the 4th day of December, A. D. 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administrator for the sale of the whole of the real estate of the Estate of said deceased; and

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED: That a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: October 29, A. D. 1912.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 30, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
COOPER, GRAY & COOPER, Attys. at Law,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-2-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 32,803.

PETER KOCELJ, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of PETER KOCELJ, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning on the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue at a point distant Northerly Three Hundred Sixteen (316) feet measured along said line, from the Northerly line of Lake Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Twenty-fifth Avenue Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet to the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue and the point of beginning. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block 47.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 26th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, none; Addresses, none.

BRADLEY L. WALLACE and JEROME M. POLITZER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-12-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 44,453; Dept. No. 10.

ARTHUR RITTER, Plaintiff, vs. MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MARY R. RITTER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of said action; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 19th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

F. J. CRISP, Atty. for Plaintiff,
624 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-28-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,898; Department No. 10.

WILLIAM GREIG, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Greig, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

PIECE NO. 1.

Commencing at a point, situate on the Northerly line of Mariposa Street, distant thereon 50 feet Easterly from the Northeasterly corner of Mariposa and Missouri Streets; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Mariposa Street, 25 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Southerly 100 feet to the Northerly line of Mariposa Street and point of commencement.

Being portion of Potrero Nuevo Block Number 270.

PIECE NO. 2.

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Mississippi Street, distant thereon 225 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Mariposa Street, running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Mississippi Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Easterly 100 feet, thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 100 feet to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Potrero Block No. 305.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles,, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of October, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of October, 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,551; Department No. 3.

JOHN FINDLEY MILLIKEN, Plaintiff, vs. MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-23-10

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

Francis. On this occasion he will repeat his "plain talk" on the wonders and beauties of California and our country. The lecture has won high encomiums, not only for its matter but also for the four hundred marvelous colored views with which it is illustrated. Reserved seats may be had at the news stand of the St. Francis.

Miss Lerner and Arthur Hadley

Unless well laid plans fail Tina Lerner, the brilliant Russian pianiste and Arthur Hadley, the talented brother of Conductor Henry Hadley, will soon be presented by Frank W. Healy in a joint concert in the colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel. Arthur Hadley's friends and admirers in San Francisco are legion, and an announcement that he is to appear as soloist should be sufficient to crowd the colonial ball room.

The Fourth Popular Concert

Holders of season tickets for the series of popular concerts of the San Francisco Orchestra are notified that the fourth popular concert will be given this Sunday afternoon at the Cort at 3:15 o'clock. The Music Committee has engaged Tina Lerner for two concerts. The work of this beautiful Russian pianiste is said to be brilliant. The program: Mendelssohn, Overture, Ruy Blas; Grieg, Heart Wounds, Last Spring (for string orchestra); Tschaikowsky, Concerto (Tina Lerner), Liszt, Liebestraüm; R. Strauss, Tone Poem —Death and Transfiguration.

Florentine Singers at the Orpheum

The Orpheum next week will have for headline attraction Marion Littlefield's Florentine Singers, consisting of Helena Morrill and Helen Alton, sopranos; Marion Littlefield and Florence Le Moyne, contraltos; Stefano Pettine and Angelo Liguori, tenors and Alfred Swinton and Ernest Armor, bassos. They will give the following program: 1. Traumerei, Schumann; 2. Medley of Old Italian Airs; 3. Misere from Trovatore; 4. La Paloma; 5. Baritone Solos from Trovatore and Faust; 6. Annie Laurie. Miss Littlefield has a fine contralto. Alfredo Zambarano is musical director. Handsome costumes and picturesque scenery are in evidence. Adrienne Augarde, an English singing comedienne who is immensely popular in her own country and also in New York, will appear in a one-act comedy by Mrs. Richard Burton entitled "A Matter of Duty." The author is the wife of Professor Burton of the University of Minnesota, one of the contemporary authorities on the drama. Ed Morton is a singing comedian. Before going on the stage Morton was a sergeant of police in Philadelphia. The Flying Martins are the limit for daring and speed on the double trapeze. Next week will be the last of Harry Gilfoil in "Baron Sands"; George Felix and the Barry Girls in "The Boy Next Door"; Al Rayno's trained bull dogs and the dainty comedienne Ethel Green in her delightful singing monologue.

Valeska Suratt in "The Kiss Waltz"

Valeska Suratt will make her first local appearance as a star at the Cort Sunday night in "The Kiss Waltz," a melodious operetta from the Casino. She is heralded as a beauty and is a much discussed person. "The Kiss Waltz" is the best vehicle she has had to display her talent and beauty. The score is tuneful. The piece de resistance is the famous waltz which is sung, danced and whistled throughout the piece. There are other good musical numbers. The score is the work of Ziehrer who wrote "Mlle. Mischief" for Fritzi Scheff. The American book of the piece is by Edgar Smith and Mark Swan. The lyrics are by Mathew Howard. J. C. Huffman and William J. Wilson are responsible for the staging, and the costumes were designed by Melville Ellis. The production, from a sartorial standpoint, is declared to be magnificent. The final performance of "A Butterfly on the Wheel" will be given this Saturday night. On Sunday night, December 8, comes "A Modern Eve," another musical comedy which is presented by Martin Beck and Mort H. Singer.

Letters

Boys' Books by Sabin

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has just brought out the fourth of Edwin L. Sabin's books of boy life in the West, "Old Four Toes, or the Hunters of the Peaks." The stories are independent of each other, but all concern the adventures of the same two lads, one the son of a Western ranchman and the other a Chicaga youth who has been spending his vacation in the West, doing real work with cattle and sheep and taking his part in all the incidents of range, trail and home ranch. The accounts are well written, and without the objectionable exploitation of mock heroisms or impossible boy wonders. It was inevitable that the organization of the Boy Scouts should be the motive of innumerable juveniles. Indeed it is claimed that the Thompson-Seton "Two Little Savages" contained the germ of the idea, and like the famous proprietary medicine, "children cry for it." Infinitely better than any thing else in its line is the same author's "Pluck on the Long Trail," which purports the relate the adventures of a detail of half a dozen scouts on the Long Trail," which purports to relate to deliver a message from the mayor of their home town to the mayor of another city distant one hundred miles across the mountains, to make their way on foot, find their own trail and maintain themselves enroute and complete their journey in fifteen days. Also from Crowell's.

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Nora—Yes, I'm not sure whether it's a short skirt or a wide sash.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XX. No. 1059 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 7, 1912 PRICE, 10 CENTS

Ten Reasons Why Charter Amendment No. 27 Should be Rejected On December 10th:

1st—Because its title, "Local Option for Districts," is misleading since there is no limit to the size of the "Districts." They must embrace not less than fifty blocks, but they may include 100—200 or 1,000 blocks, so long as no established election precinct is divided.

2nd—Because the "districts" are not confined to residence sections, but may consist of "ANY PORTION OF THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO."

3rd—Because this amendment would enable advocates of the measure to tack business sections on to residence sections and wipe out the licenses of our hotels, cafes, restaurants and clubs which sell in quantities less than one quart to be drunk on the premises.

4th—Because the necessary 25 per cent of signatures to a petition to force an election covering residence and business sections, might be secured from the residence territory without giving the business section the slightest voice in the matter.

5th—Because the whole Panama-Pacific International Exposition grounds might easily be dried up by tacking it on to a residence section. There is no vote there, and consequently fifty or more blocks adjoining the site could easily make it "no license" territory.

6th—Because the men who helped to frame Charter Amendment No. 27 are using every effort to make California dry by 1915.

7th—Because at this time we cannot afford to encourage internal fights. We must bring in 5,000,000 visitors to San Francisco during 1915 to insure the success of the Exposition, and to accomplish this task the whole city must work harmoniously.

8th—Because if San Francisco's hotels, cafes and clubs are unable to extend true California hospitality, the Exposition will be shunned by visitors from every nation of the world.

9th—Because if our Exposition site is dried up, it will make us the laughing stock of foreign nations.

10th—Because the amendment has been framed to fool and delude the voters and has been disapproved by the Chamber of Commerce, Civic League of Improvement Clubs, San Francisco Real Estate Board, the Mission Promotion Association, and the San Francisco Labor Council.

Vote "NO" on Amendment No. 27

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TOWN TALK

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The Danger that Confronts Us

The people are expected to vote right next Tuesday, but one cannot read the daily papers without perceiving that there are misgivings in high places. It is feared that certain amendments, such for example as 1 and 2, which provide for certain essentials in connection with the civic center and the Exposition, may not be carried. There is apprehension regarding Amendment 27, which is designed by the hired agitators of the Prohibition propaganda to make San Francisco a field for incessant agitation and to make dry the Exposition site. It would be very unfortunate if the people should do the wrong thing at the right time, but sooner or later the city must suffer the consequences of the folly of presuming to convert the multitude into a deliberative body. The sooner the people realize the unwisdom of having puppets in office empowered only to carry into effect the judgment of a majority of voters, which is generally a minority of the electorate, the better it will be for the city. In government as in everything else the danger is, lest those who can do whatever they will may will to do more or less than is for their ultimate interest. It was the will of the people of this city that they should have more than ultimate control of their government, that they should be privileged to make of themselves a legislative body in perpetual session, and thus having accommodated the restive busybodies of the community they find themselves constantly threatened with calamity. Under the new order of things unnecessary indebtedness has been created, and from prodigality there has been reaction, and such is public temper today that there is danger of the masses going to the other extreme. Let us hope the danger is more apparent than real. San Francisco cannot afford to take a step backward. Nor can it afford to increase the opportunities of its mischievous busybodies by adopting Amendment 27, the effect of which would be endless strife and turmoil.

The High Cost of Reform

There appears to be nothing so costly in American politics as reform. It is always under reform administrations that new schemes of government are devised, new commissions created, and for everything new in politics the taxpayer has to pay. The increase in taxation is always in proportion to the supply of virtue voted into office. Civic righteousness as we have come to know it is so costly a luxury that it is hardly to the pecuniary interests of the citizen to encourage it. San Francisco has had experience with all kinds of public servants, and for at least a quarter of a century it has been alternately the sport of demagogues and the prey of knaves. And now, if we judge impartially from experience, we may well ask ourselves whether the public service corporation that buys the favor of public servants may not be a public benefactor in disguise. For aid to speculative inquiry consider the experience of the city with the Spring Valley Water Company. For many years it was notorious that this corporation bribed supervisors, sometimes to prevent the confiscation of its property, sometimes to get more than it was entitled to. If its conduct was immoral it was not any more so than the conduct of the dear people who used to pledge their candidates for the board of supervisors to make a certain percentage of reduction in rates without having the slightest knowledge of the facts that should serve as the basis on which to fix the the company's revenue. About ten years ago the management of the company changed hands and immediately operating expenses were reduced, much to the disgust of public servants. Our demagogues raged more tempestuously than ever, but the officials of the company stood firm, relying on the courts for protection. But in time, wearied of bickering and incessant litigation, concluding perhaps that their business was a hazardous one, they offered to sell their plant to the city for $26,000,000. A better bargain the city never had a chance to make, but our crackbrained demagogues made the proposition the subject of ridicule. If the Hon. James D. Phelan did not lead the chorus it was the first time that his treble note was not heard above the din. The proposition was rejected, and the price of the water plant has been soaring ever since, and the city must buy. Somewhere between twenty-six million and the price that will eventually be paid is the figure that represents a fraction of the cost of the civic righteousness that is embodied in the Phelans and the Taylors who employed a Marsdon Manson to pipe water from Hetch-Hetchy on the strength of a revocable permit.

The Hetch-Hetchy Enterprise

That supremely credulous gentleman, the average taxpayer, famous for his voracious appetite for humbug, flubdub and all the congeners of the favorite food of the gullible received a shock last week when he learned of the outcome of the conflict of tongues at the seat of our national government. The news of Secretary Fisher's decision in its effect on the average taxpayer was like that of a plunge into ice water on a man expecting a warm bath. For our daily newspapers had raised high the expectations of their eternally gullible readers. They were no nearer the truth in their reports of proceedings than they have been in their utterances about anything connected with the Hetch-Hetchy water scheme. Right along since the day we accepted as gild-edge security a revocable permit issued by that irresponsible prig of the Tennis Cabinet, the Hon. Jimmy Garfield, down to the payment of an expert engineer for two months' services squeezed into one, the public has received nothing but misinformation about the municipal water project. Even about the outcome in Washington last week they have not been told the whole truth. Perhaps in the history of municipal misgovernment in this country there is nothing to be found that will match the incompetency and imbecility of the management and direction of this enterprise from its inception down to date. It is almost impossible to give serious thought to some of the things that have been done without challenging the motives of those on whom the responsibility rests. Consider that we have already spent nearly two million dollars on this water project, that most of the money was spent after our title was questioned, and that now it seems likely to have been spent in vain. Yet what has happened was forecasted, and the forecasting was done by mere amateurs in prophecy, who doubtless were aided by the many considerations that would have given us pause were it not for the impatience of the Phelans and Taylors. Proud of their darling scheme, indifferent to the fact that there were other sources of supply and powerful opposition to the one sought they were for going ahead and taking a gambler's chance with the people's money. To preach caution, or to question the wisdom of the course that was being pursued, was to provoke assault and incur the horrible suspicion of being inspired by Spring Valley. Such, by the way, is the favorite controversial method of those distinguished gentlemen who have shaped all our grand movements for universal betterment and in whom the dear people have unbounded confidence. They are the same men who guaranteed the Charter and hurled imprecations at its critics; who guaranteed, indeed, every scheme of civic redemption that has proved a failure in the last twenty

years. These men labored under the delusion that they could bluff the Federal authorities with the same ease with which they throttled criticism at home. Behind them the power of the daily press, which has hated Spring Valley ever since Spring Valley quit corrupting supervisors and conciliating editors, their assurance was enormous. And in time the newspapers finding that they were as deeply implicated in the blunders that had been made as the men who executed them shrewdly refrained from divulging the details. Behind this prodigious fiasco is material for a mighty big scandal, but it will do no good now to exploit it. We are confronted by a very grave situation. Something must be done speedily to provide this city with an adequate water supply. Long ago we should either have purchased the Spring Valley plant or have ceased baiting the corporation and given its officers such assurance as would have justified them in adding to their available sources of supply, but the demagogues of press and politics brought about a very embarrassing state of affairs, and Mayor Rolph, who happily is not responsible for existing complications, has a most perplexing problem on his hands. He is not to be aided in the solution of it by shrieks of indignation, newspaper brainstorms, conniption fits, or any of the other familiar devices that serve as testimony of affection for the dear people.

A Bible For Baptists

A new version of the Bible has been placed on the market by the American Baptist Publication Society. Presumably Baptists were not satisfied with any of the old versions, else why should a revision have been made? Yet, judging from the new version, Baptist dissatisfaction was not grounded in questions of doctrine. The Bible appears to have been revised to satisfy a literary taste, to meet the demands of that school of modern culture which Dr. Aked probably has in mind when he expounds the Gospel, for Dr. Aked was a Baptist just before he gave ear to the Macedonian cry from San Francisco. The keynote of this modern culture, judging from the Baptist version of the Bible, is literalism. It appears to be distinguished by an insensibility to beauty and a passion for the prosaic. The men who revised the Bible for Baptist consumption have done their best to render it unpoetic. They thought it advisable to "eliminate antiquated language," and that there might be no more questioning as to where the comma should be placed in the Lord's Prayer they have rendered it in this fashion: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth." And to give us a more literal translation they have put it this way: "And forgive us our debt as we also have forgiven our debtors." Thus has the Lord's Prayer been adapted for counting house purposes. Another notable alteration made by the revisers is the substitution of "underworld" for "hell." This alteration hardly serves to bring the Bible up to date, since to the underworld, according to the modern acceptation of the term, good as well as bad Baptists go not for punishment but for diversion. In banishing hell the revisers are somewhat inconsistent as they are now required to pray not for delivery from evil but from the Evil One, and him it is hard to think of without scenting brimstone.

The Virtue of Coffee

In a world where the dread of death is but little greater than the fear of living; where almost everything that is desirable as a means of assuaging the ills we are heir to is interdicted by science; where doctors are in league with morality to hinder the lusts of the flesh, it is refreshing to learn occasionally that we have been denying ourselves under a misapprehension. Let us be grateful then to Dr. H. L. Hollingsworth who has been conducting experiments to ascertain the action of caffeine, the chief active principle of coffee, on the nerves and mind. He has succeeded in demonstrating that the popular idea that coffee stimulates mental processes and counteracts the depressing effects of fatigue is correct, but that insomnia is not induced. The individuals experimented on were students ranging between the ages of 19 and 39. It was found that the stimulating effect of caffeine is felt within ninety minutes after administration and persists from one to four hours; also, that in persons doing clerical work it improves not only the speed but the quality. The common idea that wakefulness is produced Dr. Hollingsworth has disproved. Doses reaching four grains, an estimated equivalent of a pint of strong coffee, had no appreciable sleep disturbing effect. The truth about caffeine is that like other drugs it is absorbed within two hours and its effect passes off within four hours. You can take two large cups of coffee a day, and if you are in good health they will do no harm. In an emergency when you wish to stimulate your system to bring out its reserve supply of energy take a cup of coffee and in ninety minutes get busy.

The People Distrusted

Wherever there is direct legislation the complaint is heard that too many propositions are submitted to the dear people. And it is no reactionary complaint. It is voiced by the sages of journalism who have long been hymning the joys of progressive government and thundering against the malign conservatism that was blind to the manifold virtues of innovation. The Examiner fears that the people whom it has always extolled for their omniscience will not vote intelligently on the Charter amendments. The Los Angeles Tribune views with sorrow the several yards of ballot in Oregon, and Progressives everywhere are telling us that direct legislation was not meant for indiscriminate use. This is like saying that democracy is a good thing when practiced discreetly. The trouble with democracy is that it insists on taking the bit in its teeth. This is the essential tendency of democracy, and it is because of this peculiarity that men with common sense object to opening the way for other tendencies, as, for example, by means of the recall, the initiative and the referendum. When we adopted these catholicons at the instigation of a demagogic press, it was thought we were on the verge of the Millennium, but as yet there are no signs of an ideal felicity. On the contrary our troubles are multiplying. In time the people will become aware of the truth of the ancient maxim that what they chiefly need to be safeguarded against is themselves. Then it will be seen that progress is to be made backward toward the old moorings. Already it must be dawning on the intellectuals of many worthy citizens that a novel result attained by a new political contrivance is not necessarily a manifestation of progress. Each new device is apt to bring with it a train of unsuspected disorders and unknown discomforts. There are certain principles of human nature not to be rashly ignored when trying to reach perfection with the aid of machinery. These principles were taken into account by the men who laid the foundations of this republic, but in this period of irreverence and persiflage they have been lost sight of. We have been acting on the theory that it is safe to trust the people to govern by unconscious cerebration or by some special impulse such as that which prompts the bee to undergo labors and sacrifices for future generations. We are instinctively afraid of nothing but the teachings of whole centuries of experience and of logic and close reasoning.

Wilson's Foreign Policy

There is much curiosity in Europe regarding the foreign policy of Woodrow Wilson. Will he undo some of the things that have been done by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft? This is the question foreign diplomats are asking. There is but one important matter of foreign policy about which the President-elect has expressed his sentiments. This is the matter of Russian treatment of the foreign passport question. Dr. Wilson has said that he would give his sanction to no treaty which did not guarantee the same courtesies to all American citizens regardless of race or religion. He has even said it would be better to lose our trade with Russia than to accept treatment from her contrary to the rights of American citizenship. In England it is believed that Dr. Wilson will be guided in his foreign policy rather by principles of justice than by a desire to conciliate jingo sentiment, and therefore he is expected to heed British protest against the attitude this country has taken in the Panama Canal controversy. This is not the only canal matter to come before the next President. One of the most interesting problems he will have to solve is the matter of soothing Columbia for the loss of Panama. Democrats in Congress have agitated this matter for the last two years. They have characterized as the blackest chapter in American history the chapter that recites the story of our acquisi-

tion of the canal zone. This is also the sentiment of many foreign critics some of whom have recently told in type the story of the revolution pulled off by President Roosevelt for the greater glory of his Administration. It is said that Panama will accept $10,000,000 as compensation for the loss suffered by the Roosevelt revolution; also, that the Wilson Administration will see that justice is done. But to soothe Columbia we must confess that a President of the United States was guilty of conduct deserving the reprobation of the civilized world. Are we prepared to go that far?

The Making of Heroes

One of the wisest and wittiest of journals, Life, of New York, reminds us that we are indebted to Colonel Harvey for our esteemed President-elect. "Six or eight years ago," says Life, "Colonel Harvey picked out Dr. Wilson as a likely man to make a competent, radical, Democratic President. Steadily and ably he blew the doctor's horn, gradually making him a familiar topic of discussion in the newspapers and bringing him to the knowledge of their readers." This is quite true. It is also quite true, as Life says, that Colonel Harvey groomed Dr. Wilson for his gubernatorial job and with the consent of Senator James Smith got him nominated for Governor. Also it is true, as the same excellent authority observes, that Colonel Harvey deserves great credit for his "exploit in promotion," but this sort of thing is not unprecedented in American politics. Perhaps there is no other instance of the making of a President in precisely the way Dr. Wilson was made President by Colonel Harvey, but there are innumerable instances of press-made public servants. Other editors have planned "political creations" along the same lines that Colonel Harvey followed so successfully. And other editors have been equally successful. Also they have experienced the same species of ingratitude which has been charged against Dr. Wilson by that eminent authority Colonel Watterson. The country is full of press-made statesmen. It is full of heroes manufactured for public worship, of idols with feet of clay made on linotype machines. One of the favorite pastimes of the press is that of adjusting halos to serviceable heads. Nearly every editor, almost every reporter, is somebody's press agent. The booming of social and political aspirations is a continuous performance, and it is probably the most thankless of all the tasks that man in his stupidity ever devoted himself to. Read in the light of every-day experience Mrs. Shelley's story of Frankenstein is a parable of the newspaper business. The bavarde who makes a queen bee of the social hive today is stung by her creature on the morrow. The editor who manufactures a public hero soon finds that his creature believes himself to be all that was said of him in the process of his making. The editor has but one consolation—that his masterpiece cannot live up to expectations; for your press-made hero is always mostly brummagem. Editors are seldom wise in their choice of material. Usually they idealize the impossible, as though the pleasure of the performance was in proportion to the size of the imposture. Writing on this subject we are disposed to become reminiscent. Years ago when Mr. A. M. Lawrence, now of Chicago, was managing editor of the Examiner he devoted himself to the task of creating a mayor. The raw material on which he worked was labeled James D. Phelan. As clay to the potter's hand, so the soft and ductile Phelan personality to the subtle touch of the clever editor. Mr. Phelan, millionaire, stockholder in public utilities, member of the exclusive Pacific-Union Club and studiously aloof from the common herd, was suddenly transformed into a friend and associate of the plain people. Lawrence's was a masterly achievement, but long since he ceased to be proud of it. Perhaps quite as masterly was the achievement of Mr. Fremont Older in converting Hiram Johnson, criminal lawyer, into Hiram Johnson, sacrosanct Governor of California.

The Willow-Wren

'Twas in the well-beloved shire, beneath an oak,
Beside a brown-eyed, shyly-glancing brook, I lay
One afternoon, a-dreaming, when methoughts a fay
(Dryad or Naiad—who can tell these fairy folk?)
Stole forth and dipt an urn and poured. A long slant stroke
Of light on her and on her lucent toy did play.
Nine times she stooped and dipt, and, lifting, loosed away
The little cascatelle of crystal, ere I woke—
And saw no nymph nor urn; only amongst the boughs
That little grey-brown bird they call the willow-wren.
Emptying his whole heart's peace in one quintessenced phrase,
Which, oft ingeminating, he as oft allows
The expectant ear to gather appetite again:
So pure and fine he forms each lyric flower of praise.

—J. S. Phillimore.

Perspective Impressions

After all, society is a circus all the year round.

The bald-headed man who likes to be kissed on his deformity deserves to be bald.

"Can San Franciscans pull together."—The Examiner. Isn't the question of sufficient importance to be submitted to a vote of the people.

Thirty-seven more amendments to the heaven-sent Charter! Why not rub it all out and start all over again?

The Colonel says he wouldn't accept a Carnegie pension. But he's already indebted to the Thane of Skibo for the cost of the African expedition.

There is probably less stupidity in Florida than in any State in the Union. In Florida Roosevelt, beaten by the Socialist, ran fourth.

Death is fast retiring the exhibition aviators.

So the suratticisms of Valeska are objectionable to some of our club women! But they serve an excellent purpose, since by reason of them some of our club women break into print.

"The devil would hesitate to introduce it into hell," said a Minneapolis preacher of the rag. Of course he would. Isn't hell a place of punishment?

The inimitable Pauline Jacobson has been telling the readers of the Bulletin that Town Talk wishes to have Abe Ruef reformed. Town Talk is never for the reform of anything. It doesn't even wish to reform the tone of the Bulletin's choicest blossoms. Town Talk's motto is, Every man according to his lights, and no discrimination against sex.

Instead of trying to amend the Charter by wholesale and legislating by referendum at the same time wouldn't it be better to hold an election every week and take up the propositions seriatim?

Secretary Fisher appears to be a better friend of Spring Valley than was Secretary Ballinger; yet Ballinger is still remembered in circles where civic virtue ever blooms as anathema—and then some.

It is of course remarkable that Sara Bernhardt should have returned for another "farewell" engagement, but what is Sara compared to Ninon de L'Enclos! Though able to act Sara is decrepit and no longer fascinating, and she is hardly seventy. A twenty-year old lover committed suicide on account of Ninon when she was sixty, and she was won by her last lover on her eightieth birthday.

Correspondence

The Recall and Johnson

Editor Town Talk, Sir; Your suggestion that the recall ought to be tried on Governor Johnson for his attitude toward San Francisco in the matter of harbor control is a good one, and one that he approves in principle. In one of his interviews in the East he talked of the good effect of the recall on the Supreme Court of the State. Ought we not try to make it have a good effect on Johnson? I am convinced that about three-fourths of the electorate of this State if given the chance would vote for the recall of our Governor. Of course there are lots of people who will pooh-pooh the idea. They will tell you it is bad to have too many elections, and that it isn't a good idea to let the world see what an unsettled state we are in. But we are in an unsettled state and Johnson is largely responsible for the state we are in, and while he remains in office there will be no improvement. Unfortunately Johnson appears to be very satisfactory to the interests and there will be no assistance from them in an effort to get the recall in motion. Once in motion, however, the interests will not be able to save him.

Respectfully, —A Subscriber.

Dr. Aked and His Church

Editor Town Talk, Sir; As a pioneer of San Francisco I wish to congratulate you on what you said last week about Dr. Aked's plan to tear down the old church at Post and Mason streets which is one of the few landmarks of other days. That old church ought to be restored. It would be a shame to tear it down. Why don't you lead a movement for its restoration? I think you would receive the support of many members of Dr. Aked's congregation. I have talked with some of them, and they do not want a new church. As you say, if the old one were too small that might be a good reason to build a new one, but is it too small? I read in the papers the other day that Dr. Aked held union services on Thanksgiving. The people of three churches united to give thanksgiving in Dr. Aked's church, and there was a special attraction for the occasion. The choir gave a special program of music and two ministers and a rabbi conducted the services. Surely Dr. Aked does not believe the church is too small. If he did he would not have held union services in the old building. Dr. Aked is a very energetic man. He takes a very active part in affairs of all kinds, and as he led the campaign for woman suffrage he ought to have a very big feminine following, but he really doesn't need a new church.

Yours truly,

—A Pioneer.

Map Makers, Attention!

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Let me quote from an item I read in last Sunday's New York Sun:

"Mrs. Lydia Berkeley Tague, judge of the county court of Eagle County, California, is believed to be the first woman in this country to be appointed to the bench of a county court. Her husband had been serving as county judge at Red Cliffe for a good many years when he died, and she applied for his unfinished term. She was given the place. The salary of a judge of the Eagle County court is about $1,200 a year."

Now in this connection I feel that I, in common with all other Native Sons, have a grievance against the men who make the maps of California. Would you believe it? There isn't a map of this State on which Eagle County is shown. I've gone over them all with a microscope and can't find Eagle County. Why did the map makers leave it out? Is there a conspiracy of silence against the prosperity of Eagle County? Why don't the good people of Red Cliffe, Eagle County, California, rise in their might and demand to be put on the map? This is a serious matter. Perhaps Mrs. Tague of Red Cliffe, Eagle County, California, is influential enough to have this wrong righted. I'm for calling it to her attention.

Sincerely, —A Stanford Parlorite.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Right to Die

This alleged right of man is being discussed in the German medical world. Some physicians think that they should be allowed to put a patient out of his agony when there is no chance of curing him. But it is being pointed out that no physician is competent to decide that a patient is beyond hope of recovery. It is also feared that the authority to kill incurables, if granted, would be criminally exploited by the unscrupulous. The discussion must be regarded as academic, for the present German law provides a punishment of imprisonment for three years for a doctor who kills a patient at the latter's request. Still, there is a proposal to reduce this penalty to a minimum of six months.

Dutch-American Alliance

Certain European newspapers announced recently that the governments of the Netherlands and the United States had signed a defensive convention to protect the East Indian isles and the Philippines against attack by Japan. This was untrue, but it is true that the Dutch have thought of and would welcome such a convention. A committee sat at the Hague to consider the best means of reorganizing the Dutch navy, and the matter was discussed informally. The Philippines, lying between the Dutch Indian archipelago and two Oriental powers, Japan and China, would be seriously affected if an invasion on a large scale were made from China or Japan into the Dutch Indian colonies. There are reasons of national policy and of material interest why America should frown on any extension of territory in that direction by Japan or the Chinese Republic. So a maritime defensive convention between Holland and the United States would be a desirable arrangement.

The Allies' Wounded

According to a Red Cross surgeon who writes in the London Lancet, the recovery of soldiers wounded in the Balkans is extremely rapid. Men who had been shot through the body, the bullet penetrating the liver, lung, spleen or intestines, recovered in a fortnight. He explains that the modern bullet is rendered aseptic by the enormous heat of the burning powder and hardly ever shatters long bones. The severest wounds by the bayonet were healed with more difficulty than those from the bullet. Incidentally, this war has proved the necessity of the bayonet. In '92 the Bulgarians thought of abandoning the bayonet as an obsolete weapon. They ordered Mannlicher rifles without bayonets. But the opinion of the soldiers made itself felt in favor of the bayonet and it was restored in the knife form. It is interesting to speculate what the Bulgarian fortunes might have been without it, for they have been meeting the Turks in hand to hand encounters right along and doing fearful execution.

Shorten Drinking Hours

There's a tendency in some parts of England to shorten the time for drinking. Recently Liverpool altered the closing hour for drinking bars from 11 p. m. to 9:30 p. m. Birmingham is following suit. That city has fixed the opening hour for saloons at 8:30 a. m. instead of 6, and the closing hour at 10 p. m. instead of 11. Of course there have been many protests, but it doesn't look as though the protestants are to accomplish their purpose of going back to the longer hours. Nowadays in Liverpool and Birmingham you must regulate your thirst by the clock.

The Baby Born out of Wedlock

France has passed a law to make the father instead of the mother responsible for the baby born out of wedlock. Hitherto the mother had no claim on the father in such cases unless the father was willing to acknowledge paternity. The attempt to enact this law extended over forty years. Briand had a great deal to do with getting it passed, but many will give a large part of the credit to Brieux who agitated the question in his "Maternity." When the Senators seemed inclined to kill the measure Henri Rochefort caustically told them that their ages relieved them of any cause for anxiety under the act. Suits arising under the law must not be reported in the press, this regulation also applying to divorce actions.

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Varied Types

CIII—FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN

By Edward F. O'Day

A charmingly comfortable man to interview is this English Jesuit whose black beast is race suicide and whose pulpit shibboleth the sinfulness of society. Charmingly comfortable is his exterior and charmingly comfortable his manner of imparting himself to the questioner.

Sleeker he is, more satiny skinned and blooming, than most of the Jesuits it has been my good fortune to meet. How different from the gray humility of a Prelato or a Maraschi his large, enfolding pulpit manner, his sonorous opulence of speech, the pinkness of his prelatical face and the dignity that inheres in his sumptuous cassock and his daintily poised black zucchetto!

How restful to observe him stretched cosily in an easy chair in the lulling warmth of the archbishop's study, eyes half-lidded, white fingers delicately bridged across his breast and one black-spatted foot swung lightly over the other, how restful to observe him thus as he rolls forth orotund utterance on tremendous topics!

No "hot gospeller" this, but a soothing smacker of naughtiness, a honeyed missionary who rebukes defilement in rounded phrases of English undefiled.

If there be a royal road to interviewing, an esplanade that leads to the interview's end with no chuck holes on the way, no dust to breathe, no hills to climb, then Father Vaughan points it out, an affable human sign post lightening labor. For he asks his own questions and has the answer ever ready. And he rushes first aid to the uncertain orthographist. Alone of all the men I have interviewed he spells hard words for you. No, not alone. Another distinguished pulpiteer, another Englishman too, has the same engaging simplicity. Doctor Aked is like Father Vaughan in this reverence for the alphabet, this touching concern for the rights of the spelling book.

Two themes intertwined in his talk. His monologue—for it was a monologue, and my interlocutory interruptions were perfunctory, negligible—flitted with light and airy grace from one theme to the other. He spoke of homes, the sacredness of homes, the splendor of families. And one was the Courtfield home of the Vaughan family while the other was the rooftree that shelters any husband and any wife.

"I come," he confided, "from the Vaughans of Courtfield. Courtfield is situated on a horse shoe bend of the silvern Wye in Herefordshire."

To indicate the manner of this statement, the polished British seriousness of its utterance, is beyond me. Suffice that it was rendered with parenthetical aids to accuracy, for Father Vaughan carefully told me how to spell Wye and Herefordshire and suggested that "silvern Wye" be cuddled in quotation marks since the adjective was married to the river by Wordsworth. And so he smoothed the way through all his talk.

"Under that rooftree," he swept on, "Henry the Fifth was nursed and had his early training. In Heath's Excursion down the Wye, published 1799, Courtfield is described as being entered by a short paved court walled on each side and fronted with iron gates of great size. The garden is divided by grand stone terraces and intersected with spacious gravel walks shaded by yew hedges. On the south is a beautiful terrace which overlooks the Wye, and the steps alone in the garden would be sufficient to build a handsome modern mansion.

"A genealogical table of the Vaughans seen by Heath at Courtfield in 1797 traced its descent



FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN, S. J.

from Caradoc Vreich Vras, Lord Ferlex who was a contemporary of King Arthur and a Knight of the Round Table in A. D. 517."

Father Vaughan delved deeper amid the roots of the family tree, but what of that? Then he clambered amid the branches, shaking down for my edification Vaughans who had been prosecuted for their Papist recusancy and Vaughans who were with Prince Charlie at Culloden.

And then he deprecated Herefordshire and Wordsworth's silvern Wye, but not Courtfield.

"Compared to this California," he said, "to this ever expanding theatre of God's wonders, Herefordshire is a bijou. If you ask me what is the most beautiful thing on this continent, I answer, Lake Louise. Shall I describe it?"

I waived the description, and I fancy Father Vaughan was a bit disappointed. However he did describe Yosemite, waxing lyrical over "the big trees with their feet in the grass and their heads in the stars" and their "beautiful fluted jasper columns." And our flowers! Especially our roses whose names he spelled! "All in one garden blending together in a perfect mosaic of color!" And the eucalyptus "flowering into color in its three hundred varieties!" And the dahlia "in its six hundred varieties!" Father Vaughan is an enthusiast, a regular Newton Lynch pippin of a booster who can outcount Heinz!

And our people! How charming et cetera! And our archbishop "who is the typical San Franciscan, cultured, kind, courteous, eloquent, with a fascinating manner that holds you spellbound."

"Do you know what I thought you were going to say, Father?" I interposed very gravely. Father Vaughan couldn't imagine.

"I thought you were going to say, 'with a fascinating manner that fits him for the College of Cardinals.'"

Father Vaughan had read the despatch from Rome, but what this Jesuit brother of a cardinal said about cardinals I shall never divulge. I'd like to but he sealed my lips.

We had been traveling leisurely from Courtfield by Wordsworth's silvern Wye in bijou Herefordshire to that other family of Father Vaughan's discourse, the family where the sins of society are committed. And now we crossed its naughty threshold.

"I should like to see more home life here," said Father Vaughan.

Now he talked sermonically, in pulpit periods, and I can only reflect the high lights of his argument.

That we are living in the "age of headlines, snapshots, motor cars and music halls"; that our lives "are like the cinematograph," "a nightmare in the glare of day; that our streets are "a delirium of panic"; that our homes are "sadly, almost studiously neglected"; that married life is "life in a hired flat where everything is furnished but the cradle"; that the "living poems, the joybells, the fairest bloom of the household, children," are not to be found; that "anything favoring racial suicide should be shunned as you would avoid some pestilential breeding swamp"; that unless something is done we shall be "hiring hearses instead of purchasing cradles"; that "the state depends on the home, the home on the marriage tie and the marriage tie on the character of the union between the prospective father and mother"; but that our men and women "want a good time instead of children"—these were some of Father Vaughan's strictures upon American life. They are his strictures upon British life as well; they syllabus his book "The Sins of Society" which we have all read of course. So it is not necessary to enlarge upon them now.

A polished man indeed! One would fain talk literature with him instead of race suicide. Perhaps I missed my opportunity when he mentioned Wordsworth. Who knows but that by a deft twist, when we stood at that horseshoe bend of the silvern Wye, I could have switched the current of talk to more genial topics? But after all it was not my interview. It was most literally Father Vaughan's. And besides, horrid thought! he might have felt the necessity of turning the symposium into a bally spelling bee!

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One of the Crowd

By Arnold Bennett

He comes out of the office, which is a pretty large one, with a series of nods—condescending, curt, indifferent, friendly, and deferential. He has detestations and preferences, even cronies; and if he has superiors, he has also inferiors. But whereas his fate depends on the esteem of a superior, the fate of no inferior depends on his esteem. When he nods deferentially he is bowing to an august power before which all others are in essence equal; the least of his inferiors knows that. And the least of his inferiors will light, on the stairs, a cigarette with the same gesture, and of perhaps the same brand, as his own—to signalize the moment of freedom, of emergence from the machine into human citizenship. Presently he is walking down the crammed street with one or two preferences or indifferences, and they are communicating with each other in slang, across the shoulders of jostling interrupters, and amid the shouts of newsboys and the immense roaring of the roadway. And at the back of his mind, while he talks and smiles, or frowns, is a clear vision of a terminus and a clock and a train. Just as the water-side man, wherever he may be, is aware, night and day, of the exact state of the tide, so this man carries in his brain a time-table of a particular series of trains, and subconsciously he is always aware whether he must hurry or may loiter. His case is not peculiar. He is just an indistinguishable man on the crowded footpaths, and all the men on the footpaths, like him, are secretly obsessed by the vision of a train just moving out of a station.

He arrives at the terminus with only one companion; the rest, with nods, have vanished away at one street corner or another. Gradually he is sorting himself out. Both he and his companion know that there are a hundred and twenty seconds to spare. The companion relates a new humorous story of something unprintable, alleged to have happened between a man and a woman. The receiver of the story laughs with honest glee, and is grateful, and the companion has the air of a benefactor; which indeed he is, for these stories are the ready-money of social intercourse. The companion strides off, with a nod. The other remains solitary. He has sorted himself out, but only for a minute. In a minute he is an indistinguishable unit again, with nine others, in the compartment of a moving train. He reads an evening newspaper, which seems to have come into his hand of its own agency, for he catches it every night with a purely mechanical grasp as it flies in the street. He reads of deeds and misdeeds, and glances aside uneasily from the disturbing tidings of restless men who will not let the social order alone. Suddenly, after the train has stopped several times, he folds up the newspaper as it is stopping again, and gets blindly out. As he surges up into the street on a torrent of his brothers, he seems less sorted than ever. The street into which he comes is broad and busy, and the same newspapers are flying in it. Nevertheless, the street is different from the streets of the centre. It has a reddish or a yellowish quality of color, and there is not the same haste in it. He walks more quickly now. He walks a long way up another broad street, in which rare autobuses and tradesmen's carts rattle and thunder. The street gets imperceptibly quieter, and more verdurous. He passes a dozen side-streets, and at last he turns into a side-street. And this side-street is full of trees and tranquillity. It is so silent that to reach it he might have travelled seventy miles instead of seven. There are glimpses of yellow and red houses behind thick summer verdure. His pace still quickens. He smiles to himself at the story, and wonders to whom he can present it on the morrow. And then he halts and pushes open a gate upon which is painted a name. And he is in a small garden, with a vista of a larger garden behind. And down the vista is a young girl, with the innocence and grace and awkwardness and knowingness of her years—sixteen; a little shabby, or perhaps careless, in her attire, but enchanting. She starts forward, smiling, and exclaims:

"Father!"

Now he is definitely sorted out.

Though this man is one of the crowd, though nobody would look twice at him in Cannon street, yet it is to the successful and the felicitous crowd that he belongs. There are tens of thousands of his grade; but he has the right to fancy himself a bit. He can do certain difficult things very well—else how, in the fierce and gigantic struggle for money, should he contrive to get hold of five hundred pounds a year?

He is a lord in his demesne; nay, even a sort of eternal father. Two servants go in fear of him, because his wife uses him as a bogey to intimidate them. His son, the schoolboy, the one at school, knows there is no appeal from him, and quite sincerely has an idea that his pockets are inexhaustible. Whenever his son has seen him called upon to pay he has always paid, and money has always been left in his pocket. His daughter adores and exasperates him. His wife, with her private system of visits, and her suffragetting, and her independences, recognizes ultimately in every conflict that the resultant of forces is against her and for him. When he is very benevolent he joins her in the game of pretending that they are equals. He is the distributor of joy. When he laughs, all laugh, and word shoots through the demesne that father is in good humor.

He laughs tonight. The weather is superb; it is the best time of the year in the suburbs. Twilight is endless; the silver will not die out of the sky. He wanders in the garden, the others with him. He works potteringly. He shows himself more powerful than his son, both physically and mentally. He spoils his daughter, who is daily growing more mysterious. He administers flattery to his wife. He throws scraps of kindness to the servants. It is his wife who at last insists on the children going to bed. Lights show at the upper windows. The kitchen is dark and silent. His wife calls to him from upstairs. He strolls round to the front patch of garden, stares down the side road, sees an autobus slide past the end of it, shuts and secures the gate, comes into the house, bolts the front-door, bolts the back-door, inspects the windows, glances at the kitchen; finally, he extinguishes the gas in the hall. Then he leaves the ground-floor to its solitude, and on the first-floor peeps in at his snoring son, and admonishes his daughter through a door ajar not to read in bed. He goes to the chief bedroom, and locks himself therein with his wife; and yawns. The night has come. He has made his dispositions for the night. And now he must trust himself, and all that is his, to the night. A vague, faint anxiety penetrates him. He can feel the weight of five human beings depending on him; their faith in him lies heavy.

In the middle of the night he wakes up, and is reminded of such-and-such a dish of which he partook. He remembers what his wife said: "There's no doing anything with that girl"—the daughter—"I don't know what's come over her." And he thinks of all his son's faults and stupidities, and of what it will be to have two children adult. It is true—there is no doing anything with either one or the other. Their characters are unchangeable—to be taken or left. This is one lesson he has learnt in the last ten years. And his wife . . . ! The whole organism of the demesne presents itself to him, lying awake, as most extraordinarily complicated. The garden alone, the rose-trees alone—what a constant cause of solicitude! The friction of the servants—was one of them a thief or was she not? The landlord must be bulied about the roof. Then, new wall-papers! A hinge! His clothes! His boots! His wife's clothes, and her occasional strange disconcerting apathy! The children's clothes! Rent! Taxes! Rates! Season-ticket! Subscriptions! Negligence of the newsvendor! Bills! Seaside holiday! Erratic striking of the drawing-room clock! The pain in his daughter's back! The singular pain in his own groin—nothing, and yet . . . ! Insurance premium! And above all the office! Who knew, who could tell, what might happen? There was no margin of safety, not fifty pounds margin of safety. He walked in success and happiness on a thin brittle crust! Crack! And where would they all be? Where would be the illusion of his son and daughter that he was an impregnable and unshakable rock? What would his son think if he knew that his father often calculated to half-a-crown, and economized in cigarettes and a great deal in lunches? . . .

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXX—THE POTTER'S FIELD

By Edward Robeson Taylor

(This sonnet by Dr. Taylor celebrates the old City Cemetery which was recently cleared of its tombs and converted into Lincoln Park. The lines are taken from Dr. Taylor's volume "Lavender and Other Verses," publish by Paul Elder and Company of this city.)

The wind blows keen from off the ocean's breast
Where springtime grasses, done with living, lie
Low on these graves, that list no human sigh
For those who there all unregarded rest—
Each nameless one the City's wayworn guest,
Who long, beneath Misfortune's sullen sky,
Strove, till he could no more his woes defy,
Then fell to death unheeded and unblest.
But soon the cypresses will grip the bones
Of these lorn dead, and on their bodies feed
To bid them live anew in branch and leaf;
And children here, in merry-making tones,
All things of happiness will gaily breed,
Nor know that under them roll seas of grief.

The Spectator

An Arrest and a Moral

About two weeks ago a Japanese lace house in the downtown shopping district was broken into by burglars who managed to make their "getaway" with a lot of valuable loot. A few days later the police made several arrests, and one of the suspects whom they locked up on pretty good evidence is an old acquaintance of our thief-takers named Adam Stroh. The arrest of Adam Stroh is interesting, because it holds a moral for our amateur penologists whose soft hearts yearn for wholesale jail deliveries. Adam Stroh is a convict who would not have been at large when the recent burglary was committed had it not been for the kindly offices of Fremont Older. Older's faith in Stroh was very strong, but it may be doubted whether the editor-philanthropist continues to regard him as a worthy object of sentimental solicitude. If Older still has faith in Adam Stroh, then Older's is a faith which can move mountains.

A "Reformed" Burglar

Fremont Older interested himself in Adam Stroh because he was assured that Adam Stroh had reformed. This assurance was conveyed to Older by Donald Lowrie who had met Stroh when both were doing time at San Quentin and who should have been in a position to know. It was high time that Stroh reformed anyway. His criminal record is a pretty full one and it dates back to the year 1884. Stroh is a five time loser; that is to say, he has made the journey across the bay to San Quentin five times. His last sentence was for twenty years, but he was paroled in 1909 and discharged from parole in 1911. Shortly after his restoration to entire freedom he was arrested for burglary, and was held for trial in January of this year. It was then that Stroh convinced Donald Lowrie that he had reformed. Lowrie in turn convinced Older, and the latter enthusiastic penologist was so impressed that he went to the front for Stroh with the result that repentant Adam was admitted to probation. But alas! the old Adam in Adam Stroh asserted itself, and his arrest for burglarizing the Japanese lace house followed. He hadn't reformed after all. Of course his probation has been revoked, and he will be tried for burglary.

Phelan versus Newlands

Are we to have a battle of the little giants on the Pacific Coast? Are the millions and the influence of James Duval Phelan to be pitted against the millions and the influence of Francis Griffith Newlands? Are these two suave Democrats to clash in a catch-as-catch-can struggle for seats at the Cabinet table in the White House? From what I have heard it looks that way. The rumble of opposing parks of political artillery reaches the ear that is held patiently to the ground. The indications are that we are to be treated to as pretty a scrap as can be seen this side of Thrace. For it seems that "Jimmy" Phelan and Frank Newlands are contestants for the honor of representing the Pacific Coast in the official family of President Woodrow Wilson. Each is determined to win; each is shapening a knife for the slitting of the other's weasand. Lay on! say I, and damned be him that first cries "Sufficient!"

Their Rival Claims

Volunteer cabinet makers in this vicinity have settled it to their own satisfaction that the Pacific Coast is to have a representative in the Cabinet. Of course the volunteer cabinet makers may be very wrong. President Wilson may not see the necessity of giving the Coast a place. But granting that when he returns from Bermuda he will decide to appoint a Cabinet officer from this side of the continent, say to the Department of the Interior or the Department of Commerce and Labor, the two warring aspirants will be Phelan and Newlands. Both think they have claims on Woodrow. Phelan contributed to the national campaign fund and to the campaign fund for this State. His total contributions, I suppose, totalled some six or seven thousand dollars. Not a great deal for a millionaire, to be sure. Newlands was more generous. Probably twenty thousand dollars of his good money went into the fight, principally into the fight in Nevada. Phelan was one of the original Wilson men in California. So was Newlands in Nevada. So far it looks like a stand-off.

Newlands' Coup

But Newlands has a very particular claim on the gratitude of his party. He probably did more than any other man to help Key Pitman take the Nevada senatorial toga away from Judge Massey. That was a hard fight. George Wingfield and his friends who are legion were all lined up on the side of Judge Massey. Newlands threw himself heart and soul into the Pitman canvass. The California campaign managers wanted Newlands to speak in this State during the campaign, but he declined, pleading as excuse that his hands were full of the task of electing Key Pitman. Pitman won by a narrow margin of eighty-nine votes. His election is of peculiar importance because when he takes his seat he will turn the scale in the Senate against the Republicans. With Pitman's vote the Democrats of the Senate will muster forty-nine votes while the Republicans will have forty-eight. So Newlands did a great service for the party, and he will expect his reward.

Jimmy is Close Up

Phelan offsets this advantage by enjoying the personal friendship of the President elect. Woodrow and Jimmy are very chummy. Woodrow has expressed his esteem for Jimmy and his respect for his abilities. Besides, Phelan has

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the close friendship of William J. Bryan. Bryan would go out of his way to help Phelan in a fight. So there you are. It looks as though it will be a fight worth while. When the first sign of any attempt to program the Pacific Coast for Phelan is given, the Newlands adherents will get busy. And they say that what they won't do to the San Francisco man won't be worth mentioning. The only other Pacific Coast aspirant for a Cabinet position I have heard of is Judge Will R. King of Oregon. King is national committeeman for Oregon and was in charge of the bureau of supplies for the national committee during the campaign. But he is not to be considered over seriously.

The Circus and the Band

The women of the Infants' Shelter who managed the society circus have learned a lot about the principles of organized labor. To that lovely body of gentlemen, the Musicians' Union, they are indebted for enlightenment. One of the essentials of a circus being a band the women thought it would be a good idea to get the one at the Presidio. Uncle Sam's musicians were willing to play for the fun of the thing, to contribute their services to charity. Almost everything else had been donated. Printing cost nothing. The theatres furnished stage hands and ushers. All the talent had been volunteered, but when the Musicians' Union heard that the music was to be furnished by the army there was an uproar. The officers of the union were asked what they would charge for a band. They would charge only $900. They were told the price was too steep. Presently the women learned that organized labor through its pull at Washington had caused a rule to be made prohibiting army bands from competing with union bands. The women entered into communication with the War Department, and meanwhile they tried to conciliate the officers of the union. It was suggested that as the Infants' Shelter was maintained for the benefit of the poor and that as the children of union men were often cared for there, the musicians if they would not volunteer their services should at least not insist on cutting down the profits of the entertainment. But the musicians were not to be moved by an appeal to a feeling of charity. For a time the women stood firm, and the union cut the price, first to five hundred and then to three hundred, and finally it was decided to hire the union band, not as a concession to union labor but because it was feared that the carpenters might be called out.

Morals of the Auto Trade

The Candid Friend of the Sunday Call quotes approvingly a suggestion that the automobile should be Christianized as it is a most immoral machine. The automobile certainly has a demoralizing effect on folks addicted to it; likewise on persons engaged in handling it for owners. The morals of the automobile trade are in an awful state. Herbert Spencer once wrote an essay on the morals of trade in which he said that illicit practices of every form and shade, from venial deception up to all but direct theft, may be brought home not only to the lower classes but also to the higher grades of the commercial world. He maintained that many elaborately devised frauds had become established as "customs of the trade." It is probably under this head that the delinquencies of the automobile business are properly to be classed. The giving of commissions is of course one of the customs of trade, and as a result of this custom many automobiles are sent to the repair shop when the only thing that needs repair is the chauffeur's purse. I heard of a millionaire automobile owner who recently discovered that every time a tire was bought for his machine he was charged for two. I know of several wealthy men who have sold their autos from sheer exasperation at the continual fleecing from which they suffered. They concluded that it was cheaper and less troublesome to hire taxis.

The Good Chauffeur

The most exasperating of all the troubles of the automobile owner is that of keeping the machine for his own exclusive use. Perhaps of all the rare things under the sun there is nothing quite so rare as the chauffeur who never goes joyriding at the expense of his employer. There is a prominent physician in town who used to boast that he was fortunate above other mortals, having, as he was certain, a chauffeur who was too virtuous to take the machine out without permission. One morning at breakfast he learned from his favorite journal that the night before his machine had furnished a car-load of patients to one of the hospitals; also, that the machine was fit only for the scrap-heap. That good chauffeur had done the trick.

The Air-Tight Garage

Some time ago automobile owners were made happy by the opening of a garage in a fashionable neighborhood the management of which had devised a plan to safeguard machines from the passion for surreptitious joyriding. In this garage a man was stationed near the entrance night and day to keep tab on every machine that came in and went out. At the end of each month each owner received a report of the exact hour of entrance and exit. One night one of the patrons of this garage found his machine in the tenderloin. He said nothing. At the end of the month he received his report. It showed that on the night the machine was in the tenderloin it never left the garage. He told some of his friends the story, and they investigated and found that between the night watchman at the garage and the chauffeurs there were very friendly relations.

Knocking the Pioneers

It isn't a bit kind of an elderly gentleman like Hubert Howe Bancroft to take a swat at our Society of California Pioneers. One wouldn't have expected such unkindness from an old chap who has reached the age which mellows. Yet Hubert Howe Bancroft has actually done this. He girds at the Pioneers in his latest book called "Retrospection." Listen to the veteran publisher and publicist: "There were never any pioneers, properly so called, in California, though there is a pioneer society in San Francisco, the distinguishing character of whose members is not merit, achievement or intellect, but simply existence. They or their progenitors came to California before a certain date. If as horse thieves, the membership requirement would be met all the same." That's pretty bad language. The fact that it is the truth doesn't seem to take

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the curse off it. Suppose the progeny of Yankee Sullivan or any other victim of the Vigilance Committee of 1856 is eligible for membership in our Society of Pioneers? Must we be reminded of our antecedents in this cavalier fashion? I for one don't like it. I expect to hear a mighty protest directed at Hubert Howe Bancroft's head. Maybe he's envious because, having arrived only in '52, he isn't eligible for membership.

The Hotel Rafael on the Block

So the Hotel Rafael is to be sold at auction! And Baron Von Schroeder is going to return to his native country! We are coming to the end of the chapter. I am glad the Hotel Rafael is to be sold, but I am sorry the Baron is going to leave us. It is of considerable importance to this city that the hotel property in San Rafael should change hands, for the hotel ought to be a means of attracting people to the most beautiful county in our State, proximity to which is one of San Francisco's finest assets. But how little is it known! So far as the stranger from the East is concerned San Rafael is as far away from San Francisco as San Francisco is from San Diego. It is really a suburb of the metropolis, and in its reticent aspect, its variety and engaging details of scenery it has all the charm of a picturesque Spanish village in the days of the Missions. Almost anywhere in Marin County, whether in the mellow sunshine on the flanks of Tamalpais or along the winding roads of the foothills, is to be found the ideal home site for the man who would fare far from the madding crowd yet remain within striking distance. But Marin County is known nowhere but in California. It ought to have a big fine hotel, and it would have had one long ago if Baron Von Schroeder could have been induced to sell his property.

No Great Captain of Industry

Baron Von Schroeder tried to make the Hotel pay under his own management some years ago, but was unsuccessful. The Baron is not a great business man. During the years he has managed the estate of his wife it has not grown. Indeed the Baron has been very unfortunate in his business ventures; so much so that he has probably become disgusted with the ways of business in this country, and doubtless longs for the repose and quiet of a nice little estate in Germany where the high cost of living is not the problem of the hour. The Baroness Von Schroeder inherited nearly two million dollars from her father. She will not take that much to Germany with her.



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Is the Hill Railroad Coming?

Once more there is activity in Bay Farm Island real estate, and again it is attributed to the designs of the Jim Hill railroad interests. Bay Farm Island is a fine level stretch of territory just south of the town of Alameda, long regarded as an ideal spot for terminal facilities for a railroad. Several years ago it was said that Jim Hill had his eye on this property. Now it is said that the Hill railroad people have expressed their determination to reach the waters of San Francisco Bay. I have no authentic information on the subject, but I know that somebody has been offering $3,000 an acre for Bay Farm Island, and that although a few years ago the land was valued at $1,000 an acre, the owners are now holding out for $5,000 an acre.

A Poet and His Prize

George Sterling made a little easy money the other day. He was one of the three winners of "The Lyric Year Prizes." Some time ago Mitchell Kennerley, the publisher, announced that an anonymous lover of poetry had offered $1,000 to be competed for by poets, and to be divided into three prizes, $500 for the first and $250 for each of the others. George Sterling did not compete in the sense of writing a poem for a prize, but a poem inspired by the Browning centenary which he had published months ago was submitted and it was awarded second prize. The first prize was won by Orrick Johns of St. Louis, and second money was divided between Sterling and Thomas Augustin Daly of Philadelphia. The Ledger of that city in its account of the winning of the prizes refers to Sterling as "a writer of Italian and Irish dialect verse," which is perhaps more of a joke on Daly than on Sterling, for Daly is the writer of Italian and Irish dialect verse, and he lives in Philadelphia. A somnolent Quaker city journal is not to be wakened even by the singing of the poet next door.

What Saith Hassett?

Young Hiester, the son of him who once controlled the destinies of the old Daily Report, was on the witness stand in a case before Judge Murasky the other day. An attorney examined him as to the age of the woman involved in the law suit. "I should say that she is about seventy years of age," said Hiester in reply to a question. "Don't you know," thundered counsel, "that this woman is not more than fifty years old?" "How should I know?" replied Hiester. "I am not an expert on age. I know for a fact that M. C. Hassett is eighty-one years old, but he claims to be sixty and doesn't look a day over seventy."

The Great "Fingy"

It is our unusual privilege to entertain two distinguished politicians and newspaper publishers at one and the same time. Singularly enough, they both come from Buffalo. I refer of course to Norman E. Mack, for many years chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and "Fingy" Conners, for quite a long time the chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York. Mack and Conners are rival editors. Mack's paper is the Buffalo Times while Conners has two to his credit, the Morning Courier and the Evening Enquirer. Mack is a polished gentleman, a suave man of affairs and of the world. "Fingy" or W. J. Conners is a man of another stamp. A millionaire and one of the largest employers of labor in the world, "Fingy" has never succeeded in obliterating the telltale marks that link him to his rough and tumble past. He has

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been fittingly described as a ward heeler raised to the nth power, a typical river front tough only partly tamed and civilized and made into a millionaire.

Saving His Face

Two years ago Conners was engaged in one of his periodical political fights. It was a bitter contest for supremacy in the New York State committee, and the outlook was so dark that "Fingy" was inclined to compromise. Then came from Mrs. "Fingy" Conners the message which is still repeated when politicians gather to reminisce. "Remember," she wired, "that I would rather be the widow of a brave man than the wife of a coward." Not very encouraging perhaps, but it steeled "Fingy" to the fray and he "saved his face." Yes, he saved his face, whereupon one cynical politician wanted to know whether it was worth saving. It's a remarkable phiz, without a doubt. They tell a story about it. It seems that Conners once presented his newspaper pass to a train conductor who did not know him by sight. The conductor thought it had been stolen and took it up. Then he wired to division headquarters: "Man with a pass who looks like a prizefighter and acts like a tough says he's W. J. Conners." Promptly came the answer: "That's him."

He's a Fighter

Conners started life as a cabin boy on a lake steamer; then he became a porter; later a longshoreman. Fighting was a big part of the day's work on the Buffalo waterfront and "Fingy" was a great fighter. He followed the dock law: "If you can't whip your man with your fists, whip him with a bale stick or a box hook or anything else that comes handy—only whip him." But he didn't waste his fighting force. When he was made foreman of a gang of freight handlers he lined the men up on the wharf. "If there's a mother's son in this gang what thinks he can lick me,'" he said, "let him come and do it right now." A six-footer stepped forward, rolling up his sleeves. "So ye think yez are as good a man as me, do ye, Pat?" asked Conners, and the other admitted the soft impeachment. "Well then," replied Conners, "yez are fired, for I won't have no man in the gang that thinks he can lick me."

His Big Fight

"Fingy" got into the saloon business on the docks and began to make money. Then he conceived the idea which made him a millionaire. He became a labor contractor, taking contracts to handle freight for all the big steamship companies that put into Buffalo. At first he had trouble with the unions, but he knew how to control men and he saw to it that the labor leaders were his creatures. In other words he soon came to own the unions. He made a big mistake when he tried to control the grain business as he had the freight business. The grain handlers drink an enormous amount of red liquor and "Fingy" made a rule that they must drink it in his saloons. If they didn't drink enough he fired them. The result was that if a man went home on pay night without a "load" he went home without a job. The wives of the grain handlers soon arose in their wrath against this system. They enlisted the help of the clergy, and made it so hot for "Fingy" that he had to retire from the grain business. "The diamonds he wears are the crystallized tears of your women," said a priest addressing the men. It was "Fingy's" biggest fight and he was badly beaten.

Signs of Prosperity

When "Fingy" became prosperous he built himself a sumptuous home in Buffalo's best residence section. On the lawn in front of the house he had his name spelled out in big white stones. "What does he think he's doing—building a railway station?" asked one indignant dowager. He ran to diamonds too, wearing stones like flashlights in his shirt front, on his fingers and his sleeves. When somebody made objection to this "Fingy" settled the matter with an epigram: "Them that has 'em, wears 'em."

A Chameleon in Politics

Conners entered politics years ago as a Republican, but didn't attach himself irrevocably to the party. He has switched from party to party as his interests demanded, but since the first McKinley campaign has been a Democrat. He formed an alliance with Charles Murphy of Tammany, and was instrumental in making Murphy swallow Hearst as a gubernatorial candidate. "There's ain't nothin' can come between me and Charlie Murphy," he said once; "they don't make nothin' as thin as that." But they quarreled just the same, and he called Murphy some pretty hard names. "Fingy" has less crudity now than he used to have, but nobody would mistake him for a college graduate. The Buffalo newspapermen say he's a good boss to work for.

The Eclipse of Black

The placid, not to say somnolent convention of the State Bar Association at Fresno was ruffled out of its calm by only one incident. There was interminable discussion about some proposed amendment of our civil proceedure. Attorney R. S. Gray of this city took a lively interest in the debate, and when the proper moment came he jumped to his feet to deliver an impassioned argument. When he sat down Attorney A. P. Black of this city arose to reply. "Let me inject a little color into this discussion," pleaded Black and proceeded to darken counsel. When he had finished Jim Brennan of Charlie Fickert's staff took the floor. "Mr. Black," he said, "has asked permission to inject a little color into this debate. I have always understood that black was the total absence of color, and having heard Mr. Black I see no reason to change my opinion."

Bohemians, Spare That Tree!

Thus Vanderlynn Stow to his fellows of the Bohemian Club. But a lot of his fellows don't want to spare that tree, and there's a pretty row on in the land of the owl. Vanderlynn Stow is the head and front of Bohemia's grove committee, and the other members, William Letts Oliver and Jake Levison, are wont to let him run the beautiful preserve by the Russian River pretty much as he sees fit. For years nothing has been done in Bohemian Grove except at the direction of Vanderlynn Stow, and his services have been of so praiseworthy a sort that the admiring Bohemians have commemorated them in a nice



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bronze tablet. But just now Vanderlynn Stow is in trouble. His latest project has hit a snag. It seems that a great tree interferes with freedom of action on Bohemia's woodland stage. Joe Redding and Henry Hadley found it in the way when they were preparing "The Atonement of Pan" but did the best they could. But now, on account of that inconvenient tree, Stow wants to move the stage to another part of the grove. Of course that would entail a great expense, and a number of insurgents who think the grove costs the club too much money anyway, have uttered a roar of protest. They propose to solve the problem more cheaply by cutting the tree down. But Stow will not think of letting the woodman lay his ax to the tree. Matters have come to an impasse. Shall Stow remain the autocrat of the grove? Or shall the insurgents have their way? Stow says he'll resign if the stage is not moved. "Let him!" cry the insurgents. So it's a serious matter. Meanwhile the disinterested are humming that popular ditty of Bohemia, "The Benches of Vanderlynn Stow" and waiting to see what will happen.

Seattle's Purity Squad

In common with our pious sister-town of Los Angeles the sea port city of Seattle has a Purity Squad. For the benefit of San Franciscans thus far unfamiliar with this particular manifestation of the uplift, it may be explained that a Purity Squad is a force of women who go about by day and night with a carrienational determination to keep young men and women from yielding to their carnal inclinations. The modus operandi of the Seattle Purity Squad may be understood from a tale which a traveler from the northern town brings me. It seems that one night recently two sailors went to Seattle from the Bremerton navy yard to call on two girls they knew and take them to the theatre. After the theatre they were walking along the street with these girl friends when two members of the Purity Squad, women of forbidding visage, approached them. The Purity Squadsters scented wickedness and showing their badges, insisted that the sailors separate from the girls. There was, in the end, nothing else for the sailors to do, so they went back to Bremerton while the two viragoes escorted the girls to their homes. The sailors reported the matter to the commandant at Bremerton, and that official waxed exceeding wrathy. He carried the case to Washington as an unwarranted interference with the liberty of two servants of Uncle Sam, and things became very unpleasant for the Purity Squad. The women succeeded in frightening the girls into statements that they were glad they had been separated from the sailors, but Uncle Sam is not satisfied and it looks as though the Purity Squad of Seattle is doomed.

Back from Pueblo Land

If you want to hear a painter rhapsodize get Artist Best a-talking about his recent visit to New Mexico. He waxes almost lyrical about that land of sage brush, cactus and drifting sand which supported in prehistoric ages a mighty population whose relics, now hidden, now revealed by the restless sands awe the modern traveler. In company of a former pupil Best visited many Indian villages and explored the ruins that crown the heights above Beaver Creek. Cliffs were scaled and dwellings entered where white men never trod before. Best returns with a sketch book bursting with studies for the brush work of many years. He has already painted two canvases that vibrate with the atmosphere of the desert while suggesting the mystery and romance of the ancient inhabitants. These with a score of other pictures will be displayed at an exhibition Best will give beginning Monday, December 9 at his studio, 1625 California street. The announcement of an exhibition by A. W. Best is always an important item for art lovers. Among the painters of California he holds a high place for the depth of feeling wedded to impeccable technique which distinguishes his landscapes and his figure paintings. Best is not a painter merely, but also a poet; he sees the beauty in familiar scenes and expresses it in wonderful colors. His is a magic brush known not here alone but also throughout the East. One of his canvases hangs amid the works of other great painters in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, and eastern dealers have no difficulty in disposing of the pictures he sends them. Decidedly Best's exhibition will be worth while.

Hector Fuller Known Here

Hector Fuller who arrived here the other day after vainly chasing Jordan Lawrence Mott and his affinity Mrs. Francis Howlett Bowne all the way around the world, is not unknown to San Francisco. He was here a few years ago as the advance agent for Mrs. Leslie Carter, and made himself popular among the newspapermen and other livers of the night life by his engaging personality and his knack of telling a story. Fuller is a soldier of fortune. I believe he was born in the Antipodes of British parents, but he is an Oxford man. After taking his degree he shipped before the mast and later served in both the British and American navies. He drifted into Indianapolis one day, and a managing editor discovered that he could write. He did dramatics till the Russian-Japanese war broke out and then he made for the front. It is said that he reached Vladisvostock in a sampan and managed to get within the Russian lines. I believe he was taken prisoner for finding out too much. After his escape he returned to this country and became an advance man, giving that up for the exciting chase in which he has been engaged for the past year.

Valeska's College Yell

Mackenzie Gordon should sue Valeska Suratt for infringement of copyright. For Valeska has been "lifting" some of Gordon's "stuff" as they say in the elegant parlance of the wings. In the second act of "The Kiss Waltz" Valeska asks her audience, apropos of nothing, "Have you ever heard the Phoenix, Arizona, college yell?" Then she gives it: "We will get well; we will get well" followed by a consumptive cough. That's Gordon's. He invented that for the last Bohemian Grove low jinks, only it wasn't the Phoenix College he fastened it to but the University of Southern California.

Mr. Lately Married—But, dearest, I thought we had planned to go to the opera this evening?

Mrs. Ditto—Yes, love; but I have changed our mind.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Our Vanishing Aristocracy

Not long ago I read in a London paper that one by one the members of the British aristocracy were relinquishing their great parts in the drama of English life, disappearing from the stage and divesting themselves from their insignia of rank. The very dukes it appears are effacing themselves. From the pomps and dignities of their past estate they are one by one passing into obscurity. The thought occurred to me that something of the same kind was happening in San Francisco, and then I read in one of our morning papers a long article about our "400" and the different sets that compose our aristocracy. From this article I learned that we really have something that approximates an old world aristocracy, but one, I fancy, that lives in the past. The writer of this morning newspaper article harks back to the Crocker ball that opened New Place and the "famous" dinner at Beaulieu. Nothing has happened since worth writing about, except perhaps some of the charity entertainments that enable climbers to get into the limelight and get written up as society women. What a lot of these society women are to be found selling tickets in hotel corridors! The town is full of them. Now some years ago we did have a very active social set down in Burlingame, but most of its members have effaced themselves. At any rate you don't find them much in evidence these days. The bavardes write about them to be sure, but chiefly for the purpose of mingling their names with the aspiring ones of the day. That's as near as some of the advertised belles and matrons ever get to the set to which they aspire. But it seems to satisfy them, this getting into society by means of cognomenal juxtaposition in a newspaper column.

The Question of Leadership

"Mrs. Crocker seems quite as fitted for leadership as Mrs. Carolan," says the writer referred to in the foregoing paragraph. What constitutes fitness for leadership, I wonder. Mrs. Crocker is a woman of education, refinement, imagination and wealth. Of Mrs. Carolan I know nothing but that she is a woman of wealth who likes expensive bookbindings and who used to like to dress like Mrs. Pat Campbell. She may possess all the qualifications of leadership for all I know, but what these qualifications are according to the provincial idea I do not know. Apart from such consideration, however, is the point I wish to make, which is this, that neither Mrs. Crocker nor Mrs. Carolan is making any effort to take the position of social leader in San Francisco. As compared with Mrs. Eleanor Martin both have almost effaced themselves from contemporary social history. And Mrs. Martin has never sought leadership. Mrs. Martin has a consuming passion for diversion, and she goes everywhere and in her home she is the genius of San Francisco hospitality, but she wouldn't take the job of presiding over a social set for anything. That, in Mrs. Martin's philosophy, comes under the head of serious business.



MISS CAMILLE DORN

A charming young girl, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. D. S. Dorn, who showed rare artistry at the piano in a recent concert at the St. Francis.

A Leader Nominated

Now if I were entrusted with the important duty of picking out a social leader I should consider a woman like Mrs. James Shea. I don't know Mrs. Shea. I have never seen Mrs. Shea, but I hear she looks like Gadsky, and I read about her almost every time I read a social column in a daily newspaper. I am told she belongs to the St. Francis Musical Art Society and that she is in touch with the Greenway Bachelors' and Benedicks', so it is clear she is in the parochial swim up to the chin. Being a woman of wealth with a taste for social gaiety Mrs. Shea has certainly some of the qualifications for leadership. But not for the present would she be able to take hold, for I have just read in my morning paper that Mrs. James Shea and Miss Kathleen Farrell have left for New York and Boston to be away several weeks where they will visit relatives, and where Miss Farrell will be the guest of some of the young women with whom she attended school in Paris; also, that Miss Farrell made her debut two seasons ago with Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Elva de Pue and others of that coterie of belles, and has been much entertained since, responding with generous hospitality. In conclusion the writer says "Mrs. Shea will be much missed." Perhaps Mrs. Shea will conquest Newport before she returns. If so then will she be all the more qualified for leadership.

Doctor Tevis Planned It

That Dr. Harry Tevis is the most accomplished host in society has never been disputed. The famous dinner he gave a number of years ago at the old Taylor street home was recorded in social annals as the most beautiful entertainment of the time. I recall as one detail the fire-works on the bay. The dining room of the Tevis home had broad French windows commanding a view of the bay and Alameda hills. During dinner several small boats anchored in the free space between Goat Island and the docks and sent a brilliant pyrothechnic display into the heavens for the pleasure of Dr. Tevis' guests in the dining-room on the hill. But what I wished to emphasize was the success of this famous host's sister Mrs. Sharon who rivaled Mrs. Carolan in the splendor of her ball Thursday night. Dr. Tevis came up from Los Gatos for the event and offered suggestions for the scheme of decoration which I have not seen surpassed in San Francisco. The affair which formally introduced Mrs. Sharon's god-daughter, Louise Janin, to society, took place at the Palace which is one of the properties of the Sharon estate and to which the family is ever faithful. For days architects and decorators had been at work in the entire southern end of the ground floor and the scene Thursday evening when six hundred of the elite were gathered there was fairy-like. The long corridor leading to this ball-room was arched with bending cypress trees set between bays and palms. At the entrance to the ball-room a sylvan setting of classic beauty led to the gold room where a veritable transformation had taken place. The room is very broad, almost square, and the width had been cut away along the west side to form a garden scene. There was a terrace bowered with cypress and palms and among the flowers were posed gorgeous peacocks. Carved seats surrounded fountains and dim lights were hung among the branches. The ball-room opened to this scene through white columned archs. Between dances a vaudeville performance was given on a stage at one end of the room and for older sets there were

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card tables in the smaller reception rooms. The society scribes did their best the next day but there is still much to be said of the most beautiful ball of many seasons in San Francisco.

On to Newport!

Walter Martin and his charming wife Mary Scott Martin have turned their backs on San Francisco for a spell. "They," the anonymous circulators of social chatter, "they" say that Walter and his spouse are headed East with the determination to conquer Newport. Interesting, I'm sure. The Walter Martins tried to conquer Newport once before, and while they passed the portals of its exclusiveness, they did not achieve any particular success there. That first splurge Newportward was made after Peter Martin married Lillie Oelrichs. For some reason or other Lillie Oelrichs Martin did not go out of her way to help Mary Scott Martin into the frothy eastern swim. Mrs. Walter Martin was a good deal disappointed at that time. Now she is to repeat her attempt, at least so "they" say. And this time "they" say her sponsor will be Jennie Crocker Whitman. Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. Whitman have always been close friends. The Scotts and the Crockers have a long-established alliance. Mrs. Martin's father, Henry T. Scott, has been credited with vastly increasing the fortunes of Jennie and Templeton Crocker by his shrewd business administration of their inheritance. Aside from that Mary and Jennie have have always been pals. So no doubt Jennie will do all she can to further Mary's Newport ambition. But I have not heard so far that Mrs. Whitman has been taken into the Newport set. I don't even know how anxious she is to get in. Maybe she'll invade it for the sake of Mrs. Walter Martin. Anyway it will be interesting to watch.

The Tribute to Mrs. Hearst

That was a fine tribute the university regents and others paid to that fairy god-mother Mrs. Phoebe Hearst on the occasion of her seventieth birthday. Mrs. Hearst is a fine woman who has done much good in the world, not only because she has brought much sunshine into the lives of many people but because she has set a beautiful example to all women who have it in their power to smooth the pathway of less fortunate mortals. Few women are so widely beloved as Mrs. Hearst. Well does she illustrate the saying that the evening of a well-spent life brings its lamps with it. Mrs. Hearst told President Wheeler that she thought it no great achievement to reach her seventieth birthday, nor is it, but to reach that birthday gracefully with a young heart that is in sympathy with young and old is an achievement that commands veneration. It is something for a woman to reach the three score year and ten period with so much of that sweetness of temperament that is characteristic of Mrs. Hearst, that beams in her countenance and makes becoming her silver locks.



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Young Atherton's Family

I was interested to read of the devotion of young Stephen Atherton to pretty Estelle Houston that the sudden marriage of this piquant belle to Bud Havens revealed. He is a clever young man, scion of the Menlo Park house of Atherton. His sister is Mrs. George Mullen (Olga Atherton) and his aunt is Mrs. Ed Eyre who was Florence, the sister of Faxon Atherton. The bride of Tuesday's wedding first came into social prominence at Bud Havens' ball given at the St. Francis last year when she danced the Texas Tommy with Bud and Charlie De Young in a way to make others stop to admire and inquire who she was.

Mirza at Montecito

It seems to be getting so that that amiable Persian charge d'affaires, Mirza Ali Kuli Khan



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pays us a yearly visit. Last year he came here and was entertained a great deal by the Frank Carolans. This year he has gone farther south; in fact he seems to be greatly taken with the beauties of Santa Barbara and Montecito. When I say "beauties," I refer to the natural beauties of that paradise, though Mirza likes to chat with a pretty girl too. Mrs. Miller Graham has had him to Bellosguardo for some formal affairs. But I wonder that Mirza doesn't go to Carmel. Once when he came to California he informed the world that Carmel was the literary hub of the universe, the successor not of Boston but of Athens. Thinking so, he should go there more frequently. Can it be that the hub has moved farther south?

The Latest Walk

The girls who don't sag or try to sag are hopelessly out of it these days. It's the latest thing in walks. In New York they call it the Venus de Milo stoop, the Nazimova crouch and the Mary Garden slouch. Here it is the sag, and all the girls are doing it or attempting to. Among the uptodate girls it is considered old-fashioned to hold yourself erect when you walk. You must sag. Hence the rhyme by some society poetaster:

If you want to be swagger
You must be a sagger.

A Changed Bobby

Has Eleonor Sears abandoned the strenuous life? Has she become a feminine mollycoddle devoted to frills and feathers? Will she be going in for tea fights instead of polo, for women's clubs instead of long hikes? There seems to be a metamorphosis. It was noted by observant scribes at the New York horse show. "Bobby" was there of course. But what a different Bobby! Says one writer: "No horse show would be complete without our only Eleonora, and she was present at nearly every session. But a very different Miss Sears appeared in the boxes—usually in Judge Moore's or in one of the Vanderbilt's—from the short-skirted hatless and bronzed girl of the tennis courts and polo fields, who has given the general impression that she is a careless, democratic young person of rather masculine appearance and tastes. This is a new Eleonora altogether to the public—a dignified, exceedingly well dressed and good-looking young woman, marcelled, chiffoned and picture-hatted, whom one would never dream could outride, outswim, outwalk and generally outclass nearly every man of her acquaintance." Perhaps a reason for the change may be found in the fact that Harold Vanderbilt was always hovering near her. They say there's a romance there. When love comes in at the door the mannishness usually flies out at the window.

An Exceptional Balladist

The program for this Saturday afternoon's music matinee at Kohler & Chase Hall will include Miss Jessie Mary Murray, soprano, as soloist. This successful young vocalist possesses a very delightful voice and is exceptional in the interpretation of English ballads. Among other features will be an interpretation on the Aeolian Pipe of the beautiful Walk to the Grail Castle from Wagner's Parsifal, and Wieniawsky's Valse de Concert to be played on the Pianola Piano.

A Surprise at the Tavern

One hundred and two members and guests of the Rotary Club were present at the weekly luncheon at Techau Tavern last Tuesday. Such a large attendance speaks volumes for the satisfactory service and menu of the Tavern, for it is a well known fact that, no matter how interesting the proceedings of an organization may be, or how strong its fraternal spirit, the attendance at its luncheons and banquets will inevitably decrease unless a high culinary standard is maintained. In this high standard lies the popularity of the Tavern, and to it is due the fact that on all holidays it is impossible to accommodate all who wish to dine. Thanksgiving Day was the greatest success the Tavern has ever known, and on this occasion each lady was presented with a souvenir bottle of Hanson-Jenks Violet Brut Toilet Water, a pleasant surprise which was much appreciated.

The high roller is seldom the one with lofty ideals.

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Valeska Suratt and "The Quaker Girl"

By Edward F. O'Day

Here is a young woman who seems to disturb the equilibrium of every small town she enters. Apparently she's as exciting as an earthquake or a cyclone or any other convulsion of nature. She gets as much space in the papers as Tommy Lipton or the Bulgarians. Her utterances are as faithfully chronicled as those of Teddy or Woodrow. Her hats, her gowns, her cloaks and pretty nearly everything else she wears are displayed and price-marked for our awed admiration. If she likes our women we are abundantly told so, and if she disapproves of our night life as too slow we are expected to assume the humble attitude apologetic. Whom she married and why, and wherefore she divorced him are set forth in exhaustive detail. The color of her eyes, the tint of her cheeks and the exact shade of red she wears on her lips are found worthy of extensive description. Her coming is an event no whit less signalized by the spillers of printer's ink than the arrival of a Bernhardt or a Maude Adams. Why is it? What charm does she exude? What dizzy heights of art has she conquered? Does she boast a Cleopatra's beauty? Has she the wit of a Recamier? Does she shine in the reflected glow of an aristocratic lineage? Or is she one of our humble girls who has risen through a genius for taking pains to a glorious supremacy on a stage that honored Mary Anderson and Modjeska? I went to the Cort to find out. And I left the Cort asking myself, Why is Valeska? For the life of me I can't answer the question. I found a woman of riddlesome age who applies the scene painter's broad strokes to the adornment of her face. Great dashes of black and purple and vermillion accentuate her eyes and cheeks and lips till she looks like a Babylonian charmer color-splashed for the captivation of a high priest. I found a woman who trains her hair down over her cheeks to the corners of her mouth, so that you'd think she cultivated side chops. I found a woman who is exceedingly conscious of her physical contours and insists on making you conscious of them too. Every posture accentuates some curve of her body. Every gown is built to lure the eye to her fleshly envelope. Every transparent drapery she dons is manipulated to breed suggestiveness. She bares her breast, she flings her naked arms, she tosses her legs in a mad attempt to overwhelm. She descends upon an inoffensive audience in prancing abandon and leaves sticky mouth marks on the shining domes of men who are unfortunate enough to be bald. She dances after a fashion and sings after a fashion, but without grace and most assuredly without distinction. She simulates good spirits which are not infectious, and laughs the hollow mockery of musical comedy laughter without awakening a single sincere echo in her audience. She interpolates lines which are not funny, and distributes an unexpected largess of osculation among the men of her company. Why should it be? Why should an actress make a marketplace of her lips and a Punch and Judy show of her body? Why should a big production be constructed round a personality that flaunts vulgarity? If the days when well-meaning women strove to elevate the stage are gone beyond recall, why should we be constrained to study the degeneracy of the theatre as exemplified in one who is not even elevated by the stage? Are we not insulting our own intelligence, mediocre though it be? Or is this the sort of woman in the sort of offering which pleases us best? I don't really think it is. But then the question recurs, Why is Valeska? I give it up.



MISS FRANKIE CARPENTER

Who will appear with Jere Grady in their newest comedy "The Butterfly" next week at the Orpheum.

* * * * * *

Very refreshing after the feverish attempt at entertainment presided over by Valeska Suratt was the English musical comedy "The Quaker Girl" at the Columbia. Here is musical comedy of the sort we have grown to expect from London ever since "Florodora" set out on its journey round the world. A simple, coherent and very interesting plot is developed through three acts with considerable dramatic skill and with dialogue which is always attractive and very frequently humorous enough to induce hearty laughter. The characters are clearly visualized and are given things to do which make them worthy the best efforts of good actors and actresses. In other words great pains have been taken with the libretto, the result being that it shames the slapdash efforts of our American librettists who dash off their "books," apparently, between dinner and supper. It is only necessary to say of the music that it was written by Lionel Monckton, an English composer who has a great deal of very pleasing light music to his credit and who has reason to feel proud of this his latest attempt. From start to finish the music enthralls the ear, and there are a number of delicious lyrics with melodies that linger after the strains have died away. "The Quaker Girl," in fact, is one of those entertainments which gives so much delight the first time it is heard that the hearer makes up his mind to hear it again. And I don't think it would pall after the second or third hearing. The company is one of unusual excellence for this sort of entertainment. At its head are Victor Morley, already a favorite here, and Miss Natalie Alt, a young woman of beauty who knows a great deal about acting and possesses a very sweet, true voice. Having made Miss Alt's acquaintance under the pleasantest auspices we all hope to see her again, and that soon. Victor Morley plays his part with great gusto and dances as we are accustomed to see him dance, with nimble grace and that thing called "class." In his lovemaking in the first act he is very engaging, and so is the demure Miss Alt. The story of the hunting of the "gezink" which he tells in the second act is one of the most delicious bits of foolery we have had in a long time. Another player is Miss Andree Corday who handles the part of a French modiste with great comic spirit. A great deal of the fun is made by William Friend, a comedian who is never vulgar and always amusing. He plays opposite Miss Amy Lesser, a young woman who never forgets that hers is a character part. The hoydenish dance she does in the second act wins deserved applause. All the dancing in "The Quaker Girl" is very good, and the choruses have been trained to preserve the atmosphere of the piece. Too much praise cannot be given to the stage director, for he has observed the English rule that every player must stay within the limits of his or her character and thus show proper regard for the ensemble effect. "The Quaker Girl" is very welcome, and it is to be hoped that she will be properly appreciated during her stay with us.

Gossip of the Theatre

Two Women

With Mme. Gerville-Reache and Tina Lerner making history in San Francisco almost at one and the same time we ought to feel that far as we are from the centre of mundane affairs at least we are in touch with that invisible world whose echoes are the graces of music. Mme. Gerville-Reache is no stranger to us, though, I am sorry to say, this great artist has not been accorded the welcome that she was justified in expecting after the proof she gave us of her supremacy in song on her first visit. Tina Lerner is another story. She was not unheralded, but we had no conception of her gifts—physical, mental or spiritual. Tina Lerner! There is magic in the name as well as in her dainty fingers. It makes one think of Corinna of Tanagra perhaps because she is so like one of those fragile figurines and a veritable phantom of delight when she plays. Tina Lerner is the first big sensation of the symphony season. A wonderful artist at the piano is she. In the Tschaikowsky concerto she caused both wonder and delight. She comes to the piano with the authority of power, and plays with a calm certainty of self, with the assurance of complete mastery. Tschaikowsky was a born musician, who found in music his instinc-

nic and soft mode of utterance, and though Tina Lerner puts her own qualities into her interpretation she forces one to fall into the composer's state of mind, which from all accounts contained many spectre-haunted chambers. Her execution is tremendous and exhilarating. It is as though her fingers were intoxicated with sound. She makes one wonder what really are the limitations of the pianaforte. . . . Mme. Gerville-Reache must have been somewhat disheartened at her opening concert last Sunday so poor was the attendance. I can account for it only by blaming it on the weather. Though not a day of war sunshine, the mid-winter atmosphere was bracing enough to tempt lovers of the open air and to make competition even for a great song-bird. However, those who attended the concert enjoyed a rare treat, as the sparse attendance seemed to have no effect on the enthusiasm of the singer. Yet it seemed to me she was in even better spirits Tuesday night at the St. Francis when the audience itself was full of enthusiasm and got many encores for its manifestations of keen appreciation. Mme. Gerville-Reache is one of the rarest of vocal artists, being a contralto with the true contralto quality and a range that is exceptional. She soars from the deepest organ tones up to bird-like notes of the most colorful beauty, and her registers are perfectly blended. O for a concert with both Tina Lerner and Gerville-Reache making sweet music for us!

—H. M. B.

The Gerville-Reache Concert

The second and farewell concert of Mme. Gerville-Reache will be given at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon. Among the important works will be arias from the old classic opera "Jeannot et Colin" by Nicolo, from Berlioz' masterpiece "The Trojans" (Les Troyens) and from "La Pique Dame" by Tschaikowsky. The German group will consist of "Ich Grolle Nicht," Schumann; "Saphische Ode," Brahms; and "Death and the Maiden," Schubert. There will also be interesting groups in English and French and among the latter will be the romanza "Fedia" by Baron Camille Erlanger.

The Beel Quartet

The third concert of the Beel Quartet season will be given Tuesday night, December 10, in the ballroom of the St. Francis. The feature of the program will be the Quintet by Schumann for piano and strings in which the organization will be assisted by Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt. A Quartet by Mendelssohn and the "Andante and Variations" from Schubert's Quartet in D minor will complete the offering. Tickets may be secured at the usual Greenbaum box offices.

Maud Powell, Violinist

Next Thursday night, December 12 at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Maud Powell, the violinist, will give the first of a series of three exceptionally fine programs. On this occasion she will introduce the new Concerto for violin by S. Coleridge-Taylor, the brilliant negro composer who recently died. Other numbers will be "Serenade," Schubert; "Scherzo-Marionettes," Gilbert (first time here); "Caprice," Ogarew (first time here); Fritz Kreisler's "Liebeslied" and works by Caesar Cui and Wieniawski. The second Powell concert will be given Saturday afternoon, December 14 with an entire change of program. Harold Osborn Smith who visited us as a pianist with Bispham and Bonci will be with Maud Powell in a similar capacity. The sale of seats will open Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's.



MAUD POWELL.
Violin virtuosa, who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium.



ARLINE BOLLING
One of the charming principals in "A Modern Eve," the delightful musical comedy which comes to the Cort Sunday night.

"The Money Moon" at the Alcazar

A delicious stage offering is "The Money Moon" in which Orrin Johnson and Marguerite Leslie will open the third week of their very successful starring season at the Alcazar Monday night. Adapted by Hartley Manners from Jeffrey Fernold's novel similarly titled, it is introduced as "a modern fairy play in four acts," and the designation is very apt, for it possesses the "child spirit" that appeals to grown-ups no less forcibly than to the younger, as witness the enduring magnetism of "Peter Pan," "Sentimental Tommy," and Barrie's other expositions of juvenility's mind applied to practical life-problems. All the scenes of "The Money Moon" are laid in rural Kent, the garden spot of England, and sharing prominence with the principal adult characters is an eight-year-old boy, nicknamed "Small Porges." Mr. Johnson and Miss Leslie will be seen in the characters they originated and played six weeks in Los Angeles, and Gertrude Short has been brought from the southland city to renew her performance of

the child part. Also in the cast are Louis Bennison, Burt Wesner, Charles Ruggles, Thomas Chatterton, Lee Millar, Roy Neill, Edmond Lowe, John Ellicott, Pearl Cook, and Margaret Sayres. An auction sale scene in the third act is brimful of uproarious comedy.

Little Billy at the Orpheum

Little Billy, the Orpheum's headliner next week is a tiny chap of nineteen well educated and gifted with great histrionic ability. As a comedian, in singing and dancing, and in impersonations Billy is well worth while. Direct from Tokio come the Mikado's royal Japanese athletes, sixteen in number. The first part of their act is devoted to two Japanese women and three men in jiu jitsu; the second part consists of wrestling. Jere Grady and Frankie Carpenter supported by their own company will appear in the comedy "The Butterfly." Miss Carpenter is handsome and accomplished. Mignonette Kokin, the original English turkey hop girl, will be a welcome feature. Galetti's Monkeys will present "A Day at the Circus." Next week closes the engagements of Ed Morton, the Flying Martins and Marion Littlefield's Florentine singers. The latter will be heard in a new program.

The Fifth Popular Concert

The Board of Governors of the San Francisco Orchestra announce the fifth popular concert for Friday afternoon, December 13 at the Cort at 3:15 o'clock. They request that subscribers watch the papers for announcements of dates, as all dates are subject to change. The program for the fifth concert is devoted entirely to Wagner and is expected to prove of great musical value. It is: Rienzi, Overture; Die Gotterdammerung, Siegfried's Rhine Journey; Parsifal, Transformation Scene and End of Act One, Prelude; Siegfried, Forest Murmurs; Tristan and Isolde, Introduction and Love-Death.

Miss Lerner to Return

Miss Tina Lerner, the beautiful young Russian pianist who created such a sensation at the fourth symphony concert and the fourth popular concert of the San Francisco Orchestra, has succeeded in arranging her eastern dates so that she will return to San Francisco during the week of December 16 and give a piano recital, at which she will render the following splendid program: Mozart, "Larghetto"; Weber, "Rondo Brilliante"; Schumann, Sonate F. Sharp Minor; Chopin, 3 Etudes, Nocturne F Sharp Minor; Strauss-Tausig, Valse Caprice, "Man lebt nur einmal"; Liszt, "Sonetto 123 del Petrarca"; Liszt, "Spanish Rhapsodie."

"The Rose Maid" Coming

"The Rose Maid" is a Vienesse operetta without a prince for its central figure. So it is something of a novelty. This latest success by the producers of "The Spring Maid" is filled with musical surprises. Its romance, its music and its gay scenes all combine to make such a charming entertainment that it ran through the entire summer on Broadway. It is booked for an engagement at the Columbia, commencing Monday night, December 16. "The Quaker Girl" will be seen again next week with Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

"A Modern Eve" at the Cort

There will be an unusually interesting evening for music lovers at the Cort Sunday night, when the first presentation here of Martin Beck's and Mort H. Singer's successful Berlin operetta, "A Modern Eve," will be given. This musical comedy has been the talk of Chicago for the past twenty weeks. Tuneful songs, pretty girls, beautiful costumes, capable principals and lively dances are promised. The operetta is in its second year of popularity in the German capital. Among the many song hits are "Goodbye, Everybody," a waltz song. Included in the large cast of principals will be Adele Rowland, Alexander Clark, Ray Raymond, Louis Kelso, John Dickinson, John Patton, Marion Roddy, Henrietta Tedro and Arline Boling.

Pictures of the Pope at Pantages

Musical comedy at its best will be heard at Pantages next week when Tom Linton, the comedian and his "Jungle Girls" with Miss Grace Lindquist, will make their local debut in "The Up-to-Date Missionary." The scenic and electrical effects are great. Sol Berns is a delineator of Hebrew character whose work is funny yet never offensive. Thiessen's Pets will afford the younger patrons opportunity to enjoy themselves, for these wonderful little fox terriers give a performance that is astonishing. Comedy and pathos are blended in "A Matter of Custom" which L. H. Rose and his excellent supporting company will present. Paul Florus, one of the best xylophone artists in the world, will be another attraction. The Lovelands, musical artists; De Kolb and his equilibristic girls; Mlle. Ethelea, the dainty aerial artist; and the wonderful Pope pictures showing His Holiness Pope Pius X, with views of the Vatican, complete the bill.

Mrs. Alex. Pantages' Pet Charity

In a quiet way it has always been known that Mrs. Alex. Pantages has gone in for extensive charity and her contributions have been numerous and generous, but doubtless the best of all her pet charities is the innovation she has established of entertaining the orphans and poor

(Continued on Page 21.)

AMUSEMENTS

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Die Gotterdammerung.....Siegfried's Rhine Journey
Parsifal..Transformation Scene and End of Act One, Prelude
Siegfried.....Forest Murmurs
Tristan and Isolde.....Introduction and Love-Death

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market was comparatively quiet throughout the week. The average price of the barometer stocks at the end was practically unchanged from the previous Saturday. Floor leaders tried to scalp the market on the short side when it displayed a sagging tendency early in the week, but the element committed to its support turned the tables on them and ran the whole list up about a point while the bears covered. That was the only real excitement, and it was short-lived. These gains were gradually wiped out. Stocks evidently rested in strong hands. But investors are not disposed to buy at present levels, so the market drifts in aimless fashion. There was no lack of news. The varying fortunes of the Balkan war kept Europe on the anxious seat, but it bought more than it sold and international houses are sending securities back to London, Berlin and Paris. Fears of tariff changes continue to depress many industrial securities. To this source of worry Wall street added the possible make-up of the Wilson Cabinet. Politics will play a large part in determining the course of the stock market in the next six months. In a trading market such as this is likely to be for some time, many changes in the relative position of securities will probably be made. Those issues that depend upon a protective tariff for dividends will display nervousness until their cases are decided by Congress. Manufacturing profits must be satisfactory at present. The Supreme Court decision in the Bath Tub case will affect some other industries that control certain products through patents, but will do no particular harm to the trades affected, as some will gain while others lose. It will not decrease the total production or consumption of such goods.

Wheat—The most important feature in the wheat situation has been the decline of one cent in ocean freight rates, and the probability of a still more plentiful supply of freight room in the near future. The rate is now 10 cents per bushel on wheat shipped from the Atlantic seaboard to Liverpool. It has been extraordinarily high for months past, and while emphasizing the acute foreign demand that has existed all along for our food products, it has worked to our disadvantage in more ways than one. If the supply of ocean freight room should increase, as anticipated, it will have the effect of lowering transportation rates and equalizing values of food products between this country and those of importing nations, and work to the advantage of all. The wheat market still shows speculative apathy, and has not yet passed the qualifying stage where every opinion must be prefixed by an IF. It has too many weak influences to create a strong market, and too many strong ones for a weak situation. As far as the wheat situation is concerned, we do not believe existing conditions warrant the present depression. The market appears to be governed more by sentimental theories than by an unsold economic condition, and in a little time it will develop that such is the case.

Corn—The corn market is a characteristic one for this season of the year, for there is now the usual apprehension that receipts will soon be too large for the consumptive demand which for several months to come will be deprived of cheap water transportation and must depend upon the railroads, with poorer facilities and higher rates. There are, however, no signs of any accumulation as yet, for the visible supply is near the vanishing point, and there was a small reduction last week. A noticeable feature is the reports of disappointing husking returns that come from Illinois, Kansas, Oklahoma and Nebraska. The market may drag for a time, but the price is entirely satisfactory to the consumer and disappointing to the producer, which presents a situation that should be inviting to an investor.

Cotton—The lowest estimate on the crop so far this season was made last week by a Memphis spot house predicting only 13,600,000 bales including linters, etc., maximum. As a result new high levels thus far this season were established, distant deliveries almost reaching the 13 cents level. Then followed a report that the National Ginners' Association will estimate the crop at 13,700,000, predicting much higher prices eventually. In the circumstances it seems that the trade really believes that there will not be enough cotton to go round this season and that prices will continue to advance until a level has been reached that will restrict consumption. But famine prices prevail already, and the fact shows that the trade is in the midst of plenty, since the world's visible and invisible supply at the moment is the largest on record. It must be remembered that foreign crops were short last year and that the average price at which last season's American crop sold was 10.16 basis of middling. This year foreign crops are large, the yield in Russia, Egypt and India is large, while the price of middling at the ports averages about 12 1-2 cents. It is probable therefore that European spinners will eventually take more of the foreign growth at the expense of the American product. In 1909 the crop was only 10,609,000, and in 1910 it was only 12,120,000 bales. This year, if the crop is only 13,600,000 bales (and it may be one million larger), the combined yield of 1911 and 1912 would be 30,101,000 bales plus the carryover of about two million bales on September 1, 1911 This would provide a total supply of 31,983,000 bales, whereas the consumption for last season and this season, if it should be as large as last

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season, could only amount to 29,030,000 bales and leave a surplus at the close of next August of 2,953,000 bales. As regards the next crop, the big decline in grain this year and the big advance in cotton will be the incentive to make a large increase in the cotton acreage.

One of the Crowd

(Continued from Page 8.)

He asks, "Why did I bring all this on myself? Where do I come in, after all?" . . . The dawn, very early; and he goes to sleep once more!

The next morning, factitiously bright after his bath, he is eating his breakfast, reading his newspaper, and looking at his watch. The night is over; the complicated organism is in full work again, with its air of absolute security. His newspaper, inspired by a millionaire to gain a millionaire's ends by appealing to the ingenuousness of this clever struggler, is uneasy with accounts of attacks meditated on the established order. His mind is made up. The established order may not be perfect, but he is in favor of it. He has arrived at an equilibrium, unstable possibly, but an equilibrium. One push, and he would be over! Therefore, no push! He hardens his heart against the complaint of the unjustly treated. He has his own folk to think about.

The station is now drawing him like a magnet. He sees in his mind's eye every yard of the way between the side-street and the office, and in imagination he can hear the clock striking at the other end. He must go; he must go! Several persons help him to go, and at the garden-gate he stoops and kisses that mysterious daughter. He strides down the side-street. Only a moment ago, it seems, he was striding up it! He turns into the long road. It is a grinding walk in the already hot sun. He reaches the station and descends into it, and is diminished from an eternal father to a mere unit of a throng. But on the platform he meets a jolly acquaintance. His face relaxes as they salute. "I say," he says after an instant, bursting with a good thing, "Have you heard the tale about the—"



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John F. Cunningham, Manager

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

children of every city in which her husband has a theatre, on Christmas morning, with a special vaudeville performance, a Christmas tree, candy and useful presents as well as toys. The coming Christmas will be no exception to the established custom and locally it has an added interest, for it will be the first time held here and it will also celebrate the first year of the Pantages Theatre in San Francisco. All of the orphans of the city as well as the newsboys and poor children will be admitted to the theatre free and a big vaudeville program has been arranged lasting from 10 a. m. until noon.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Dr and Mrs. L. B. Bangs and maid from New York have arrived at Hotel del Coronado for a stay. They will spend the winter in California. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Carroll of Butte arrived by motor. Among other recent arrivals are Mrs. Howard Humphrey and Mrs. Alex C. Blair from Bloomington, Ill. Capt. A. S. Halstead, U. S. Navy, Flagship California, is registered. Dr. Douglas Brown, accompanied by Mrs. Brown will remain for some time. Dr. Brown is the manager of the Spreckels Sugar Refinery at Spreckels, California. Judge Peter Grosscup of Chicago will spend some time. Judge Grosscup is the father of Mrs. J. P. Jordan who has a home at Coronado. Hotel del Coronado is a popular rendezvous for the army and navy officers, and the glittering uniforms add to the attractiveness of all social functions given at the famous hostelry. The gold and braid holds a lure which is dear to the hearts of all. Many luncheons and dinner parties have been given during the past week. Major C. S. Hill, U. S. Marine Corps, on board U. S. S. California, has taken rooms.

Baron Von Schroeder and Family to Leave

Baron J. H. Von Schroeder, together with his wife and children, will leave California in the spring for Europe, it being their intention to make Germany their future home. The Baron is the possessor of a large estate and residence in the vicinity of Hamburg, Germany, and had been desirous of enjoying these for some time. Baron Von Schroeder is well known to Californians, having spent the last twenty years in this State. The Baroness is the daughter of the late Peter Donahue. They are large holders of real estate in San Francisco, Marin and San Luis Obispo counties. Both the San Francisco property, the old Union Foundry Block on the northeast corner of First and Mission streets, and the celebrated Hotel Rafael at San Rafael, will be sold at public auction December 17. The auction of these various properties has been turned over to A. J. Rich & Co. of this city who state these properties will absolutely be auctioned at their offices on that date.

SUPERSENSUAL

When first the busy, clumsy tongue is stilled,
Save that some childish, stammering words of love
The coming birth of man's true language prove:
When, one and all,
The wistful, seeking senses are fulfilled
With strange, austere delight:
When eye and ear
Are inward turned to meet the flooding light,
The cadence of Thy coming quick to hear:
When on Thy mystic flight,
Thou Swift yet Changeless, herald breezes bring
To scent the heart's swept cell
With incense from the thurible of spring,
The fragrance which the lily seeks in vain:
When touch no more may tell
The verities of contact unexpressed,
And, deeplier pressed,
To that surrender which is holiest pain,
We taste Thy very rest—
Ah, then we find,
Folded about by kindly-nurturing night,
Instinct with silence sweetly musical,
The rapt communion of the mind with Mind.
Then may the senses fall
Vanquished indeed, nor dread
That this their dear defeat be counted sin:
For every door of flesh shall lift its head,
Because the King of Life is entered in.

—Evelyn Underhill

Pills for Oscar Wilde

Mrs. Walford, the novelist, in her "Recollections," has a good story of Oscar Wilde, characteristic of the "pose" which was part of his stock in trade to the end. Wilde was ill. He sent for a doctor, who gave him a prescription, but when it was made up at the chemist's Wilde shuddered. The medicine in the bottle was a dingy brown color, and the pills were gray. They were sent back to the chemist at once with the message that unless he could make both the draught and the pills beautiful Oscar Wilde could not take them. "I am willing to die," Wilde said, "rather than pollute my lips with that ugly stuff." The chemist knew Wilde and proceeded to carry his wishes into effect. "The fluid in the bottle came back a rosy red—"of a heavenly color!" the lady said, "while the common looking gray pills shone like gold."

An Excuse

I grant we wandered off alone,
And stayed until the falling dew;
But, dear, I only went because
I fancied that she looked like you.

I grant my arm around her waist
Unwisely strayed. What could I do?
I had to draw her close to see
If, in the dusk, she looked like you.

I grant upon her cheek I pressed
A single kiss—no more? well—two.
You never were content with one,
And she—she looked so much like you.



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The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

CERTIFICATE OF NAME OF PERSON DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME—No. 1073

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that my full name is ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, and that the place of my residence is at Hotel Manx, Northwest corner of Powell and O'Farrell Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that I am transacting a French Confectionery business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of L. RUFFIEUX;

That the principal place of my said business is at No. 211 Powell Street, in said City and County of San Francisco, and that I will continue to transact such business therein, under said name and style;

That there is no other person interested with me in said business, and that I am the sole owner thereof.

Dated, this 30th day of October, A. D. 1912.

ELMIRE RUFFIEUX.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 30th day of October, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twelve, before me, JAMES H. STIRLING, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared ELMIRE RUFFIEUX, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and she duly acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Notarial Seal) JAMES H. STIRLING,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. My Commission Expires September 11, 1915.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 31, 1912. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By W. R. Castagnetto, Deputy Clerk.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. at Law,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-9-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,294; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CARLO CASASSA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, David J. Casassa, administrator of the estate of Carlo Casassa, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the offices of his attorneys, Devoto, Richardson and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said offices the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Carlo Casassa, deceased.

DAVID J. CASASSA
Administrator of the Estate of Carlo Casassa, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 23, 1912.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Administrator,
600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., S. F. 11-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA O'CONNELL, sometimes and also known as and called JULIA CONNELL, Deceased—No. 13,908; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of their attorney, John J. Barrett, Room 1255 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, deceased.

JAMES MADDEN,
JOSEPH MADDEN,
Executors of the Estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 30, 1912.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executors,
1255 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-30-5

ORDER SETTING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR ORDER DIRECTING EXECUTRIX TO MAKE CONVEYANCE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,645; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNA M. HUTCHINSON, Deceased.

LILLIAN H. P. SURRYHNE, executrix of the last will of Anna M. Hutchinson, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for a decree of this court authorizing and directing her, as executrix of the last will of said deceased, to convey and transfer certain real property, in said petition and hereinafter described, to E. J. Rinckel; and it appearing from said petition that the said Anna M. Hutchinson was, during her lifetime, bound by a contract in writing to convey said real estate as in said petition set forth:

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, the thirtieth day of December, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., upon said day, and the courtroom of the above entitled court, department 10 thereof, be, and the same are hereby, fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the time and place of hearing said petition be given by publication of a copy of this order for at least four (4) successive weeks before said day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

The real property hereinabove and in said petition referred to is described as follows:

All that certain real property in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lot number nine (9), as laid down and delineated on a certain may entitled, "Map of Robley Terrace, Oakland, California, June, 1908, F. C. Turner, City Engineer," filed July 23rd, 1908, in the office of the County Recorder of said Alameda County.

Dated, November 26th, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

THOMAS E. HAVEN, Atty. at Law,
Monadnock Bldg., Rooms 941-943, San Francisco. 11-30-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,489; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of GIOVANNI PODESTA, also known as GIOVANNINI PODESTA, and as G. PODESTA, Deceased.

Adelina Podesta, administratrix of the estate of Giovanni Podesta, also known as Giovannini Podesta, and as G. Podesta, deceased, having this day filed herein her verified petition for an order of sale of a portion of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth;

And it appearing therefrom that it is necessary, and also that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and of those interested therein to sell the said portion of said real estate;

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its courtroom in the New City Hall, on the southeasterly side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1912, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix for the sale of the said portion of said real estate;

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week, for four (4) successive weeks, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, November 27, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

A. P. DESSOUSLAVY and P. A. BERGEROT,
Attys. for Administratrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,898; Department No. 10.

WILLIAM GREIG, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Greig, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

PIECE NO. 1.

Commencing at a point, situate on the Northerly line of Mariposa Street, distant thereon 50 feet Easterly from the Northeasterly corner of Mariposa and Missouri Streets; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Mariposa Street, 25 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Southerly 100 feet to the Northerly line of Mariposa Street and point of commencement.

Being portion of Potrero Nuevo Block Number 270.

PIECE NO. 2.

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Mississippi Street, distant thereon 225 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Mariposa Street, running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Mississippi Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Easterly 100 feet, thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 100 feet to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Potrero Block No. 305.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles,, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of October, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of October, 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-10

Usually the Way

Miss Sentimental: "Charles, did you ever allow your mind to pierce the secret of the universe, to reason that this dull, cold earth is but the sepulchre of ages past, that man in all his glory is but the soil we tread, which every breeze wafts in an ever-shifting maze, to be found and lost in an infinity of particles—the dust of centuries, reunited and dissolved as long as time shall endure?"

Charles: "No-o, I dunno as I did. You see, I've had to earn my living."

"Why does she always dress in black?"

"She's in training."

"Training for what?"

"Well, you see, she married an octogenarian."

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 32,803.

PETER KOCELJ, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of PETER KOCELJ, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning on the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue at a point distant Northerly Three Hundred Sixteen (316) feet measured along said line, from the Northerly line of Lake Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Twenty-fifth Avenue Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet to the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue and the point of beginning. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block 47.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 26th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, none; Addresses, none.

BRADLEY L. WALLACE and JEROME M. POLITZER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-12-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,551; Department No. 3.

JOHN FINDLEY MILLIKEN, Plaintiff, vs. MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-23-10

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Letters

A Splendid Girl's Book

No higher commendation of Elizabeth Jordan's stories of school girl life could be desired than the fact that the good sisters have been reading the chronicles aloud to their pupils, and the girls acknowledge the truth of the presentation. "That's just exactly the way we get set down in our convent," is the universal comment. Miss Jordan's first volume, "May Iverson, Her Book" made its appearance several years ago and those who read it are not apt to forget the coterie of young misses, boarders at St. Catherine's Academy, with their activities and ambitions and mistakes. May Iverson, Maudie Joyce, Mabel Blossom, Adeline Thurston, Kittie James and Mabel Muriel Murphy were no machine-made dolls. The chronicles differed in one important particular from most stories of school life, for while the pupils were as active and resourceful as any of their age were likely to prove, and were accorded a wholesome degree of liberty in which to exercise their ingenuity, they were always brought back to earth by the firm yet gentle restraint of their guardians, instead of rioting triumphantly over all bounds. May Iverson was a delicious specimen of naive egotism. She had determined to be a great literary light and was seriously at work on the first carvings of her career, her book being a combination of school chronicle and personal diary. May is still the scribe in this new volume, "May Iverson Tackles Life" and still the same May, a few years older, slightly more mature, but with the same confidence in herself and her high destiny, the same obtuseness to criticism which is not lance-pointed and hard-pressed. "Life's grim and terrible problems" absorb her energies, and amongst those which she essays to solve are women's suffrage, play writing, the reduction of superfluous flesh, the cultivation of beauty, the conservation of energy and the elimination of worry, with about as satisfactory results as those achieved by any of the culture clubs of the outside world. One of the most amusing of the chronicles, "Mabel Blossom's Pearl Pin," tells of a trifling bit of jewelry which was mislaid, and while the search for it went on the legend of its value, antiquity and occult powers grew until the famous Hope diamond with its category was but a blue glass bead in comparison. Miss Jordan assures us in her foreword that only two of the girls, May Iverson and Mabel Blossom, are even shadowy pictures of real characters, but fat little Kittie James with her indifference to study and her enjoyment of creature comforts, Mabel Muriel Murphy, with her misfit name, her indulgent millionaire father, her piety and her desperate efforts to achieve ladyhood; Adeline Thurston in her self-designed esthetic costumes and her poetic poses are as vivid as photographs. It is a question whether girls of the corresponding age quite appreciate books about girls. They are passing through the same or kindred experiences, and, looking at life through the same spectacles, they are apt to miss the good things through seeing them too near at hand, but surely no adult would fail to enjoy May Iverson, and the girls, when they have gained sufficient perspective to look back upon their own young lives, will recognize her as an old companion. From Harper and Brothers.

"The Midlanders"

Charles Tenney Jackson has already given us two books far above the general average. A third from the same pen makes it evident that his has been no accidental success, nor has he made the too common mistake of traveling in the path of least resistance and making each new book a parallel of its predecessors. "The Midlanders" is as different from "Their Day of Souls" as that differed from "My Brother's Keeper," neither characters, plot nor environment being suggestive. The scenes of "The Midlanders" shift from the swamps of Louisiana to the rich corn bottoms of Iowa and the characters range from a waif of unknown parentage to a judge of the Supreme Court. While not avowedly a novel of politics, political conditions and strifes underlay and overlap all else, and the conditions are, or perhaps one had better say were, typical of the whole Middle West. It is, in truth, a cross section of western life. Though the political situation is the dominating characteristic it is by no means the sole interest. There are several love affairs, some labor troubles, a glimpse at some freak religious fanaticism, and a mystery explained. "The Midlanders" is a full book without a superfluous paragraph. From Bobbs-Merrill.

A Mayor and a Baby

"The Elected Mother" is a short story by Maria Thompson Daviess, reprinted and put into separate covers by request. It has for its theme the equal rights of the sexes, and, of course, foreshadows all the wonderful things that will be done for children when fathers and mothers have equal claims to guardianship before the law. The particular story is that of a young married woman nominated in a western town for the mayor's chair whose most wonderful baby was born on election day. A charmingly lovely mayoress caressing her first baby is a pretty sight. From Bobbs-Merrill.

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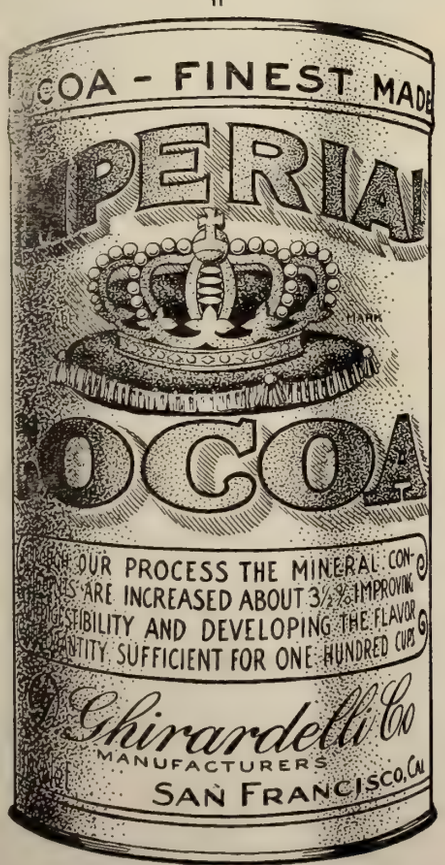
TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XX. No. 1060 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 14, 1912 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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The Election

If the people did not do all that was expected of them last Tuesday at any rate they refrained from doing the city much harm. So much was the mischief that might have been done that on the general result we are deserving of felicitation. Considering the advice that was given and the advice that was not given it is evident that there is a pretty strong minority in the electorate of this city possessed of sound judgment. Consider for example the advice given by the Examiner with respect to Amendment No. 14. This is the amendment which provided for the raise of the limit on bonded indebtedness to the sky-line. Notwithstanding the present heavy burden of taxation and the consequent loss that has been suffered by every property owner by reason of the reduction in the value of his property, the Examiner was warmly in favor of an amendment the adoption of which would have made matters much worse. Fortunately the amendment was beaten. Consider the advice which was not given with respect to the local option amendment, one of the most important of all the propositions submitted to the people. All our leading commercial bodies were opposed to it, yet the daily papers that boast of their devotion to the interests of the city were too cowardly to discuss it. They were not, however, too cowardly to take the money of the liquor interests that waged a fight against the amendment. Perhaps the most earnest of all the advice that was given to the people was that which emanated from the pulpit. The good ministers of San Francisco were keen for local option, and last Sunday from one end of the town to the other they preached in favor of more leisure for our brave firemen. The exhortations of the open mouth of the pulpit were in vain. If the hearts penetrated by our eloquent divines are not more numerous than the votes which they influence the churches are more in need than the Fire Department of the two-platoon system.

Incompetency for Exhibition Purposes

Nowhere in the world are the terrors of municipal ownership so frightfully exemplified as right here in this our beautiful city where the peoples of the earth are to be entertained and edified in 1915. Would it not therefore be well to make an exhibit of the masterpieces of misconstruction which stand as monuments of the expert inability discovered, bought and paid for by the people of San Francisco? Reservoirs that are averse to holding water, sewers that flow not, neither do they empty, a viaduct innocent of entrance or exit—these are but a few of the silent testimonies of ingenious futility and inefficiency warning us against those awful terrors with which every species of public enterprise is pregnant. Our street railroad is yet to be put in operation. Perhaps the trolley will refuse to carry juice, or mayhap an irreconcilability may develop between rails and wheels. The more familiar we become with municipal engineering the more we should felicitate ourselves on our good fortune in not having thrown away more than two million dollars in Hetch-Hetchy. If Mr. Phelan and his associates had had their way the very same engineers whose incompetency has kept the town on a broad grin for months would long ago have been engaged in boring miles of solid granite for pipe lines which in all probability would never hold water.

An Arbitrable Question

Great Britain has formally entered a protest against that section of the Panama Canal act which discriminates against British shipping, and we are told that the State Department will hold that there is no arbitrable question. No intelligent and sincere friend of the Administration will be pleased to have the matter thus disposed of, for it will hardly redound to the credit of President Taft to overrule the protest with jingo self-assertiveness. It may be popular to hold that the question is not arbitrable, but certainly it is not just. The position that has been taken by this country is that we have the right to discriminate in our own favor because the canal is in our own territory. This would be a sound position had we never been bound by a treaty under the terms of which we surrendered the right to construct the canal. That was the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. There is no question that with the treaty in existence we could not have constructed the canal. But that treaty was abrogated by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Now the question is, did Great Britain enter into the Hay-Pauncefote treaty with the understanding that the canal should be open to British and United States vessels on terms of equal treatment? So while it may be true that ordinarily we have the right to do as we please with a canal in our own territory it may not be true in this particular instance. If the question is not arbitrable it is because we would rather plunge the country into war than take the chance of ascertaining that a commercial advantage which we wished to enjoy was dishonestly obtained. The Democrats in Congress have so often tried to "put President Taft in the hole" that he ought to seize this opportunity of retaliating by handing the question down to his successor.

Bristow's Amendments

Notwithstanding what happened to Theodore Roosevelt last month Senator Bristow of Kansas is under the impression that the country is impatient of constitutional government and eager for market democracy. Out of his seething brain have come two specimens of Progressive craftsmanship by which he fondly hopes to revulutionize our government in the manner prescribed by the Prophet of Oyster Bay. The Prophet's scheme for rendering the judicial branch of the government a negligible quantity by making the decisions of the Supreme Court reversible by the voice of the people Senator Bristow would have us realize, and to that end he has prepared a constitutional amendment. Also Senator Bristow would increase the potentialities for mischief in every Yahoo that gets himself elected to Congress by conferring on him the privilege of submitting to the electorate of the whole country any old proposition that he is able to conceive and that his confreres have not the stupidity to approve. Some months ago it was observed in these columns that it were well to experiment with the referendum and the other populistic fads and fancies in those States where political lunacy was raging so that by the time the attempt was made, as it certainly would be, to torment the nation with them the people would be surfeited with the quack nostrums of the culturine school of statecraft. Something of what we foresaw has happened. Enthusiasm for the referendum and the recall is waning. People everywhere have grown tired of having politics thrust on them as the chief aim and business of existence. Where the government has been "brought back to the people" the feeling is prevalent that nothing short of the grace of God can separate the people from their tribulations. However, Senator Bristow will not be without encouragement in the Senate, for the Senate as a result of the populism of the past few years has become as degenerate as the public service in almost all sections of the country. The average of intellect in the Senate has been reduced almost to the level of a Works, who

may be taken as the type of statesman that always rises to the top when democracy is unleashed.

The Wickedness of Cities

There is nothing that causes greater pain in the parochial bosom than the charge of wickedness. As the consciousness of virtue makes the parochial bosom swell with pride, so the reproach of the over-righteous causes it to sag with humiliation. It is only when the city throws off its swaddling clothes and takes on metropolitan airs that it has a smile of indifference for the censorious stranger who is shocked at its perversity. There are no indignation meetings in Paris when the wickedness of it is made the theme of pulpit discourse by some Dr. Aked of New England. Years ago Dr. Rader went to London as correspondent of the Bulletin, and apparently there was nothing in all that great city with its wealth of monuments and traditions which impressed him half so much as the fallen women who accosted him in the streets. Dr. Rader penned some stinging animadversions on the vice of London, and to this day nobody has taken the trouble to write to the Times and take the good Dr. Rader to task. Berlin, Cairo, New York, Vienna, Nice, Liverpool, Naples—each of these cities has been pronounced the worst city in the world by vociferous and multitudinous authority, and none has ever demanded a retraction. Rudyard Kipling, man of letters with intimate experience of many cities, vouches for it that for downright wickedness Port Said has never been surpassed since the golden age of refined vice that was the glory of Babylon. And Port Said wallows in her wickedness with never a symptom of remorse or repentence. Buda-pest has the distinction of being a city wherein, 'tis said, at the average funeral there is more of carnal gaiety than in any harlot's house in Paris; but Buda-pest goes her bad, mad way, reeking of sin and unmindful of the jeremiads of her critics. Let it not be supposed that we approve of the complacency of these bizarre and wicked cities. Not to our taste their revelry that rings hollow, their mirthless laughter and their strong odors of stale champagne, musk and patchouli. We deplore them, we should like to see them mend their ways, but they are cities, and they are not amenable to foreign criticism. By their indifference we know them. Some of them to be sure are not so bad as they have been depicted by Cook's tourists. Homer may have been born in seven cities, but not more than one city can be the worst city in the world. And this distinction we are sure does not belong to San Francisco. Indeed we are sure that San Francisco is one of the best cities in the world, and we earnestly wish that it would prove its right to rank as a metropolis by overcoming the parochial habit of heeding the reproaches of its preachers at home and its libellers abroad. The other day a police captain of Chicago affected to be shocked at conditions as he saw them in the underworld of San Francisco, and he was at once taken seriously. Now anybody knowing anything about Chicago who believes that that police captain believes what he said must be wholly bereft of a sense of humor.

Eastern Criticism of Los Angeles

A city may do worse than establish a reputation for naughtiness. It may, for example, establish a reputation for puritanism. Now puritanism implies self-righteousness, pharisaism, intolerance, bigotry. It thrives only in darkness. Where there is puritanism there is prejudice against love and light. The city of Los Angeles illustrates the evil of the puritanical spirit. Los Angeles prides itself on its climate. It has become known all over the world as a delightful place of residence. But of late the fanatics of Los Angeles have been seriously impairing its reputation. By reason of their prejudice against the science of medicine they have given rise to the report that health conservation is not one of the aims of the municipality. It was but the other day that the New York Sun commented on the indifference of Los Angeles to the lives and health of its citizens. The Sun quotes from a Southern California medical journal to show that sanitary conditions in Los Angeles are deplorable because of prejudice against vaccination and all scientific methods of preventing the development and spread of disease. Owing to lack of dairy inspection the people of Los Angeles are advised to drink only pasteurized milk. It is said there is hardly any inspection of fruit in Los Angeles though it is a great fruit centre, and that only one official inspects the apartment houses of which there are 2,900, lodging 85,000 people. The Sun attributes this state of affairs to the fact that the nonexistence of disease as an entity has many believers in Los Angeles, and the Sun informs its readers that Los Angeles is fed on "the doctrines of Senator Works, who in the United States Senate was permitted to revile all physicians and to commend all hygienists and teachers of sanitation to the District Attorney for criminal prosecution." If Los Angeles is to get much more of this kind of advertising the real estate dealers of that beautiful city will soon begin to realize that it would be advisable to neglect the propaganda against the diabolical free lunch and the satanic pastime of kissing and to devote a little of the zeal hitherto employed in the improvement of private morals to inculcating a love of cleanliness and spreading an understanding of matters sanitary. Not successfully can a health resort be run on epidemics. One well-nourished microbe can do more harm to a populous city than a whole flock of lunch counters. If Los Angeles is to continue its rapid growth its citizens must learn that the objection to kissing should be scientific, not moral, and that while concern for spiritual welfare is desirable it should not lead to the kind of godliness that is far from cleanliness. Fortunately the signs of the times are improving in our beautiful city of the orange groves. Los Angeles accomplished something by the defeat of a preposterous charter constructed and proposed by a coterie of its longest haired citizens. The defeat of the charter was a rebuke to those incorrigible busybodies, and if it was not a vindication of the sanity of the community at least it entitles the community to the presumption of a lucid interval. The truth with respect to Los Angeles is that it is more pharasaical than virtuous. Sincerely wishing to be better than its neighbors, yet it would not become so ascetic as to hurt business. Even the best people of Los Angeles are tolerant of reasonably sinful tourists. Nevertheless Los Angeles is somewhat handicapped by an incontrollable conscience that ranges at large over the inconsequential, breaking butterflies on wheels, getting out of breath climbing mole-hills of wrongdoing and rendering unto God the things that are Caesar's. As a consequence Los Angeles has become known in some quarters as a sort of neurotic community, and it has been getting a kind of publicity that is bound to do much harm.

The Sorceress of Today

It is not generally known that the arts of the sorceress have come down to us from the days of Ulysses, who, it will be remembered, with the aid of Mercury succeeded in baffling the fair daughter of the sun. The popular notion is that Cleopatra was the last of the fair enchanters who had the power of enslaving the bodies and souls of men. But the truth is the power of sorcery in fair women exists unto this day, as may be learned from the daily papers. Every little while we read of some married man who has tasted to intoxication, to delirium, a magic draught that fills the brain with strange madness. He may not explain his singular waywardness, the prosaic reporters may allude to the woman who exercises an imperious sway over his senses as his affinity, but if he has a wife, the kind that is heaven's best gift to man, who is faithful in her attachment to him, his supporter and comforter under misfortune, she makes the matter clear. The faithful wife, tender as true, who beams forgiveness on her bewitched husband, always knows the secret of what the world in its ignorance calls his disloyalty. She knows that he is the victim of a Circe, and invariably she outs with the truth of the matter. A case in point is that of the young married man who was shot the other day in the rooms of a lady with a past. For months this woman has held him thrall. How did she do it? His wife knows and she tells. The evil woman exercised a "malign influence" over him. "No one," says a famous French woman, "has a right to judge those who love." The famous French woman is wrong. When it is a married man that loves, his wife has a right to judge. In this instance the wife judges and acquits. She tells us that when her husband wrote certain passionate letters to the fair wanton he was "mentally irresponsible." She tells us the woman "is a menace to the peace of homes" and ought to be prosecuted. This

is not at all unreasonable. A few centuries agone women of this kind were denounced by good wives as witches, and were accordingly reduced to cinders. Unfortunately society has ceased to be aware of the arts of the Sorceress. Society in its ignorance no longer understands that the world is full of Circes who go about mixing spices with pale honey and Pramnian wine and touching their victims with magic wands. The tremendous truth is of course that husbands are being lured from home every day by these terrible witches. The fascinations of these women would not be so deplorable if all wives were as wise and loyal and reasonable as the woman from Los Angeles. The trouble is there are so many unreasonable wives in the world and so many susceptible husbands who have not even the self-control of a Julius Caesar. Julius, it will be remembered, went up against Cleopatra and behaved with discretion. The modern husband is as weak as Benjamin Constant whom Madame Recamier inspired with the most violent passion merely by taking off her gloves and letting him glimpse her beautiful arms.

Perspective Impressions

It is fitting that Armageddon and the Windy City should both mean Chicago.

A censor of news at Stanford? One war measure that Peace Propagandist Jordan approves.

Let's drink to what happened to No. 27.

Is it not about time to get together and apply the recall to the referendum?

The firemen will have all the more time to devote to their crocheting.

Let us hope the censorship at Stanford may be applied to the maunderings of the author of "Eric's Book of Beasts."

The era of municipal extravagance is now past, and Mr. Taxpayer has served notice on the wasteful willies of the Board of Supervisors to quit passing the buck up to the mob.

"Governor Johnson will not join the Progressives in Chicago."—Press dispatch. Too much Armageddon for Uncle Hiram. He's sulking at the pie-counter.

Why "burn the hammer of knockers?" Self-complacence may be indulged too much. "Be displeased with what thou art, if thou desirest to attain what thou art not," is a good motto for any city.

Colonel Roosevelt denies ever having said that he would never again be a candidate for President. But is the Colonel's denial any better than his affirmation?

Another important election has been carried in San Francisco by a minority of the registered voters. Such is majority rule under the new Progressive democracy.

Correspondence

A Suggestion

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Being a consistent reader of your paper and generally in accord with its views of politics and politicians I will venture to offer a suggestion on the subject of the water problem. If we have to buy Spring Valley why not buy it with the money that was to be spent in bringing water from Hetch Hetchy? Perhaps when we get Spring Valley we shall see that we don't need Hetch Hetchy. I am informed by what I regard as high authority that Spring Valley has many available sources of supply that need nothing but development, and that if they were developed we should have no need of going to the Sierras for more water. Anyway Hetch Hetchy will keep, and there is no danger of the Sierras quitting business. Let us cross the bridge when we come to it.

Yours truly,

—L. M. Slater.

A Boost or a Knock?

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I write to congratulate your city. I have been staying here for several days, and I gather from my observations that you are waking up. I read in one of your papers the other day that you are to burn a hammer on Christmas Eve in order to show the world that you are done with knocking. That's fine! That shows the proper spirit! San Francisco is falling into line behind Seattle. Hence my congratulations. We burned a hammer as you propose to do, four years ago. I suppose you borrowed the idea from us, and you are welcome to it. You cannot go far wrong if you follow Seattle, even if you are four years behind. The idea, by the way, didn't originate with us. I believe we borrowed it from the enterprising city of Walla Walla. The Walla Wallans, I have heard, borrowed it from the thriving city of Eugene, Oregon. And I have been told that Eugene got it from a tourist all the way from the up-to-date city of Keokuk, Iowa, where the ceremony ushered in a new era of civic prosperity. So you are in good company. San Francisco is bound to go ahead when it takes a tip from bustling centers of trade and culture like Seattle, Walla Walla, Eugene and Keokuk. Keep up the good work and when you feel discouraged remember that Seattle is always ready to give you a friendly pat on the back. Follow us and you'll wear diamonds, so to speak!

Sincerely,

—A Seattle Booster.

Expert Opinion

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: My interest having been aroused by what you have said about the old church at the corner of Post and Mason streets I made a survey of the building the other day, and I heartily agree with you that it should be restored. It would not take much money to put the building in the condition it was in before the fire. It was a noble structure, well built, and it would be a shame to tear it down.

Yours truly,

—Architect.

Timely Approval

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I second the nomination of Mrs. Shea for leader of the 400. But I would suggest that she prove her competency for the job by giving a big blow-out either at the St. Francis or the Fairmont. By her list of "those present" we shall know her. We are in great need of a Ward McAllister to divide the sheep from the goats. Our aristocracy is become too democratic. It seems as if almost anybody can break in. Ned Greenway is too soft-hearted in the autumn of his brilliant career. He can no longer resist the importunities of climbers. O for a Mrs. Shea to draw the line and set up a standard of eligibility! What joy and cheer for the blown-in-the-bottle aristocrats to find themselves once more in an inspiriting atmosphere of exclusiveness!—especially with Mrs. Shea as hostess.

Sincerely yours,

—Debutante.



The Banquet

By Arnold Bennett

In every large London restaurant, and in many small ones, there is a spacious hall (or several) curtained away from the public, in which every night strange secret things go on. Few suspect, and still fewer realize, the strangeness of these secret things. In the richly decorated interior (sometimes marked with mystic signs), at a table which in space reaches from everlasting to everlasting, and has the form of a grill or a curry-comb or the end of a rake—at such a table sit fifty or five hundred males. They are all dressed exactly alike, in black and white; but occasionally they display a colored flower, and each man bears exactly the same species and tint and size of flower, so that you think of regiments of flowers trained throughout their lives in barracks to the end of shining for a night in unison on the black and white bosoms of these males. Although there is not even a buffet in the great room, and no sign of the apparatus of a restaurant, all these males are eating a dinner, and it is the same dinner. They do not wish to choose; they accept, reading the menu like a decree of fate. They do not inquire upon the machinery; a slave, unglanced at, places a certain quantity of a dish in front of them—and lo! the same quantity of the same dish is in front of all of them; they do not ask whence nor how it came; they eat, with industry, knowing that at a given moment, whether they have finished or not, a hand will steal round from behind them, and the plate will vanish into limbo. Thus the repast continues, ruthlessly, under the aquiline gaze of a slave who is also a commander-in-chief, manoeuvring his men silently, manoeuvring them with naught but a glance. With one glance he causes to disappear five hundred salad-plates, and with another he conjures from behind a screen five hundred ices, each duly below zero, and each calculated to impede the digesting of a salad. The service of the dinner is a miracle, but the diners, absorbed in the expectancy of rites to come, reck not; they assume the service as they assume the rising of the sun. Only a few remember the old, old days, in the 'eighties (before a cabal of international men had put their heads together and inaugurated a new age of miracles), when these solemn repasts were a scramble and a guerilla, after which one-half of the combatants went home starving, and the other half went home glutted and drenched. Nowadays these repasts are the most perfectly democratic in England; and anybody who has ever assisted at one knows by a morsel of experience what life would be if the imaginative Tory's nightmare of Socialism were to become a reality. But each person has enough, and has it promptly.

The ceremonial begins with a meal, because it would be impossible on an empty stomach. Its object is ostensibly either to celebrate the memory of some deed or some dead man, or to signalize the triumph of some living contemporary. Clubs and societies exist throughout London in hundreds expressly for the execution of these purposes, and each of them is a remunerative client of a large restaurant. Societies even exist solely in order to watch for the triumphs of contemporaries, and to gather in the triumphant to a repast and inform them positively that they are great. So much so that it is difficult to accomplish anything unusual, such as the discovery of one pole or another, or the successful defence of a libel action, without submitting to the ordeal of these societies one after the other in a chain, and emerging therefrom with modesty ruined and the brazen conceit of a star actor. But the ostensible object is merely a cover for the real object, the unadmitted and often unsuspected object: which is, to indulge in a debauch of universal mutual admiration. When the physical appetite is assuaged, then the appetite for praise and sentimentality is whetted, and the design of the mighty institution of the banquet is to minister, in a manner majestic and unexceptionable, to this base appetite, whose one excuse is its naivete.

A pleasurable and even voluptuous thrill of anticipation runs through the assemblage when the chairman rises to open the orgy. Everybody screws himself up, as a fiddler screwing the pegs of a fiddle, to what he deems the correct pitch of appreciativeness; and almost the breath is held. And the chairman says: "Whatever differences may divide us upon other subjects, I am absolutely convinced, and I do not hesitate to state my conviction in the clearest possible way, that we are enthusiastically and completely agreed upon one point," the point being that such and such a person or such and such a work is the greatest person or the greatest work of the kind in the whole history of the human race. And although the point is one utterly inadmissible upon an empty stomach, although it is indeed a glaring falsity, everybody at once feverishly endorses it, either with shrill articulate cries, or with deep inarticulate booming, or with noises produced by the shock of flesh on flesh, or ivory on wood, or steel on crystal. The uproar is enormous. The chairman grows into a sacramental priest, or a philosopher of amazing insight and courage. And everybody says to himself: "I had not screwed myself up quite high enough," and proceeds to a further screwing. And in every heart is the thought: "This is grand! This is worth living for! This alone is the true reward of endeavor!" And the corporate soul muses ecstatically: "This work, or this man, is ours, by reason of our appreciation and our enthusiasm. And he, or it, is ours exclusively." And, since the soul and the body are locked together in the closest sympathetic intimacy, all those cautious dyspeptic ones who have hitherto shirked danger, immediately put on courage like a splendid garment, and order the strongest drinks and the longest cigars that the establishment can offer. The real world fades into unreality; the morrow is lost in eternity; the moment and the illusion alone are real.

The key of the mood is to be sought less in the speeches as they succeed each other than in the applause. For the applauders are not influenced by a sense of responsibility, or made self-conscious by publicity. They can be natural, and they are. What fear can prevent them from translating instantly their emotions into sound? By the applause, if you are a slave and non-participator, you may correct your too kindly estimate of men in the mass. Note how the most outrageous exaggeration, the grossest flattery, the most banal platitude, the most fatuous optimism, gain the loudest approval. Note how any reservation produces a fall of temperature. Note how the smallest jokes are seized on ravenously, as a worm by a young bird. And note always the girlish sentimentality, ever gushing forth, of these strong, hard-headed males whose habit is to proverbialize the sentimentality of women.

The emotional crisis arrives. Feeling transcends the vehicle of speech, and escapes in song. And one guest, honored either for some special deed of his own or because his name has been "coupled" with some historic deed or movement, remains sitting, in the most exquisite self-consciousness that human ingenuity ever brought about, while all the rest fling hoarsely at him the fifteen sacred words of a refrain which in its incredible vulgarity surpasses even the National Anthem.

The reaction is now not far off. But owing to several reasons it is postponed yet awhile. The honored guest's response is one of the chief attractions of the night. Very many diners have been drawn to the banquet by the desire to inspect the honored guest at their leisure, to see his antics, to divine his human weaknesses and his ridiculous side. And, moreover, the honored guest must give praise for praise, and lie for lie. He is bound by the strictest conventions of social intercourse to say in so many words: "Gentlemen, you are the most enlightened body of men that I ever had the good fortune to meet; and your hospitality is the greatest compliment that I have ever had, or ever shall have, or could conceive. Each of you is a prince of the earth. And I am a worm . . ." And then there are the minor speeches, finishing off in detail the vast embroidery of laudation which was begun by the chairman. Everybody is more or less enfolded in that immense mantle. And everybody is satisfied and sated, save those who have sat through the night awaiting the sweet mention of their own names, and who have been disappointed. At every banquet there are such. And it is they who, by their impatience, definitely cause the reaction at last. The speakers who terminate the affair fight against the reaction in vain. The applause at the close is perfunctory—how different from the fever of the commencement and the hysteria of the middle! The illusion is over. The emotional debauch is finished. The adult and bearded boys have played the delicious make-believe of being truly great, and the game is at an end; and each boy, looking within, perceives without too much

(Continued on Page 21.)

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CIV—GEORGE C. HOLBERTON

By Edward F. O'Day

The gas company gave a luncheon at the St. Francis a few days ago. Assembled at the board were a number of the corporation's head men and quite a few outsiders of the sort usually designated in the patter of the press "prominent citizens." It was not merely a festive but also an informative occasion, for while the lunchers lunched a pleasant-faced gentleman whose head shines on the top and whose eyes look smilingly through big glasses talked about the pictures thrown on a screen at one end of the room.

The pictures subtracted a great deal of interest from the menu, for though the menu was up to the high St. Francis standard, the pictures were unusually attractive and the pleasant-faced gentleman made them tell an enthralling story. When the illustrated lecture was over and the lunchers had expressed their appreciation in applause, a distinguished looking gentleman who was a stranger to most of those gathered there, arose from his seat and said:

"May I speak a word or two, Mr. Holberton?"

"We shall be glad to hear from you, Mr. Ryan," replied the pleasant-faced gentleman.

"I've had a good deal to do with power and lighting plants in my day," said Mr. Ryan, "and I've just come from the Panama Canal where they develop power and go in for lighting on rather a large scale, but I want to say that the power and lighting system which has been shown in these pictures is, to my mind, the greatest in the world."

Everybody was deeply impressed. Everybody who didn't know already wanted to find out who the extremely complimentary gentleman was. They discovered that he was W. D. Ryan, the man who lit the Panama Canal and the man who is going to light our World's Fair for us.

"It was very nice to get a compliment like that from a man like that," confesses George C. Holberton.

And Holberton looked as though he meant it.

Holberton is not a lecturer. He doesn't make a practice of coaxing a story from screen pictures while other people are dallying with the salad. But Holberton is a Pacific Gas and Electric man. He's an enthusiast for what you see described on the more or less outlawed bill boards and in the street cars and in the display advertisements in newspapers as "Pacific service." There's an esprit de corps in the gas company, a pulling all together not as common as it might be in many big industrial corporations. One of the results of this is that everybody from General Manager Johnny Britton down has a lot to tell the public, and doesn't hesitate to mount the platform for the purpose of imparting it. So Holberton rather enjoyed giving that lecture. It was diversion for an exceedingly busy chief engineer. And it was very gratifying to elicit such a nifty compliment in such a public manner from such an authority as the man who lit the Big Ditch. After all, work is fun when you approach it in the proper spirit.

For some fifteen years George Holberton has been engineering for Pacific Gas and Electric. In that space he has seen the company grow and expand from a comparatively small concern to its present condition. What is that condition?

"The greatest development of its kind in the world, bar none," says Holberton decisively.

Just now Holberton is working on the Lake



Photo, Terkelson and Henry
GEORGE C. HOLBERTON

Spaulding dam. You never heard of it? Well, I hadn't heard much about it myself till Holberton got my ear.

"It will be three hundred feet high," says Holberton; "the largest dam in the world."

Los Angeles people would have known that long ago and would have insisted long since that the world share their knowledge if Lake Spaulding were in southern instead of northern California. But somehow or other we're different. That the power and lighting system which Mr. Ryan from Panama says is the greatest in the world should be constructing the largest dam in the world is a fact which permeates slowly through the intellectual crevices of your ordinary San Franciscan.

But a dam three hundred feet high doesn't mean much to a layman. I asked Holberton to make it clearer.

"The amount of water impounded in that dam," he explained, "would be sufficient to supply San Francisco for three years at her present rate of water consumption. In other words, San Francisco, which consumes thirty-five million gallons of water a day, would be three years using up the water to be impounded at Lake Spaulding."

"Has the gas company any thought of competing with Spring Valley or Hetch Hetchy?" I asked.

"None at all," said Holberton smiling. "We need that water in our business. After using it for power purposes we pick it up again and supply it to the farmers for irrigation. We irrigate right now from twenty to twenty-five thousand acres. The citrus fruit of northern California is watered from our ditches. At that we're in the water business too. We supply twenty cities with water for domestic purposes."

"What is the company's territory?" I asked.

"Roughly, all California from Chico to Gilroy."

And that, roughly speaking, is a territory of some thirty-five thousand square miles.

"I think the business policy implied by 'Pacific service' has done a good deal for the State," continued Holberton. "From the outset of its career the company has co-operated in building up a market at the same time that it built up power development. The two go together. Our methods are educational. Thus, we equipped a car on the Northern Electric with all sorts of pumps and other machinery for farmers, and sent it through the valleys. We equipped a similar car on the University of California demonstration train. The result is that we sell thousands of horse power for irrigation and reclamation. Nearly all the work of that sort on the islands of the delta region is done by electricity now. It saves labor bills and eliminates hauling, so it's much cheaper for the farmer. He simply starts up his automatic pump and goes about his other business. There are big industries like the cement works at Suisun, Davenport and Napa which couldn't exist without our service. Of course the tremendous development of electric railroading has developed our business. We supply power to the Northern Electric and the Oakland Traction, and we own the Sacramento electric roads."

"I suppose the sale of gas has become a secondary factor in the business?" I ventured.

"Don't you believe it," said Holberton. "As a matter of fact, the revenue from our gas and electric development is about a stand-off. Electricity is used more and more for lighting, but the use of gas for cooking and heating has increased tremendously. In all our territory we are the only company with the exception of a small concern in Stockton which supplies gas. Here again our methods have been educational. We've taught people the economy and the convenience of cooking with gas."

"How does the public regard the company?" I asked.

"The public attitude toward us is fine," answered Holberton. "The spirit is friendly, and there are few complaints. Our first principle is, the consumer first and the company afterwards, and all our five thousand employees are impressed with the necessity of adopting this principle in all their dealings."

"Afraid of public ownership?" I hinted.

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXI—AS I CAME DOWN MOUNT TAMALPAIS

By Clarence Urmy

(This is one of the best poems by Clarence Urmy, the San Jose singer, and was published in his volume "A Vintage of Verse.")

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To north the fair Sonoma hills
Lay like a trembling thread of blue
Beneath a sky of daffodils;
Through tules green a silver stream
Ran south to meet the tranquil bay,
Whispering a dreamy, tender tale
Of vales and valleys far away.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To south the city brightly shone,
Touched by the sunset's good-night kiss
Across the golden ocean blown;
I saw its hills, its tapering masts,
I almost heard its tramp and tread,
And saw against the sky the cross
Which marks the City of the Dead.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To east San Pablo's water lay,
Touched with a holy purple light,
The benediction of the day;
No ripple on its twilight tide,
No parting of its evening vale,
Save dimly in the far-off haze
One dreamy, yellow sunset sail.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,
To west Heaven's gateway opened wide,
And through it, freighted with day-cares,
The cloud-ships floated with the tide;
Then, silently through stilly air,
Starlight flew down from Paradise,
Folded her silver wings and slept
Upon the slopes of Tamalpais.

The Spectator

Aked Knocks at Boost Dinner

One of the tangible results of the boost banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce Monday night was a new slogan. No doubt people who believe in municipal slogans are gratified. But I should prefer something more to the point. For instance, I should be glad to learn that the banquet marked the beginning of our emergence from provincialism. But I'm afraid it didn't. My fear is based on what I have heard of the banquet, not on what I read in the papers. The papers gave the speeches of all the orators in full—with one exception. They gave only half of Doctor Aked's speech. The half which they left out illustrated the spirit of parochialism which is widespread in this city. I have heard a good deal about that half of Doctor Aked's speech since Monday night. A lot of men who heard it are very sore. They are the men in whom lies the best hope of this city, for they are sufficiently free from provincialism to feel disgust when San Francisco is denounced in public by a San Franciscan for its wickedness. And therefore they are exceedingly disgusted with Doctor Aked. They said so Monday night and have been saying so ever since. They don't see why Doctor Aked, a newcomer in our midst, should knock at a boost banquet. They feel that if he can't be prevented from airing his provincial views he should be muzzled.

What Aked Said

The papers suppressed Doctor Aked's denunciation of San Francisco. They printed all his honeyed phrases and ignored the rest. As Doctor Aked divided his speech nicely between praise and denunciation, the papers gave exactly one-half of his after-dinner effort. Let me summarize the other half. Doctor Aked said that the name of San Francisco was, with other cities, a synonym for civic corruption and the cynical exploitation of vice. He said it was regarded as a place where vice was the leading feature and where indecency was flaunted shamelessly in the faces of visitors. He said that conditions were so bad here that young boys could go at will through the vice district and behold immoral women engaged in their sinful practices. He said that it was bad enough for the individual to exploit vice for gain, but that for a city to do so was for that city to commit the worst of all crimes. He said that San Francisco was doing this. He said that he had heard the plea that a wide open town paid, but that this was really the worst advertisement a city could get. He said that San Francisco was behind all the other great American cities in dealing with this problem of vice. He mentioned several cities, including Chicago, Atlanta and Portland, as cities where the vice area had been wiped out. He said that to wipe out vice we didn't need new laws but only to enforce those we have already. Finally he said that he was not a fanatic on the subject of purity but that he wished the city officials to give this awful condition their most earnest attention.

A Talent for Exaggeration

Doctor Aked is very provincial, else he would not have said all these things. He has the provincial's and the pulpiteer's talent for exaggeration. Exaggeration may at times be very effective in a sermon but it is out of place when it is enlisted in the cause of knocking at a boost banquet. Doctor Aked can't know much about vice conditions in other cities of America except New York because he has never lived in any of them. And Doctor Aked should know that New York's vice conditions are infinitely worse than San Francisco's. Having spent a great deal of time in London Doctor Aked should have thought of vice conditions there before applying superlatives of denunciation to his newly adopted city. In London prostitutes ply their trade unmolested in the big music halls. In fact the parade of the prostitutes in the foyers of the London music halls is regarded by many tourists as one of the sights of London. No doubt too Doctor Aked has been on Oxford street after dusk and has seen the continuous stream of street walkers flowing up and down that "stony-hearted" thoroughfare from seven o'clock till midnight. No doubt he knows conditions in Soho too. How often has Aked seen a street walker in San Francisco? Doctor Aked lived for many years in Liverpool. Has he forgotten that street walkers are abroad in the streets of Liverpool all day long as well as at night? Conditions such as these should furnish Doctor Aked with a basis of reasonable comparison. But Doctor Aked is not a reasonable man; he is too much of a provincial for that. He has the sensational preacher's habit of saying that every town he enters is the worst in

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the world. Our police are competent to handle vice conditions here, and they are actually handling them very well. Their work is hampered, not helped, by such silly public utterances as those of Doctor Aked at the boost banquet of the Chamber of Commerce.

Field Found Fault

I am sorry to hear that Charlie Field, the sensible and broadminded editor of Sunset, was betrayed at this same dinner into an utterance of the Aked kind. Field pointed out that rubberneck wagons tour the restricted vice district and that strangers who ride on the rubberneck wagons catch glimpses of vicious conditions on which their imaginations get to work, thereby registering lasting impressions which they carry away with them. That strikes me as a sensible criticism, if the condition exists, and no doubt it does, for Field is careful in his statements. But I cannot help feeling that Field made a mistake in uttering that criticism publicly. A hint to the police would accomplish a reform here. The rubberneck wagon people would soon stop sending their passengers through the restricted vice district if warned by the police. Why blazen these matters to the world? There are ever so many matters of greater importance suited to public discussion at boost dinners.

Sproule's Speech

The most impressive of the speeches made at the Chamber of Commerce banquet was Bill (or should I say William now that he is president of the Southern Pacific?) Sproule's. No novice at speechmaking is Mr. Sproule. In the old days when nobody hesitated to curtail his Christian name, he was one of the most graceful of the many clever speakers who used to contribute to the gaiety of Bohemian Club jinks. In those days he was noted for his wit and especially for his biting sarcasms. At the banquet the other night he was in sober earnest, but he was none the less entertaining. His speech was distinguished by a kind of plain, downright common sense. There were no intricacies in his argument. He convinced his hearers by the sincerity of his utterances, by the earnestness and simplicity of his manner. The speech was an appeal for fair play, for the square deal, and the subject was handled in a masterly fashion. First the speaker set before his hearers some facts that might serve to warrant his plea for decent treatment from the public. Briefly stated the facts are these: in the fiscal year ending June 30 the Southern Pacific disbursed in San Francisco one dollar and ten cents for every dollar gross its lines west of El Paso, Ogden or Portland earned for its own treasury in payment for transportation of freight into or out of San Francisco; in the same fiscal year the company paid out seventy-six cents directly to the people of this State for every dollar gross that it earned for its own treasury for transportation services rendered within the State of California. From these figures it is evident that the Southern Pacific contributes no small share to the volume of business done in San Francisco and in the State. According to Mr. Sproule's figures, which, by the way, are accessible to State and Federal authorities, the company turned over to the people of San Francisco every dollar its Pacific system of six thousand five hundred miles received in payment for its own services in the carriage of freight into San Francisco and the carriage of freight out of San Francisco and to each dollar added ten cents. Of this money fifty-seven cents out of every dollar was for wages and fifty-three cents for materials and supplies. The seventy-six cents paid to the State does not include any payments for interest on bonds, for dividends or anything of that kind. In wages alone the company paid out in this State $32,000,000 and for merchandise $10,000,000 more.

His Plea for Fair Play

Evidently the Southern Pacific is not lacking in loyalty to San Francisco or to California. Now all Mr. Sproule asks in return is expressed in these words: "I would venture further by commending to your judgment the suggestion that hereafter whenever any attempt is made to recall the ghost of what was once known as the railroad question for the purpose of dragging it into the political arena, the railroads should be able to rely fearlessly and fully upon the business men and the public spirit of this city and of this State to stamp out that attempt as inimical to the public interests, by which I mean the interests of all the people. The railroad systems of today, I believe, without exception, are endeavoring to bring their properties up to a high standard of efficiency and to maintain them at that standard. Their efforts are in the single direction of giving the public good service and of making that service satisfactory to the people generally." * * *

His Most Valuable Asset

Of course Mr. Sproule is not so unsophisticated as to expect fair play from the politicians. Though not a politician himself, he knows the ways of the demagogue in office who strives incessantly to make political capital out of an affected hostility to public service corporations. Against the michievous wiles of the demagogue he would warn the business interests, and happily he could speak as one who has never been identified with any politicial machine. As he very pertinently observed in the course of his introductory remarks "the good opinion and confidence of the business men of this city and of this State," which it has been his good fortune to enjoy has been his "most valuable asset." Undoubtedly it was chiefly because of the esteem in which he was known to be held in this State that he was chosen for the important position he now holds. His elevation to that position was an acknowledgment on the part of the men who control the Southern Pacific system that the time had arrived for the railroad to deal directly with the people. This is what Mr. Sproule probably had in mind when he said: "The principle of regulation we accept. It is not expected of the railroads that they shall accept confusion and conflict of regulation, nor are they expected to accept the regulation of prejudice, or regulation that takes little heed of its destructive effects. What the railroads may urge with propriety and with public approval is that regulation, being accepted in principle, its application shall be unprejudiced and shall be just."

Why Bancroft Knocks

I learn that there is a very natural explanation of the unkind language which Hubert Howe Bancroft applies to the Society of California Pioneers in his new book "Retrospection." Last week I quoted Bancroft as saying: "There were never any pioneers, properly so called, in California, though there is a pioneer society in San Francisco, the distinguishing character of whose members is not merit, achievement or intellect, but simply existence. They or their progenitors came to California before a certain date. If as horse thieves, the membership requirement would be met all the same." It seems that the relations between Bancroft and the local pioneer society are far from cordial. The records of the organization show that he was admitted to honorary membership on the third of April, 1876, and expelled on the fifth of February, 1894. This expulsion took place after a regular trial at which Bancroft was found guilty of abusing members of the order and of other conduct unbecoming a member.

The Charges Against Him

The rare pamphlet containing the charges against Bancroft has been placed in my hands, and I find that he sinned very much as McGroarty and Zoeth Eldredge have since been charged with sinning, namely by attacking the characters of the early Californians and the pioneers. The charges were brought by W. B. Farwell at the instance of Dr. Washington Ayer, and must have necessitated great labor, as they are based on extracts from practically all of Bancroft's multitudinous histories. That Bancroft called Fremont a filibuster and other hard names; belittled Commodore Stockton; said General Sutter never paid his debts; impugned the integrity of Judge

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O. C. Pratt; denounced Andrew J. Grayson, Benjamin S. Lippincott, George McDougal and any number of others—all this was set forth in detail. Instances where Bancroft substituted high praise of various men in his second edition where his first had contained violent attack are given, and they are among the most curious things in this interesting pamphlet. The charges were submitted to the Pioneer Society by William Simpson, R. Thompson, A. S. Hall and S. W. Holladay, and at a meeting attended by eighty members it was unanimously agreed to drop Bancroft from the roll. Hinc illae lachrymae.

That Vicksburg Party

That wine supper on the gunboat Vicksburg which ended rather disastrously when one of the two fair guests from Vallejo was hurried to the hospital with a fractured skull, makes quite interesting reading, but as far as the officers are concerned, is not likely to have serious consequences. The two women who were entertained aboard were respectable women, as the saying goes. One was the wife of a bartender while the other was a candy girl. Being respectable there was no reason why the officers of the Vicksburg should not entertain them aboard ship, provided the proprieties were observed. That it was a gay party there seems no doubt, but that anything unseemly occurred up to the time when a wine bottle hurtling through the air put a stop to the merriment there is no evidence whatever. If the women had been disreputable women, women of notorious life in other words, if the party had been an orgy, or if one of the officers had thrown the bottle, the officers who took part would be liable to court martial. As it is, they are not likely to get into any serious trouble.

Who Threw the Bottle?

This is the question of the hour in Vallejo. Many who discuss the matter insist that the newspapers are right in saying that the missile was aimed by the wife of one of the mysterious officers who gave the little supper party. But there is a more exciting theory too. This is that the husband of the woman who was hit came aboard the gunboat disguised as a sailor and took that rather dangerous means of admonishing his wife. There may be nothing to this, but I give it to show that Vallejo is busying itself with more than one solution of the interesting mystery. If a bottle actually was thrown—which the officers deny most emphatically—jealousy was no doubt at the bottom of the act, and where there is a sign of jealousy there may ensue unpleasant complications. But it is probable that the word of the officers that the woman hurt herself by falling will be accepted as the truth.

Was It a Wine Bottle?

You may have noticed that the officers stated that only two bottles of light wine were consumed during the supper party. For purposes of publication the officers of the United States Navy never drink anything except wine or beer aboard ship. This for the reason that the use of "hard liquor" on any of Uncle Sam's fighting boats is forbidden by the regulations. The ban was imposed out of deference to the W. C. T. U. but the prohibition is not seriously considered. As a matter of course naval officers drink their cocktails or their Scotch and soda whenever they want to, and the breach of rules is connived at by their superior officers. Just how the navy department stands in this matter may be inferred from the fact that cocktail and whiskey glasses are included in the official enumeration of mess equipment. And one of the gifts which a State invariably presents to the ship named after it is a punch bowl. So, if a bottle was thrown, it may not have been a sauterne or a hock bottle after all.

Audial Acquaintance

They were discussing, in the wine room of the Bohemian Club, a loud blustery fellow whose voice is a perpetual din in the tympani of those with whom he insists on conversing. Charlie Dickman and George Sterling were of the party. "Do you know the noisy chap we're talking about, George?" Dickman asked the poet. "Well, I've never met him formally," replied Sterling, "but I know him by ear."

A New Policy at Stanford

Those who follow affairs at Stanford think they see signs of an important new policy in the election of Herbert C. Hoover to the board of trustees of the university in place of George E. Crothers. While the original trustees of the university chosen by Mrs. Stanford were appointed to serve for life, those elected to replace the old-timers as the latter died have been given ten-year instead of life terms. Still, it has been the custom of the board to reappoint the ten-year trustees when their terms expired. Attorney George E. Crothers is the first who has not been thus reappointed. He was elected in 1902, so his term is up this year. I have heard it said that he was not returned to the board because he had a disagreement with some of his fellow trustees, but on the other hand I have heard this rumor emphatically denied. It seems more plausible to believe that a new policy is being pursued, and that is the general impression. It seems that the older trustees feel that new blood should be kept circulating and to this end have determined not to reappoint trustees when their ten-year terms expire. No doubt it is the hope of the wiser heads that Stanford, through the working of this policy, may cease to be what the Call dubbed it, a "sick" university.

Starr Jordan is Sore

For the first time since the foundation of the Nobel prizes the Nobel committee has refrained this year from awarding the $40,000 peace prize. The explanation given by the committee of the Norwegian Parliament is that no work worthy of reward has been done for the cause of peace during the year. I have received a private tip, from whom I shall not say, that when this news came over the cable the visage of David Starr Jordan was enveloped in gloom and his manner took on all the indications of extreme peevishness. For during the past year Jordan not only produced his literary masterpiece "Eric's Book of Beasts" but also accomplished much which he regarded as very conducive to universal peace. And he's been working for that Nobel prize for years.

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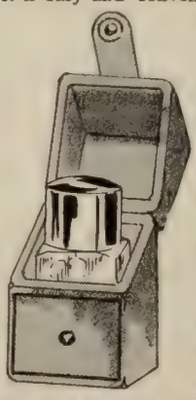
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SAN FRANCISCO

Bargains in Bibles

It may be a sign of these irreverent times or it may be owing to the propinquity of the Christmas season, but for some reason or other three rare Bibles were sold in this city last week at surprisingly low figures. The Bibles in question were put up at auction in the salesrooms of Taylor Curtis. One was the Salamanca Bible of Franciscus Vatablus published in 1584. This Bible was at first prohibited, but was finally ordered expurgated in pen and ink by the officers of the Inquisition. The copy sold has the erasures as made by two hands. The second was the well known American Bible known as the Brown Bible. This was the first important American edition of the Scriptures and was published in 1792. The list of subscribers is printed at the end and includes the names of Washington, Hamilton, John Jay, Cornelius Roosevelt, the Vanderbilts and many other distinguished men. Finally there was the beautifully illustrated Royamaunt Bible published in 1701. It contains 240 splendid engravings and five maps, and the copy sold carried the bookplate of Thomas Baskerville. The highest price obtained for any of these Bibles was fifty dollars. I think Henry Huntington or Mrs. Frank Carolan would give more than that.

An Educated Horse

Tales of other society circuses held in the long ago have been retold during the last few days. One of them has to do with Edgar Mizner. Edgar was ringmaster of this particular circus, and one of his stunts consisted in putting a trick horse named "Barny" through its paces. At the outset Mizner struck a snag. "Lay down" he commanded. But "Barny," instead of lowering himself, stood stock still. "Lay down," cried Mizner in a loud voice. But still "Barny" refused to obey. Then came a voice from the bleachers, the voice of the irrepressible small boy. "Say, mister," he cried, "that's an educated horse. Tell him to lie down!" A great wave of laughter swept through the canvas enclosure as Mizner corrected his English. And sure enough, this time "Barny" obeyed.

Our Prose Poet Once More

Alexander McAdie, the prose poet who sings to us from his ivory tower of the weather, is between book covers once more. Strophe by strophe McAdie's prose songs have been growing since the first was published in the Philopolis Magazine. First there were "Infra Nubem," "The Lights Outside" and "La Bocana"; now there are also "The Ephebic Oath," "Thalassa, Thalassa!" and "The Strength of the Hills." "Infra Nubem" gave the title to a little volume published sometime since by Aleck Robertson. That little book is out of print; so now we have those essays, with others added, in a delightful little volume bearing Robertson's imprint and issued from the same Philopolis Press. The book is richly printed on Normandy vellum from hand-set Caslon, a font the bibliophile loves, with rubricated decorations and illustrated with eight halftone plates. There is for frontispiece a painting by Arthur F. Mathews and the decorations are by Lucia K. Mathews. The binding is of vellum with a golden design on the front cover and a title label in stamped red leather on the backbone. Altogether, one of the best books the Philopolis Press has made.

"The Ephebic Oath"

This gives the book its title. If you have forgotten your Grote or your Mahaffy, consult the dictionary and you will find that the ephebe was the youth of Attica who after proper examination was entered on the book of his tribe and bound himself by solemn oath to the service of his city. McAdie thinks that San Francisco's ephebes should take such an oath. "There is," he says, "a breeze-swept city by the Western Gate quite unlike other cities of its size and age. A breeze-swept city where the inanimate seems to mold the animate; where skies and winds and clouds are woven into the texture of one's daily life. Here, fogs like silver threaded scarfs trail their loose ends upon the waters, or wind themselves like bridal veils around the brown and russet hills. The city is not a swollen macropolis. Even in the crowded quarters, the air sweeps pure and free and there is no sense of misery and squalor. There is time to live. . . . Fortunate indeed are the citizens of such a city. . . . Yet stay. Something is wanting. . . . .Shall we not give the youth opportunity to prize and seek the ancient privilege of serving, serving not one but all; serving not once but always?" McAdie sings too of the sea and the hills, sings very beautifully. Incidentally he gives us a new name for our commuters. They are "transmarini, name more restful than commuters." So let it be, though the commuters themselves are a pretty restless lot!

He Cussed Doctor Aked

Downey Harvey likes to play golf. He likes to play particularly with a well known member of the San Francisco Golf Club who is seen continually on the Ingleside links. Very often of an afternoon Downey rings up this friend of his and makes an appointment for a game. But Downey likes his little joke, and he rarely gives his own name over the telephone. One day he will ring up his friend and say: "This is Archbishop Rior-

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dan talking. How about a little game today." Another time it will be: "This is Bishop Nichols talking. Shall we have a little golf this afternoon." Of course Downey's friend always recognizes Downey's voice. The other afternoon this friend of Downey's was called to the telephone. A voice which he thought he recognized as Downey's said: "This is Doctor Charles Aked talking." "Oh, go to h——, Downey!" said the golfer. "I repeat," said the voice, "this is Doctor Aked talking." "Cut out that d——d nonsense, Downey!" replied the golfer. And there were other unseemly remarks before he was chilled by the realization that it was not Downey Harvey but actually Doctor Aked to whom he was speaking.

Revenge is Sweet

Down in Salinas the motor cop will catch you if you don't watch out. Until recently a twenty-mile per hour rate of speed was permitted in Salinas, but it has been cut down by ordinance, and automobilists who have not taken the trouble to keep in touch with affairs of government down that way have been arrested for their sinful negligence. And some of them are mighty indignant. They have forsworn Salinas forever. No more of their good money for that greedy burg. They are even talking of organizing an association to give impetus to the movement to prevail on the highway commission to build a new boulevard between Castroville and Monterey, thereby cutting out the always dangerous San Juan Hill and shortening the distance to Del Monte. The authorities of Salinas have made some pretty powerful enemies by what was doubtless regarded as very "slick" work.

Vanderbilt Joins the Press Club

Is Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr., the millionaire husband of our own Birdie Fair, going to identify himself more closely with the life of San Francisco? Speculation on the subject is caused by the fact that young Vanderbilt has just joined the Press Club of this city. He has become a life member. His check and a letter signifying his desire to have his name submitted for membership came to Auditor Tom Boyle, the treasurer of the club a short time ago. I understand that the board of directors headed by "Uncle Bill" Naughton found no objection to the applicant and that he was duly installed on the roster of the newspapermen's organization. I haven't heard that the junior Vanderbilts plan coming to this city to stay nor do I suppose that they have any such intention just now. But they have big interests here, and feel particularly well disposed toward the city since they concluded their very advantageous leases with the Panama-Pacific directorate which needed their water lots to build the World's Fair on. Perhaps Vanderbilt joined the Press Club just to indicate his gratitude to San Francisco. As far as I know, he doesn't belong to the Pacific-Union, the Bohemian or the Family.

Frank Marston's Luck

Colonel Frank W. Marston, one of our most picturesque citizens, is being congratulated these days. He is the owner of the beautiful electric motor car which has been on exhibition in the tapestry room of the St. Francis and which was later displayed at the society circus. Colonel Marston's luck may be judged from the fact that this handsome car cost him only four dollars. I should not be a bit surprised if Colonel Marston presented the car to the good ladies of the Infant Shelter so that they may sell it and devote its price to their worthy charity. Colonel Marston is a rich man and possesses other motor cars.

A Political Forecast

If some of the political cronies of the Hon. James D. Phelan are to be believed the fine Celtic hand of the former mayor is not less potent in local politics today than it was in the years agone. To them is attributed the report that when William Metson's term as park commissioner expires he will not be asked to give his services any longer to the city. Mr. Metson, it appears, enjoys the disesteem of the celebrated discoverer of Hetch-Hetchy, and Mr. Phelan, so the story goes, relies on his friend Father Crowley to put the stiletto into Mr. Metson. All of which carries with it the implication that Mayor Rolph is not wise to the ways that are dark for which James D. is peculiar. But Mayor Rolph, though a novice in politics, is rapidly going to the head of the class. Whatever may be his intentions regarding Golden Gate Park it is not likely that he purposes making it the playground of political hacks. William H. Metson is one of the most enthusiastic park commissioners San Francisco ever had. The park is his hobby. He knows every inch of it, and he is devoted to its welfare.

Father Crowley for Local Option

Speaking of Father Crowley I am reminded that he is the only Catholic priest in San Francisco who dissented from the Chamber of Commerce, the San Francisco Real Estate Board and the Civic League of Improvement Clubs with respect to Amendment 27. The well-financed organization that made the campaign for local option believing Father Crowley to be one of its strongest arguments issued a card on which the following was printed.

Vote for Amendment No. 27.

Rev. D. O. Crowley, chaplain of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and president of the Youths' Directory, has endorsed that amendment.

By order of

The Committee.

The probability is that the great majority of the A. O. H. voted against the amendment.

Honor for Louis Mooser

For years the New York Sun has been enrolling members in an imaginary hall of fame. Admittance to this particular temple is only gained by men and women who rejoice in names that accord with their occupations or achievements. Thus if a man's name be Miller and he happens to be in the flour business, he's eligible for membership. The honor thus conferred reminds one of what a great English lord once said of the Order of the Bath: "There's no d—d merit about it." The latest entrant into this hall of fame is Louis Mooser of this city. Here is the manner in which Louis was proposed:

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: For gallant and meritorious services in aiding to defeat the Big Bull Moose I nominate for a niche in your temple the Hon. Louis H.



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—C. N. B.

Mojave, Cal., November 23.

The Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults

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Letters

The Story of a Gem

Lincoln Colcord is not the first to write a story around a gem as a theme. At least two other tales will occur to the most casual of readers, Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone" and Robert Hichens' "Slave," but whereas in the other cases the stone itself was passive, in "The Drifting Diamond" it is an active and baleful agent. The Penang diamond was an Oriental stone of great size, beauty and financial value. It was one of the state jewels of the Maharajah of Pancore, and how it come to be in the market of Singapore is a part of its unrevealed history. It came into the possession of a young English globe-trotter Rodney Lane who paid for it a hundred thousand pounds in notes drawn on his indulgent uncle. An article of such great value in small bulk would be a dangerous possession at any time, but in the Far East where life is cheap and morals and conscience unknown quantities, even to be in close proximity with the possessor became a position of insecurity. The story is told in reminiscent vein by Captain Nichols who had spent the greater part of his lifetime in the Orient. Associated with him is a Chinese merchant, Lee Fu Chang, a man of education, wide experience and a profound knowledge of Oriental character. Lee Fu Chang is far too wise to doubt what is merely improbable or apparently impossible and his philosophical speculations and the fulfilment of some of his half-prophecies are uncanny. It is his idea that the Penang diamond is no dead stone but that, apart from its rare beauty and high financial value, it is itself a living thing with a powerful will and a "bad heart." It is a gruesome and ghastly record of murder, piracy, mutiny, treachery, greed and dishonor which follows each successive change of ownership, for it seems to have the power of evoking every slumbering evil passion, and it is a real relief to the reader as well as to those who have been connected with its career when it is cast for a second time into the sea. The name, the drifting diamond, was given to it by Captain Nichols because after it had been cast overboard in a sealed bottle in the China sea, he met it again five years later in the possession of a simple native of the Gilbert Islands who had no idea of its great worth but who, nevertheless, lost his life in trying to defend himself from despoilment. Though the story of the great diamond, extending across a period of nearly twenty years, is the central theme, there are incidental bits of description and dramatic scenes which stand out vividly in the narrative. There is the description of the typhoon in the China sea for the counterpart of which one must refer to Joseph Conrad's story bearing that title. Only the late Homer Lea has given us, in his "Vermilion Pencil," another scene to match the abject cowering fear that assailed the mutinous crew when Lee Fu Chang spoke the one mystic word which revealed him as their master. The author acknowledges indebtedness to R. L. S. for the description of the singing contest at Barataritari, but the conference in the House of State at Sariki he owes to none but himself. "The Drifting Diamond" lies quite outside the usual course and will repay readers who are attracted by the occult and inexplicable. However improbable the incidents may appear when reviewed in cold blood, it is not until the book is closed and the spell broken that the improbability suggests itself. From the Macmillan Company.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Hobart Imbroglio

When Mrs. Walter Hobart returned from Europe there was a rumor that she intended commencing suit for divorce. The more optimistic among her friends and Walter's hoped that this was untrue, but I hear that they have now given up hope. It is said that Mrs. Hobart is preparing to bring suit for a legal separation. Those who discuss the matter take that for granted, and indulge in speculation as to the grounds on which the action will be based. They hope that the suit will be an amicable one with no unpleasant features. What use Walter will make of his freedom is another topic of discussion. Temperamental differences led to an estrangement between the polo player and his wife several years ago, and they have been apart for quite a long time. In such cases divorce seems the inevitable outcome. So it is not surprising that the Hobarts have reached the end of the chapter.

Mrs. Spreckels Has a Studio

Mrs. Jack Spreckels is going in for art. That doesn't seem to be the proper way to express it, but society matrons always "go in" for things, and Mrs. Jack Spreckels is not only a society matron but a very charming one. In the past Mrs. Spreckels has gone in a bit for the art histrionic, appearing from time to time in amateur theatricals, and not without success. This time it is the art of the brush and palette. Mrs. Spreckels is not only taking lessons in drawing and color, but, doing the thing thoroughly, has taken a studio. She has fitted up a cosy atelier in the old studio building in upper Montgomery street where Jules Tavernier and other artists of note did some of their best work. I am told that she shows considerable aptitude for the work and loves it besides. Some day we may have the pleasure of seeing pictures by Mrs. Spreckels in local art exhibitions.

The Society Circus

Society at the circus comported itself well, both in the sawdust ring and in the grand stand. In the ring there was evident a strenuous desire to perform effectively; in the grand stand a good-natured determination to let it be seen that everybody was getting his money's worth. Where such an entente exists criticism seems out of order, and yet it may be said here that the circus was not overwhelmingly exciting. People with weak hearts were in no danger of severe shocks. Performers were in no danger from hair-raising feats. In fact, there were no hair-raising feats. There was riding and tumbling and dancing and the putting of trick dogs through their paces and lemonade and peanuts and chewing gum. Really, the star events were hardly less innocuous than the lemonade. And the patter of the pedlers in yama yama costume was as amusing as the antics of the clowns. This is not depreciation; it is the award of praise where praise is due. All who took part are deserving of praise for attempting something very difficult and "getting away with it" as well as they did. Charity benefited exceedingly, so all hail the energetic men and women who worked so hard! The ball after the horse show Saturday night was a gay affair. There was an enormous throng, and everybody was doin' it. The last dance was romped at four o'clock Sunday morning.

A Mistaken Mother

That the matrimonial prospects of a pretty equestrienne at the Horse Show will be materially advanced because of her appearance at the Charity Circus is the firm belief of the young lady's mother. The girl in question does not belong in the ranks of the smart set, and at first the impression was abroad that the performers were to be limited to those whose names appear in the social register as has been the case in the past when Kirmesses and operettas have been given for charity under the auspices of society. So the mother of the girl went to considerable trouble about seeing committees and patronesses in order to be certain that her daughter would be listed among those to appear at the circus. "But why are you so anxious that she should take part in it?" inquired a friend. "Why!" replied the complacent mother, "I know perfectly well if she has an opportunity to ride where all those rich young men can see her, at least one of them will fall in love with her. And with her good looks and clever riding she has only to be seen to get a wealthy husband." Alas! the poor lady has evidently no conception of the blase attitude of our rich young bachelors.

Eluded Their Chaperones

The chaperones at Mrs. Bowie Deitrick's Assembly on Saturday night were very remiss in their duties and have left themselves wide open to censure. Three of their charges were found ragging at two o'clock Sunday morning at the Pavilion dance following the Society Circus. Mrs. Deitrick has been firm in her decision that none of the young girls or boys attending her Assemblies shall rag and the orchestra has been ordered to confine its music to waltzes and two-steps. Protests have been of no avail. Saturday night about eleven, three of the girls and their three youthful escorts quietly left the Deitrick Assembly at Century Hall and half an hour later were mingling gaily with the crowd at the rink and ragging to their hearts' content. They took no account of time and were considerably chagrined when the irate mother of one of the girls pounced down upon them and carried the whole party off. Considerable alarm had been felt in the homes of the girls when they did not return at midnight, the hour at which the Assemblies always terminate, and it was only after an hour of frantic telephoning that they were located. Since Mrs. Deitrick has seen fit to tax all chaperones accompanying the girls, a number of frugal mothers have been sending their daughters in the care of their maids who take them to the hall and later call for them. After the escapade of Saturday night, however, it is expected that all the mothers will be in their places at the next Assembly.

Some New Cinderellas

I note with interest several new names in the list of patronesses of the Cinderella ball which is announced for January 17. The Cinderellas are known as the most exclusive affairs given in San Francisco. Lines are drawn as they are at no other balls of the season, not excluding the private parties like the Sharon ball and the Crocker dance. I venture to say at least fifty of those entertained by Mrs. Frederick Sharon last week have not received cards to the Cinderella and no amount of wire-pulling will get them invitations. This is not because Mrs. Sharon's guests were not all of our smartest set, but because the Cinderellas are so ultra-exclusive. The first list for invitations submitted by the patronesses is gone over and cut down mercilessly by common consent. This weeding out process is agreed upon in advance and there is no ill-feeling. Mrs. John Brice is one of the new names. Mrs. Brice who is one of the Tallants, daughter of the pioneer banker of that name, is presenting her daughter Elizabeth this season and is taking an active part in society for the first time in years. I do not recall Mrs. Harry Stetson among the patronesses of other seasons. She is one of the younger matrons of Burlingame who has been more identified with the country life than the gay whirl in town. Before her marriage she lived in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Donahoe, Mrs. Percy Moore and the latter's intimate, Mrs. William Delaware Neilsen are among the old stand-bys who have maintained the exclusiveness of the Cinderellas in the past.

Mrs. Sharon's List

Speaking of the Sharon ball the hostess of this beautiful affair that set a new standard for entertaining in San Francisco was most generous with the invitations. The original list was expanded up to the hour of the ball. Relatives telephoned for cards for their friends at the

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last minute and Mrs. Sharon's secretary made them out. The result was a crush, but a select crush for all that, and it gave pleasure to many of the older contingent who are seldom seen in society nowadays and who gathered to enjoy the event as a spectacle. Mrs. Sharon proved herself a gracious hostess to many known only to her by name.

Ragged in the Red Room

The Red Room of the Bohemian Club was the scene of a rag party last week, and I am told certain members of the club are expressing their disapproval of the affair. Not because the guests ragged. But because they believe the Red Room should not be given over to dancing, it being essentially a place for dining. Old timers brought up the dance Colonel Draper gave for the debut of his daughter in the old Red Room and all the fuss it caused. The directors had to meet and pass a resolution against dances in the club. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith were the hosts of last week and the affair was a delightful dance for fifty of the younger contingent of society. It was not designated a "rag party," but the rag was danced as it is wherever two or three are gathered together these days in the name of Terpsichore.

Miss Ord Enters a Convent

Despite the efforts made by her mother to induce her to change her mind, Helen Ord insists on becoming a religious. So, in company with the Mother Superior of the local convent of the Mesdames of the Sacred Heart, she left a few days ago for New York where she will begin her novitiate. Miss Ord is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. O. C. Ord and granddaughter of the late General Ord, once commandant at the Presidio. She is an unusually brilliant and attractive girl. Though Mrs. Ord is a devout Catholic she opposed her daughter's intention of becoming a nun until she was convinced that Helen's vocation was undeniable. Then she gave in but she is deeply grieved at losing her daughter just the same. Miss Ord's aunt, Mrs. Starr, the wife of Colonel Starr, U. S. A. (retired), had just returned from Paris bringing with her a trunk full of beautiful things for her niece, but the young girl has turned her back on the world and its vanities, so some other girl will receive the dresses and knick knacks intended for her by her loving aunt.

The Entertaining of Gerville- Reache

During her recent visit to San Francisco Mme. Gerville-Reache was taken into the heart of society. Nearly all great artists of the stage are entertained by society folks in San Francisco, but the entertaining that was done for the brilliant French contralto broke all records. She and her clever husband must have gone away with the impression that San Francisco well deserves her reputation for hospitality. The circle in which they were entertained extended as far down the peninsula as Palo Alto where they met the faculty clique at a tea. At Burlingame they were entertained by Mrs. Frank Carolan, who, I believe had her voice cultivated in Paris by Mme. Gerville-Reache's teacher. Mrs. Carolan has developed a consuming passion for music, and she is having a music room fitted up in her home that is of astonishing magnificence. Mme. Gerville-Reache went into ecstasies over it, and promised to sing at the formal opening of it. The contralto and her husband spent most of their time while here in the company of Dr. and Mrs. Pedar Bruguiere who entertained them at supper after the performance under the auspices of the St. Francis Musical Art Society and subsequently gave a dinner at their home in her honor.

Sacrifices Court Glitter for Love

Pretty Irene Sabin whose engagement to John A. Merrill was announced the other day will give up a brilliant season in Berlin to become the bride of the man of her choice; love in a cottage she prefers to the glitter of life in palaces. It had been decided that she should go abroad to spend the winter with her sister Mrs. Alfred Bjornsted, wife of the military attache of the American Embassy in Berlin. The Bjornsteds occupy a beautiful home in the German capital and entertain lavishly, and I am told the dignified beauty of Pearl Sabin that was has made a most favorable impression at court. The Sabins have discouraged the romance of the youngest daughter of the household and it was thought a gay season abroad would prove effective in check-mating Cupid. But the family reckoned without Irene's determination.

Polo for Indolence

Somebody told the two Payne brothers, Herbert and Arthur, that they were indolent. It was somebody whose opinion they respected because, while they resented the charge at first, they admitted it after calmer consideration. "Yes," said Herbert and Arthur, "it's true; we are indolent, too indolent for any use." They cheerfully admitted too that their other brother, Clare, was likewise indolent. As Clare is in the East just now he has no opportunity to deny the impeachment. But perhaps he would be too indolent to deny it if he were here. But Herbert and Arthur took the accusation seriously. They decided that it was time to cease being indolent. What should they go in for? It took some time to reach a decision. But at last they made a mighty resolve. What game so destructive of indolence as polo? So they are going in for polo. They are at present purchasing polo ponies with anything but indolent interest. Next season we shall see two Payne boys transferred from indolent chaps about town into active polo players.

A Dinner for Relicts

Some time ago a bright spirit of the Press Club proposed a dinner for divorced members. That affair has not taken place so far, but the latest novelty in dinners approximates the idea. I refer to the dinner for relicts given by J. J. Fagan of the Crocker National Bank and his charming

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wife in their Broadway home. Only widows and widowers were bidden to this dinner, and they were widows and widowers of the genuine sort, widowed by death. Before dinner the guests were assembled in the drawing room, and the ladies looked exceedingly effective in their black weeds. At the proper time each widower selected a widow as his dinner partner, and the jolly affair was one. After an evening of good cheer, music and dancing the party motored to the beach. If there are any romances as a result of this novel party I'll tell you about them later.



A DELIGHTFUL SPOT ON A ROOF GARDEN OF HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

Training Society Youngsters

Social climbers would certainly be discouraged if they but knew that the real members of the Greenway set and those who expect to arrive without difficulty when they reach debutante age, actually go into training here when they are small children. They may be found today in the dancing club which Mrs. Horace Pillsbury has been instrumental in organizing for the little boys and girls who ten years from now will be the society beaux and belles of the city. They already have blase graces far beyond their years and any doubt as to their ability to qualify for the Greenway balls in later years would be dispelled after an hour's observation of little "airs" at the dancing club. They graduate from this juvenile dancing club into Mrs. Bowie Deitrick's Junior Assembly where they develop some of the fashionable gaucherie which labels them as "smart" when they present themselves as applicants for Greenway honors.

Two Vocalists at Kohler and Chase

At the regular weekly music matinee to be given by Kohler & Chase at Kohler & Chase Hall on Saturday, December 14, an especially interesting and extensive program will be presented. Two soloists have been engaged for this event. They are Mrs. Irene Kelley Williams, soprano, and Miss Dorothy Gray-Oliver, mezzo-soprano. Mrs. Williams' most important song will be an aria from Pagliacci which shows her voice to fine advantage. Miss Gray-Oliver is just beginning to become known in the local concert field. In addition to the vocal numbers there will be several interesting instrumental selections for the Pianola Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ.

Card Parties at Techau's

It has always been the endeavor of the management of Techau Tavern to exercise particular care in providing for the comfort and entertainment of its lady patrons. Its card rooms, where tables are provided without charge, have become extremely popular with hostesses who appreciate the fact that less trouble and expense are involved in holding card parties at the Tavern than elsewhere. To the Tavern management belongs also the credit of having originated the afternoon luncheon for shoppers, when, between the hours of 3:30 and 5 o'clock, a specially printed menu has been provided at reduced prices, while, for those who prefer it, dainty specialties are served gratuitously. On the afternoon of December 7 no less than twelve hundred I. X. L. tamales were served gratuitously. These tamales are the product of the I. X. L. Company, of which Mr. Workman is the president, and are superior in that they have no husks. It was not the custom to serve tamales at the Tavern until this superior brand was produced, as those with husks required warming over and were thus rendered unsightly and undesirable.

In the Social Spotlight

Owing to the death of her husband Mrs. Darling recalled invitations to a tea which she had sent out for December 10.

Mrs. William A. Lange gave a charming tea on Monday at her bijou home on Golden Gate avenue. Her mother Mrs. William Gieselman was the motif of the delightful occasion. Mrs. Lange and Mrs. Gieselman were both handsomely gowned. Delicious refreshments were daintily served, lovely, langourous music was played while two hundred and fifty guests, friends of the two ladies were cordially welcomed.

Henry Hadley is giving a large musicale at the Bohemian Club on the evening of December 19. At this affair he will introduce his new quintet which will be played by members of the Symphony Orchestra with Mr. Hadley at the piano.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Hunt leave for New York Sunday for an extended pleasure trip. They will visit all the important cities in the United States returning by way of Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Legler and Master Legler have arrived at Hotel del Coronado for an extended stay, having motored down from San Jose where they have a large ranch. J. T. Dille and his daughter Miss Dille are registered. Mr. Dille is a railroad man from Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. C. D. McAphee are among the recent arrivals. They have a home in the Rocky Mountains near Denver. A. Mosely, noted English writer, has taken apartments for the season. Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Bigger of Hutchinson, Kansas, arrived by motor. They traveled across country and report a splendid and most interesting trip.

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Drama of Vaudeville

Whenever in doubt go to vaudeville. This is a maxim for everybody in quest of amusement, which in a spirit of philanthropy I have refrained from copyrighting. If drama finds you in the wrong mood your case is hopeless, and there is no compensation for the tedium of it, but where there is so much variety as in vaudeville somewhere along the line you are bound to come out of yourself, sit up and take notice. Life, after all, is not straight comedy or straight tragedy, but something strangely mixed, and so vaudeville comes nearer to life than the average drama. Indeed vaudeville is life, and drama is only make believe. In drama you see people acting in concert in obedience to the plans of the playwright and directions of the stage manager. They do nothing on their own initiative. In vaudeville you see people employing their talents in their own way, making the most of what ability they have along lines laid down by themselves; and to one of a philosophic turn they afford a very interesting study even when they hardly rise above mediocrity. Take for example Ed. Morton who is at the Orpheum this week. He does nothing but sing, and he has no voice to speak of. A very ordinary sort of person is Ed. Morton, yet doubtless he is making a good living in vaudeville. He never fails to get applause, and he does not appear to be more than half trying, and assuredly he does not radiate magnetism. Furthermore his songs are not gems of the lyric art. Now by what means does he get in touch with the other side of the footlights? By the very simple means of subtle suggestion. Each of his songs has a point in it, and for perceiving the point the audience is delighted with itself and applauds Morton for having confidence in the intelligence of his hearers. Such is the psychology of a vaudeville turn. Mignonette Kokin is another of the interesting studies at the Orpheum this week. A song and dance artist who pokes fun at her own voluptuous figure is Mignonette. She does a lot of hard work, some of it very gracefully, and gets her measure of applause. Then there is Galetti, a gentleman with a faculty for inducing monkeys to act as though they were real vaudeville artists, and there are the Flying Martins who risk their necks on the frail trapeze, and there is Little Billy, a midget who sings and dances and gives you the impression that he is a precocious child of seven—all self-impersonators these—living their own lives right out before everybody in a drama in which we are all playing a part. And now for a word of criticism, for it just occurs to me that as yet I have not mentioned what to me are the most pleasing numbers on the bill—the eight Florentine singers and the sixteen Japanese wrestlers. The Florentine singers in their quartettes, trios and ensembles are excellent, and there is one soprano among them with a very sweet top note. I wonder why she isn't permitted a solo. Surely she must be more tolerable than the barytone. As to the Mikado's Royal Japanese athletes, it doesn't matter whether or not the Mikado ever saw them, they do a mighty good turn, and though their wrestling is far from impromptu there is less of banal theatricality in it than in the sketch called "The Butterfly." Good drama is as rare in vaudeville as in drama.

—Theodore Bonnet.

"A Modern Eve" is Funny

Yes, it is very funny. It begins to be funny when Miss Adele Rowland makes her first appearance in the role of an advanced young woman



ADA REEVE
London's own singing comedienne who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

practicing medicine. Miss Rowland is one of those rare young women of the stage who can extract laughter without pain. So is Miss Henrietta Tedro who adds to the fun when she swaggers in as the suffragette wife of a henpecked husband. But the fun becomes hilarious when the henpecked husband, Alexander Clark, minces 'cross stage at the command of his formidable spouse. From that moment "A Modern Eve" exists principally for the funny uses of Alexander Clark. He has a funny face, funny knees, funny shoulders; so it is no effort for him to make funny grimaces, to walk funnily and to contort his body in the grand old cause of fun. The result is laughter all the time Clark is on the stage and eager waiting for his return when he is off. The principals of this amusing piece are all very good. In addition to those already mentioned Miss Marion Roddy, a beautiful girl, and Louis Kelso, the leading man, must not be overlooked. The chorus is a hard-working group of young men and women whose hard work is not in vain. The girls take particular pains to display whatever graces of figure they possess, and let the audience into the mysteries of their underclothing. This seems unnecessary, unless it be of importance for us to know that "women are wearing 'em again," to quote what Tony Chute said to Diane in "The Quaker Girl." The fact that "A Modern Eve" has the most inexplicable plot of any offering we've seen in a year need not deter anybody from patronising it. Plot can be dispensed with when there is plenty of fun.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Miss Lerner Returns

Tina Lerner, the beautiful and brilliant Russian pianist who achieved such a triumph at her two appearances with the San Francisco Orchestra, will return to San Francisco tonight and at 8:30 Tuesday night, December 17, at Scottish Rite Hall, will be heard in a concert that gives every indication of being one of the most pleasing affairs of its kind ever given in this city. Miss Lerner came here to appear with the San Francisco Orchestra and immediately captured our music lovers. She will give the same program with which she will make her appearance in New York. Frank W. Healy under whose direction Miss Lerner appears locally, has arranged a schedule of prices ranging from fifty cents to two dollars. Seats are on sale at the Sutter street box office of Sherman, Clay & Company and the complete program follows: Mozart, "Larghetto"; Weber, "Rondo Brilliante"; Schumann, Sonate F Sharp Minor; Chopin, 3 Etudes, Nocturne F Sharp Minor; Strauss-Tausig, Valse Caprice "Man lebt nur einmal"; Liszt, "Sonetto 123 del Petrarca"; Liszt, "Spanish Rhapsodie."

The Sixth Symphony Concert

The sixth symphony concert of the San Francisco Orchestra will be given at the Cort, Friday afternoon, December 20. The week of December 16 being that in which the two American composers, Henry Hadley and Edward MacDowell, were born, it is fitting that they be represented in the program. Mr. Hadley will be represented by his Symphony No. 4, "North, East, South and West," which will be performed for the first time here. It is in the usual four movements and is scored for grand orchestra. The second part of the program will present Mr. Gottfried Galston in the Liszt Concerto in E Flat for piano and orchestra. Mr. Galston, the celebrated Munich pianist, is making his first American tour. The last part of the program is reserved for the Suite No. 1, Op. 42 of MacDowell. The movements follow: I. In a Haunted Forest; II. Summer Idyll; III. In October; IV. The Shepherdess' Song; V. Forest Spirits.

Henry Hadley will have his Rhapsody "The Culprit Fay" performed in Berlin for the first time on December 17 by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Theodore Spiering.

The Maud Powell Concerts

Maud Powell, the famous American violinist and one of the world's great artists, will give two

matinee concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium under the Greenbaum direction. The first will be given this Saturday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. The program will include Lalo's Spanish Symphonie, two Mozart gems, a "Scherzo Caprice" by Grasse, one of the brilliant Brahms-Joachim "Hungarian Dances" and Wieniawski's "Faust" Fantasie besides the beautiful "Sonata" in E major for piano and violin by Bach. At the Sunday afternoon concert, December 15, Mme. Powell will introduce to us the "Concertstueck" by Max Bruch, Coleridge-Taylor's "Deep River" and "Up the Poklawaha" by Marian Bauer. Other interesting numbers will be "Air" by Tenaglia; "Prelude," Pugnani-Kreisler; "Minute Waltz," Chopin-Powell; "Minuet," Bethoven and the charming "Sonata" by Grieg for piano and violin. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's and on Sunday at the hall.

'Cello Virtuoso Coming
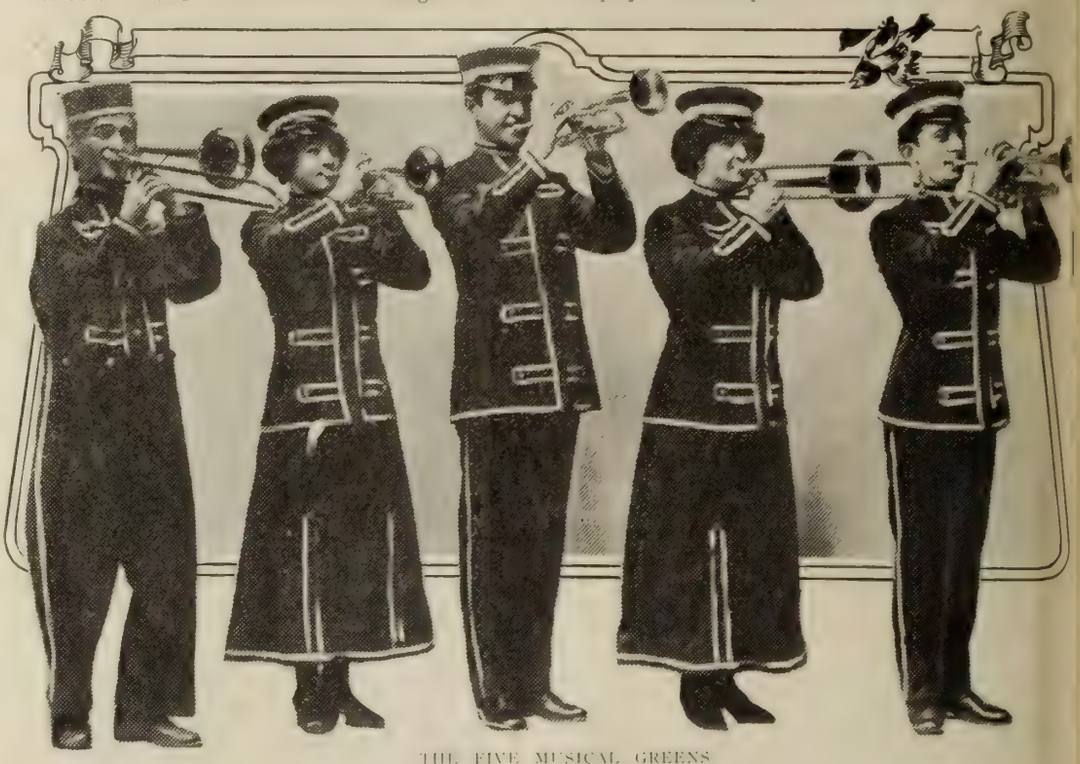
When Mme. Sembrich appears here in January she will introduce to us Giuta Casini, a seventeen-year old 'cello prodigy whom she discovered in Russia. It has been a number of years since this city has been visited by a virtuoso of that beloved instrument, and the advent of the young artist will be welcome.

"A Gentleman of Leisure" at the Alcazar

For the farewell week of Orrin Johnson and Marguerite Leslie at the Alcazar, beginning next Monday night, "A Gentleman of Leisure" is announced. This comedy of modern American life has never been presented in San Francisco, although it had a successful season in New York and a profitable tour on the Eastern circuits, and the critics unanimously pronounced it an example of clever plot building and character drawing. Besides Mr. Johnson and Miss Leslie, Burt Wesner, Charles Ruggles, Louis Bennison and all the other members of the stock company and several specially engaged players will be in the cast. There cannot possibly be an extension of the very successful engagement of Mr. Johnson and Miss Leslie at the Alcazar, as Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell are booked to begin a limited starring season there on Monday evening, December 23, their opening vehicle being "The Fortune Hunter."

Godowski Coming

With the Maud Powell concerts Manager Will Greenbaum will close his activities for the present year. Although the season is still young, this energetic manager has offered a splendid list of attractions including Martin and Ganz in combination concerts, Mme. Gadski, Mme. Yolanda Mero, the foremost woman pianist, Alice Nielsen and her company, Gerville-Reache and Maud Powell. For his first attraction for 1913 Greenbaum will present one of the most important living pianists and one of the greatest artists now on tour, Mr. Leopold Godowsky. The work of this player and composer has been called "the last word in piano playing." The concerts will be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, January 5 and 12, and there will be a special Oakland concert on Tuesday afternoon, January 14.



THE FIVE MUSICAL GREENS
At Pantages next week.



"A MODERN EVE"
Scene from the successful musical comedy now at the Cort.

Ada Reeve at the Orpheum

The Orpheum announces another great new bill for next week. Ada Reeve, the famous London singing comedienne will begin an engagement. The immense success she scored here a year ago is fresh in the public memory and her return is in compliance with a generally expressed wish. Miss Reeve will be heard in an entirely new repertoire of songs, all of the clever and distinct type of those used on her previous visit, and she also brings with her a beautiful assortment of the most modish costumes. Paul Dickey who will make his first appearance here, has achieved considerable renown both in vaudeville and on the legitimate stage. His offering will consist of a one-act play called "The Come Back," a romance of the campus. His support includes Corbett Morris, Stewart Robbins, Clay Boyd, Sam Kelly, Bud Ellis and Inez Plummer. Caesar Rivoli, the man who changes his clothes quicker than a woman changes her mind will be an interesting and puzzling feature of the new bill. In his playlet "A Scandal in a Restaurant" he acts seven different roles. He also impersonates Creatore, Verdi, Rossini, Suppe, Liszt, Mascagni, Strauss, Gounod, Wagner and Sousa. Direct from the London Hippodrome where they have been delighting the most critical of British audiences come Oscar and Suzette. These two English favorites are considered the foremost ballroom dancers of the day. Next week will be the last of Jere Grady and Frankie Carpenter; Mignonette Kokin; Galetti's Monkeys and Little Billy.

"The Rose Maid" at the Columbia

As full of good things as a Christmas stocking is "The Rose Maid," Werba and Luescher's most recent big musical success which took New York by storm last winter and continued without loss of patronage through the heat of summer and into its second season. This charming operetta will begin its San Francisco engagement at the Columbia on next Monday night, and Werba and Luescher announce the singers, comedians, great chorus and "Rose Maid" orchestra that were heard during the New York engagement. "The Rose Maid" is of the new style. It has set a new pace for light operatic productions. The stage settings for the two great acts are beautiful. The cast will include Perle Barti, the beautiful Italian singer, Juliette Lange, Jeannette Bageard, Ida Van Tine, Henry Coote, Edward Gallagher, well known in San Francisco; Leo Stark, H. Tyler Brooke, Wilmer Bentley, and many others besides the charming group of "Kute Kiddies."



MAUD POWELL
Who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Another Week of "A Modern Eve"

"A Modern Eve" enters the second week of its engagement at the Cort this Sunday. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday during this final week. Walker Whiteside in "The Typhoon" comes to the Cort Sunday, December 22.

Doctor Cook at Pantages

The management of Pantages announce the important engagement, for the week starting Sunday, December 15, of the world-known Dr. Frederick A. Cook, about whom so much has been written. Dr. Cook will deliver an illustrated lecture, depicting with marvelous photographs thrown upon a screen, the thrilling narrative of the perils of the North. He was surgeon for seven Arctic and Antarctic expeditions and therefore his lecture will be keenly interesting. The Five Musical Greens and the Four Cook Sisters will be on the same bill. Other acts and features will be Agnes Mahr and B. Mykoff, international dancers in Hungarian, Russian, English, French, classic and ballet dances; the Three Elliott Brothers, remarkable acrobats; Frank Rodgers, the colored ventriloquist; Shaw and Wilson in a comedy offering called "Back to Missouri"; the Cook Sisters, "Lady Chefs" serving courses of harmony. Timely motion pictures will close the biggest bill of vaudeville ever offered at Pantages.

"I'm going to do something for which this infant will be grateful to me in after life."

"What is that?"

"I'm going to see that he is never photographed minus his clothes."

Glassy

"I suppose," said the man in the yellow coat, trying to be chummy, "it doesn't hurt your glass eye when you get anything in it?"

"Does it look as if it would ever be likely to have a pane in it?" responded the other frigidly. And he gave him a glassy stare.

Opposites

The dapper little ribbon clerk gazed languishingly into the dark eyes of the handsome brunette waitress.

"Isn't it wonderful," he gurgled, "how opposites seem to be attracted to each other?"

"It sure is," agreed the beauty. "I noticed only today that the tallest man at the lunch-counter ordered shortcake.

Too True

"You certainly have a trim little waist,"
I said as she put on her hat.
But she turned me aside and quickly replied,
"You're right—there's no getting round that."

Rubber

He rubbered at a girl.
He stretched a point and spoke to her.
She extended an invitation for him to call.
On his first visit he drew her out.
He found her spirits were very elastic.
In a year she wore a band of gold.
The next year she gave him a bouncing baby boy.

AMUSEMENTS

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Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week Commencing Sunday, December 15th
Engagement Extraordinary at One of the Greatest Salaries Ever Paid in Vaudeville
THE INTREPID ARCTIC EXPLORER
DR. FREDERICK A. COOK
Presenting in Illustrated Lecture Form His Thrilling Narrative of the Perilous North
"THE ATTAINMENT OF THE POLE"
7—BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS—7
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.
Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE
Request Return Tour of
ADA REEVE
London's Own Comedienne
PAUL DICKEY & CO. in "The Come Back"; CAESAR RIVOLI, the Man of 100 Roles; OSCAR & SUZETTE, Creators of the Back to Back Waltz; JERE GRADY & FRANKIE CARPENTER; MIGNONETTE KOKIN; GALETTI'S MONKEYS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Immense Hit of LITTLE BILLY, Vaudeville's Tiniest Headliner.
Coming Sunday Matinee, December 22nd
ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Monday Night, December 16th, and Throughout the Week
Farewell Appearances of
ORRIN JOHNSON and MARGUERITE LESLIE
Leading the Alcazar Company in a New Comedy of American Life
"A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE"
By John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse
Its First Presentation Here
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.
Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
To Follow: Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell in a Repertoire of Modern Plays.

MISS TINA
LERNER
(Pianist)
SCOTTISH RITE HALL
VAN NESS AVE. AND SUTTER STREETS
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1912
At 8:30 Sharp
Program Includes: Mozart, Weber, Schumann, Chopin, Strauss-Tausig, Liszt.
Prices: 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50 $2.00..
Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.



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POWELL
Violinist
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
THIS SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 14th at 2:30
and
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 15th at 2:30
Prices: $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. Box Offices at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's.
Steinway Piano
Coming -GODOWSKY, Master Pianist.

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ORCHESTRA
HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR
SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT
CORT THEATRE
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 20, 1912
Soloist: GOTTFRIED GALSTON, Pianist
Hadley....Symphony No. 4, "North, East, South and West" (New—First time in San Francisco)
Liszt.....Concerto in E Flat
Gottfried Galston
MacDowell.....Suite No. 1, Op. 42
Composed in Wiesbaden
Prices: 75c to $2.00. Seats at Cort Theatre, Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

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Second and Last Big Week Starts Tomorrow Night and Saturday Matinee. Prices—50c to $1.50.
Entire Lower Floor at Wednesday Matinee, $1.00.
Martin Beck and Mort H. Singer Present the Latest Berlin Musical Comedy
"A MODERN EVE"
A Hit from the Garden of Eden
Sunday, Dec. 22 Walker Whiteside in "The Typhoon."

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Beginning MONDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 16th
MATINEES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS
Werba and Luescher Present the Operetta of Fun and Fashion
"THE ROSE MAID"
Great Metropolitan Cast and Production
A Rosebud Garden of Girls
Evenings and Saturday Matinee: 25c to $2.
Wednesday Matinee: 20c to $1.50.

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MATINEES OF MUSIC
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
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26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco
Featuring eminent California Soloists, the Pianola Piano and the wonderful Aeolian Pipe Organ.
No Cards of Admission Required
Open to the Public

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The high rate of call money last week gave Congress an object lesson regarding the currency situation and the need for reform. As the banks have no practical way of reducing their circulation in dull times they press idle money on the market where not needed in general business. This gluts Wall street with funds and leads to over-speculation, but gives no leeway for expansion when the crops begin to move. To make matters worse the federal treasury locks up a vast surplus of idle gold in its vaults, amounting to about one hundred million dollars at present. This is burning the candle at both ends. This gold should be kept in circulation where needed and the Government should get interest on it from the banks. Had half of this vast surplus been deposited in western and southern banks last October, to relieve the strain of moving the crops, its benefit would have been incalculable. The stock market has behaved very well. Stocks are in strong hands and actually advanced a little while trading fell to very small proportions. Speculators and pool operators have not been allowed to borrow money for untimely booms, but holders of standard securities have been protected, maintaining quotations and avoiding coarse liquidation where it would do harm. The railroads in the eastern district have not yet estimated the cost of the arbitrator's award fixing a minimum wage for locomotive drivers, a principle which is likely to be extended to other branches of the service. The gross revenues of the railroads have been very satisfactory. Net earnings have been better than expected in the face of high labor costs. General trade has met with no setback. Taking the reports of new orders for steel products as published from day to day as a basis, the unfilled tonnage of the U. S. Steel corporation at the close of November will probably show a gain of 250,000 tons and will make a new high record.

Wheat—The wheat market last week, while hovering much of the time around the 90 cents level for May, has stubbornly refused to remain long below that price, and just now shows a little more life and animation than it has for some time back. There seems however to be no decided change in sentiment. The small advances that occur from time to time are looked upon only as affording better selling opportunities, and the trade still views the large spring movement as an atlas-like load in which it will have no hand in carrying the burden. The trade continues to look toward the northwest as regularly as the followers of Mahomet turn toward the east. It seems to be generally thought that the spring wheat section of the country can supply the requirements at home and abroad and still have a burdensome surplus. That the wheat trade in the country is on a solid substantial, commercial basis goes without saying. Present prices are pleasing to the consumer and unsatisfactory to the producer. Stocks of wheat are not burdensome, and there is still much wheat and flour sold to go abroad that will consume future receipts, sell our exports, and taken altogether, the market while dull, appears to be on an unusually healthy and inviting basis for the investor.

Corn—The strong feeling that exists in the corn market is due to the disappointing yields in so many important sections of the corn belt, together with the reluctance of many farmers to market their corn on the present level of prices. On the other hand, the trade is of the opinion that a little further rise in values will so enlarge the offerings that the current demand will not be sufficient to absorb them.

Cotton—On October 9 we issued a circular entitled "What of Consumption" in which we endeavored to point out that with cotton below 11 cents the question of consumption was far more important than the size of the crop. When this circular was published sentiment was almost unanimously bearish and even the suggestion that the world's spinners might require 14 1-2 million bales following the enormous crop of 16,100,000 last year was considered ridiculous. Statisticians and crop experts were busy estimating the crop at between 14 1-2 and 15 million bales. Futures in New York were quoted around 10 1-2 cents with 8 1-2 cents or 9 cents before the end of the year freely predicted and widely accepted as a foregone conclusion. Since the twelfth of October, January contracts have advanced from 1034 to 1289, or nearly $13 per bale. The same people who less than eight weeks ago were so confidently estimating the crop at 15 million bales and figuring the price at which it should sell as low as 9 cents are now just as certain that the crop is only 13 to 13 1-2 million bales and that the price will be 14 cents before the first of January and 15 cents soon after. Meanwhile their ideas of the world's consumption of American cotton have increased to around 14 1-2 and 15 million bales. In other words sentiment has become universally bullish. We believe it is time to examine again the reverse side of the medal. The present visible supply is the largest in history by almost three-quarters of a million bales. There is nothing in the movement or the ginning returns to suggest a commercial crop of less than 14,200,000 bales. This added to the carry-over from last season of 1,300,000 indicates a supply of 15,500,000, whereas, it is doubtful if over 14 million bales will be required at 13 cents or higher. The season is only one-fourth spent. Cotton that would have gone into consumption at below 11 cents will instead go to swell the

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank
No. 2 MONTGOMERY STREET

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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.
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The officers of this Bank will be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.
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JUNE 29th, 1912:

Assets $51,140,101.75
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 1,656,403.80
Employees' Pension Fund..... 140,109.60
Number of Depositors 56,609

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

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Two Private Wires to Chicago and New York

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New York, 31-33-35 New Street

visible supply figures at above 13 cents. These high prices right at the inception of the season, in addition to checking consumption, will greatly stimulate production, and if maintained until spring the acreage will in all probabilities exceed the previous record of 36,700,000 planted in 1911.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

"Not at all," said Holberton. "I don't believe any sort of public ownership will extend to our utility for a very long time to come. Public ownership is a passing fad. In the great cities it has come to be understood that public control is the better method of handling the problem. And we're for that, because the public is a partner in our business."

I guess he's right. There's a pretty good feeling toward the gas company in this community. Men of broad mind, like Holberton, have brought it about.

The Banquet

(Continued from Page 6.)

surprise that he is after all only himself. A cohort "of the best," foregathered in the cloakroom, say to each other, "Delightful evening! Splendid! Ripping!" And then one says, ironically leering, in a low voice, and a tone heavy with realistic disesteem: "Well, what do you think of ————?" Naming the lion of the night.

Also don't lose sight of the fact that the early worm catches the fish.

Half the flattery is expended on women, the other half on tombstones.

You can't place any market value on advice until it has been used.

An ounce of silence is sometimes more eloquent than a pound of sermons.

A financier is one who takes advantage of the parting of a fool and his money.

Just because all the world's a stage don't try to be the whole show.

Two of the greatest forces are electricity and flattery.



When you rent a box in the
CROCKER SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS
you have the assurance that your valuables placed therein are absolutely safe, and all it costs you is $4 per year.

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults Crocker Building Post and Market Sts.
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San Francisco Blue Book

27TH ANNUAL EDITION
The Private Address Directory of the Representative Families of California—
Containing Over 50,000 Names and Addresses.
EMBRACING IN DEPARTMENTS:

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Including a list of banks and corporations of California. All the leading clubs of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and principal cities of California, giving the officers and addresses of members. Permanent guests of the principal hotels, personnel of the press, and theater diagrams. The names in San Francisco will be arranged alphabetically, also numerically by streets. Now being compiled and reservations made.

Address all communications and changes to
CHARLES C. HOAG, Publisher
340 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.
Phone Douglas 1229.

Blew Him Out

"No, sir," said the Kansas editor, "your services are no longer required."

"May I venture to ask why I am discharged?"

"You're too blamed funny. That style may do in the blase and heartless East, but when you refer to a death in a cyclone as a 'terrible blow" to the family, you overdo it out here."

Her Idea

Father—Do you think you can support my daughter in better style than that to which she has been accustomed?

Suitor—Privately, and between you and me, sir, I believe Mabel's idea that I can is one of the reasons why she is leaving home.

Cynical but True

"A woman may be shocked if you make love to her, but she is disappointed if you don't."

"If people look wicked, they are; if they look good they may be."

"A life-long devotion should never last less than two years; by that time it will have seemed life-long."

"Never hesitate in telling a woman that you love her; it increases her self respect."

Cruel Insinuation

"Innuendo is very effective in oratory," said William Jennings Bryan.

"A gentleman once visited Tuckahoe. As he sat on the hotel porch and fought the Tuckahoe mosquitoes, he said to an old residenter:

"Have you a newspaper here?"

The residenter, skilled in innuendo, answered: "Oh, no! We have a ladies' sewing circle."

The Most Appealing

Oh, the lily-white hands that we never clasp,
The joy of the unkissed kiss!
The wonderful pipe-dreams of what may be,
The magic of things we miss!

Oh, the faith of the friend who never was,
The depth of the love to be!
It's the things that haven't yet come true
That most appeal to me!

Circumstantial Evidence

A young wife was in tears a few mornings ago when her mother called. When asked what was the matter, she replied that her husband was out late the night before and had been to a drinking party.

"What makes you think that he had been to a drinking party?" asked the mother.

"He came home," sobbed the young wife, "wearing a phonograph horn for a hat."



ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

SAN FRANCISCO

Paid-Up Capital	$ 4,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits	$ 1,600,000
Total Resources	$40,000,000

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Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

Unionism has nothing in common with democracy or socialism. Unionism is Autocracy, begotten by Politics and Intolerance and its name is Monopoly.

The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,294; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CARLO CASASSA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, David J. Casassa, administrator of the estate of Carlo Casassa, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the offices of his attorneys, Devoto, Richardson and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said offices the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Carlo Casassa, deceased.

DAVID J. CASASSA
Administrator of the Estate of Carlo Casassa, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 23, 1912.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Administrator,
600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., S. F. 11-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA O'CONNELL, sometimes and also known as and called JULIA CONNELL, Deceased—No. 13,908; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of their attorney, John J. Barrett, Room 1255 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, deceased.

JAMES MADDEN,
JOSEPH MADDEN.
Executors of the Estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 30, 1912.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executors,
1255 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-30-5

ORDER SETTING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR ORDER DIRECTING EXECUTRIX TO MAKE CONVEYANCE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,645; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNA M. HUTCHINSON, Deceased.

LILLIAN H. P. SURRYHNE, executrix of the last will of Anna M. Hutchinson, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for a decree of this court authorizing and directing her, as executrix of the last will of said deceased, to convey and transfer certain real property, in said petition and hereinafter described, to E. J. Rinckel; and it appearing from said petition that the said Anna M. Hutchinson was, during her lifetime, bound by a contract in writing to convey said real estate as in said petition set forth:

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, the thirtieth day of December, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., upon said day, and the courtroom of the above entitled court, department 10 thereof, be, and the same are hereby, fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the time and place of hearing said petition be given by publication of a copy of this order for at least four (4) successive weeks before said day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

The real property hereinabove and in said petition referred to is described as follows:

All that certain real property in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lot number nine (9), as laid down and delineated on a certain may entitled, "Map of Robley Terrace, Oakland, California, June, 1908, F. C. Turner, City Engineer," filed July 23rd, 1908, in the office of the County Recorder of said Alameda County.

Dated, November 26th, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

THOMAS E. HAVEN, Atty. at Law,
Monadnock Bldg., Rooms 941-943, San Francisco. 11-30-5

Nothing New Under the Sun

"My dear," said Adam, as he and Eve were discussing the fall fashions in the Garden of Eden, "which system of dressmaking do you favor?"

"Well," replied Eve thoughtfully, "they all have their merits, but the loose-leaf system is good enough for me."

Patient—I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory.

Doctor—Ah, yes! Why—er—in cases of this nature, I always require my fee in advance.

Bible Student (preaching his first sermon)—Yes, my friends, I am trying to follow the divine injunction to cast out the sick, heal the dead and raise the devil.

"Razor hurt you, sir?" asked the energetic barber.

"Not a particle," replied the sarcastic victim in the chair; "but the blood running down my neck is a little annoying."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,489; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of GIOVANNI PODESTA, also known as GIOVANNINI PODESTA, and as G. PODESTA, Deceased.

Adelina Podesta, administratrix of the estate of Giovanni Podesta, also known as Giovannini Podesta, and as G. Podesta, deceased, having this day filed herein her verified petition for an order of sale of a portion of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth;

And it appearing therefrom that it is necessary, and also that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and of those interested therein to sell the said portion of said real estate;

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its courtroom in the New City Hall, on the southeasterly side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1912, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix for the sale of the said portion of said real estate;

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week, for four (4) successive weeks, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, November 27, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

A. P. DESSOUSLAVY and P. A. BERGEROT,
Attys. for Administratrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,898; Department No. 10.

WILLIAM GREIG, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Greig, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

PIECE NO. 1.

Commencing at a point, situate on the Northerly line of Mariposa Street, distant thereon 50 feet Easterly from the Northeasterly corner of Mariposa and Missouri Streets; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Mariposa Street, 25 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Southerly 100 feet to the Northerly line of Mariposa Street and point of commencement.

Being portion of Potrero Nuevo Block Number 270.

PIECE NO. 2.

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Mississippi Street, distant thereon 225 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Mariposa Street, running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Mississippi Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Easterly 100 feet, thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 100 feet to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Potrero Block No. 305.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles,, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of October, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of October, 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,883; Department No. 10.

TILLIE POOLOS, also known as TILLIE POPPER, Plaintiff, vs. SAMUEL POOLOS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: SAMUEL POOLOS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK D. MACBETH, Atty. for Plaintiff,
706-707 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 32,803.

PETER KOCELJ, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of PETER KOCELJ, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Beginning on the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue at a point distant Northerly Three Hundred Sixteen (316) feet measured along said line, from the Northerly line of Lake Street; running thence Northerly along said line of Twenty-fifth Avenue Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Westerly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-six (26) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred Twenty (120) feet to the Westerly line of Twenty-fifth Avenue and the point of beginning. Being a portion of Outside Lands Block 47.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 26th day of September, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 12th day of October, A. D. 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names, none; Addresses, none.

BRADLEY L. WALLACE and JEROME M. POLITZER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-12-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,551; Department No. 3.

JOHN FINDLEY MILLIKEN, Plaintiff, vs. MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-23-10

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Letters

Rosalie Once More

Those readers who recall Will Irwin's "Rosalie the Medium," published a few years ago, will have no objection to holding another seance with the same heroine. "The Red Button" is a detective story, but there is no official detective in it, and all the real work which leads up to the elucidation of the mystery is performed by one who is not legally recognized. Rosalie LaGrange, having come in for a comfortable fortune, has retired from her semi-criminal occupation and has been doing her best to be a lady, but it has proved to be a dull and uninteresting existence and with the originality one would expect from a woman of her type, she has decided to inject some animation into her life by turning her well-furnished, comfortable abode into a boarding house. She is just on the eve of opening her doors when a singular stroke of fortune transfers to her bodily and intact every inmate of the house across he street, save Captain Hanska who has been murdered. Before the patrons of Mrs. Moore's boarding house fairly knew how scared they were Rosalie had them moved to her own house across the street, and almost as quickly she was in communication with her old friend Inspector Marty McGee who was really indebted to her cleverness and silence for his own excellent reputation as a solver of perplexities. It was the finding of a trifling red shoe button in an unexpected situation in the deserted Moore house that gave Rosalie a clue to the mystery. She resorted to her old art of clairvoyance and trance-mediumship to verify her conclusions. The truth was a surprise to Rosalie herself, and a far greater one to Inspector McGee. For a story dealing with a murder mystery which is not cleared up till nearly the last page it is a cheerful tale with passages of unforced humor, variety in characters and realism enough to satisfy any but the over-exacting. There are no less than three love stories piloted to a safe anchorage and the interest between these and the great mystery in which all of the characters are more or less enmeshed is evenly balanced. From Bobbs-Merrill.

A Civil War Story

In "The Siege" John S. Williams has given us a novel including a novelty, for it is a story of the Civil War in which the love interest does not center upon a hero and heroine divided by the sectional strife. The siege which gives title to the story is that of Vicksburg, in or near which the families of the hero and heroine had their homes. Cosmopolitan Press.

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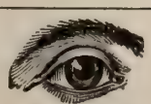
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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LOUISE HUFF
As Tirzah in Klaw and Erlanger's production of "Ben Hur," coming to the Columbia Theatre in January.

TOWN TALK

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Christmas Giving

So there has been formed a society for the "Prevention of Useless Christmas Giving"! Nothing is to be permitted to escape the blight of the terrible American madness called reform. There are societies for the prevention of almost everything under the sun. All are embodiments of the spirit of protest that the Devil brought over on the Mayflower and that ran riot in the days of Emerson, who tells us of the innumerable projects for the salvation of the world that set people by the ears throughout New England. Perhaps the only convention or custom that was not assailed by Emerson's contemporaries is the one now occupying the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Useless Christmas Giving. The members of this society, prominent among whom is Theodore Roosevelt, are typical reformers with a vague sense of the common facts of existence. Incapable of making the best of the world, they are for making the world better by compelling it to suit their perverted taste. Understanding nothing of symbolism, they would regulate the joys of the Christmas season by reforming the characteristic custom of the festival along economic lines. The giving of anything devoid of utilitarian value is in their opinion economic anarchy and should be prohibited. It is not to be gainsaid that Christmas giving is not conducted scientifically, but if the principle of looking a gift horse in the mouth is to be adopted what a lot of risk will be attached to indulgence of the impulse to make somebody happy! Christmas is a holiday for the suspension of common sense. A buoyant spirit is the essence of the festival, and a man cannot have that if he is required when making purchases to be as sagacious and cautious as though he were selecting a physician. To be commended of course is the custom of giving to folk of small means what may be useful to them, but that is not the true expression of the Christmas spirit. Indeed the Christmas spirit is too often violated by receivers of presents who discriminate between things they want and things they don't want. Such people have not cultivated the art of receiving which is a complement of the art of giving. The receiver should always see to it that the giver's intention is not frustrated. The art of receiving is near perfection when one finds it much easier to receive trifles from the rich than things of intrinsic value from the poor. The most perfect receivers are children who accept a cheap mechanical toy from a servant in the house with as much delight as they accept a gold ornament from a rich relation. To approach the guilelessness of children would be much better than to regulate the Christmas festival on economic lines. We are practical enough fifty-one weeks in the year. Let us be foolish as we please in the fifty-second. Let us consider gifts as tokens of regard, and be prepared to accept embroidered suspenders or a gold-head cane with apparently as much joy as the Queen manifested when she received from Lord Kitchener a donkey twelve hands high with ears to match. Let us cultivate the spirit in which the wise men from the East were received in the Bethlehem stable with their frankincense and myrrh, which were hardly as useful as their gold. Let us remember that the Lord loveth not the intelligent, but the cheerful giver.

Human Intelligence of the Multitude

The people of San Francisco voted with excellent judgment last week. The one mistake they made, we are told, was in voting against Amendment No. 34. But even in this matter their judgment was not so much at fault as their newspaper critics believe. True it was a slightly warped judgment that dictated many of the votes on that amendment. That noble young patriot Rudolph Spreckels, a man after Samuel Johnson's own heart, being a true barbarian in his hatreds, believing that the United Railroads wanted the people to adopt the amendment went to considerable expense to advise the people to vote against it. Shoulder to shoulder with Mr. E. P. E. Troy, the midget with the imperceptible brain, Mr. Spreckels gave a fine illustration of the fatuity that Cervantes symbolizes in the attack on the windmills. Like Don Quixote Mr. Spreckels thought he was doing dreadful damage to an enemy. But the truth is the United Railroads was not in favor of the amendment. The charter amendment wanted by the United Railroads is quite different from the one proposed and defeated. The United Railroads wishes to protect itself against demagogues. It wishes to build railroads with the distinct understanding that it will be adequately compensated in the event of their being taken over by the city. And not until private capital can get the desired assurance will there be any great amount of railroad building in this city. So if the people appear to have voted wrong it is hardly their fault. Rather is it the fault of such patriots as Troy and Spreckels who have brought about a situation in San Francisco that gives private capital pause.

And a Deficit to Come

It may seem rather inconsistent on the part of the people to go to the polls as they did last week and vote not only against what was regarded as a proposition to induce the United Railroads to extend its system but also against a proposition to enable public servants to supply the city with more public utilities. But the people were consistent enough in the circumstances. Their mental operations were the reflex action of their pocket nerve. Enough for the day was the evil thereof. On the whole they discriminated with almost miraculous shrewdness. Obviously their paramount motive was to warn their heady servants against increasing the burdens of taxation. And they made that warning ring out like a general alarm on the drowsy air of a slumbering city. No longer is there a possibility of mistaking the state of the public mind, which needs but the whole truth from Sacramento to be thrown into a frenzy. For Governor Johnson is the last word not only in reform but in the cost thereof. Controller Nye has timidly adumbrated the terrible truth in his biennial report which prepares us for a deficit and puts the blame on the corporation tax laws. Mr. Nye tells us that some means must be devised to raise more revenue. What the average taxpayer would like to see devised is a means of cutting down expenditures, and the average taxpayer with his pocket nerve on edge is very likely to get wise to the reasons of the high cost of government before the time comes for the election of another Johnson. What Town Talk predicted just when the city was getting ready for its debauch of municipal ownership and the State was looking forward to an era of Utopian felicity has come to pass. The pendulum is swinging back. The people have had their fill of the government that was brought back to them by their passionate lovers, and if they are not prepared to kick the referendum into a cocked hat at least they will keep their eyes on those demagogic supervisors who have been cultivating constituents by submitting to the mob proposals to facilitate raids on the treasury. For though the people may be able to exhibit almost human intelligence at the polls, they are beginning to object to the heart-shocks that are induced every little while by an election that threatens to leave them without a roof over their head.

Dr. Aked's Old Town

In England as well as in this country the White Slave traffic is receiving a great deal of attention. A bill for its extinction has engendered much warmth in Parliament, and the Peers of England have seen fit to legalize the whipping post once more that persons engaged in the horrible traffic may be flogged into a sense of their shame and viciousness. As a result of the propaganda against white slavery the newspapers of London have been giving their readers glimpses of the underworld of the great city, and they are of a most startling character. The newspapers have described a house devoted to vice where young girls are trapped and virtually held prisoners for the vilest purposes with the acquiescence of the police. The newspapers agree that the horrors of the underworld of London will scarcely bear recital. So London, the birthplace of Dr. Aked, the city where he was raised and

educated, though a mighty wicked city, he abandoned without compunction to let it wallow in the wantonness of its reeking sumps and fens with all their phenomena of defiant degradation. Indeed Dr. Aked abandoned his native country forever to become a citizen of the United States, here to build churches, enlighten the heathen and purify morals. We ought to be and we are exceedingly grateful to Dr. Aked, but with all due deference to the distinguished clergyman we submit that his loyalty to his adopted country is not to be challenged on the ground that he reads the London papers. This suggestion we make because we fear that Dr. Aked forswore the press of England as well as the government. By keeping in touch through the press with conditions in London Dr. Aked might come to think better of San Francisco. It is by contrast that we may learn what a good city this is.

Shaw on Prostitution

A newspaper called the Awakener has been founded in London to serve as the organ of the White Slave propaganda. For the first number George Bernard Shaw contributed an article, and as might have been expected that incorrigible cynic tore the White Slave bill to tatters and demonstrated beyond cavil and dispute its utter worthlessness. What Mr. Shaw says of white slavery is worth pondering. His argument applies to conditions in this city as well as to conditions in London. For instance:

The fundamental condition of the existence of this traffic is that society must be so organized that a large class of women are more highly paid and better treated as prostitutes than they would be as respectable women, and that people who organize the labor of prostitutes make larger profits than those who organize the labor of respectable women. In other words, society must be like English society at the present day, where the heroine of Tom Hood's Bridge of Sighs is much better off than the heroine of his Song of the Shirt, and, as a matter of fact, neither jumps off Waterloo Bridge nor has to work two hours to make 3½d. And until you change this condition of society, and secure to every respectable woman a sufficient wage for a decent life with reasonable hours of labor, you will never get rid of the White Slave traffic.

It would be well were the good women of our clubs who are interested in the movement for the suppression of prostitution in this State to investigate the business of some of our big stores where girls and women are employed, and ascertain the wage-rate. They can get much useful information from the State Labor Commissioner. It is commonly reported that there are girls who work behind counters in daylight and dance on the Barbary Coast by electric light. It is not because they are fond of gaiety in the dance halls but because they have no other way of keeping bodies and souls together. Organized Labor takes no interest in these poor girls. There are no boycotts on their account. They work day and night making dividends for the husbands of women who ride in limousines. They make bargain sales possible for women who hate prostitution, yet it would not be astonishing if some of them went astray occasionally.

A Tragic Picture

George Bernard Shaw is of the opinion that the folk who really deserve flogging will not suffer as a consequence of the revival of the whipping post. He says:

. . . . most of those who are living on the profits of prostitution will not be flogged; on the contrary, they are already among the most indignant advocates of flogging. They are ladies and gentlemen, clergymen, bishops, judges, Members of Parliament, highly connected ladies leading society in Cathedral towns, peers and peeresses, and pillars of solid middle-class Puritanism. These people have shares in industrial enterprises which employ women and girls. Thousands of these women and girls get wages which are insufficient to support them, and are treated with less personal respect than any prostitute. If a woman applying for employment complains of the low wage and asks for more she is told that if she will not take it others will. If she asks how she is to live on it she is told that others contrive to live on it. They manage to make it up somehow, she hears. . . . The somehow, in short, is on the streets. Of course, she is not told this, because many of the girls and women are quite respectable. They are living with their families, and are saved from the streets by their husbands' or their fathers' wages. But there are always orphans and widows and girls from the country and abroad who have no families and no husbands; and these must submit to the blackest misery that a slum garret and an income of from eightpence to a shilling a day can bring to a lonely, despised, shabby, dirty, underfed woman, or else add to their wages by prostitution. Thus the woman's strength and energy are maintained by what she earns in the street, and used in making dividends for rich shareholders who clamor to have public attention distracted from their complicity by the flogging of a few souteneurs, who are always described as foreigners.

From what Shaw says it is evident that conditions in the city where Dr. Aked formerly preached are somewhat worse than conditions in San Francisco. But they are bad enough here. Furthermore the objection to a white slave law in London is equally applicable to a law in this State designed to discourage prostitution. To quote Mr. Shaw again:

And please remark that every additional power you give to the policeman to harry these victims of yours increases the power of the organizer and exploiter of prostitution over the prostitute. When you are robbed and beaten and bullied you call the police; and they protect you. But the policeman himself may bully and beat the prostitute: he may tear her fine clothes to rags and drag her through the mud, and twist her arms almost out of their sockets, and then have her sent to prison on a charge of disorder or solicitation if she annoys him with appeals for protection, and if she refuses to share her gains with him. In every police force in the world there are men who do this systematically; for though the policeman may be no worse than the rest of us, you cannot find eighteen thousand angels in London for twenty-four shillings a week to exercise powers which we cut off the head of a king sooner than entrust to him. This is the secret of the terrible power of the White Slave agent over his victim. Why does she cling to him in spite of all she suffers at his hands? Simply because he can always bring her to her knees by threatening to set the police on her. She is far more afraid of the policeman than of the souteneur; for a police magistrate might take her word against a souteneur's: and if she defends herself by main force against his violence he has only his own hands to help him and may get the worst of it; but nobody will take her word against a policeman's; and to assault him is to have to face the whole forces of the State and its prisons as well as the personal vengeance of the officer. The police cell is the only room in which you cannot throw up the window and call for help. That is why, with law and order and police and clergy reigning from the Ural mountains to the island of Achill, women are dragged through Europe by White Slave traffickers more helplessly than they could be through the heart of Africa or the deserts of Arabia.

It is a pretty dark and tragic picture that Shaw draws, but nobody that knows anything about the ways of the police in big cities will accuse him of exaggeration.

The Autocrat of Politics

A great man is John Eshleman who presides over Governor Johnson's railroad commission. The greatness of him, the profundity of his intellect, his business capacity, his genius for administration—all these things are to be presumed from the importance of his position and the responsibilities that he bears with grace, nay, with enthusiasm. Mr. Eshleman well exemplifies what we all know, that the people always choose for their servants the most instructed and the ablest persons who can be found, thus compelling private interests to depend for service on incompetents. Mr. Eshleman is a product of our State university, nominally of the profession of the law, to the heights of which he does not aspire, preferring in the ardor of his passion for the public interests to be the noblest work of the divine multitude—a politician. The other day Mr. Eshleman read in the papers a speech delivered by President Sproule, of the Southern Pacific Company. The speech kindled a flame of sacred vehemence in his breast, and it burst forth with a fury that must have awed every public utility in California. At a talkfest in Berkeley Mr. Eshleman stood up as the high-priest of his calling to maintain a cause which lies nearest to that great heart of him wherein is enshrined the interests of the people; to preserve the ark of our new-fangled Constitution from sacrilegious touch. It was clear that Mr. Eshleman regarded the Sproule speech as a swat at the Railroad Commission. The swat he resented with burning phrase, to Mr. Sproule he gave the lie. Mr. Sproule had said that for every dollar taken out of San Francisco in one year by the Southern Pacific, the company

gave back one dollar and ten cents. Mr. Eshleman traversed this observation with an expression of disbelief. He charged that Mr. Sproule had uttered a half-truth, but he did not deign to produce facts and figures to prove that the truth had been only half told. Sufficient for this great man, though he has access to the books of the company, merely to assert his disbelief. It was not so much what Mr. Sproule said as what he enabled the astute Eshleman to infer that roused the indignation of this great lawyer who is practicing politics day and night. He inferred, for instance, that Mr. Sproule's speech was uttered in furtherance of a conspiracy "to strangle effective regulation." This is what made Mr. Eshleman fret himself into a lather and flare up like a turkey-cock at a piece of red flannel. Yet Mr. Sproule said nothing at all against regulation. He said that regulation was here "to remain," and he added, "The principle of regulation we accept." He had no objection to honest, consistent regulation, and he called on his hearers to support the commission in its honest decisions, and begged them not to assume that a decision was wrong because it was in favor of a railroad. Mr. Sproule's speech was a plea for fair play from the business interests. He asked the members of the Chamber of Commerce to cultivate a spirit of friendliness for the railroads. And Mr. Eshleman is indignant that Mr. Sproule should seek to have such a spirit cultivated. He says, "If they can succeed in arraying you gentlemen against us and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and the representatives of the financial interests generally, it will be unpleasant of course, but we will not change our attitude, not one iota. We will proceed just as we have heretofore so long as we have the approval of ourselves." In other words, or rather in the immortal words of a Vanderbilt, "The public be damned!" Mr. Eshleman's rhetoric is not to be preferred. It weakens the sentiment, but the clarity of it remains. His meaning is obvious. He and his associates will regret displeasing the men who pay the freight, the men who represent the business interests and who are deeply concerned for the welfare of the State, but they will pursue the even tenor of their ruthless way regardless of the wishes of the mere business man. This is at it should be in this day and generation. We are now in the heyday of politics. The politician is supreme. He is the despot of the hour, and his will is law. "He's loved of the distracted multitude," as never before.

" dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak. . . . .

Let us take off our hats to Eshleman. He knows better than we what's good for us. He knows more than Sproule about running a railroad, for, as he informs us, rate reduction has greatly benefited the railroad, and Sproule hasn't sense enough to perceive that business improves when transportation is made cheaper. So shrewd an administrator is this brainy country lawyer that the Captains of Industry will soon be clamoring for his services, but in vain; his talents are consecrated to the service of the people and he will abide with them forever.

The Newer Vainglory

Two men went up to pray; and one gave thanks,
  Not with himself—aloud,
With proclamation, calling on the ranks
  Of an attentive crowd:

"Thank God, I clap not my own humble breast,
  But other ruffians' backs,
Imputing crime—such is my tolerant haste—
  To any man that lacks.

"For I am tolerant, generous, keep no rules,
  And the age honors me.
Thank God, I am not as these rigid fools,
  Even as this Pharisee."

—Alice Meynell.

Perspective Impressions

A bond issue looks nice in a ballot but it's very unsightly in a tax bill.

This is the season of the year to remember that we need not fear spoiling children by making them happy.

Perhaps the Bulletin is against capital punishment because it has a well-founded dread of the hangman.

Says the Portland Oregonian: "California has one automobile for every twenty-eight inhabitants." But this is not the only evidence of lunacy that our Progressive State is able to furnish.

Gertrude Atherton, speaking of the crusaders against capital punishment, thus: "If these people really want to abolish it let them begin by giving their brains a tonic."—But suppose they haven't any?

Helen Gould's engagement reminds us that it's a wise bachelor who knows that the psychological moment in an old maid's life is not far removed from the dangerous age of forty.

Some men are getting ready to turn over a new leaf, but there are others who are sure to turn it down.

Dr. Jordan has neglected thus far to become a Spug, but the charter roll is still open, and it's a safe bet that the sage of Palo Alto will get in on the ground floor.

One of the evil effects of science is the preservation of damphools. Think of the number that go unscathed now that a combustible Santa Claus may trip gaily around a brightly illuminated Christmas tree without any danger. It was different before the electric light supplanted the salutary candle.

If Hays Hammond goes to St. James' he can nudge King George to his heart's content.

The Examiner points with pride to the fact that California spends more per capita than any other State on her school system. Doubtless it is something to be proud of, yet it is saddening to reflect that in a State where so much is paid for enlightenment Mr. Hearst has the largest circulation and the people have just got through eating out of Governor Johnson's sleek and oily fist.

Representative Hayes is the author of a bill designed to put an end to all immigration from the Orient. He is opposed to admitting foreigners who are ineligible to citizenship. But the foreigners whom we really ought to consider undesirable are eligible to citizenship, and it is principally for that reason we should bar them. The anarchists from the slums of Europe are the foreigners against whom we should legislate.

Varied Types

CV—DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

By Edward F. O'Day

"I should as soon think of contradicting a bishop!"

According to the veracious Boswell old Doc Johnson boomed that statement one night when somebody suggested that he had contradicted George Psalmanazar.

It came into my head Sunday afternoon when I sat in Pantages and hearkened to Doc Cook as he rediscovered the North Pole and roasted the tar out of Commodore Peary. For George Psalmanazar was the Doc Cook of his day. A Frenchman of Languedoc he sauntered into London, represented himself as a Japanese with a yearning toward Christianity, engaged the admiring attention of the Bishop of London and wrote a best seller about his marvelous explorations in the island of Formosa. When it was proved that he had never seen Formosa he confessed that he had been faking right along, and followed confession by repentance, waxing so pious that old Doc Johnson would as soon have thought of contradicting a bishop.

So I wondered whether old Doc Johnson would contradict Doc Cook.

Perhaps he would, for old Doc Johnson was a confirmed contradictor and Doc Cook arouses the mood contradictory more quickly than any man I've listened to for a long, long time.

At Pantages Sunday Doc Cook followed the Cook sisters (not his sisters, no relation) and the Elliott brothers. When the Cook sisters had sung and the Elliott brothers had tumbled, Doc Cook followed a carafe and a water glass onto the stage and bathed his face in the spotlight.

"Ladies and fellow explorers," he said, whereupon a series of pictures was flashed on the screen and the Doc took us to the North Pole.

It was very interesting, albeit a lot of the glass slides were abundantly cracked. That mean man Commodore Peary would find there a symbol of the Doc's flawed reputation for veracity.

When we had made our dash right up to the Pole—we knew we were there because we had the Doc's word for it—the screen disappeared, the lights were turned up, the Doc fortified himself from the carafe and the most interesting part of the Doc's vaudeville turn began. He tore loose and told what he thought of Peary. Among the things he thinks are that Peary is a coward, that Peary is a liar, that Peary is a briber, that Peary is a suborner of perjury, that Peary is a thief and that Peary is an attempted murderer. It seems to me that if George Psalmanazar had said some of these things even old Doc Johnson would not have hesitated to contradict him. Especially as the Doc made all these assertions without supplying an iota of proof.

I asked him about that later when he led me to his dressing room.

"The talk which you heard," he told me, "is only a part of my usual lecture. The lecture takes an hour and a half. In vaudeville I speak for only half an hour. So I cannot go into details."

"But do you think your audiences will accept your bare statements?" I asked.

"I do not ask them to," he answered. "I aim only to interest them in the controversy. Then they will buy my book, or other books, and study the question for themselves."

Then I learned that the book was on sale at the theatre, so you see the Doc has an eye to business, though he says he is not much interested in money.

"I am handling this matter in such a way," he says, "that Peary will either have to have me



DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

arrested or admit that I am right and he is wrong. You heard the charges I made against him. There are others which I cannot make before a public audience, they are so unfit for public discussion."

"For instance?" I said.

"Well, I charge him with the prostitution of the public schools."

"What does that mean?" I inquired.

"It means that Mr. Peary took money raised by the public school children and used it to fit out a ship in which he carried white girls into the North. It means that Peary maintains a harem in the North. I call him the Sultan of the Arctic."

The picture is interesting. Can't you imagine Sultan Peary lolling amid his shivering houris in an icy seraglio where every kiss is a frost bite? I'm chilled to the bone by the very thought.

But I did not contradict Doc Cook. I bore in mind what Doc Johnson had said about George Psalmanazar and asked respectfully:

"What are your future plans?"

"I shall continue my public speaking, in vaudeville, on the lecture platform and on the Chautauqua circuit until I arouse such a public sentiment that a Congressional investigation will be inevitable. After I am vindicated I shall go back to exploring. I want to climb Mount Everest. Nobody has ever climbed to its top, but I intend to."

Thus we see that the Doc is a glutton for punishment. If he lives to make the attempt, we shall have another addition to the literature of pseudology.

Not that it is beyond the bounds of possibility that Doc Cook should conquer Everest. But will the world believe him when he comes back and declares that as it was with Mount McKinley and the North Pole, so also is it with Mount Everest?

Justly or unjustly the Doc has been docketed. The world has pigeonholed his works with those of George Psalmanazar and Baron Munchausen, with Sir John Mandeville and Du Halde, with Captain Lawson and de Rougemont. We know George Psalmanazar didn't explore Formosa, and that the Formosan language he wrote and spoke was entirely his own invention. We take leave to laugh at the exploits of Munchausen. We know that Sir John Mandeville never was in Ethiopia or Tartary; that he never saw the wonderful Arbor Vitae. We know that Du Halde was never out of France and that his journeys to China were faked in his comfortable study. We know that Captain Lawson never wandered, as he says he did, in New Guinea. We don't believe that he ever scaled Mount Hercules which, he says, is one mile higher than that Mount Everest on which Doc Cook has designs. And we know that de Rougemont didn't live for twenty wildly adventurous years in the wildest Australian bush.

Having been fooled so often before we refuse to be fooled by Doc Cook. His efforts at vindication do not excite our enthusiasm. And yet the audience at Pantages received him very well. There was a good deal of applause for his ex parte denunciations of Peary. He was pleased with his reception. He thinks he's making progress. He says in so many words that Peary "got the goats" of the newspapers, but seems to think his own efforts at goat hunting are quite satisfactory so far. He says the papers are treating him better than they used to.

"But they don't publish a line of my charges against Peary," he remarked. "And the Associated Press has always been against me. You see, Melville Stone and Peary are personal friends."

Melville Stone, be it understood, is at the head of the Associated Press, an organization which supplies news to papers of all sorts and conditions. If Melville Stone allowed a personal friendship to color the world's news his position wouldn't be worth an Arctic gum drop. (And Doc Cook told me there were no Arctic gum drops.)

However, I reminded myself of old Doc Johnson's charitable attitude toward George Psalmanazar, and forbore contradicting Doc Cook. After all, he's a vaudevillain now, and men and women of that milieu are allowed a certain laxity of statement, even in interviews.

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Beyond the Sunset

By George Sterling

Ere dawn of that grey hero did I read—
    Hard Ulysses, whose oars
Followed the sunset and the winds that lead
    Time's galleys to the shores
Of demigod and siren, and I said:
    "Whose was the hand that led,
And in what faith did those intrepid men
    Fare forth on waters wide
Whose western foam they should not cross again?
    What hunger and what pride
Were at their helm? Surely their hearts were great
    And deep their trust in Fate;
    For they went not as we,
Guarded and buttressed from the hostile sea.
    For they had but their arms,
A width of oak, and stronger thews than ours
    To brave the ocean powers
And all the deep's mysterious alarms.
What bulwark hid Ulysses from the wave,
What engines from the reef and tempest, save
The piston and the staunchions of his heart?
    Aye! and a thing apart,
A thing our weaker flesh and wiser brains
Have lost, or slowly lose—the old-time trust
In One whose angels sway the hurricanes,
And whose designs make swift the mortal dust!
They had the gods, but sought for realms unknown,
    But we have overthrown
Old faiths and old illusions—on our charts
    Each isle of earth is shown
But no eternal harbor for our hearts."

And still our old men fare into the West,
    And still the timeless quest
Of happiness awaits us, and we go
    On paths they did not know—
Those men whose names are as a trumpet-blast
    From out the armored Past.
To them the deep was as infinity,
    But unto us the sea
Lies sounded and familiar, and our rule
Is over empires that the child at school
Must learn by name, but which old Ulysses
Held buried in his faith's wide mysteries.
Aye! we have sought and found, but did not find
    Something the ancient mind
Found greater than our engines and our charts—
    A trust that old-world hearts
Found equal to the tempest and the wave,—
    Something the western wind
Whispered to spirits harborless and brave,
    And sang on oceans wide:
"Fear not, for I the god am at thy side!"

    And now as men go forth
To islands of the orient and north,
Fended and sheltered from the sea's alarms,
    Something perhaps they lose—
    A sense of mighty arms
That shield and shadow and in some wise use
Our journeys to a purpose not our own.
And I have dreamt I heard from the unknown
    A voice from past our years,
    A quiet voice that saith:
    "Thou, man, dost still thy fears,
And dare the sea's cold ways of toil and death
And put thy faith in keels thy strength hath planned
    And charts thy captains read.
    Yea, the great deep is spanned
And all earth's forces broken to thy need:
    Me only, child of dust,
    Thou wilt no longer trust!"

Correspondence

The Moral of Our Time

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I have read with much interest what you have said about Dr. Aked's passion for newness and his desire to erect a building that will look like a bank in the place of the old church on Post street. I have also read an article by Filson Young from which I excerpt the following which may be of interest to your readers: "I understand that housebreaking on a large and highly organized scale is an entirely modern trick. The thing which it symbolizes is not very happy. There is no merit in pulling a thing down unless you are to put something better in its place. . . . It seems to point the moral of our time—to pull down that which appeals to the imagination and to put up instead that which can appeal only to common sense and material desire." Imagination is a fine thing, Mr. Editor, and it occurs to me that it is just the thing that most of our fashionable preachers lack. If they had imagination they would occasionally find something new to talk of. How dull they must be! Eager always to arrest attention with sensational discourse, they harp eternally on the same topics—the Demon Rum and the Vice of the Slums. No wonder that people are bored and take no interest in church. The pulpit has grown stale and unprofitable. It has damnable iteration—nothing else. Sincerely yours,

—Louis Banning.

The Eshelman Harangue

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: A little of your valuable space please that I may have a word on a burning issue. President Eshelman of the Railroad Commission has attacked President Sproule of the Southern Pacific Company for remarks which the latter made concerning the value to California of certain regulations adopted by his commission. Mr. Sproule's statement was that a railroad's ability to build extensions depended upon its ability to borrow money; that its ability to borrow money depended primarily on its ability to pay interest; and that decrease in revenue meant decrease in ability to pay such interest. The very A B C of finance surely; but Mr. Eshelman discerns in it an insidious and dangerous onslaught upon the principle of regulating public service corporations—in other words, an attack on Mr. Eshelman's salary. He meets his treacherous foe openly and valiantly by the ringing declartion that he will continue to regulate on behalf of the people not only till the cows come home, but even after they have been milked and foddered down for the night. Mr. Eshleman's mind being fully occupied with the red-tiled roof "regulated" by his board for the Berkeley depot, is unable to grasp the real meaning of Mr. Sproule's remarks, and Mr. Sproule is altogether too courteous a gentleman to enlighten him. Those remarks contain no attack on the principle of regulation. That principle was established beyond controversy by the Supreme Courts of the United States and of all the States before Mr. Eshleman was born. It was but the gentlest of cautions touching the evil effects, of course, to the railroads, but equally to the State, of "cinch" regulation and regulation by incompetency. Mr. Eshleman by force of native ability might reach the responsible position of ferry ticket puncher in the railroad he is regulating. Regulation as now conducted is the pronouncement of imperial edicts as to what a corporation may or may not do, may or may not charge. The management of the corporation must be carried on in subordination to those edicts. Its development, prosperity, and even existence is dependent upon their reasonableness. In all this, the commissions and boards of control are not dealing with their own property, are not even dealing with public property, but solely with private property. Manifestly, therefore, it requires as high ability justly to regulate such corporations as is expected of their managerial heads. Does Mr. Eshelman now begin to perceive why the corporations may, without at all attacking the sacred principle of regulation, sorrow when they see fifty-dollar men regulating fifty-million dollar businesses?

—E. L. J.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Unfrocked Priests and Celibacy

Prominent unfrocked priests in Italy are promoting an agitation among the Catholic clergy of Italy against the vow of celibacy. A meeting of protest was held in Naples and several priests who were about to leave the Church in order to marry attended and discussed the matter. The Methodists used to welcome Italian priests who left the Church on account of "love affairs," but they seem to have discovered that such acquisitions were of dubious value to their cause; but the anti-clericals are still willing to receive these men provided they wage war openly on Catholicism. Most of the unfrocked priests have married rich women. A report of the Naples meeting was brought to the Pope, and he is reported to have said: "These poor men remind me of soldiers who deserted the army on the eve of battle and are trying to convince themselves that they did not fly because they were afraid to fight."

The Girl of 1913

Max Nordau and other wondrous savants have it all figured out that "the girl of 1913" will be very different from the girls of other years. Her prime characteristic, they say, will be her simplicity. Her modesty will not express itself in the artificial bashfulness of former years. She will have a thorough education in art, literature, philosophy and languages, but will by no means neglect cooking, nursing, hygiene and general household management. She will be a serious worker who will despise "piano solos." She will drink no wine, but more tea than ever. And she will be a thorough sportswoman. Just how Max knows this it is impossible to say. Equally impossible is it to explain how the girl of 1912 is to be made over into the tremendous "girl of 1913" between the Christmas holidays and New Year's eve.

Blamed for Race Suicide

Although there are no new statistics showing the approach to a common figure of the birth and death rates of France, a document just issued by the Ministry of the Interior enables one to arrive at a conclusion as to who the "culprits' are in the crime of race suicide—that is as far as a class can be considered culpable. The document shows that fishermen and seamen have the largest families. Their average is 486 children born alive for every hundred families. Next comes the laboring class, with an average of 404. The class of employers of labor comes third with 300 children per 100 families. Capitalists and "personnes sans profession" provide 330 per 100 families, and clerks and officials 310. As far as the latter are concerned, it is interesting to note as the result of a careful computation, the following paradox was established: the larger the salary, the smaller the family.

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The Empty Chair

By Veritas

Christmas is, par excellence, the season of the children—not only of the real children but equally of those favored few, the grown-up children, in whom neither maturity of years, nor the struggle of life, nor the buffetings of the world, have been able to quench the joyous spirit of their perennial childhood.

Happy, happy grown-up children! How we envy you, we who graduated with honors in the school of life while we were still in our teens—we who were men of the world at five-and-twenty, and who now, at forty, have few beliefs and no illusions left unto us!

But you, at seventy, are younger—far younger than ever we were at seventeen—and your hearts are still simple, your imaginations still pure, your spirits are still buoyant, and your faith still unshaken. To you the earth is still a beautiful place from which the glory has never passed away. You have reached the allotted age of man, and still the shades of the prison-house have never closed around you. O blessed secret of eternal youthfulness! O happy, happy grown-up child!

I do not quite know what has led me to indulge in these reflections. Certainly they have no immediate bearing upon my story; but as I sat down to write it, the thoughts came, and so I committed them to paper. At first, on reading them through, I was minded to strike them out as entirely irrelevant. But, after consideration, I decided to let them stand, because they seemed to me, somehow, calculated to create a befitting atmosphere for a sentimental story—to induce in the reader that condition of mind in which such a story should be approached. One cannot—at least, such is my experience—appreciate a sentimental story unless one is first coaxed into a sentimental mood. It is like taking off one's hat when one goes into church. The very action of doing so helps to induce a reverential spirit at the outset. And if, O reader, my somewhat sentimental reflections have induced in you a sentimental spirit at the outset, a great object has been gained. For this story is a purely sentimental story—a sentimental story from real life.

Wyndham Corfield was one of those stern, grim, reserved men who seem to be exempt alike from the amiabilities and the weaknesses of human nature. Of the moralities—the conventional moralities, at least—he was a thorough-going upholder. He never committed a lapse therefrom himself and he never forgave anybody else who did. In Society he was cold, silent, and uncommunicative, always carrying with him the air of a man who despised, and desired to hold aloof from, its frivolities and hypocrisies.

In his home life he was scarcely more genial. He was deeply attached to his wife and his little boy—their only child—but he was never demonstrative of his affection. In fact, he disliked what he contemptuously called "gush" of any kind, and discouraged it in them as firmly as he repressed it in himself. Apart from this, the lighter side of life, in general, had no attraction for him, and he was totally unsympathetic towards those social gaieties in which his wife, woman-like, was fain to seek occasional relief from the monotony of her domestic existence.

She had been one of a large family—accustomed to the constant companionship of bright, high-spirited young people—to the unreserved sociability of a number of brothers and sisters. So by-and-by, when the first novelty and glamour of marriage had worn off, she began to find life with this silent, stern, undemonstrative, and unsociable man, at first monotonous, then irksome, and finally insupportable.

Had she known how deeply he loved her, it would have made all the difference. But he never showed his love by fond word, by affectionate caress, by any one of those thousand-and-one little outward marks of endearment, for which the hearts of loving women crave. She jumped to the conclusion (as, in these cases, women so often do) that the absence of demonstration meant the absence of love. She grew to fear, almost to hate, this grim, cold, passionless man. And presently, the image of another began to fill her empty heart. . . . Then intoxication. . . . Then madness. . . . She went to him.

It hit Corfield hard. But he grimly repressed every outward manifestation of his grief, of his rage against his wife's seducer, as he invariably repressed outward manifestations of all his feelings. A little colder, a little sterner, a little more reserved. That was all. That a heart well-nigh broken lay behind that grim, immobile face you would never have guessed. Rather would you have said that the man was made of cast-iron and had no feelings.

Only once after his wife's flight did her name pass his lips, and that because it was extorted from him by his little boy's questions.

"Daddy, where has mummie gone?"

"My boy, I neither know nor care. She is dead to you and to me, for ever."

"Oh! Daddy" (and the childish lips began to quiver), "is mummy really dead?"

"She is worse than dead," replied his father, grimly, "and you must never mention her name again."

Such was the man's look and tone, that the child was awed into instant silence. He saw that something very, very bad had happened. More than that, he was too young to understand. And he should never see his mummie again—never, never. He was not even to speak of her. But he could think of her; and when he was alone, as he so often was, he could talk to God about her. A thoughtful, fanciful little boy, he often talked to God about things that exercised or perplexed him, just as though God were actually present in the room with him. You see, God was so very real to him, as He is to children—and to grown-up children. . . . Ah, perhaps here we have it! Perhaps that is the true secret of perpetual youthfulness. Perhaps constant familiar intercourse with Him Who never grows old is what keeps these happy grown-up children from ever growing old either. Who shall say?

The year went slowly on, and at length Christmas Day—the day of the children and the grown-up children—came.

It was a gloomy Christmas for Wyndham Corfield. If he had followed his inclinations he would have tried to forget that it was Christmas Day at all, and would have dispensed with everything reminiscent of the festive occasion so little in harmony with his bitter, aching heart. But custom, and love for his little boy, were too strong for him here. Perchance, also, pride had something to say to it—that stern pride which would not allow him to admit his hidden grief or do anything that should betray how hard he was hit. So he went through with the day's celebrations as usual.

He bought his boy the usual presents. He took him to morning church, and when they came back there was the usual Christmas mid-day dinner, with the turkey, the plum pudding, the mince pies, and all the other seasonable good cheer. Nothing was omitted. Everything was done that the child should enjoy his Christmas as usual. Everything was, also, done that the servants might see how little their master felt the blow that had fallen on him since last Christmas.

Thus he kept up the grim, proud pretence. No one should guess the pain that gnawed at his heart-strings—the still unabated "wrath with one he loved" that "worked like madness in his brain."

He would have flung her from his thoughts, if he could have done so. But he could not. Her memory was all the while present to him, filling his soul with resentful bitterness. . . . If only he would have forgiven; or, if only he could have forgotten. But alas! he would not forgive, and he could not forget.

It was not exactly a festive Christmas dinner, as you may well conceive. Corfield sat moody and silent, scarcely speaking a word. Even the child prattled less than usual. It was easy to see that he had something on his small mind. And presently out it came.

"Daddy," he exclaimed, looking up half timidly at his father, "I had such—such an int'esting dream last night. Please may I tell it to you?"

"May you? Of course, you may, sonnie," replied Corfield, kindly enough, but with rather an absent-minded air. "Why do you ask, my boy?"

"Please, 'cos I was afraid you mightn't want to hear it, daddy. You said I wasn't never to speak to mummie again. And my dream was all about mummie," said the little fellow, regarding his father's face anxiously.

Corfield frowned, but said nothing.

"Please, you're not angry with me," went on the child, deprecatingly, "'cos I can't help my dreams, you know, daddy, can I?"

"No, I'm not angry with you," replied his father, shortly.

"I dreamt," the little fellow continued, clasping his hands in front of him, while a strange, intense

(Continued on Page 32.)

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The new residence of Mr. A. B. Spreckels at the northeastern corner of Washington and Octavia streets is one of the most beautiful and artistic homes, not only of San Francisco, the city of magnificent homes, but also of the entire State of California.

The exterior of this noble edifice is designed in the purest architectural treatment of what is known technically as "French Renaissance." It is finished in a beautiful light cream Manti limestone with capacious balconies, gates and grille doors of solid tooled bronze.

The first story which is the main floor of this luxurious residence contains the apartments known as the grand salon, the reception room, the den, the living room, the dining room and the magnificent Pompeiian Court.

All of these apartments have been designed with the greatest of care, no effort having been spared to make them as artistically perfect as was possible. The result has won the admiration of the most exacting architects and experts.

The second floor of the Spreckels mansion contains spacious bed chambers. It also contains the library wherein Mr. Spreckels' splendid collection of books will be fittingly installed. This collection embraces innumerable first editions of the rarest books, editions de luxe of classic and modern authors and a general assemblage of the best editions of the standard authors both American and European.

In an attic story concealed from view from the street is a sunny children's playroom. This is probably one of the most charming and most fascinating apartments in the mansion.

In the basement of the new home are the kitchen, the rooms for the servants, a commodious garage and all the other apartments needed for the menage of a millionaire.

On Christmas Eve

By Maxim Gorky (From the Russian)

We sat in a tavern, and as time hung heavily upon me, I asked my companion to tell me a story out of his life. My companion was an extremely tattered and worn fellow. He looked as if he had all his life been squeezed through tight places; his clothes were in shreds and his body at certain points shrank away as if parts of it had been torn off in the struggle. The man was thin, angular and quite bald; not a single hair grew upon his yellow cranium. His cheeks were sunken, his cheek-bones forming two bright points, and the skin covering them was so tightly stretched that it glistened and brought into greater prominence the wrinkles with which his whole face was cut up. But his eyes shone bright and clear; his long, gristly nose contracted constantly in an ironic expression, and his talk came fluently out of his mouth, which was partly covered by a stubbly red mustache. It seemed to me that the story of his life would be very interesting.

"You wish to hear my story?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"Well, yes."

"Then I'll tell it to you, since you desire it. But the whole story—that won't go. I have lived through an unusually long life; it would bore you to listen to it and it—it is not altogether amusing to tell. But just one little thing, a sort of anecdote—that goes all right. Would you like to hear it? Very well. But you will surely order a couple of bottles of beer, for my trouble. For you know it is sometimes as unpleasant for a fellow to go into his past as it is to go down into a sewer.

"This little story, my dear sir, will not strike you as being important and will hardly suit your literary taste, but to me it is—I like it. The matter, as you will see, is very simple; it happened in this way:

"It was on a Christmas Eve, and we—my comrade Yaschka Sizov and myself—had been hanging around the street the whole day. We offered our services as baggage carriers to the ladies who passed with their Christmas bundles, but they didn't seem to hear our words, and would enter their carriages and ride off—from which you can see that we were not in luck's way. We also did some begging, and in this way managed to collect something. I got together about twenty-nine copecks, out of which a ten-copeck piece, given to me by a gentleman on the courthouse steps, proved to be counterfeit.

"But Yaschka—a fellow in many ways more talented than I am—became toward evening really a rich man. He had eleven rubles and twenty-six copecks. According to his story all this money was given to him in one lump by a lady who had suddenly become so generous that she not only handed him the money itself but her purse and silk handkerchief as well. That sometimes happens, you know. A sudden impulse of virtue often brings a person into a state where he forgets all about his dignity and then does anything to crush this goodness in order to get rid of it.

"As Yaschka told me about the really Christian conduct of the lady, for some reason or other he glanced furtively about him. I suppose he wanted to thank the noble soul again for her generous gift. Suddenly he shouted to me:

"'Hey there, run faster!'

"We ran as fast as we could. Every part of my body seemed to be frozen, and I hurried on to warm it a bit. The wind blew fiercely, causing the snow on the streets to rise into a whirl and throwing it off the roofs in cold and pointed missiles, flying in the air and falling down my neck. My face felt as if it was being cut with knives, and my neck was so frozen that it seemed to have become as thin as a finger. I thought it would break at any careless movement I might make, and fearing to lose my head, I buried it as deeply as I could between my shoulders. Neither of us was suitably clothed for such weather, but Yaschka felt warmer than I did, which made me, out of envy of him, feel colder still.

"You know, I have never been a favorite of fortune—devil take me! Only once in my life was I presented with a samovar, and that was filled with boiling water, which, as I tried to get away with it, so scalded my feet that I had to spend a week and a half in the prison hospital. At another time—but that's another story. Well, then; so I ran on with Yaschka, while he kept saying to himself:

"'We'll celebrate the holiday in great style. We'll pay our rent—here, you old witch, here it is—a pint of whisky, and perhaps a leg of ham. H'm! A leg of ham wouldn't be at all bad, but it would be expensive. Do you know what the price of ham is in the market?'

"I did not, but I knew the real value of a leg of ham, and we decided to acquire it. We determined to go to that market where there were the most people. When the store is crowded with customers it's a sure sign that it sells the best goods; ergo, as the Latins used to say, it's just the place where one can pick up whatever one wants.

"'A leg of ham, please, cried Yaschka, pushing his way into the crowd of buyers. 'Show me a leg of ham—not big, but good—excuse me; you hit me in the side. I know very well which of us is not well-bred; but I also know that it's not easy to be polite under present circumstances. I can't help being so uncomfortably close here. What's that? I've touched you pocket? Excuse me, sir, that was your own hand which met mine as it was crawling into my breast pocket. I buy for cash, so do you, therefore we have both equal rights.'

"From Yaschka's bearing in the market you would have thought he had come to buy a whole carload of hams—perhaps three hundred. Meanwhile, I took advantage of the confusion and, aided by what ability I had, lifted a box of marmalade, a bottle of olive oil and two large sausages.

"'Now we, too, will have a holiday,' rejoiced Yaschka. 'It will be a great feast!' He skipped as he walked and sniffed with his big, wide nose. His little gray eyes were bright with joy, and I, too, was rejoicing. A square, appetizing meal, once in a while, is no small pleasure for people like us, sir.

"And now, with the wind driving us forward, we were nearing our home. At that time we lived at the extreme end of the city, near the old clothes market, where we occupied a basement belonging to a very old woman. This part of the town was always deserted after six o'clock in the evening, and it was seldom that a living being was met with in this neighborhood after that time. If anyone ever did make his appearance here after that hour he most certainly carried his life in his heels.

"So we ran on. Suddenly we saw the figure of a man before us. He tottered as he walked, and it soon became evident that he was drunk. Yaschka nudged me and whispered: 'Fut coat.'

"Now, you must know that to meet a man in a fur coat is very pleasant indeed. You see, a fur coat has no buttons and is easily pulled off. Walking stealthily behind the man, we saw that he was big and broad-shouldered. He was muttering something to himself. We, on our part, were thinking something, too.

"The man stopped so suddenly that our noses almost touched his back. He raised his hands high, and in a strong bass voice growled out:

"'I am he whom no one loves!'

"If a cannon ball had struck us we should not have been more surprised. We quickly retreated. But he had already seen us, and turning to us with his back to the fence—evidently he knew where he was—he asked:

"'Who are you, you scamps?'

"'Brother beggars,' Yaschka answered.

(Continued on Page 30.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXII—THUS SPOKE THE ANCIENT GULL

By R. K. Culver

(The following light verses were published in Sunset Magazine for December, 1904. Those who have followed this series of poems about San Francisco need not be reminded that Sunset has been the original repository for a great many such poems, usually of admirable workmanship. Time and again poems suitable for this series have been found in the files of Sunset. The gull is invested with a rollicksome, devil-may-care disposition in the following verses. Those who have studied him know that that is his character. Being only a gull he will be pardoned for contracting the name of our city. He's an irreverent bird at best and probably calls Yerba Buena Goat Island.)

I'm a grafter bold as stows my hold
With things what comes my way,
And I laughs, "Yo, ho!" as I chucks below
The graft from 'Frisco Bay.

There was once a time in a foreign clime
When I was a rovin' tar:
I liked the sea, and dodgast me!
I couldn't sail too far!

But blow my eyes! When this cove I spies
I anchors to them piles,
And I sees all hands they understands
By the way they kind o' smiles.

So we trails them craft and we works the graft
And we fills our hulls each day
With various freight and pieces o' eight
What they heaves into the bay.

But most we gloat when a ferry boat
Starts out with a picnic crowd,
With pie and cake along of her wake—
Yo, ho!—but we laughs some loud.

Then I seeks a pile and I rests awhile
And I sort o' reefs my wings,
And I stretches a leg—just to rest that peg—
And then I ups and sings:

"I'm a grafter bold as stows my hold
With things what comes my way,
And I laughs, 'Yo, ho!' as I chucks below
The graft from 'Frisco Bay."

The Spectator

Our $50,000 Expert

Considering that he has already cost us so much and will cost us a great deal more before we are through with him, it is worth while finding out what John R. Freeman, special engineer on the Hetch Hetchy project, accomplished for San Francisco during the recent hearing before the Secretary of the Interior in Washington. Freeman has so far cost the city in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars. Can it be said that in exchange for that sum the Hetch Hetchy project has been appreciably advanced? I'm afraid not. I've been looking over the bulky transcript of the Washington hearing, and I'm not too much impressed with Freeman. Neither for that matter was Secretary Walter Fisher. All who were in Washington for that hearing will tell you that Secretary Fisher showed himself eminently fair to all parties concerned, at the same time exhibiting a truly marvelous grasp of the questions at issue and the technical matters on which their solution depends. Yet despite his fair and kindly attitude Secretary Fisher made it plain several times that he was displeased with Freeman. The reason is easily explained. Several months ago Secretary Fisher told Freeman what he wanted him to bring out during the hearing. When the hearing took place Freeman was not prepared to bring out what Secretary Fisher wanted. Naturally this somewhat angered the Secretary of the Interior. Secretary Fisher had carefully explained his position. He held that if any of the alternate water supplies offered to San Francisco was as good as Hetch Hetchy and could be obtained for the same money, it would be his duty as the guardian of the national parks to prefer that other source to Hetch Hetchy. So he asked Freeman to prepare data placing all the proposed supplies on a parity so that they might be properly compared unit by unit. Freeman failed to do this, and Secretary Fisher was irritated. The result is that he felt it necessary to call for additional data. He gave the city until December 21 to supply the evidence he had expected to receive during the recent hearing. When the other projects have been placed on a parity with Freeman's Hetch Hetchy estimates he will be prepared to give his decision. I suppose this will cost the city something like twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars more.

A Costly Party

That little excursion to Washington which didn't accomplish as much as it should because Freeman hadn't armed himself with the data Secretary Fisher wanted will cost a pretty penny. There were fourteen men in the party which went to present the claims of the city. There were Mayor Rolph, Supervisors Alexander Vogelsang and Andrew Gallagher and Jack Dunnigan, the clerk of the Board, City Attorney Long and his assistants Havens and English, John R. Freeman, special Hetch Hetchy expert, City Engineer M. M. O'Shaughnessy and his assistant Cyril Williams Jr., Myron L. Fuller, the geologist for the city, Allen Hazen and Horace Ropes, consulting engineers, and finally Professor Whipple, an expert on filtration. I understand that they stopped at the New Willard. That is a very expensive hotel. I believe it charges seven cents a piece for prunes and that other things are in proportion. Yes, the five days of that hearing from November 25 to November 30 will cost the taxpayers a pretty penny. I suppose the money will come out of the sale of Hetch Hetchy bonds.

A Rebuke for Freeman

Let me quote from the transcript to show how Secretary Fisher found it necessary to put Freeman in his proper place. The price of pipe for the Hetch Hetchy as compared with the price

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of pipe for the Sacramento project was under discussion.

Secretary Fisher—You think that Mr. Hazen's price is $21 for pipe laid, including labor?

Mr. Freeman—Mr. Hazen can answer that.

Secretary Fisher—We would like to get your understanding. We got your conclusions as to other matters, and if you are wrong, that affects our judgment of your opinion. So, you are appearing in two capacities: first, to give us information, and second, to enable us to determine what confidence we shall place in your engineering assurances.

Then Freeman came off his high horse and answered.

Of Interest to Union Labor

One declaration of policy made by Freeman will engage the interest of the labor unions or I miss my guess. Freeman had stated that the Sacramento water supply would cost $60,000,000 as against $36,000,000, his figure for the cost of Hetch Hetchy. But it came out that the two projects had not been estimated on a parity of conditions as Secretary Fisher wanted them to be estimated. For the Sacramento project wages had been figured at $3 a day while for the Hetch Hetchy project wages had been figured at $2.25, thus making an enormous difference in cost. Freeman explained the reason for using the lower scale thus:

Mr. Freeman—I feel that San Francisco should do just as Los Angeles is now doing, and that very different reasons prevail on every large work outside the city, where men live in camps, and are not citizens but laborers picked up, floating labor, for which you pay the market price. That kind of labor may be properly hired at the market price, and at the same time conditions do obtain where men are working for the city, and have homes in the city, and who very naturally in all our cities receive more than is paid by contractors to floating laborers and men without homes.

Mr. McCutchen—But I have an impression that the city of San Francisco has fixed $3.00 the minimum wage.

Mr. English—There is a charter amendment that is going to change that.

Relied on His Name

Freeman seems to have relied on his name and fame as an engineer to carry the matter successfully past Secretary Fisher, but Secretary Fisher is not the sort of man to take anything for granted. Freeman's failure to do what Secretary Fisher had asked him to created an unfavorable impression. The army engineers, by the way, advised Freeman to examine fully into the merits of the McCloud project, for they thought highly of it, but he neglected to follow their advice. As a consequence the city is caught unprepared now that the McCloud project suddenly looms into prominence. It is also claimed that Freeman committed a serious tactical blunder in throwing the Garfield permit to the winds. By so doing he incurred the disfavor of the powerful irrigationists of the Turlock and Modesto districts. In this connection let me quote what Secretary Fisher said to Freeman after the latter had had an interchange with Patrick Griffin, the attorney for the irrigationists:

"Mr. Freeman, you are permitting yourself to get into a very conflicting position. You said to me just a moment ago that you believed it was my duty under the law and as executive officer of the Government to make that water go just as far as it could without legal rights; to use the water of this whole territory so that it would produce the most beneficial use. That is so absolutely in conflict with the position you have just taken that I do not understand how it could be made in the same afternoon by the same gentleman."

What the Nature Lover Said

The nature lovers who oppose the Hetch Hetchy project were represented at the hearing by President McFarland of the American Civic Association. McFarland more than once submitted the following question to Freeman:

"Mr. Freman admitting that he has not personally investigated for the purposes of a municipal water supply any of the alternative sources upon which he has reported, why has he more faith in the findings of Mr. Manson and Mr. Grunsky in these cases than in the Hetch Hetchy, where he has disregarded them?"

McFarland did not receive a satisfactory answer to this question. He paid his respects to the Freeman report as follows:

"When I read this report—I have read it with pains several times—I find the constant disposition to argue questions of sources of water supply, and I find rank inconsistencies which have already been pointed out. Figures have been used when they were favorable in one case, and discarded when they were unfavorable. I must confess that that jars one's belief in the impartiality of the facts, and I will say right now, for those I most unworthily represent, I shall always oppose this matter while the judgment depends on the investigation of any ex parte engineer, no matter if he is as able as Mr. Freeman."

Graft and Incompetency

The people were called on this week to authorize a bond issue for the purpose of raising $1,521,227, which is said to be the sum required for the completion of the County Hospital. This is one of the jokes of municipal government. It was estimated that the County Hospital would cost $2,313,733, and that is about what it ought to cost, but as it is a public building it will cost nearly half as much more. This is not the exceptional but the usual thing. There is always a great hiatus between the estimated cost and the actual cost of a public building. It was so in the old days when we were building that monument of greed and extravagance the City Hall that was shattered by the earthquake, and it has been so ever since. The explanation of this phenomenon is not hard to find. The phenomenon is due both to graft and incompetency, and it is a question whether the taxpayers suffer more from the follies than from the dishonesty of their servants. First-rate ability is seldom to be found on the payroll of city or State, for the professional man with ambition and pride of intellect is not looking for a political job. It is the incompetent professional man whose blunders furnish material for comic opera, as for instance the Beale street bridge that doesn't fit. That bridge, by the way, isn't the only preposterous specimen of incompetency now before the public. There is, for instance, the auxiliary water system, the relic

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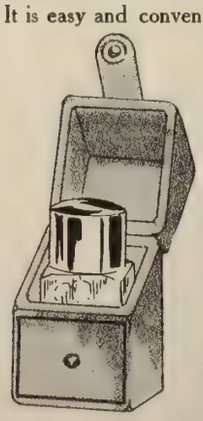
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of a past Administration. When finished it was found to leak to the extent of 250,000 gallons a day.

The Cost of Indulging Genius

Mayor Rolph has put new talent into the department of engineering, and it was badly needed. The leaks that were in that department were as bad as the leaks in the water system. They were due in part I am told to a passion for experimentation. One engineer thought he could improve on the established methods of making reservoirs, and the result was the sieve-like affair on Twin Peaks. Another engineer thought he could invent a new pipe-joint. There was no need of a new pipe-joint, but this engineer spent about two thousand dollars of public money to prove to his own satisfaction that the principle on which he was working was all wrong. Is it any wonder that men of intelligence have the same coy reluctance to municipal ownership that the devil has for holy water.

A Piece of Extravagance

Two blocks away from the County Hospital the city in its enthusiasm for municipal ownership is building a garbage crematory. In connection with this plant a fine stone building is in course of construction, and for what purpose, think you? In that fine stone building the city is to store its clinker. The building is fire-proof. This is not all. At the County Hospital two blocks away the city is constructing a fine heating plant. A pipe line between the incinerator plant and the hospital would be sufficient to furnish the hospital with more heat than it ever will need, but that would be a cheap way of getting heat, hence the heating plant.

Some Costly Blundering

There has been much criticism of the Geary street road, but the public is not aware of half the blundering that has marked the progress of this great municipal enterprise. Everybody knows that the cars were not ready on time, but everybody doesn't know that the contractor who built the road was paid a bonus for getting it finished before a certain date. That bonus was thrown away owing to the failure of the city to offer a bonus for the delivery of the cars before a certain date. And there are other blunders worth mentioning. The change from a cable to an electric system could have been made without shutting down the road. That was blunder No. 1. Blunder No. 2 was the suspending of wires which had to be taken down. Perhaps the worst blunder of all was in having the road constructed for more than double what it would have cost a private corporation. The last administration ordered forty-three cars for Geary street at $7,700 per car, and they are being built, though not more than twenty can be used at a time.

The New Catholic Bishop

Next week will see a new auxiliary bishop installed in the Roman Catholic diocese of San Francisco. This is quite an interesting event, for the diocese has been without an auxiliary bishop ever since Bishop O'Connell was transferred at his own request to the bishopric of Richmond, Virginia. A splendid reputation precedes Bishop Hanna, the new suffragan. He is a scholar with quite a reputation as a theologian, a publicist, a good mixer and a cleric who is credited with possessing a good deal of influence in Rome. His coming will relieve Archbishop Riordan of many of the most onerous duties of his position, and considering that the Archbishop's health is far from robust, this will be a very good thing. Such matters as confirming children, ordaining priests, dedicating churches and consecrating altars, ceremonies that greatly tax Archbishop Riordan's strength, will henceforth be entrusted to Bishop Hanna as they used to be entrusted to Bishop O'Connell and before that to Archbishop Montgomery.

No Right of Succession

At one time it looked as though Dr. Hanna would come to San Francisco as coadjutor bishop with the right of succeeding Archbishop Riordan when the latter died. But he does not come here now in that capacity. He is to be auxiliary bishop only. Archbishop Montgomery was not an auxiliary or suffragan bishop; he was a coadjutor, and if he had outlived Archbishop Riordan he would have succeeded to his exalted position. But he died, and the pastors of the archdiocese were called upon to elect his successor. This election is held by secret ballot, each pastor naming three men, designating his first, second and third choice. Then the Pope makes the selection from these lists. In the election held to obtain a successor to Archbishop Montgomery, Dr. Hanna of Rochester received some votes. It looked as though he might be appointed, for it was quite well known that he was a friend of Archbishop Riordan and that the archbishop favored him above the other candidates. But at the time the agitation against modernism was at its height, and it had been charged by certain theologians that Dr. Hanna showed modernistic tendencies in his treatment of certain theological questions. The charge of modernism was revived, and a protest was sent to Rome by certain pastors of this archdiocese. The result was that neither Dr. Hanna nor any of the other candidates was appointed coadjutor bishop. Some time afterwards Bishop O'Connell came here as auxiliary bishop. No election was needed then, because an auxiliary bishop does not receive his appointment "cum jure successionis." It is known that Bishop O'Connell was not very happy here, and that he asked to be sent elsewhere.

A Vindication of Dr. Hanna

The choice of Dr. Hanna to succeed Bishop O'Connell is in the nature of a vindication. He was deeply grieved by the charges of modernism made against him, and submitted all his writings to the Pope, offering to repudiate anything in them which might be discovered to have the taint of modernism. I do not think that any of his propositions has ever been condemned at Rome. So the fact that he is to be bishop here in spite of the former objections clears his name from

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an accusation which a faithful clergyman abhors. And yet it is only a partial vindication after all, for an auxiliary bishop is not clothed with anything like the authority or honor of a coadjutor. Bishop Hanna may go from San Francisco to some other diocese in a year or five years. His powers will be about the same as those of Vicar General Prendergast. His coming will not arouse among the clergy the same enthusiasm as would be evoked by the coming of a coadjutor.

A Great Seminarian

It is not difficult to guess why Archbishop Riordan wants Dr. Hanna. The great monument of Archbishop Riordan's episcopal career in this State is the seminary at Menlo Park. That is the institution in which his heart is wrapped up. He is justly proud of it and of the men whom he has gathered to teach in it. He is likewise proud of the energetic young priests who have received their education within its walls. Dr. Hanna is pre-eminently a seminarian. He has been a teacher for years and has achieved conspicuous success. He is in sympathy with the work which Archbishop Riordan has done at Menlo, and he will help to carry it along. No doubt in his heart Archbishop Riordan cherishes the hope that Bishop Hanna will be his successor. If Bishop Hanna makes a hit with the pastors of the archdiocese, as no doubt he will, that may one day come to pass.

Older's Spellbinders

Fremont Older is like David Belasco in that he knows how to set the stage. To have twenty-four hours of rabble rousing, a day and a night of al fresco protest against capital punishment—that was a picturesque idea, a good theatrical conception. To put his speakers on the stump on the particular day—Friday the thirteenth at that—when men were going to the scaffold, showed a feeling for atmosphere, a sense of color values which would certainly win the approval of Dave Belasco if it were called to his attention. So I extend to Older proper credit for what he did. But alas! some of his actors proved unruly. They stepped out of their parts; they committed the theatrical sin known as "gagging" (which has nothing to do with the retching of nausea). The members of the Bulletin staff were not among these insubordinates. The men and women of the Bulletin who voiced their employer's objections to capital punishment spoke by the card. They are a serious crowd, these Bulletin men and women, very unlike the old Bulletin staff. They carry the burdens of the universe, and they solve the big problems of humanity every time their wrists bend over their typewriters. So these kept to the program. But others did not, and the result must have been a bit embarrassing to Older.

The Girl Bibliophobe

There was for instance a young girl named Rose Markus, a chunky, full-breasted, dark-haired and dark-eyed girl. I heard here voice Wednesday night about half after eleven when I was a block away in Union Square. When I reached the open space between the two white bank buildings I found her taxing her excellent lungs to their utmost and furiously emphasizing her remarks with a chubby finger. A cop told me she was only sixteen years old, and she didn't look older. I paused to listen, and found she had forgotten the Older propaganda. Not a word about capital punishment, but oh my! how she did lambaste religion! "The Bible tells you that God created man, but I tell you that man created God!" Which disposed of that question once and for all. "I spit upon God! I spit upon the Bible!" A bartender standing next to me asked if there wasn't a law against blasphemy in California, so this young girl shocked one man at least. No doubt that was her purpose. And then she paid her respects to the Bible. "That collection of filthy and obscene stories which is so euphemistically and naively called the Bible contains more of murder, more of prostitution, more of degeneracy, more of thievery and more of cannibalism than any other book ever written in the history of writing." Then she told of the advice which St. Augustine whom she located for her hearers as a writer of the middle ages, gave to the monks: "If the people ask for books give them the Bible, but don't unlock the treasures of learning to them because once the veil of ignorance is torn from their eyes our power will be gone forever." I should like to find that passage in good old Austin! Of course she deplored the middle ages. "They say to us, What would we have done without the middle ages? But I say to you, what would we not have done without them?" There was a great deal more of the same sort of jolly rot but not a word about capital punishment, so I moved along to hear another speaker, for there were two groups.

Roasting the Catholics

This was a raucous fellow of the clenched-fist school of oratory. He kept to the subject of capital punishment, but he insisted on blaming the Catholic Church for it, which surely can't be part of Older's program. "When the Catholic Church was in power in England five hundred years ago what did her priests do? Read your history and find out. They sent fifty men to the gallows on Tower Hill for stealing sheep. And what happened? Immediately afterwards there was more sheep stealing than ever before." This I regard as a gem of the argumentative-historical kind. But it saddened me. Not because the Catholics were attacked; they are quite equal to the task of taking care of themselves in such matters. Nor because those fifty wretches were hanged. No, it saddened me to hear one of Mr. Older's orators sending sheep-stealing rascals to the gallows on Tower Hill. Mr. Older who is a student of history could tell this spellbinder that thieves were hanged at Tyburn. Tower Hill was reserved for the beheading of those whom Mr. Older would call the "higher-ups." I heard more, but was not impressed. As I walked away a very serious-looking young woman handed me a slip of paper which at first I mistook for a transfer. It wasn't. It bore the stirring words: "If I die tonight were shall I spend eternity?" I shaped my steps towards Tait's to think it over.

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Two Who Didn't Speak

Among those announced as speakers were the Reverend Dr Bradford Leavitt and the Reverend Dr Martin Meyer These two clergymen disappointed Older They didn't speak Why I don't know But I can make a guess Doubtless somebody told them about the girl who blasphemed God and spit on the Bible and about the man who had Catholic priests sending sheep stealers to Tower Hill Naturally they would not care to share the rostrum with such rabble rousers

The Bold Mr. Barry

One of Dean Swift's female admirers observed that he could write finely on a subject of no more importance than a broomstick I am reminded of this observation by my esteemed contemporary Mr John D Barry of the Bulletin More remarkable than Swift is Mr Barry inasmuch as he can write finely about nothing It is only when Mr Barry attempts to say something about anything that he loses his grip The explanation of this is that when he writes about nothing he does not have to say anything, whereas when he writes about anything he has to say something The other evening in the spirit of a nature lover he joined the vast army of outdoor writers who imitate Thoreau by affecting a subtle sympathy with nature in her varying moods, and then he sat down and lubricated himself on his exquisite emotions He wrote finely about nothing. A day or two later he wrote a causerie on "The Use of Language," and the performance was tragic The reason is obvious Enormously imperfect as is my knowledge of the subject I can see that Mr. Barry's is even greater. This amiable gentleman who can gossip pleasantly and plausibly about hangings he has seen, and with enthusiasm about inane personalities he has met, when he descants on a subject mastery of which presupposes profound study, is guilty of one of the worst characteristics of irresponsible journalism; that is, he reels off a lot of generalizations which are either trite or unsupported except by assertion.

His Curious Message

Mr. Barry's causerie is a protest against the attitude which he says cultivated folk have taken toward the English language. He says "they feel that they own the language," that they cannot reconcile themselves to the simple truth that language changes, and that they try to strangle it with rules and regulations. He tells us also that educated folks labor under the delusion that language descends from the heights "instead of coming as it does from the depths"; but there are exceptions, a notable one being Professor Lounsbury who hates pedantry. After reading this causerie one wonders who the cultivated folk are that Mr. Barry has met. I have never met an educated man who was unaware of the growth of language. The only persons who try to strangle our language with rules and regulations are schoolmasters, and they are not cultivated. All cultivated persons know that ours being a language with few inflections is a grammarless language, and that the rules of syntax are mostly buncombe, as sentences are not constructed according to a formal relation of words. In other languages there are visible signs indicating the relation of words, but these signs are not to be found in English. As to words and the use of words in English the standard is chiefly reason and partly analogy. This assertion all cultivated persons will recognize as platitudinous. Fidelity to grammar is the pedant's hobby. The cultivated are concerned less about rules than about the ways of managing the language. They are concerned about treatment, style and diction. What they look for is freedom. Now Mr. Barry, I fancy, regards style as a matter of no importance. I fancy this because Mr. Barry, being a Bulletin democrat and a worshiper of Demos, takes the position in his causerie that language comes from the "lower classes" and depends on the "lower classes" for its growth and loses "its most precious heritage" when scholars get hold of it. Style, however, is a matter of the first importance, and it is seldom found except among writers of the highest cultivation. Bunyan had it, but Bunyan was a genius. Style is worth cultivating because in many instances the thoughts of a writer are of no greater importance than the means employed to make them clearly understood. It requires style to kindle in the mind a keen sense of the value of thoughts. There are convictions not to be established, doubts not to be dispelled, save by the artist in words, and he doesn't often come from the depths

Some Loose Assertions

Mr. Barry tells us that the "formalizing of a language" is one of "the inevitable signs of approaching death"; also, that English "goes on moulding itself through human character, changing its shape according to needs, adapting itself to humanity just as clothes adapt themselves to the human figure." Most of which is nothing but audacious assertion. Language grows, but it doesn't do all the things that Mr. Barry enumerates. And as to the formalizing of English that took place several hundred years ago, and the language isn't dead yet. English had crystallized even before the time that William Caxton was making history. Now William Caxton was a printer, but he was of the heights not of the depths. He translated into English a French version of the Aeneid. In his preface he says among other things: "And also my Lord Abbott of Westminster did show to me of late certain evidences written in old English for to reduce it to our English now used, and certainly it was written in such wise that it was more like Dutch than English." In other words the language had changed almost beyond recognition, but if you read that whole long preface of Caxton's you will see that with the exception of a few words it is written in the English of today. Every student of language knows that the languages of all peoples taking part in the business of the world are affected by causes that allow them no respite from change, but it is not true, as Mr. Barry says, that language "moulds itself through human character." The people of France are Celts by descent, with characteristic Celtic traits which cannot be obliterated, but there is hardly an element of Celtic in the language. We of this country are the products of the world's melting pot, and we speak English, a language derived from the Anglo-Saxons, who derived it in great part from the Morsemen, a Germanic race who got it from the French, a Celtic race who got it from the Italians among whom the Latin speaking community were insignificant numerically. And what have we done with the language since Shakespeare's day? Except that which was slang or loose colloquialism in the plays there is little which is not spoken now, and to Shakespeare's vocabulary we have added little except words which are names for new things.

As to Derivations

Mr. Barry, still sneering at the cultivated, tells us that they are much concerned about derivations. "How about tracing language back to its original sources?" they ask. The cultivated ask nothing of the kind. The half-educated pedant may consider derivations of the first importance, but not the cultivated. The cultivated know that the question to be asked about a word is not what was its primitive meaning, but what is its meaning now. The study of derivations is of

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some value because not many words have deviated from their first meaning. Generally speaking, in the evolution of words each successive stage of meaning may be determined by that which preceded it, but in many cases the evolution has been faulty, the chain of affinities has been broken through ignorance which sometimes prevails. And consequently there are words that have completely changed their meaning. What matters it whence the word "admire" was derived. The word originally meant "to wonder at." Of what benefit is it to know that the word "censure" was derived from the Latin censeo, the meaning of which is vastly different from the meaning of its English offspring. No, the cultivated are not greatly concerned about derivatives. And now, as to Professor Lounsbury whom Mr. Barry greatly admires because of his hostility to pedantry. Professor Lounsbury is himself a pedant. Though he hates schoolmasters' grammar he is a great stickler for usage. "A usage deliberately rejected by all authors of excellence," says Lounsbury, "is to be shunned, no matter if thousands of a lower class employ it unhesitatingly." This sentiment is in conflict with the Barry theory that language comes from the depths, and that we all speak the language, as he says, of the "lower class." We see that Professor Lounsbury believes in rules just as does the ordinary schoolmaster. And absurd is the rule that he sets forth. Why should we shun a usuage merely because it has been shunned by many excellent authors? On the same principle if for several hundred years the best scientists insisted that the earth was flat then the roundness of it should always be denied. The misuse of a language can be justified by no authority however great. Usage is not the law of language. Reason is the better guide. Usage is to be preferred only when the rejection of accepted modes of expression makes it difficult to express oneself intelligibly. That Professor Lounsbury is himself a pedant I conclude because he devotes a whole chapter of a book to a discussion of split infinitives. The fact that his purpose is to prove that the splitting of infinitives is not only justified by good usage but also by the history of English does not acquit him of the charge of pedantry. But it is not a very serious charge. It is easy to drop into pedantry. One does so by breaking a butterfly on a wheel as I have done in the foregoing paragraphs.

The Honoring of Mullally

On Thursday night of last week Thornwell Mullally, acting president of the United Railroads, was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Cliff House. The dinner was in the spirit of the one given in November in honor of James Woods. And in the same spirit a dinner will be given each month to somebody who has been adjudged by a competent tribunal worthy of honor at the hands of representative citizens of San Francisco. The worth of Mullally was celebrated by more than a hundred men. They were representative of every business and profession. Frank Moroney was the toastmaster, and the speakers were Father Joseph McQuaide, General M. H. De Young, William H. Metson, Frank Michael, Richard M. Hotaling, Willis Polk, James C. Nealon, John J. Barrett, Justice Harry Melvin, Judge Thomas F. Graham. The speakers paid high tribute to the character and achievements of the guest of honor. The performances that have made him conspicuous in the life of the city were viewed from many angles, and anecdotes were told to illustrate the nature of the divers impressions he had made on his friends. Mr. Mullally when called on for a speech responded in a most graceful manner. While modestly deprecating the eulogiums of his friends he observed that the occasion furnished him with a novel experience. "Somewhat different," he said, "was the kind of entertainment heretofore handed to me in San Francisco."

Frank Marston, Santa Claus

Colonel Frank Marston, the distinguished civilian soldier who got the beautiful electric motor car at the Society Circus, has parted with his prize. Colonel Marston hadn't possessed the car for a day before, with a business acumen for which he is noted, he had disposed of it most advantageously. The car cost Colonel Marston four dollars, and he has sold it for two thousand. This may be taken as a typical instance of Colonel Marston's uptodate financial alertness. When the news of this sale was conveyed to the good women who have the Infant Shelter in their charitable charge, the same good women who organized the Society Circus for that worthy cause, their delight knew no bounds. For it is the custom of wealthy men who are as fortunate at Colonel Marston was, to show their charitable disposition by presenting the object of the charity by which they profited with a substantial check. The women of the Infant Shelter take it for granted that Colonel Marston will send them at least five hundred dollars for the youngsters. They are waiting for Colonel Marston to play Santa Claus.

The Hammer in Stockton

In the Morning Letter of Stockton I find some interesting criticism of the Call's hammer-burial ceremony. The Morning Letter, by the way, is a new daily founded by Phil Francis. It is only three weeks old. Unlike almost every other daily paper in existence it paid from the start. Francis reported to his readers at the end of the first week that he had $312 on the right side of the ledger. But to return to the hammer affair. Francis says that the new managers of the Call must regard San Francisco as "aisy and provincial." "They have decided to bury a hammer at Lotta's fountain," he says, "a real eighty-five cent hammer and to invite the entire city to attend the ceremony. Pages of the Call are given up to this portentous event. After the ceremony our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. W. W. Chapin, probably will treat to popcorn at the town hall. Our town is livening up, by gum." Long life to Phil's hammer!

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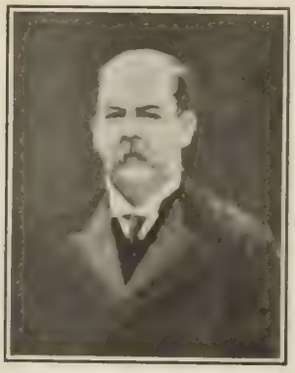
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Guatemala, Its President and Consul

By Robert McTavish

The Pan-American ideal of James G. Blaine is soon to be realized. What the diplomacy of this country has been eager to effect is bound to result hardly without effort when the Panama Canal is opened to commerce. Then shall we come to know our neighbors to the south of us, and knowing them we shall come to like them and they shall come to like us. Not only shall we be brought in close touch with the countries of South America, we shall also see more of the republics, for there will be a greater increase of traffic up and down the whole coast line. It is not my purpose to write in one short article of all the countries to the south of us. Less than enough can be said in so little space of one of them, Guatemala, the most northern of the five Central American republics, which has an area of 50,000 square miles and more than 2,000,000 inhabitants. A beautiful country is Guatemala; of a varied and salubrious climate, suitable to the cultivation of every plant and vegetable beneficial to man, producing in greatest abundance the products of the frigid zone, the temperate and the tropical. The country is especially celebrated for its coffee and cocoa which bring the highest prices in the most discriminating markets of the world. The country is also noted for its



PRESIDENT MANUEL ESTRADA CABRERA

cereals, its fruits and its vast primeval forests, ebony, pine and oak.

Great has been the development of Guatemala under the wise and benign administration of President Manuel Estrada Cabrera, who, with far-sighted wisdom and with rare executive ability, has put into practical operation up-to-date ideas of government. President Cabrera is a man of culture and of a most ardent patriotism with the highest hopes for the future of his country.

To give stimulus to the youth of the country and make them more anxious to attend the public schools, President Cabrera evolved the idea of the Feast of Minerva, the great annual celebration which attracts thousands of people to the Guatemalan capital, and which is in itself one of the most brilliant affairs to be seen in any of the Central or South American republics. As a result of his passion for education Guatemala has 1800 primary schools, more than twenty secondary schools, several kindergartens and six institutes. Attending these schools are more than 60,000 children. The study of English is obligatory and good progress has been made in its study by pupils of the public schools. How efficient some of them have become was shown during the recent visit of the American Secretary of State, Hon. Philander C. Knox, to Guatemala. He expressed his surprise and gratification at an address delivered before him in English by a 12-year-old native school boy.

Under the Cabrera administration there has been great development of railroads and of the telegraph and mail service. Also there has been much legislation of the kind designed to provide for the rights of foreigners residing in the republic and doing business therein.

Today Guatemala offers the American business man opportunities for investment which are unexcelled in the Central American republics, noted for their richness and fertility of soil and great mineral wealth. Its doors are opened to every man of means and it holds out to him legitimate enterprises, stability of government, protective laws and rights which, if investigated, are sure to bring within the Guatemalan republic men of large affairs whose work will assist that of the government in the development of the country and the creation of a greater Guatemala.

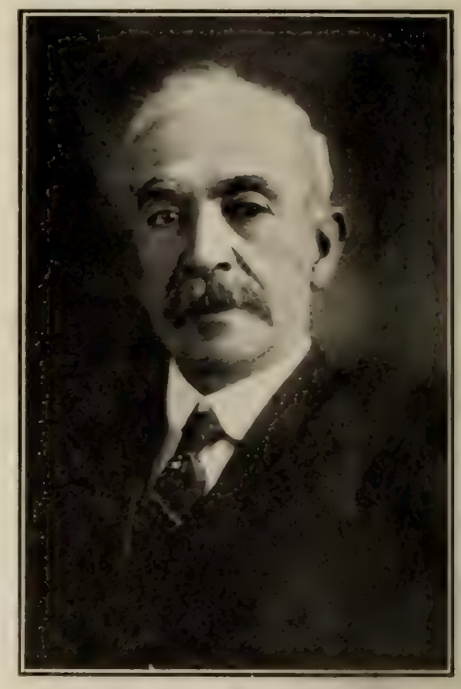
President Cabrera has been decorated with the Red Eagle of Germany; with the Grand Cross of Isabelle Catholic; Grand Cross of Civil Order of Alphonse XII; Grand Cross of Saint Lazarus and Saint Maurice; and so many other distinctions that they would fill more than a column of our paper.

President Cabrera has tempered his soul in the crucible of pain and has never yielded in spite of the great and repeated misfortunes which have befallen him. He has engraved his name in the hearts of his country. Future generations will render him justice, recognizing the magnitude of his great achievements. For men of such extraordinary qualities as those of President Estrada Cabrera will always find affections strong, and he receives warm thanks for his devotion to the cause of the little sons of Guatemala who will call him their father and generous benefactor.

Guatemala has for its representative in this city a gentleman who has done much toward establishing more cordial relations between the business intrests of San Francisco and those of his prosperous country. I refer to Juan Padilla Matute, M. D. This gentleman was born in the city of Guatemala, October 18, 1847. He engaged in the study of law and distinguished himself among his condisciples, F. Cruz, R. Casanova, A. Batres, S. Falla and Albores who have attained an enviable renown among their countrymen. Having been obliged to accompany his father on a trip to Peru in the year 1864, at his return to Guatemala he entered at the school of medicine in 1866. Having terminated his studies he went to Costa Rica and practiced there after his incorporation in the Faculty of Medicine of Costa Rica. Some time after he married Miss Elena Nanne, daughter of the well known railroad man Mr. William Nanne, one of the old California pioneers.

When Dr. Zaldizar left Costa Rica to occupy the office of President of the republic of Salvador, Dr. Matute was appointed chief surgeon of the army of Costa Rica in his place. Some years later he went to San Salvador where he was designated by the board of directors of the Hospital of San Salvador to fill the place of the famous Dr. Emilio Alvarez who was absent for some time. He served as chief surgeon of the army of Salvador with the rank of colonel. The government of Costa Rica appointed him Consul-General in the Republic of Salvador. He made a trip to Europe, accompanying the president not only for his important services as a physician but for his knowledge of several European languages. He is a member of the Royal Academy of Spanish Language, of the Association of Artists and Writers, of the Society of Hygiene, of the Spanish Red Cross, etc.

In his country he has been professor of Therapeutics and Dean of the Faculty of Medicine by election of the same faculty in two different periods. When the actual President of the Republic of Guatemala was Minister of the Interior he was appointed Counsellor of State. In the year 1894 he was sent in special commission



DR JUAN PADILLA

to London to arrange the Guatemalan debt with the foreign bondholders. Besides all this he has attained the highest place in Masonry as Sovereign Grand Commander of the A. & A. S. R. for the five Central American Republics. Today he is a guest of this city as Consul-General of Guatemala.

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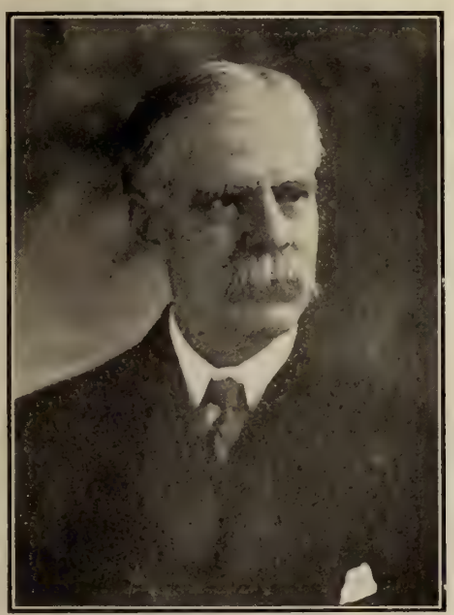


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William H. Chamberlain

One of the best known attorneys in the State is William Henry Chamberlain, who has been identified with some of the most important and far reaching legal problems that have ever come before the attention of the courts in California.

Chamberlain is a native son, having been born in Columbia, Tuolumne County, in 1855. His father, Charles H. Chamberlain, was an influential and prominent man, a miner and rancher and finally a well known attorney who served as Judge in San Joaquin County and was sent to the Legislature from that district for several terms. He was appointed Receiver of the United States Land Office at San Francisco, and served in that post for over nineteen years. Chamberlain's mother, Mrs. Susan G. Chamberlain, a relative of President-elect Wilson, was a woman of high intellectual charms and beloved of all who knew her.



WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLAIN

William H. Chamberlain went to the public schools, afterwards attended the celebrated McClure's Military Academy and finally graduated from the University of California with the class of 1876.

After graduating he became part owner in the Oakland Transcript, a morning daily Republican paper. He taught at the California Military Academy and afterwards was principal of the San Leandro public schools for two years. He then went into his father's office and commenced the study of law. An opening occurred in the Central Pacific Railroad Company and he took advantage of this, and soon rose to the responsible position of general expert and traveling auditor. He was soon afterwards appointed National Bank Examiner for California, Nevada, Utah and Colorado, with special work in the other States on the coast. He served as such until 1893 when he resigned on account of his health breaking down.

On regaining his health Chamberlain commenced the practice of law in San Francisco, specializing on the lines of irrigation district and corporation law in which he had had so much actual experience in his former work. Through early military training he was greatly interested in militia affairs, and served on the staff of Brigadier-General Vernon, and formed and was captain of the famed "G Company," composed of the pick of the leading young men of that day. He was promoted to be Colonel and Division Inspector by General W. H. L. Barnes. When James G. Blaine was nominated for the presidency he organized the famous "Dirigo Club" to help campaign for the Republican party.

One of Mr. Chamberlain's greatest achievements and one which has done the most good for California is the clearing up of irrigation district and bond matters in Yuba, Glenn and Colusa counties. This enabled the Pittsburg syndicate headed by the Kuhns to invest in and open for settlement over 250,000 acres of land in the Sacramento Valley. When he took hold of the Browns Valley irrigation district in Yuba county, and the Central irrigation district in Colusa and Glenn counties, they were in bad shape. He succeeded so well in clearing away the various legal entanglements that the largest colonization proposition in California is the almost direct result of his work. Throughout his career he has proved that he has genius for investigation and organization.

Mr. Chamberlain married Geraldine M. Preston, daughter of O. J. Preston, a prominent shipping and lumber dealer in this city, and has three sons, Charles P., Harry W. and Gerald W. Chamberlain. The eldest son Charles Preston holds a responsible position as confidential man with the well known firm of Hind, Rolph and Company of this city.

Eugenic Congress at World's Fair

There is to be a great congress of eugenists at the World's Fair in this city in 1915. The idea was conceived by Boutwell Dunlap of this city. He placed the proposition before the department of conventions of the Exposition and before the California Genealogical Society, and joint invitations from the two bodies have been sent out. From responses already received, the project gives promise of bringing thousands here, more people in fact than any other group of organized bodies can hope to summon.

It will be one of the most remarkable gatherings ever held, and in the opinion of many will be the unique non-commercial feature of our World's Fair. Not only will all eugenic societies be invited to meet here but all allied organizations such as family associations, heraldic societies, historical and genealogical bodies and breeding organizations.

Boutwell Dunlap conceived the idea after the meeting of the first Eugenic Congress held in the University of London last July. For many years Dunlap has been a deep student of eugenics and allied problems. He has written authoritatively for agricultural papers on the breeding of horses, and has been called into consultation by the owners of racing studs in Kentucky upon the mating of their animals. His collection of books on the subject of eugenices is probably the best in the State. It has been said that few men in the United States can speak with more weight on the scientific phases of human mating, for this has been his favorite study for years.

Dunlap is a prominent attorney of this city and comes from distinguished and influential ancestors. His father William Dunlap and his maternal grand-uncle Stephen A. Boutwell were territorial pioneers, owning a forty-two thousand acre ranch in the Sacramento Valley. He is of the Dunlap family of the South, of whom were General George Rogers Clark of the Revolution and General Sam Houston of Texas.

Boutwell Dunlap was born in Sacramento, November 14, 1877. He graduated from the College of Social Sciences, University of California, in 1901 with the degree of B. A.; from the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. in 1905 with the degree of L. L. B. and in 1910 received the degree of L. L. M. He also attended Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

He was admitted to the bar of California at San Francisco, January, 1907. His rise in the profession has been steady and on a solid basis of achievement. He has a high standing as a lawyer and his legal advice and counsel are often sought by those engaged in important matters of litigation. Those who know him appreciate his ability and close application to the study of the principles and practice of the law.

His popularity resulted in his being nominated for Congress in the first California district in 1904. Besides being learned in the law he has achieved success as an historian and is a litterateur of note.

He is also a member of the diplomatic corps, for he is consul of the Argentine Republic and was in charge of the consulate of Uraguay in San Francisco.

Dunlap is the honorary historian of the Sacramento Society of Pioneers, recording secretary of the California Genealogical Society and was a member of the committee of the Bar Association of San Francisco on the reform of civil and criminal proceedure of the State of California.

He is the joint author with Robert E. Cowan of "Bibliography of the Chinese Question" in the United States," and is a contributor to many periodicals.

He is a member of the American Political Science Association, the Virginia Historical Society, the California Genealogical Society and the American Historical Association and a fellow of the American Statistical Association. He is also a member of the Kappa Sigma and Delta Chi fraternities and of the University, Army and Navy and Press clubs of San Francisco and the Society of Colonial Wars. That he is qualified to start a World's Fair Eugenic Convention under the most auspicious conditions must be apparent from his affiliations.

E. E. Hewlitt

E. E. Hewlitt, the well known attorney, was born at Petaluma in June, 1878. He spent his earlier years there and later moved to San Francisco where he attended school. He received the degree of B. A. in 1900 from the Unitersity of California. Then he attended the Harvard University, receiving the degree of L. L. B. from



EUGENE ELBERT HEWLITT

that institution in 1903. The same mark of distinction was conferred upon him by the Hastings Law College in the same year.

Hewlitt commenced the practice of the law in San Francisco and at once became one of the most successful and most popular legal luminaries among the younger men.

In 1904 he moved to Los Angeles to become a member of the firm of Hewlitt, Bancroft and Ballantine with offices in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

After six years of profitable and successful business with his esteemed associates along the lines of a general law practice and a specialization on corporation law, Mr. Hewlitt withdrew and since 1910 has practiced alone.

On the opening of the beautiful new Trust and Savings Building at the corner of Sixth and Spring streets in Los Angeles, he located his offices there in a handsome suite. His office in San Francisco is in the Monadnock Building.

As a legal practicioner Mr. Hewlitt stands very high all over the Coast. He has a valuable and well selected law library of several thousand volumes and it is uptodate in all things pertaining to the literature of jurisprudence.

Besides being favorably known professionally Mr. Hewlitt has quite a host of friends and enjoys a social prominence among the most influential and best known people of the polite society set.

Mr. Hewlitt was married in October, 1905, at Oakland to Ione H. C. Ford, and has a beautiful home at Oak Knoll, Pasadena. He is a member of the University Club of San Francisco, belongs to the D. K. E. fraternity, California and Jonathan clubs of Los Angeles, the Annandale Country Club of Pasadena and the San Gabriel Valley Country Club.

Charles H. Kinsey

One of the prominent and well established young attorneys of San Francisco who has shown marked ability and originality is Mr. Charles Hart Kinsey of the firm of Clarke and Kinsey. He was born in Eureka, Humboldt County, January 5, 1876. His father Louis Thompson Kinsey was a banker of Eureka and filled many honorable public positions including the mayoralty of that city.

Mr. Kinsey went to school at Eureka and attended Leland Stanford University and the Hastings College of the Law. From 1898 until 1905 he was superintendent of a property of five thou-



CHAS. H. KINSEY

sand acres in Humboldt County and displayed splendid business methods in the management of the affairs under his charge. In 1907 he passed the bar examinations and began to practice law in the office of Jordan, Rowe and Braun. In 1910 he formed with Mr. Fabius M. Clarke the present partnership of Clarke and Kinsey.

On October 19, 1907, Mr. Kinsey was married in San Francisco to Miss Alice Benicia Hulse. He belongs to the Union League and Commonwealth Clubs of San Francisco and to the K. of P.

Mr. Kinsey is a man of high scholarly attainments, a close student of literature and an amateur musician of ability.

D. E. Alexander

In the realm of legal jurisprudence no one has achieved more nor is any member of the profession more respected than Mr. D. E. Alexander who has spent his life from youth at the law in California, having practiced in San Francisco since 1888.

His father B. F. Alexander was a pioneer of 1849 who left his home in Jackson, Mississippi, to come out to California in those famous old days when the discovery of gold was first announced to the world. Upon arriving here the



D. E. ALEXANDER

family settled in Sacramento where D. E. Alexander attended school and was admitted to practice law. His law preceptors were Hon. George R. Moore, Hon. James W. Coffroth and his brother Hon. John K. Alexander who was practicing law in Sacramento at that time.

As a young man he was active in politics, and the Democratic party nominated him for the office of Justice of the Peace. The first time he was elected by a small majority, Sacramento being a strong Republican citadel. His administration of that office was such that he was re-elected by a large majority, the only Democrat elected on the ticket.

In May, 1888, he removed from Sacramento to this city, and has since been engaged in practice here. He has a large and lucrative legal business and is one of the best known attorneys in the State.

He is a man of fine ability, high character and full of sterling qualities and he has made a host of friends for himself on account of his splendid individuality.

Mr. Alexander is interested in a large and very rich copper mine near Rebeco, district of Ures, Sonora, Mexico. He and his associates anticipate large profits from its working.

The Bank of Italy

By the last day of September this year the assets of the Bank of Italy had reached the ten million mark. This significant fact tells more satisfactorily than anything else could of the great success which this solid and popular institution has achieved in our community.

When the Bank of Italy was organized in October, 1904, the personnel of the directorate was a good deal out of the ordinary, and to that cause it is fair to attribute a measure of the bank's phenomenal success. When a new bank is started the confidence of the people is secured by the appointment of a board of directors known to them through years of business integrity. That is only to be expected. But most banks apply the rule, "Young men need not apply." That time honored rule was broken when the Bank of Italy was established and several men of the younger generation were taken into full counsel and responsibility with those of years and ripe experience.

The combination of the wisdom and sagacity of the trained men with the hustle and hope of the younger men has been productive, in the case of the Bank of Italy, of the very best results. The men of years have had no reason to regret the confidence placed in the energy and enthusiasm of youth.

Verified reports of the Bank of Italy tell officially and in figures the story of its splendid success. They show that notwithstanding the calamity of 1906 and the financial stringency of the year following the stockholders have received regularly five per cent. on their investments, except during the first two and one-half months when business was being established. In addition to this, the accounts show that in the middle of June, 1907, the bank was holding over $51,000 of surplus and undivided profits. Two months after its organization the Bank of Italy had assets amounting to $285,436.97. Within a year that amount had grown to $1,021,290.80. On December 31, 1906, after the calamity, the assets were $1,899,947.28, and in December, 1907, they were $2,221,347.35. During the six months ending June 30, 1908, a most trying period for saving institutions, the assets passed the $2,300,000 mark, a remarkable increase under existing conditions. From that time on the growth of the assets of the Bank of Italy was by leaps and bounds. At the end of September, 1912, the ten million dollar mark had been passed.

The personnel of the directors and officers is as follows: Directors—L. Scatena, President; Geo. J. Giannini, President L. Scatena & Co.; L. D. Bacigalupi, Physician and Surgeon; Geo. G. Caglieri, Capitalist; Jas. J. Fagan, Vice-President the Crocker National Bank; C. F. Grondona, Real Estate; Adolf Levy, President A. Levy & J. Zentner Co.; A. H. Giannini, Vice-President; G. E. Caglieri, Physician and Surgeon; N. A. Pellerano, Fischer & Pellerano, San Jose; A. P. Giannini, Vice-President. Officers— L. Scatena, President; A. P. Giannini, Vice-President; A. H. Giannini, Vice-President; A. Pedrini, Cashier; A. J. Ferroggiaro, F. Kronenberg Jr., C. W. Bell, A. A. Micheletti, W. E. Blauer, Assistant Cashiers; H. Schliewiensky, Manager Foreign Department; W. W. Douglas, Manager Market Street Branch.

The head office of the Bank of Italy is in Montgomery street at Clay. There are branches at the junction of Market, Turk and Mason streets, San Francisco, and at the south-eastern corner of Santa Clara and Lightston streets, San Jose. There are safe deposits vaults with every modern convenience.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Whereabouts of Grant

The papers seem to regard the whereabouts of young Douglas Grant as an impenetrable mystery. When they announced on Wednesday that Ruth Goodrich Grant had secured a divorce from the gay young millionaire to whom she had been wedded for less than two years, they stated that nobody knew where "Dougie" was. But they thought he was in Los Angeles. If they wanted to interview young Grant on the occasion of the severance of his matrimonial tie they missed an opportunity. For Douglas Grant was in San Francisco the day the divorce was granted. He made no secret of being here, but appeared on the streets with an air of insouciance, for all the world as though his brief romance was not being shattered by the iconoclasm of the law. It seems funny that no newspaperman ran into him, for Grant's is a well known face. But he was here and they missed him.

Once More Eligible

The divorce restores young Grant to matrimonial eligibility, and I miss my guess if the managing mammas of more or less impecunious girls are not already calculating the chance of capturing him. "Dougie" has a million in his own right and a most devoted father who will never let him want. When he made his foolish marriage with Ruth Goodrich the calculating mamas were bitterly disappointed but now they will pluck up hearts of hope. There's no telling what will happen. That young Grant likes matrimony must be evident, for he went through two ceremonies with Ruth Goodrich, a civil ceremony and a religious one. So he may be tempted to try again. Watch and you shall see how many girls will be hurled at his head while the interlocutory year is passing!

A Fortunate Debutante

Miss Beatrice Nickel is one of the lucky debutantes who has a home large enough for elaborate entertainments. No need to hire a hall for her coming out reception or dances. Miss Phylls De Young is another fortunate debtuante with a ball-room at home. A very sizable ball could be comfortably given in the Nickel house which stands at the corner of Laguna and Sacramento streets, overlooking Lafayette Square. It was built originally by Horace Hill and a considerable fortune was spent in its construction. The drawing room, hall and library are spacious rooms with rich wood carving and frescoes, the Nickel mansion being one of the few private houses in San Francisco with good mural decorations by artists of note. On the basement floor is a ball-room with a stage for private theatricals. For that debut of the daughter of the house last Thursday the two lower floors were thrown open and beautifully decorated. After the formal reception the young people adjourned to the ball room. The Nickels have ample means for a suitable hospitality. Mrs. Nickel was Nellie Miller whose father was the millionaire cattle dealer, one of the founders of the firm of Miller and Lux. The old Miller mansion that crowned Rincon Hill was where her girlhood was spent, and the Nickels lived there before the fire.

Blessed in Their Uncles

Speaking of the lucky debutantes two of this season's are particularly blessed in their uncles. These uncles are Jane Hotaling's Uncle Dick and Henriette Blanding's Uncle Harry. These two are the richest bachelors in California and devoted to their nieces. They are truly lucky girls. Uncle Dick graced the pretty dance Jane Hotaling gave last Tuesday at the St. Francis and he also attended Miss Blair's theatre party Monday night for his niece, which is "going some" for an uncle who has little interest in society and prefers the remote quiet of his Sleepy Hollow ranch to the gay whirl in town. Uncle Harry Tevis made his charming niece a handsome coming out gift and principally for her pleasure he has planned his New Year's Eve party at the Palace. For several years he has entertained a hundred or so of his friends on the last night of the old year, at a dinner-dance. This year the dance will be a larger affair, to take in the young friends of Miss Henriette. One of our best known bachelors in San Francisco presented his niece in Paris with a pearl necklace on the occasion of her debut, so it is well for a girl to be far-sighted in the selection of her uncles.



MRS. OTTO IRVING WISE

A charming and cultivated member of the Philomath Club who had charge of the club's recent dramatic entertainment, presenting plays in French, German and English.

The Eternal Cigarette

The women of the smart set are rarely seen drinking their afternoon tea in the tea rooms of the big hotels. These tea rooms are always crowded with well dressed women, but none of "the set" appears. They drink tea at home or at the Francisca Club. "Why do our smart tea drinkers prefer the seclusion of their homes and the Francisca Club?" I asked an authority. "To smoke", was the prompt reply. "After tea the other day at the Palace we were dying for a smoke and it was quite impossible to produce cigarettes and puff in the hotel tea-room. We had to wait until we got home. No woman who smokes because she likes it, and most of us do, likes to be deprived of her cigarette after tea." This was enlightening. "And do they smoke in the clubs?" I inquired. "In one of them," was the answer. "They never smoke at the Town and Country, or the Century, but they will in time," concluded my informant. I further learned that at all informal afternoon teas at home cigarettes are passed as a matter of course although most of the fair smokers prefer their own brands from the cases they carry with them. At a gathering of a dozen intimates gin fizzes are served with tea and after refreshment there is a snapping of gold or silver lids when the smokes are brought out. Yet Mrs. Atherton so far as I know is the only woman identified with our parish smart set who dares come out openly for cigarettes. It argues a lack of independence, I should say.

Mrs. Darling's "Baldy of Nome"

No doubt my readers know that Mrs. Esther Birdsall Darling is the wife of the Alaskan mine owner whose dogs have won time and time again the All-Alaska Sweepstakes, the classic of the North. They know also that she belongs to the pioneer Birdsall family of northern California, and they may recall reviews of her book of verses "Up in Alaska," a volume which contained some very good poetry. But they can hardly be expected to know that Mrs. Darling is a writer of great charm in prose as well as in verse. Even Mrs. Darling's friends may not know how well she can tell a story, but they will be made delightfully aware of this when they read a little illustrated book of hers which A. M. Robertson has just published. It is called "Baldy of Nome, an Immortal of the Trail," and in its modest way it is as good as "Black Beauty."

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Miss White has just returned from New York and will teach the latest Ball Room, Fancy, National, Classical and Folk Dances. New Ball Room Dances for this season: Tango, Crab Crawl, Four Step Boston. Hall for Rent.

The dream of the best dressers is realized in our offerings.—Vogel's, Ladies Tailor—420 Sutter Street.

Mrs. Darling has told the story of one of the racing dogs of the Allan and Darling stables with a charm that is irresistible, writing with a deep sympathetic feeling from a homely viewpoint of kindliness and humor that Thompson-Seton or Jack London could not excel. "Baldy of Nome" is one of the best little books by a Californian that we have seen this year or any year.

Some Great Dogs

One does not have to be a member of the fancy to appreciate this book. Its appeal is to all who love animals and like to have their ways studied and described sympathetically. Reading through the seventy-odd pages you come to know Tom, Dick and Harry very well, and Jack McMillan with his reputation for wickedness, and Kid and Mego who kidnaps puppies, Barney and Mike, Priest and Irish, Wolf who was killed by the dog whose tail he playfully nibbled at, Dubby who takes the cat Texas out for a walk every afternoon, the tramp Nomie who goes to all the balls, fires and funerals, and especially Baldy. With Kid Baldy was chosen to lead the team in the great Sweepstakes of four hundred miles, and he led the team to victory, doing four hundred and eighty miles in eighty-two hours two minutes and forty-two seconds. He also led the team to victory in the Solomon Derby of sixty-five miles, besides saving his driver "Scotty" Allan from death on the way. How Baldy did this is splendidly told in the book and forms a real addition to the list of well authenticated instances of canine sagacity. The Sweepstakes races, "those unique dashes across the snow-swept wastes of Seward Peninsula from Bering Sea to the Arctic Ocean and return" are described with great spirit. There are delicious bits in the book as where Mrs. Darling speaks of cats as "only soft-footed, purring bundles of deceit, with no standard of Trail Morals." Altogether this is a good dog book, which means that it is a mighty good book to read. If you know the North you will appreciate it fully; if you don't it will add to your knowledge. Mrs. Darling has produced a little classic.

At the Philomath Club

One of the most delightful entertainments of the holiday season was the breakfast given by the talented women of the Philomath Club. The Philomath affairs are always looked forward to with keen anticipation by the women of clubdom for they are invariably characterized by originality and the charm of unusual endeavor. This year, for instance, the women of the club gave a dramatic performance consisting of a Rostand playlet in French, a Whitman playlet in German and an act from the "School for Scandal." To state that the players in these three offerings were all equally at home, whether their medium was French, German or English is a just tribute to their culture, but more especially a tribute to the ability shown by Mrs. Otto Irving Wise who had charge of all three performances and trained the players in their parts. Mrs. Wise is a woman of most unusual linguistic attainments, but still the feat of preparing dramas in three languages, working too with amateur material, is not lightly to be passed over. Mrs. Wise showed her versatility by playing with a great deal of spirit and a real feeling for comic values the part of Sir Peter Teazle. The breakfast and entertainment were given in Sorosis Club Hall. Mrs. J. W. Orr, the president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, was among the invited guests, and she paid a pretty compliment to Mrs. Wise in thanking her hostesses for the enjoyment she had derived from the most distinguished affair the Philomath has ever given.

The Tynan Dinner

The Tynan dinner in the Bohemian Red Room Wednesday night was one of the largest dining events of the season. Sixty guests were fed on fare fit for the gods. The Bohemian chef outdid himself and the decorations were on an elaborate scale. The affair was in honor of Miss Katiebel McGregor, daughter of J. J. McGregor of the Union Iron Works who was presented to society this season. The Tynans are immensely wealthy, having an interest in the Union Iron Works and Mrs. Tynan proved herself an accomplished hostess. I was interested to note that despite protests of the conservative element against dancing parties in the club, there was dancing after dinner. All sets are abandoned to Terpsechore this year and it is useless to try to restrain them. In the history of San Francisco society I do not recall so much dancing.

FOUR CANDY STORES A HELP TO XMAS SHOPPERS. Geo. Haas & Sons' four delightfully appointed stores offer the quickest and most satisfactory solution for the Christmas candy buying. Phelan Building; Fillmore at Ellis; Polk at Sutter; and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

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The Winships Go South

The Emory Winships will join their friend Miss Jennie Blair at Coronado after the holidays to remain until the early spring. Miss Margaret Casey who has been successfully launched this year by her clever sister will not accompany them but will remain at the Casey house in Broadway where she will be chaperoned by one of Mrs. Winship's close friends. Miss Casey is an attractive girl, one of the heiresses of a season that is particularly rich in heiresses. She has lately purchased an electric runabout that she uses daily for her Christmas shopping. These trim little cars driven by their fair owners are features of the Christmas shopping season this year and I have seen them in Grant avenue two deep on either side of the street, each with its monogram so that friends readily knew just where to find the owners.

The Perennial Greenway

Preparations for the celebration of the New Year are going on apace everywhere in San Francisco that it is customary to make the welkin ring on the night of December 31. It would be pretty hard for San Francisco to surpass herself on this eventful night, but judging from the rush of early orders in hotels and restaurants from the Cliff House to the Palace Hotel, the supply of merriment to be turned loose all along the line is likely to break all records. It is to be one mammoth jollification with Cordon Rouge and Mumm, the wines of the elect, flowing in superabundance. It goes without saying that the heart of our social czar Edward M. Greenway is gladdened by the prospect. But Ned's heart has been glad all year. The prosperity of a year is to be measured by the quantity of wine consumed, and the Mumm brands though always best sellers have inspired an exceptional lot of gaiety during the year 1912. This is to be accounted for not only by the quality of the wines but also by the popularity of the veteran representative of the celebrated house of Du Barry. Ned. Greenway has been stimulating the flow of gaiety and wine many years, and he is still able to dance the two-step with the youngest of them. A man of infinite amiability is Greenway, perhaps the only man who could have played the important part he has played in the social life of San Francisco through so many consecutive years. His continuous success as a leader is conclusive not only of his tact but his unfailing good nature.



CHRISTMAS PUDDING

No Christmas Dinner is complete without an Old-fashioned Christmas Pudding. Use the following fine recipe with

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Dilute two-thirds can of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk with one and one fourth cups of water. Beat eight eggs very light; add to them half the milk and beat both together; stir in gradually one pound of crumbled crackers; then add one pound suet (chopped fine), one grated nutmeg, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, a pinch of salt, and two pounds raisins (weigh after stoning and cutting them); lastly, add the remainder of the milk. Pour into a pudding mould and steam six hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.

Write for Borden's Recipe Book

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Donation Days for Children's Hospital

The annual donation days for the Children's Hospital will begin next Saturday and will include also December 23 and 24. Stations will be established at the White House and at W. & J. Sloane's, 216 Sutter street, where several of the officers and members of the board of directors of the hospital will be in charge. This is a custom that has obtained for several years to meet the needs of the Children's Hospital, which is one of the largest and most far-reaching charities of the State. To these stations are sent contributions of money to be used in the maintenance fund, as the number of helpless children who are given free care is large. Checks or sums of money will be received by the committee and the two stores will have some members of the hospital in attendance all day on each of the three dates mentioned. Mrs. Bertha Lilienthal is the chairman of the donation committee and assisting her will be Mrs. J. F. Merrill, Mrs. W. H. Taylor Jr., Mrs. Laurance I. Scott, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. M. H. De Young, Mrs. Wendell Easton, Mrs. C. F. Kohl, Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mrs. George F. Grant and Mrs. L. L. Dunbar.

Yuletide Music at Kohler and Chase Hall

The spirit of Christmas is emphasized at the regular weekly Music Matinee which will take place at Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon. Miss Fanny Myra Bailey, soprano, has been engaged as soloist, and her beautiful voice will show to excellent advantage in Adam's Cantique de Noel and a group of songs by Strauss, Whelpley and Bemberg. Miss Bailey is a great favorite with the thousands of people that attend these matinees. Recognizing the importance of the Pipe Organ for the interpretation of Christmas music Mr. Riggs, manager of the matinees, has sent especially for two adequate rolls to be played on the organ. One of these is Offertory and Two Christmas Hymns by Guilmant and the other a Christmas Fantasy by Best. These compositions require all the resources of the Pipe Organ including chimes and sleigh bells and those who admire this magnificent instrument will have every reason to attend this matinee.

Big Dinners at Techau's

All over the United States the agents and salesmen of the Chalmers-Detroit automobile held "ginger" meetings on the evening of Monday, December 16. The local meeting was held at Techau Tavern, Mr. E. P. Brinegar, President of the Pioneer Automobile Company, presiding at a most elaborate dinner where a big and most enthusiastic gathering proved beyond a doubt that the meeting was well named. Mrs. Charles Loesch, wife of the head of the California Baking Co., gave a farewell dinner at the Tavern to Mrs. Ada Bush prior to her departure for New York. Profuse table decorations added to the beauty of this elaborate function.

"How much did he leave his wife?"
"Nearly every night."

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A couple, who were at times subject to fits of incompatibility, were seated before the fire between rounds. A cat and a dog also shared the warmth of the blaze.

Wife—See that dog and that cat. They never fight and scratch like we do.

Husband—Tie them together and see what will happen.

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Ada Reeve—Her Art

By Theodore Bonnet

If you would see the difference between the London music hall artist and the American vaudeville performer go to the Orpheum, see Ada Reeve and ponder the comic singers who have emerged from musical comedy in this land of the free. America and England have many things in common, but in some of their respective ideals, and in the degrees and kinds of their education, they are as distinctive as the Esquimau and the Hottentot. The difference is especially marked in the technique of the trade followed by Ada Reeve and Alice Lloyd. This difference was not so marked in the old days when we were addicted to comic opera. In those days a woman was expected to learn to sing. Very often she made the acquaintance of music. Things have been different since the vogue of musical comedy. In recent years any chorus girl might qualify for the role of prima donna by increasing the flexibility of her legs and exhibiting a talent for vulgarity. As a consequence girls ambitious of the honors that fall to the lot of singers have aimed to go into grand opera, and the art standard in grand opera has been lowered, so great has been the supply of singers with moderate ability but with pretty faces and fetching ways. And meanwhile vaudeville has been recruited from musical comedy with merry warblers among whom an acquaintance with art generally is an exception. If they have any vocal art at all it is elementary, their understanding of music is nil. Ada Reeve is a survival of the English comic opera stage, and if you would see how far comic and character singing can go in the direction of greatness take a seat at the Orpheum, and listen to this blend of the music-hall warbler and the highly cultured artist. Ada Reeve's art is very close to the serious art of the concert room. Jeremy Bentham did not enumerate all the absurd fallacies that pass readily in the world for sense and that serve to fortify error. Among the ones which he omitted is the fallacy that the art of singing is the art practiced exclusively by grand opera singers. The truth is that the art of song may be cultivated to as high a degree off as well as on the grand opera stage. To sing well one must sing as well as a bird sings—with ease, with roundness of tone. To give effective vocal expression to human thought the singer must bring into use every human faculty; the singer must use voice, heart and head. Grand opera companies have come to us from the Metropolitan Opera House with singers who made ill use of their voices and no use of either heart or head. Some weeks ago we paid to hear a high salaried singer of the grand opera stage who sang with a sweet enough voice, but somewhat after the manner of a bellows she sucked in air. Her singing was not like that of the bird. Speaking from the artistic standpoint she is not in the same class with Ada Reeve. These observations I make because I suspect that few people realize that for very much of the enjoyment Ada Reeve gives them they are indebted to the art of song. For Ada Reeve is not celebrated as a vocal artist. She has no great gift of voice. Besides she is in vaudeville, and sings what apparently are simple songs, with such artistic simplicity does she voice them. What is the explanation of her power in her realm? Assuredly it is not wholly her personality that thrills her audience. Yet she is good to look upon. She is winningly graceful. But it is not till she sings that her power is felt on the other side of the footlights. There are singers who regard a song much as a certain actress, according to Dr. Johnson, regarded a play; seeing in it nothing more than a glove-maker sees in a skin out of which a piece is to be cut. Ada Reeve sees in every song a drama, and she visualizes it with her eyes and her hands and her inflections. And not for her the heavy emphasis. How many of our vaudeville singers give the impression that they postulate the callousness of thick wits in their audience, raising a smile by brazen importunity like a hawker beating it in upon our weary brains. Ada Reeve, at once instinctive and deliberate, with an inflection of the voice, a lift of the eyebrows, a movement of the hips, evokes the picture of a melody. But what would she accomplish without her perfect enunciation and delicate shading and, above all, the temperament that flames in her voice and the intelligence that subjects the instrument to her will?

Gossip of the Theatre

"The Rose Maid"

It would require the subtle skill of a mediæval metaphysician to distinguish one week's musical comedy from another's. How give "The Rose Maid" just that meed of praise to which it is entitled without working an injustice to—let us say—"The Quaker Girl" or "A Modern Eve"? I confess that I am not going to try, and that for several reasons, chiefly because I don't think it is worth while. Musical comedy is the ephemerid of the theatre. It flashes a week or so in the bright glare of the calcium and dies. It is pretty with variety of color and it fills the eye. But it doesn't make a dent in the brain. Now you see it and are delighted—anon you forget all about it. Try to remember the plot of last week's musical comedy, if it had a plot—and like as not it hadn't. You can't do it. Try to recall what the chorus girls looked like or what cavortings they indulged in. Alas! though they charmed you mightily, you've forgotten all about them. The memory is fickle, not to be depended on in this matter of musical comedy. The musical comedy comes, is seen, conquers. Then it is gone, gone so completely that it might never have been. A dream forgotten with waking is not more insubstantial. But not always. I've been exaggerating a little. Something sometimes remains. A Florodora sextet, a Merry Widow waltz, a Chocolate Soldier song stay when the rest is dropped into oblivion. Does one remember anything of an entertainment like "The Rose Maid"? I'm afraid not. There's nothing to remember. It's fluff, air, a rainbow that fades as soon as seen. But it's pretty to look at and to hear. The music soothes for a moment, the costumes do not offend, nay they please the eye, the players are pleasant folk, worth two hours' attention. But that is all. And yet, what more should we ask? One can't be forever adventuring among masterpieces, they are too rich for human nature's daily food. "The Rose Maid" is good foolery for a change; it doesn't tax you, any more than it taxes the men and women who sing and romp it. You can spend an hour or so to less advantage this holiday season than by hearkening to its music. It makes the tired business father forget his onerous duties as the Santa Claus of an expectant family. Go and hear it after you've shopped early. —Edward F. O'Day.

Music In Its Variety

For all kinds of music lovers, or rather for lovers of all kinds of music there is entertainment a-plenty this winter. Last Sunday Will Greenbaum presented Maud Powell to us for the third time, and that talented violinist gave her audience a delightful treat. Then came Tina Lerner under Frank Healey's impresarioship. This brilliant young Russian pianiste played a glorious program on Tuesday evening. Under her wonderful fingers the piano becomes indeed an orchestra with which she gives voice to all human



STAR OF BETHLEHEM
Which will appear at the Pantages commencing next Sunday

emotions. For her technical difficulties do not exist and hers is the magic touch by which these singing tones soar to the hearts of all [illegible] of the piano are brought out in all their enchanting beauty. Her playing is characterized chiefly by brilliancy. Her program was composed of numbers from Mozart, Weber, Schumann, Chopin, Tausig and Liszt. [illegible] said that no woman has ever been able to interpret Chopin. Well if Tina Lerner does [illegible] she impresses us with the greatness of him. It used to be said that Chopin was a composer for young misses of the boarding school. He was sneered at for his delicious trifles and because he did not write ponderous scores, but Chopin revealed himself in the piano [illegible] did not surpass. He may not be among the mightiest of the masters, but he is a great figure in music, and though lesser lights could beat him at writing concertos, in the forms he invented he has no equal. . . . Some weeks ago I remarked that Herr Hadley conducts Wagner with the greatest gusto of enjoyment. Well last week the fifth popular concert of the San Francisco Orchestra was devoted to Wagner, and Herr Hadley led his band of artists as if guiding them through familiar realms. His poise in Wagner has the unmistakable distinction of supreme self-confidence which makes for fine instrumentation. He holds his orchestra to a neatness, a precision and soft brilliance. But I wonder whether this is what his audience expects. Does not the average symphony-goer wish to observe the visible signs of temperament? Has Herr Hadley [illegible] none of the virtuoso strain in his nature. He reads his Wagner with his eyes and ears, he is scholarly in his fidelity to his score. Being above all things a composer he scorns to transfigure the music. So far as he is concerned the mystery of it must be revealed according to score, and to that end no rubato for him, but the last fraction of every tone must the brasses extract from every note.

—[illegible]

Christmas Bill at Pantages

The management of Pantages has arranged a most wonderful array of vaudeville talent for the big Christmas week beginning Sunday. Of the two headliners the more impressive will doubtless be Tannhauser's "The Star of Bethlehem," a spectacular production with more than one hundred people in the cast. It is a most timely subject and will be sure to draw all classes of theatre-goers. The second big headliner is an altogether different act, for it is a picturesque musical extravaganza, bearing the title "The Two Thieves." It is taken from "Erminie," but brought up to date with twenty dainty dancing girls, special scenery, elaborate costuming, electrical effects and lots of late songs and dance numbers. Le Clair and Sampson have a clever burlesque on acrobats and strong men that is a scream. The Fields Brothers are blackface comedians known as "Those Happy Darkies." Miss Muriel Ardmore is a beautiful and accomplished violinist. The inside of a newspaper office and the ability of a woman as a journalist will be depicted in "The Editor's Substitute" which Miss Margaret Bird and her company present. Gavin and Platt have a delightful operetta entitled "In Gypsy Land."

Symphony and "Pop" Concert

At the Fifth Symphony concert of the San Francisco Orchestra which will be given at the Cort Friday afternoon, December 20, Henry Hadley's Symphony No. 4, "North, East, South and West," will be given for the first time in this city. It is worthy of mention that the symphony and Mr. Hadley's conducting of it with the London Symphony Orchestra at Queens Hall was one of the delightful affairs of last season in London. Gottfried Galston of Munich, a pianist of whom much is expected, will make his first appearance before a San Francisco audience. Edward MacDowell's Suite Op. 42 and Wagner's Overture to "The Mastersingers" will complete the program. The Sixth Popular Concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 22. The music Committee of the Musical Association has built a program that has every element of appeal. It will open with Elgar's March "With Pomp and Circumstance." The second number will be Hadley's Overture to his "In Bohemia," the feature of the recent jinks given by the Bohemian Club at the Grove. The third number will reintroduce Gottfried Galston and by request he will, for the benefit of patrons of the popular concerts, repeat the Liszt Concerto in E flat. Two movements from the Symphony in G minor of Mozart, the allegro molto and menuetto will be given. Three dances from "Henry VIII" will complete the program. Seats for all concerts of the San Francisco Orchestra are on sale at the box offices of the Cort, Sherman-Clay & Company and Kohler and Chase music stores.

Godowsky Is Coming

Leopold Godowsky, the great master pianist who is now touring America for the first time in over a decade, played with the Thomas Orchestra in Chicago last week, where he aroused more enthusiasm even than in New York. No such demonstrations have been given a pianist in those cities in many, many years. Godowsky is now headed for San Francisco where he is to appear under the Greenbaum management on the Sunday afternoons of January 5 and 12 at the Columbia, and on Tuesday afternoon, January 14, at Ye Liberty in Oakland. At the conclusion of his engagements here he will immediately return to Chicago where he has been reengaged to appear with the Thomas Orchestra. This is the first time in the history of that institution, that the same artist will appear as soloist twice in one season.

Artists in January

Manager Will Greenbaum will present in January the peerless Sembrich, admittedly the queen of sopranos; also a series of combination concerts to be given by Mme. Corinne Ryder-Kelsey, soprano, and Claude Cunningham, baritone.

"The Typhoon" at the Cort

Mr. Walker Whitesides comes from New York to the Cort for an engagement of two weeks commencing Sunday evening with "The Typhoon," the play which has created such a profound impression in Europe, and which took New York by storm last season. The play is said to be something entirely different from the ordinary run of dramas presented in recent years. The story has for its principal characters a coterie of Japanese diplomats settled temporarily in Berlin to watch the trend of European affairs in the interests of the Mikado. The stage settings are said to be exquisitely appropriate, steeped in the true Oriental atmosphere, and a long cast of finely differentiated types of Japanese and Europeans give a tone of vivid actuality to this unusual and remarkable drama. Mr. Whitesides will be well remembered for his wonderfully effective characterization of the dreamy Jewish poet in "The Melting Pot," and his return to San Francisco in a play that has proven successful will be heartily welcomed. His leading woman is Miss Florence Fisher, a beautiful and particularly clever actress, and among those prominent in his fine company are Stephen Wright, Hubert Wilkie, Grant Sherman, Arda LaCroix and Maude Shaw. The final performance of "A Modern Eve" will be given tonight.

Road Show at the Orpheum

Next week will be the last of Ada Reeve and the first of the Orpheum Road Show. Miss Reeve will be heard in new songs, and the Road Show which is under the direction of Martin



[illegible] and MABEL HAMILTON
[illegible] with the Orpheum Road Show

Beck is said to be exceptionally good. Bert Clark and Mabel Hamilton, the headliners, are favorite English musical comedy stars. Mr. Clark is in the front rank of British comedians and Miss Hamilton is exceptionally versatile and attractive and dances admirably. The vehicle "A Wayward Conceit" is not even a skit. It is just a line of clever dialogue introducing a number of original songs with a special scenic act for each and changes of costume galore. Signor Travato, the eccentric violinist who created one of the greatest musical furores that this city has ever known and whose quality, technique and bowing are wonderful, will present a selection of numbers. T. Roy Barnes and Bessie Crawford will appear in a breezy skit entitled "The Fakir and the Lady," a fifteen-minute specialty built solely on personality and magnetism. Joe Keno and Rose Green will be a diverting and popular feature of the Road Show in the musical whizz "Hands Across the Street" which enables them to display their ability as vocalists, to do graceful acrobatic stunts and to create a lot of fun. Among the most sensational foreign artists are the Hassans who will make their debut here. Their exhibition is unique inasmuch as all their acrobatic feats are accomplished on a tight or slack wire, even to the riding of a monocycle. One of the most intrepid things they do is to vault over four chairs while on the wire. The trio conclude their remarkable exhibition with a whirlwind dance executed with skill and grace. With this bill Oscar and Suzette and Paul Dickey and Company in "The Come Back" will conclude their engagements.

Vaughan and Lytell at the Alcazar

Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell will be greeted by a crush audience Monday night at the Alcazar when they open a limited season as co-stars, their first offering being Winchell Smith's famous American comedy "The Fortune Hunter." The exceeding popularity of these two players is exemplified by the unprecedented advance demand for seats at each of their performance during the coming week, and that they will score a record-smashing engagement is assured by their

(Continued on Page 36.)



WALKER WHITESIDE
As Tokeramo in the wonderful drama of Japanese life "The Typhoon," to be seen at the Cort for two weeks beginning Sunday night.

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PROGRAM
Soloist: GOTTFRIED GALSTON, Pianist
Elgar.....March Pomp and Circumstance
Hadley.....Overture, "In Bohemia"
Liszt.....Concert in E Flat
GOTTFRIED GALSTON
Mozart.....Two movements from Symphony in G Minor
German.....Three dances from Henry VIII
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Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.
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On Christmas Eve

(Continued from Page 13.)

"'Beggars! that is well, for I, too, am poor—in strength. Where are you going?'

"'To our cave,' said Yaschka.

"'I'll go with you. Where else can I go? I don't know. Beggars, take me along with you. I'll feed you and give you plenty to drink. Take me as your guest; be friendly with me.'

"'Let's invite him,' whispered Yaschka to me.

"I had recognized in the great voice of the man the tones of a drunken man, but I also made out something else—the raging and groaning of a heart that was sick and deeply wounded. I have a good instinct for the dramatic—I was, for a time, prompter in a theatre—so I eagerly invited the man to come with us.

"'I'll come. I'll come with you, you beggars!' he shouted with all the strength of his big lungs.

"We walked together, three abreast.

"'Do you know who I am?' he asked. 'I am a man who is running away from his holiday: I am the tax inspector, Gontscharov—Nicolai Dimitrievich Gontscharov—that's who I am! I have a wife and a home, children—two sons—and I love them. There are flowers in my home, pictures, books—everything is mine—it's all beautiful, comfortable and warm in my home. If you had all the things that I have in my house it would long ago have gone for drink. You are swine, of course, and drunkards; but I'm no drunkard—though I'm drunk just now. I'm drunk because I'm depressed. I'm always depressed and uncomfortable on holidays. You don't understand it—it's a deep wound—it's my great sorrow.'

"I listened to him with intense interest. Whenever I see a big, strong man it always seems to me that he is unhappy. Life is for the small, the weak, the puny and the petty. Put a sturgeon in a swamp and it'll certainly die; while frogs, toads and the like can't live in clear, flowing water. The man interested me very much.

"We had now brought him to our basement, and our landlady was not a little frightened by his appearance. She thought we had brought him with us to rob him, and wanted to tell the police of it. We quieted her and drew her attention to our own emaciated forms in comparison with the figure of this giant with his long arms, big head and broad chest. Why, he could strangle us both without effort. So the old woman, reassured, was sent to the tavern, and the three of us sat around the table.

"We sat in our cave and drank slowly, waiting to hear about the holiday. Our guest took off his fut coat and sat in his shirt sleeves without a vest. He sat opposite to us.

"'You are evidently rascals, both of you,' he growled. 'You lie when you say you are beggars, for you're too young to be beggars; and your eyes, they're too insolent. But whoever you are, it's all the same to me. I know that you are not ashamed of life—and that's the thing. And I—I am ashamed. I ran away from my house to escape disgrace.'

"You know, my dear sir, there is a nervous disease called chorea. Well, there are some people whose consciences are stricken with this disease; and I saw at once that the inspector belonged to that class.

"'In my house,' he went on, 'everything is conducted in the most proper manner; and it gets fearfully tiresome to live according to the conventional rule. Everything is put away or hung up in its proper place once and for all, and everything has so grown to its place that even an earthquake couldn't move them—sofas, pictures and bookcases. They have shot roots into the ground and into the soul of my wife. They—those wooden and lifeless things—have become a part of our lives, and I, for one, cannot live without them. One gets so used to them—one worries about them and troubles about them—the devil take it! The damned things grow, take up all the room, stifle the air until one can't breathe freely any longer. Now, for this holiday, this blessed army of habits has decked itself out, has made itself spick and span, and it shines and glistens. It glistens disgustedly. It mocks me—yes, it knows everything. Once I had only three pieces—a bed, a chair and a table. Yes, and I had also a picture of Herzen. Now I have a hundred pieces of furniture. They seem to ask people to sit down in them—people who know their value. So people who are well-to-do come to us to use our furniture.

"The inspector drank a glass of whisky and went on:

"'They are all most respectable people, pious cattle who have been brought up on the sweet ideals that are presented in Russian literature. But I feel horribly bored—the very flavor of their talk chokes me. I know everything they can tell me and also what they can't do, to become more alive and interesting. The stupidity of their souls makes them abhorrent to me. They are all so heavy and sluggish that even the words they speak fall like stones: They stifle a man. When they come to my house it seems to me that I am surrounded by bricks and that I am about to be built into a wall. I hate them, but I cannot drive them out, and that's why I hate them so: I don't attract them; personally, I am a morose, taciturn man. They come for the simple reason that they want to sit upon my furniture. And I can't throw the furniture out, either—my wife loves it all. By Heaven! my wife only lives for

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the sake of the furniture. She herself has become wooden—'

"The inspector leaned against the wall and laughed. And Yaschka, who was certainly bored by his wailings, took advantage of the pause to say:

"'Your highness might have smashed the furniture into pieces—on your wife.'

"'Well, and then?'

"'I mean—you see, once for all—out with everything.'

"'You are a fool.'

"He shook his dazed head and then, letting it sink on his breast, he said simply:

"'I'm frightfully disgusted with it all; and oh, I feel very lonely! Tomorrow is Christmas, but I—I cannot stay at home. It is absolutely impossible.'

"'Remain with us as our guest for a while,' proposed Yaschka.

"The inspector looked around. Our room was reeking with smoke and filth.

"'It's disgusting here, too. But listen to me, you devils. Can't we go to some hotel? Want to do it tomorrow? And then won't we drink! Yes, and we'll think about it—think how people ought to live. Will you do it? By God, it's time to stop leading this respectable life, it's high time to stop it! But you are both scamps and cannot understand what I mean.'

"'I understand very well what the matter is,' I said to the inspector.

"'You? Who are you?' he asked.

"'I am also a man who was once respectable,' I said. 'I, too, once enjoyed the happiness of a quiet, peaceful life. I, too, was crowded out of life by little things and petty details. They weighed me down, pressed out my soul and everything else that was in me: I yearned for something just as you are now yearning. I began to drink and became a drunkard. I have the honor to introduce myself.'

"The inspector stared at me and examined me closely in grim silence and with apparent satisfaction. Then I saw his thick, red lips twitch in disgust under his bushy mustache, and the way he sneered wasn't at all complimentary.

"'Is that really so?' he asked suddenly.

"'It is. Omnia mea mecum porto,' I asserted.

"'Who are you, anyway?' he asked, still looking at me.

"'A man. Every vagabond is a man and every man is a vagabond.' I once knew the art of speaking in epigrams very well.

"'Very wisely put,' said the inspector, without taking his eyes off me.

"'We, also, are educated people,' said Yaschka. 'We can converse with you perfectly well. If we are plain people, we understand a thing or two, and we, too, dislike elegant furniture. Why should we care about it? We don't sit with our faces on the chairs. You should make friends with us.'

"'I?' said the inspector. He had suddenly become sober.

"'Yes, sir, you. Tomorrow we'll show you such secrets of life—'

"'Hand me my coat,' demanded the inspector quickly of Yaschka, and he stood up. He stood very firmly on his feet.

"'Why, where are you bound for?' I asked.

"'Where?' he looked at me with pain in his large, calf-like eyes, and then shivered as if a sudden chill had run through him. 'I—I am bound for home.'

"I looked at his face, which had suddenly grown very long, and did not say another word.

"'Fate has prepared a barn for every kind of animal, and no matter how that animal may kick with its hind legs it still remains in its allotted place. Ha, ha, ha!'

"And so the inspector departed. Outside, we heard his big, heavy voice crying, 'Cabman!'"

My companion grew silent and began to drink his beer with measured sips. After finishing his glass he commenced to whistle, tapping on the table with his fingers.

"And what then?" I asked:

"What then? Nothing. Did you expect something else?"

"Yes, the feast—"

"Oh, yes, we had the feast all right. I forgot to tell you that the inspector made Yaschka a present of his purse. There were twenty-six rubles and some kopecks in it. We had the feast all right:"

David Rich, a member of the firm of A. J. Rich & Co. who has been at the head of the New York office of this company for the last five or six years, leaves New York today for San Francisco on a short business trip to close important real estate transfers between San Francisco and New York.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAURA V. HOLMES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of LAURA V. HOLMES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LAURA V. HOLMES, deceased.

CHARLES ARTHUR GWYNN,
Executor,
LAURA V. POLE,
Executrix,
Of the Last Will and Testament of Laura V. Holmes, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 21, A. D. 1912.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-5

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The Empty Chair

(Continued from Page 11.)

light glowed in his childish eyes, "I dreamt it was Christmas evening, and you and me was sitting by the fire, as we always do. And oh, daddy, mummy was sitting in her own chair beside you, same as she used, and she was holding your hand. But it wasn't like dreaming neither. It was all so real, and when I woke up I hardly b'lieved I'd only dreamt it. Please, do dreams ever come true, daddy?"

He fixed his eyes upon his father in anxious suspense.

"Do they, daddy?" he repeated.

"Not often, I fancy. This one will not come true, at any rate," answered Corfield, grimly.

The small face fell, and the small mouth began to quiver.

"Oh! I wish it might have come true," he murmured.

Then there was a long silence. By-and-bye the little fellow slipped down from his chair and went round to his father's side. Here he stood, looking up for awhile earnestly into the man's brooding face.

"Daddy?" he whispered.

"What?" said Corfield, irritably.

"Are you still very, very angry with mummie?"

"Oh! I don't know. Why do you pester me with these questions?"

"'Cos the clergyman said this morning Jesus was born on purpose to stop people being angry with each other. And he said, 'cos today's Jesus's birthday, we ought all to make friends, before we go to bed tonight, with every one who's vexed us. Please, he did say that, didn't he, daddy?"

"I dare say. I wasn't listening. But if I had been, it would have made no difference. It is easy enough for the clergy to give good advice from the pulpit. And—well, you are too young to understand such matters, my boy—but there are some things that one has a right to be angry at—some things that a man can never forgive."

The little fellow looked at once disappointed and puzzled.

"Please, daddy," he asked, anxiously, after a pause, "are there some things that God can never forgive?"

Corfield turned away from the child's grave, earnest eyes, with a gesture of impatience.

"You are too young to understand these things," he repeated, falling back upon the common formula wherewith posed maturity has agreed, from time immemorial, to baffle the inconveniently direct questions of childhood. "Run away now and play with your new toys."

The child went obediently to the other end of the room, and appeared to occupy himself with his new toys and picture-books. His father still sat before the decanters moodily thinking.

Not many weeks before he had had a letter from his wife, a pathetic, penitent, heart-broken letter, in which she had begged and implored her husband's forgiveness. One passage he remembered word for word; it was photographed, as in letters of fire, upon his brain:

"I have had a rude awakening—the awakening that I deserved—from my mad dream of unlawful happiness. I have found out the real man. I hate him, and I have left him. I know also, now, the true worth of what I wickedly abandoned when I fled from you. Oh, my husband, I cannot and dare not ask you to take me back. I know, alas! that is impossible. But I do ask you, in the name of God, to say that you forgive me. Do—do, I beseech you, let me have that one crumb of comfort to solace my terrible wretchedness, which—without your forgiveness—will surely drive me to despair."

He had read that letter through many times. For one moment, perhaps, he had hesitated. Then, with a hard, grim laugh, he had thrown it on the fire.

Forgive her? No! There were some things a man could never forgive.

And now the child's question: "Daddy, are there some things that God can never forgive?"

He shifted uneasily in his chair.

Psha! Why should he allow himself to be disturbed by the random inquiry of an ignorant little boy, who was too young to understand such things?

Yet he knew all the while, within his heart—though he would not admit it even to himself—that the child's question went to the very root of the matter, and was not to be parried by a thousand sophistries.

"Parsons and children may say what they please," he muttered to himself irritably. "But she has ruined my life and nearly broken my heart. I hate her. I will never forgive her."

But in one statement, at least, he spoke falsely, deceiving himself. He did not hate her. He loved her still. That was why he found it impossible to forgive. . . . It is easier, much easier to forgive our enemies whom we hate, than our dear ones whom we love, but who have deceived us and been faithless to us.

By-and-by, he rose from the table and wheeling an arm-chair to the fire, sat down there. This was the signal for his little boy to join him. They had always sat round the fire, talking, on a Christmas afternoon. Last Christmas, his wife had sat there. But now! He covered his eyes with his hand and the iron entered deeper than ever into his aching soul.

It was at this conjuncture that the little boy did a strange, impulsive thing. After placing his own high-chair, as usual, on his father's left hand, he went over to where his mother's chair stood against the wall and, with the full exercise of his baby strength, wheeled it up to the fire, on his father's right hand, where, in former days, his mummie had always sat on Christmas afternoon.

For a moment or two, the man, occupied with his own bitter thoughts, did not notice what the child had done. Then he saw the empty chair in its old familiar place by his side. He started, as if some one had struck him. He frowned angrily.

"What on earth have you put this here for?" he demanded, in a harsh voice.

"O daddy, please—please—don't be angry," pleaded the little fellow, "but I thought if my

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dream did come true and mummie did come back tonight, she'd like to find her chair ready, as if we 'spected her and was wanting her. It's so much nicer when you come home to find people 'specting you and wanting you, isn't it, daddy?"

"Your mother will not come home, and I will not have that chair there. Move it back to where you took it from at once," said his father, sternly.

"Oh, dady, must I?"

And the childish eyes filled with pleading tears.

His father paused a moment before replying. Then he answered, curtly,

"Oh, very well; leave it there, if you like. Really, I do not care one way or the other."

The two sat there, the man and the child, scarcely speaking. Little Wyndham, as you could see by his eager, childish face, was full of a great expectancy— an expectancy too deep and enthralling for spoken words. His father sat, with his hand over his eyes, immersed in thought.

The brief light of the winter's day faded into dusk, the dusk into darkness. The maid came in and lit the lamp and brought the tea. After tea the two watchers (for somehow I think the man was a watcher as well as the child) resumed their places by the fire, and the little boy, at all events, looked often and lovingly, but each time with greater despondence, at the empty chair. And his heart sank lower and lower, for it was now his bedtime, and the dream, on which he had pinned all his little faith, had not come true.

"Daddy," he said, as with his arms clasped round his father's neck, he bade him good-night, "daddy, dear daddy."

"What, my son?"

"If mummie comes home tonight, you won't be angry with her, will you, daddy?"

The man's face clouded.

"Your mother will not come," he said, coldly.

"But if she does, dear, dear daddy. Promise you won't be angry with her—please—please, daddy."

"I don't know. You are too young to understand these things. Now run away to bed."

The child went, and the man sat still by the fire, with his hand over his eyes. So buried in thought he was that he did not hear the door of the room timidly opened, was not aware of that other presence until the sound of a faltering, tremulous, pleading voice awoke him to the fact that he was no longer alone.

"My husband—forgive."

He started up.

"You!" he exclaimed.

She fell on her knees before him and looked into his face, her eyes wide with speechless repentance and supplication.

Her lips moved. She faltered in a trembling whisper:

"I—I peeped in at the window, and I—I saw—the chair."

He looked down at her for some seconds, speaking never a word. A great battle was raging within him. Then he held out his arms.

The night wore on. Midnight came and went. But there they still sat, hand locked fast in hand, just as the child had dreamed.

The silent message of the empty chair had done its work.

"What are you doing with that mask and those gumshoes? Surely you are not going in for burglary?"

"Sh!" responded Dustin Stax, "I am trying to slip a contribution into a candidate's campaign fund without his knowing anything about it."

San Francisco's Premier Store

The shopping district of San Francisco presents a very lively spectacle these days, and nowhere in the district is there so much life as in the White House. In the holiday season all roads lead to the White House, for everybody goes there, if not to buy, to see. It is San Francisco's premier store, and San Francisco is proud of it. The White House is identified with much of the very interesting history of this city. It comes down from a former generation, but it is of the present,. it has kept pace with the growth and progress of the city. Today it is unsurpassed in America, not only in the quality of its goods but in the character of its management.

The holiday season affords an accurate test of financial conditions. When money is plentiful people make costly gifts. When money is scarce Santa Claus makes inexpensive presents. The White House is an excellent place to study the money market, and it is pleasant to report that as a result of investigation there it is evident that Santa is in good spirits this year. The White House is doing the biggest business in the history of the establishment. Don't fail to pay it a visit. Even though you may not be shopping you will find it worth your while to wander through the big store and feast your eyes on the beautiful display that is made in every department. Especially interesting is the top floor where the toy department is located. If you are a lover of books and of beautiful bindings you will find no end of entertainment in the White House.

Dolly—What was the play like last night?

Polly—Just lovely—quite thrilling. It was full of things a girl had to pretend she did not understand.

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The State's Literary Output in 1912

By Sarah Connell

The California literary year has been singularly free of sensational events, though the long threatened disintegration of the Carmel Colony appears to have begun in earnest. The question of female suffrage has absorbed the energies of several of the real literary lights and of virtually all the fireflies of culture, so there has been a superabundance of stump oratory and newspaper notoriety, with some danger that later on the weeds, having gained roothold, will be inclined to overrun the field.

Early in the year it looked as though Society with a large S was really taking up the task of writing with some seriousness, for the first book to receive notice after the first of January was what one of our social Bavardes designated as a volume of "four-line sonnets" by Miss Nina Jones. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Easton had printed the story of her wedding journey, but as both were issued privately and for distribution amongst friends and relatives only, they do not rightly come into the province of the reviewer.

Jack London is, as usual, our most prolific contributor. He set sail from New York, nominally as mate of a sailing ship, to round the Horn, and it is probable that the year 1913 will welcome the practical results of his experience. Meanwhile, besides his usual output of short stories, there are three volumes to his credit, "The House of Pride" and "A Son of the Sun," dealing with the South Seas, and "Smoke Bellew," in which he returned to his first stamping ground, the Klondike. Mrs. London has made her debut as the author of some creditable short stories also. Both Mary Austin and Gertrude Atherton have been absorbed in suffragism, but each has found time for one novel in addition to the addresses and special articles. Mrs. Atherton's "Julia France and Her Time" is in part a suffrage document. Mrs. Austin's "Woman of Genius" has attracted less attention than any other of her books thus far. The congress of the women's clubs which met in San Francisco during the summer, brought a large concourse of the prominent ones from all parts of the United States and a few from abroad, the most noted of whom was the Baroness Von Suttner, the well known advocate of peace. Kathleen Norris' "Rich Mrs. Burgeyne" was a best seller and Sarah Comstock, once a contributor to the local Sunday supplements, made a good impression with her third book, "The Soddy," a story of preemption and settlement in Kansas.

Will Irwin who has been giving his attention more especially to economic problems, contributed a very good story of mystery, "The Red Button." Wallace Irwin's "Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy" are a never failing source of amusement. Behind the quaint English of his monologist and his laughable blunders there lies a deadly stratum of grim truth in which may be discerned the root of the domestic help problem, the exactions and idiosyncrasies of the mistresses who expect bricks without straw, lay on alien shoulders the responsibilities which are their own and reserve to themselves the prerogatives of giving arbitrary orders and finding fault. After one has laughed at the boy, and berated the mistress mentally there arises the question how Wallace Irwin has possessed himself of such uncanny knowledge of the inside workings of so many establishments. Gellett Burgess, whose name is associated with the Irwin Brothers, also gave us one book, a series of semi-detached short stories under the title "The Master of Mysteries." Though published anonymously there was never a moment's doubt as to the authorship.

While most of our women writers have been exalting the suffragette cause, Richard Barry took the opposite course and in "The Bauble" showed it as a mere bubble not worth pursuit yet absorbing the energies and faculties of its chasers. There were a number of minor contributions and first efforts given to the public through the agency of various eastern publishers during the year, and Southern California has developed into a secondary literary center by itself, with volumes of minor poetry, local histories and short stories which rarely, if ever, reach the hands of the San Francisco reviewers. Harold Bell Wright whom we scarcely claim as Californian yet, is a resident of the southern section, his contribution to the yearly output being "Their Yesterdays." Frederick Bechdoldt has given us, through the medium of a Sunday supplement, an excellent series of waterfront yarns which, no doubt, will make their appearance in due form shortly, and John Fleming Wilson has kept up the high standard of his work. Three new names loom large on the near horizon, James Francis Dwyer, Peter B. Kyne and Edward Hurlburt whose amazingly good stories of criminal and newspaper life contributed to the Saturday Evening Post, were immediately scheduled for dramatization.

Stewart Edward White has been contributing the results of his African hunting expedition to one of the magazines but he also found time for a book, "The Sign at Six," which, though not in the vein in which his reputation is best sustained is nevertheless a good tale of its kind.

David Starr Jordan's reputation would suffer if there were no better ground for his appearance among the literati than his ponderously pathetic effort at humor, his book of beasts. He has also prepared a life of Mrs. Stanford, one of the founders of the college over which he presides. Our "Weather Prophet," Alexander McAdie, has come down from the clouds again, or rather, sent us down his message in another volume of brief essays under the title "The Ephebic Oath." Essays or prose poems, whichever they may be called, they are acceptable. Zoeth Eldredge has given us "The Beginnings of San Francisco." Hermann Scheffauer who, despite his long residence in London, still belongs to us, has been an indefatigable contributor of stories and verse. Scarcely a periodical of any importance has failed to receive him as a contributor some time during the year, and all his work has been of high quality.

Of poetry good, bad and indifferent, there has been no dearth. Amongst those having volumes of more or less size and worth to their credit are Father Crowley, Clarence Urmy, Thomas Noonan and Samuel J. Alexander. Mr. Alexander has shot suddenly into prominence and Clark Ashton Smith, a mountain youth yet in his teens has been hailed as a star of the first magnitude, his volume "The Star Treader," being even yet damp from the press.

The Paul Elder Company which with A. M. Robertson upholds the honor of artistic book making for the Pacific Coast, has published a considerable list of booklets and illustrated volumes in their usual excellent style and their annual "Book Show" is an event for the lovers of beautiful things.

Visitors during the year have been numerous, though for the most part but birds of passage. Harry Leon Wilson has settled in Carmel, but he is an old Californian returned. George Randolph Chester, the creator of Wallingford, is expected to take up permanent residence there too. Besides the feminine contingent brought hither by the Women's Congress we have also caught flying glimpses of the Irwin brothers, Witter Bynner, Dr. Washington Gladden, Dr. William Grenfell, Charles Majors, Dr. Isaac Marcossen, John Galsworthy, Basil King and Bertha Runkle, while Gertrude Atherton who usually spends most of her time abroad, remained in San Francisco or hereabouts to claim her voting privilege.

General Homer Lea was the only literary man who died during the year.

It is pleasant to note that despite the length of time since Charles Warren Stoddard's "Footprints of the Padres" was published, and the fact of its author's death more than three years ago, it figures as one of the best sellers in our city in this month of December, 1912.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The principal factor in the market the past week has been the Supreme Court decision in the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific case. Other great corporations may be affected by this judgment. The outcome of the anthracite case will have a direct bearing on Reading. A decision is expected next Monday. The strength of this stock proves that holders favor segregation of the companies' assets as the stock is now quoted at a figure that is ridiculously high from an investment standpoint. Holders must see vast wealth concealed in its holdings of securities and property, including its Jersey Central stock and its coal lands. It is from these sources that a "melon" must come to justify the price of the stock. Steel common did not fare so well because segregation of its assets and subsidiaries would disorganize the business of the Steel corporation, which is able to affect greater economies in production through owning and operating its own railroads, lake shipping and coal and iron mines. It has not yet come to the bridge, for its case is not before the courts but the chance for a suit for dissolution, followed by a judgment based on the reasoning applied to the Northern Securities and Union Pacific cases by the Supreme Court disturbs sentiment very much. Tariff uncertainty also played a part, bringing about a decline in this and kindred Industrials and this will be more or less a factor until Congress has disposed of the matter. Several things helped to support prices during the week and to save the market from more serious decline as far as the better class of securities is concerned. Stocks are in strong hands and this limited the volume of liquidation. The aspect of affairs in Turkey improved greatly and made Europe more optimistic, which resulted in purchases in this market. Foreign holders were able to buy back the securities they sold last October at lower prices than then prevailed. This tended to lower exchange rates and eased the money market, and the banks were enabled to restore their depleted reserves by calling loans and drawing money from the interior.

Wheat—The market has been a very dull and uninteresting affair with price changes in a small range and confined principally to the room traders. An occasional war scare helped the tone at times, but what little advance resulted from this news was quickly lost when these rumors were denied. The Government crop report on the growing winter crop was construed as bearish by the trade but it is too early in the season for this report to be a factor. The movement of wheat thus far has been on an unprecedented scale, and the absorption of the big crop has been large as well. The export trade has kept up to the initial standard and 70,000,000 bushels has thus far gone out. The probability is that by the end of the month the surplus wheat will be pretty well out of the way, allowing for the usual flour and grain exports for the balance of the year. The market has been heavy with the action of prices abroad on the probable settlement of the Balkan trouble without impairing the continental supply. The Argentine crop is in harvest and the outturn above the past two years with a possible increase of 30,000,000 bushels in exportable surplus. This will take the edge off the exports from this country with the turn of the year. Wheat is not high at the present level and with a let-up in the northwestern receipts prices could easily advance from this level as stocks of wheat are not burdensome.

Corn—The corn market has been a see-saw affair with prices covering a small range. Receipts thus far have been far out of proportion to the large crop, but as there was a very small carry-over in the surplus corn States the absence of old corn may be responsible for the movement being lighter than expected. The car shortage likewise has had some effect, but generally the car service is much better than expected. There is considerable complaint of a few lines not furnishing cars promptly, but with the open weather prevailing thus far, the market has had sufficient for its requirements. There has been no accumulation of corn and should car shortage or weather interfere during the month, there is apt to be a firm market in the December delivery. Supplies generally are at a minimum for this time of the year. The future price market is a question of the ability of the producer to keep the surplus corn from crowding the market during the coming winter.

Cotton—In recent history the only parallel to the present supply and demand conditions in cotton is to be found in 1905. America raised its first 13,600,000 bale crop in 1904 and it was followed by a crop of 11,200,000 bales in 1905, a decrease of about 2,400,000 bales. Last year America raised its first sixteen million bale crop, and a commercial crop of 13,600,000 this year would be comparatively the same as 11,200,000 bales was in 1905. The consumption of American cotton in 1904 was approximately 12,100,000 bales, while last year it was 14,500,000, an increase since 1904 of about 2,400,000 bales. Thus, it is evident that a crop of 13,600,000 bales now against 11,200,000 in 1905 would exactly equal the item of 2,400,000 bales increase in consumption. During the first part of the season of 1905, prices advanced very rapidly. From 962 on October 15, January contracts in New York went up to 1212 by December 6, with July selling as high as 1261. From this date, however, until September 15, the course of prices was downward with July contracts declining to 985 and October of the new crop, going as low as 874. Since October

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15 this year, January contracts have advanced from 1034 to 1289, which in number of points is just about the same as the advance during the same period in 1905. Will history repeat itself by recording another decline of over 300 points during the next nine months? As the point may be raised that the trade at present is too good to permit of any decline of consequence, we desire to say that both 1904 and 1905 were boom years in the cotton manufacturing industry both in the United States and Europe.

The Fireman's Fund

The fireman's Fund Insurance Company of San Francisco contributed coin and furnished collateral security for loans to rebuild the cities of Chicago, Boston, Seattle, Baltimore, Portland, Oregon, Virginia City, Spokane and San Francisco after the big fires from which these cities suffered.

The losses which this great company has paid since its organization total $49,986,915.53. The cash value of its assets on June 30, 1912, was $8,774,920.60. The cash income from fire, marine and automobile premiums from its five thousand agencies, from interest on investments and from all other sources for the year 1911 amounted to $5,819,139.01.

That the fire risks of the Fireman's Fund are properly distributed is shown by the fact that of this big income only about two per cent. or $121,325.08 was received from fire premiums on San Francisco property. The balance of $5,697,814.02 was gathered from other sources and from other localities.

The Fireman's Fund is liberally patronized and gets its full share of the best business from the people of San Francisco, but the lesson of 1906 and the $11,175,000 loss incident thereto is not unheeded. That might happen again, but if it does, the Fireman's Fund stockholders will not be called upon for another assessment of $300 a share.

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All of these men have a high standing in this community. Their names are a guaranty of the high plane on which the business of the Fireman's Fund is conducted.

Stage

(Continued from Page 29.)

personal and artistic magnetism and the strength of the vehicles in which it will be exercised. To provide them with plays worthy of their talents the Alcazar management has spared neither energy nor money. They will appear in the newest, best and highest-priced works obtainable for stock theatre use. "The Fortune Hunter" affords not only the two principals, but every member of the Alcazar company, unusual opportunity for effective acting.

"Ben Hur" Coming to the Columbia

"The Rose Maid" will continue at the Columbia next week. The patronage has been large. The second week of the engagement begins Monday night. Matinees will be given on Christmas Day (Wednesday) and Saturday. Sixteen mettlesome steeds driven in quadruple teams to four chariots will be a feature of Klaw and Erlanger's stupendous international production of Lew Wallace's historical drama "Ben Hur" at the Columbia in January. This scene is unquestionably the pinnacle of twentieth century stage craft.

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO EXECUTE AND DELIVER DEED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,211, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH A. FORBES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court, made on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1912, in the matter of the above entitled estate, the petition of Arthur W. Forbes, as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of the above named Sarah A. Forbes, deceased, praying that a decree of the said Court be made authorizing and directing him to execute to William H. French and Sarah J. French, his wife, a conveyance of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, title whereto now stands in the estate of the said Sarah A. Forbes, deceased, hereinafter particularly described, will come on for hearing before the said Court at the Courtroom thereof in the Temporary City Hall, situated on the southeasterly line of Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 20th day of January, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, where and when all parties interested in the said estate may appear to make objections, if any they have, to the granting of the said petition.

The said lot, piece or parcel of land is particularly bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Burrows Street, distant thereon fifty-seven (57) feet six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Girard Street; running thence southwesterly along said northwesterly line of Burrows Street thirty-two (32) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-two (32) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred (100) feet to the northwesterly line of Burrows Street, and the point of commencement, together with improvements thereon.

Being part of Lot No. 4 in Block No. 13, University Mound Survey, as designated upon that certain map entitled "Map of the University Mound Tract Survey," filed in the office of the Recorder of the City and County.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the said petition which is now on file with the Clerk of the said Court.

December 6, 1912.

ARTHUR W. FORBES,
As Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Sarah A. Forbes, Deceased.
CHARLES W. SLACK, Atty. for Administrator.
1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco. 12-21-5

He—If I should kiss you, what would happen?
She—I should call father.
He—Then, I won't do it.
She—But father's in Europe



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANN LENNON, Deceased—No. 14,486; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will of Ann Lennon, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of G. Gunzendorfer, 127 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ann Lennon, deceased.

LOUISE M. SULLIVAN,
EDWARD P. LENNON,
Executors of the Last Will of Ann Lennon, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, December 21, 1912.
G. GUNZENDORFER, Atty. for Executors,
127 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-5

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SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 32,898; Department No. 10.

WILLIAM GREIG, Plaintiff, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in or Lien Upon the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon the real property herein described, or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of William Greig, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have, in or upon those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

PIECE NO. 1.

Commencing at a point, situate on the Northerly line of Mariposa Street, distant thereon 50 feet Easterly from the Northeasterly corner of Mariposa and Missouri Streets; running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Mariposa Street, 25 feet; thence at right angles Northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles Westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles Southerly 100 feet to the Northerly line of Mariposa Street and point of commencement.

Being portion of Potrero Nuevo Block Number 270.

PIECE NO. 2.

Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of Mississippi Street, distant thereon 225 feet Southerly from the Southerly line of Mariposa Street, running thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Mississippi Street 25 feet, thence at right angles Easterly 100 feet, thence at right angles Northerly 25 feet, thence at right angles Westerly 100 feet to the point of beginning.

Being a portion of Potrero Block No. 305.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles,, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of October, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 19th day of October, 1912.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon said property adverse to plaintiff—None.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-19-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,489; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of GIOVANNI PODESTA, also known as GIOVANNINI PODESTA, and as G. PODESTA, Deceased.

Adelina Podesta, administratrix of the estate of Giovanni Podesta, also known as Giovannini Podesta, and as G. Podesta, deceased, having this day filed herein her verified petition for an order of sale of a portion of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth;

And it appearing therefrom that it is necessary, and also that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and of those interested therein to sell the said portion of said real estate;

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its courtroom in the New City Hall, on the southeasterly side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1912, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix for the sale of the said portion of said real estate;

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week, for four (4) successive weeks, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, November 27, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

A. P. DESSOUSLAVY and P. A. BERGEROT,
Attys. for Administratrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,883; Department No. 10.

TILLIE POOLOS, also known as TILLIE POPPER, Plaintiff, vs. SAMUEL POOLOS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: SAMUEL POOLOS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK D. MACBETH, Atty. for Plaintiff,
706-707 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,551; Department No. 3.

JOHN FINDLEY MILLIKEN, Plaintiff, vs. MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA O'CONNELL, sometimes and also known as and called JULIA CONNELL, Deceased—No. 13,908; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of their attorney, John J. Barrett, Room 1255 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, deceased.

JAMES MADDEN,
JOSEPH MADDEN,
Executors of the Estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 30, 1912.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executors,
1255 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-30-5

ORDER SETTING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR ORDER DIRECTING EXECUTRIX TO MAKE CONVEYANCE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,645; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNA M. HUTCHINSON, Deceased.

LILLIAN H. P. SURRYHNE, executrix of the last will of Anna M. Hutchinson, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for a decree of this court authorizing and directing her, as executrix of the last will of said deceased, to convey and transfer certain real property, in said petition and hereinafter described, to E. J. Rinckel; and it appearing from said petition that the said Anna M. Hutchinson was, during her lifetime, bound by a contract in writing to convey said real estate as in said petition set forth:

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, the thirtieth day of December, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., upon said day, and the courtroom of the above entitled court, department 10 thereof, be, and the same are hereby, fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the time and place of hearing said petition be given by publication of a copy of this order for at least four (4) successive weeks before said day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

The real property hereinabove and in said petition referred to is described as follows:

All that certain real property in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lot number nine (9), as laid down and delineated on a certain may entitled, "Map of Robley Terrace, Oakland, California, June, 1908, F. C. Turner, City Engineer," filed July 23rd, 1908, in the office of the County Recorder of said Alameda County.

Dated, November 26th, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

THOMAS E. HAVEN, Atty. at Law,
Monadnock Bldg., Rooms 941-943, San Francisco. 11-30-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 46,083.

In the Matter of the Application of INTERSTATE AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation, for a Decree of Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that Interstate Amusement Company, a corporation, organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, has presented to and has this day filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, a petition praying to be allowed to dissolve and disincorporate; and that on Thursday, the 23rd day of January, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. on said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, before the above entitled Court, Department No. 7 thereof, at its Courtroom in the New City Hall on Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, the said application will be heard and determined.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Superior Court.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy.

OTTO IRVING WISE,
Atty. for Interstate Amusement Company,
817 First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,294; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of CARLO CASASSA, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, David J. Casassa, administrator of the estate of Carlo Casassa, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator, at the offices of his attorneys, Devoto, Richardson and Devoto, Rooms 600-604 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said offices the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Carlo Casassa, deceased.

DAVID J. CASASSA
Administrator of the Estate of Carlo Casassa, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 23, 1912.

DEVOTO, RICHARDSON & DEVOTO,
Attorneys for Administrator,
600-604 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., S. F. 11-23-5

NOTICE OF SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—(Probate); No. 10,980; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1912, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned administrator of the estate of the above named decedent will, on or after Saturday, the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913, offer for sale and sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation of the above named Court, all of the right, title, interest or estate that the said Anthony Dorrity owned during his lifetime, and all the right, title, interest and estate that the estate of said decedent has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired, other than or in addition to that owned by said Anthony Dorrity at the time of his death, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

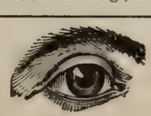
COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Fulton Street, distant thereon one hundred seventy-one (171) feet ten and one-half (10½) inches easterly from the easterly line of Baker Street; and running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Fulton Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the southerly line of Fulton Street and the point of commencement: same being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 528; together with the improvements thereon.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States: ten per cent (10%) of the amount bid to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation thereof by the Court. Bids or offers for said real property may be made at any time after the first publication hereof, and before the acceptance of the highest offer on or after said 4th day of January, 1913. All bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the law office of Chas. A. Gray, No. 441 Mills Building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, or delivered personally to the undersigned.

W. J. PALETHORPE,
Administrator of the Estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased.

The first publication of this order of sale was made in the Town Talk newspaper on the 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER,
Attys. for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-3



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TOWN TALK

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XX | San Francisco, December 28, 1912 | No. 1062



MURIEL GODFREY-TURNER
As the Egyptian siren "Iras" in Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur" which is to be seen on the stage of the Columbia Theater for two weeks beginning Monday night, January 6th.

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Old and the New

The idea of starting afresh with the New Year is one of the many illusions that make life not only tolerable but enjoyable. J. Stuart Mills tells us that his father thought life a poor thing at best; that while there was something in the dawn of it delightful to a young mind, the glamor of it soon wore off. Old Mills had a hard, cold intellect. Neither loving nor lovable, with no enthusiasm, he aged quickly. How much better off are they who retain their keenness of interest and enjoyment of life to old age! They are able to do so by yielding to illusions, as when they grow sentimental over the death of the year and fancy that they have put down the burdens of the past and left the irreparable behind them. There is fascination in the idea of starting afresh with the New Year, especially if we adopt a good resolution, one that does not call for too much effort. Of course it would be well to impose on ourselves each year the task of mortifying an old lust or conquering a vicious habit. Thus in time we might attain to some perfection. But it is no easy matter to enter into a formal war with our fondest inclinations or to unlearn habits to which we have long been accustomed. It is much more agreeable to the average temperament merely to determine not to be haunted by what is past. Better than sterile regret is the kindling of the hope that makes alluring the distant prospect. The joys of the past are gone forever. Let the sorrows go to, and the memory of squandered faiths and of our own unjust deeds. The past is always available for counsel, and we may be able to make amends for what was bad in it. If from the consequences of it we can never wholly escape, we may at least transfigure it by marching steadfastly to the mysterious goal armed with the high hope and confidence that mitigate the terrors of the journey.

The City That's Backing Up

"Is San Francisco backing up?" The question is asked by Mr. Edward H. Hamilton in the Examiner. Yes, San Francisco is backing up: not a bit of doubt about it. But San Francisco is in no immediate danger of falling into a self-satisfied complacency. It was to avert such a calamity, Mr. Hamilton explains, that he sat himself down to fill the population with apprehension dire by means of a recital of the things that are being done in Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles and Oakland. Which reminds us that whenever the patriots of Athens found that the people were becoming apathetic and were in need of having their civic conscience and national spirit awakened, the "Persae" of Aeschylus was produced. The Athenians went forth from the odic drama sobbing, weeping and embracing one another. They ran like beings bereft through the streets, uttering lamentations. They assembled before the temples beating their breasts and crying, "Athens, Athens, Athens!" That was no time for any one to trifle with the honor of Helas. Not having time to write an odic drama Mr. Hamilton dashed off a dithyrambic editorial warning us of those terrible Seattleans from whom we borrowed the hammer-burning ceremony; likewise of Posterity with a big P from whom we are to expect blistering curses. A warning of this kind is not to be despised at any time, but what is there to indicate the imminence of a self-satisfied complacency? Judging from what happened at the recent elections San Francisco is anything but complacent. When a man is found kicking himself vigorously nobody thinks that he is suffering from complacency. Now, that appears to be what San Francisco is doing to itself. If at the same time it is backing up it is because it has found that hitherto it had been plunging along the wrong road. True, as Mr. Hamilton says, we have got ourselves into a mess. But we did not get into the mess at the recent bond elections. At those elections we began backing out of the mess, and now we are trying to take our bearings for a fresh start. It is hardly fair to describe our present attitude as one of "miserly timidity." It would be nearer the truth to say that ordinary prudence has been substituted for the heady prodigality of the drunken sailor. San Francisco has become just a little sceptical. Not long ago when San Francisco was giving ear to the corporation-baiters of the press who were eager to usher in the Millennium on the heels of municipal ownership bond issues were voted with enthusiasm; but it has since dawned on the intellectuals of the people that "aisy comes, aisy goes" is the fundamental principle of municipal government, and the people have decided to call a halt. The people are distrustful, and have they not reason to be? If we consider all the money that has been wasted through incompetency and apparently with the approval, nay, on the advice of the daily press, surely we must conclude that the people are wise in backing up. San Francisco has been on a debauch of extravagance and a jamboree of incompetency, and it is now sobering up. San Francisco has borrowed the philosophy of the man from Missouri. The Hetch-Hetchy imbroglio was an eye-opener. Two millions gone to the scrap-heap! And while it was going our great newspapers shrieking anathema at the auditor for holding up one of the payments! No wonder San Francisco is backing up and kicking itself at the same time!

When Mary Shocked Boston

The morals of the City of Boston are looking up. Puritanism has taken a fresh hold on the old town. The other night when Mary Garden as Floria in the Boston Opera House was seized by Scarpia in an amorous frenzy and thrown upon a couch for no chaste purpose, cultured, pious Boston was thrilled to the marrow, and the next day when the excitement of the scene had passed, complaints were made to Mayor Fitzgerald, who sent word to the management of the opera house that if the realism of the performance were not toned down the license would be recalled. Director Russell protested, saying that Scarpia behaved in Boston precisely as he had behaved elsewhere. But the mayor was inexorable. And man-like he blamed it on the woman. In his opinion it was Mary Garden who was too realistic. Perhaps he thought that Scarpia couldn't help it. All of which goes to prove that sex is a very serious matter in Boston. It is one of the curious paradoxes of civilization as Shaw points out in one of his prefaces that while, generally speaking, the average play depends for its dramatic force on appeals to the sex instinct, yet it must be a perfectly genteel play, fit for church goers, and the imperiousness of the instinct must not be put in evidence. In other words our mimes are not permitted to make a show of lovers' endearments. As Shaw says, you can have conflagrations, murders, executions, all sorts of crimes simulated on the stage, but the realistic treatment of the incidents of sex is quite out of the question. The theme may be love but the exposition of it is highly indecorous. The playwright must impose celibacy on his art. This of course is as it should be, but one may sympathize nevertheless with the serious, pure-minded author of Mrs. Warren's Profession when he finds that his play revolts people who are easily cozened into tolerance of shameless effrontery by dramatists who deliberately pander to salacious appetite and flaunt dramatic pornography on the stage. There are worse women on the stage than Mrs. Warren, and they have been accepted as great heroines—the Zazas, Ebbsmiths and Tanquerays—but if you find fault with them you are answered with the lilting device of that royal order that traces its origin back to the neglect of the Countess Salisbury to fasten on her garter. And so also are there many scenes more poignant in their appeal to pruriency than the one that shocked Boston, though perhaps there is not a woman on the stage more reluctant than Mary Garden to omit an artistic detail.

When Merchants Fall Out

Last week we suggested that it would be well were the good women who are interested in the movement for the suppression of prostitution in this State to investigate the business of some of our big stores where girls and women are employed, and

to ascertain the wage-rate in all departments. The suggestion was inspired by Bernard Shaw's observations touching the white slave traffic in London. According to Shaw the heroine of Tom Hood's Bridge of Sighs is much better off than the heroine of his Song of the Shirt, and he says that until every respectable woman is given a sufficient wage for a decent life society will never get rid of the white slave traffic. In this connection it is worth while taking note of what the merchants of San Francisco had to say in the Examiner of December 15. It is worth while because from what they said one may draw the inference that some of them have an impression of things in San Francisco similar to Shaw's impression of things in London. Read between the lines of what those merchants published to the world and it may occur to you that perhaps in this opulent city there is a deep black gulf of wretchedness that ought to be looked into. In no spirit of charity or sympathy did our merchants utter themselves. Their effusions were wholly splenetic. It is no secret that the merchants of San Francisco do not dwell in unity. Competition in trade breeds animosities, and nowhere perhaps is there more jealousy and distrust than among our merchant princes. And so though they assemble occasionally at the groaning banquet board to give imitation of a big family reunion; though they enter with enthusiasm into the spirit of a project to burn the hammer with festive ceremony there is always laughter of the wise old gods in the background. They need but little provocation, these merchant princes of ours, to remove the button from the foil, to smite one another hip and thigh. Sufficient was the provocation when the Emporium, unprepared to handle two shifts because of the eight-hour law for women, decided to close at night during the holiday season and represented that the management was actuated by concern for its employees. "We do not believe," said the management, "that distributing on the streets a large force of bundle wrappers and inspectors, young girls around the sixteen-year old age, at 10 o'clock at night is conducive to the best that is in us or in them." This is a touching sentiment. But observe what was said by some of the competitors of the Emporium. The Prager Company, thus: "We pay living wages to all of our employees and are not compelled to resort to statements in print to create a sentiment in our favor." Listen to B. Katschinsky: "Let those that advertise their regard for the welfare of their employees scan their payrolls. They will probably find therein a good opportunity for quietly practicing what they so flamboyantly preach." Thomas Davis took occasion to charge the Emporium with bad faith. He accused the Emporium of breaking away from an agreement to close on Admission Day, and he said: "Any merchant who pays his employees well will always find them flexible and willing to do the right thing." It would seem as though the scale of wages at the Emporium was the scandal of the mercantile community. It would seem also as though the powerful citizens behind the management were regarded as a bunch of hypocrites. All criticism is in the same strain. Says Newman & Levinson: "The real test of the employer's attitude to employees under existing labor laws is the average scale of wages paid, not whether a business remains open a few evenings before Christmas or closes." Likewise Carroll & Tilton: "Our experience convinces us that where employees are properly treated and properly paid, their loyalty is secured." What is the significance of all these assertions as to decent treatment of employees?

The Wages of Honesty

Now far be it from us to interpret the foregoing innuendoes. As a department store the Emporium is one of the triumphs of American trade, one of the simplest expressions of that unified energy that produces big results; but there are other department stores in San Francisco, and all of them employ women, and there are many women in San Francisco who do not get a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. Our paternal Administration at Sacramento has seen to it that women shall not work more than eight hours a day, but it has not seen to it that they shall get decent wages for eight hours a day. That there are many girls and women in this city who must find it extremely hard to be respectable we have learned from but a cursory examination of conditions. There are in this city, working for less than three dollars a week, 29 errand girls, 3 millinery workers, 1 office clerk, 3 saleswomen and 4 seamstresses. Working for wages ranging from three to six dollars a week are 14 cashiers, 21 office clerks, 103 saleswomen, 22 stock clerks, 87 wrappers and 35 waitresses. Working for wages ranging from six to nine dollars a week are 34 cashiers, 55 office clerks, 390 saleswomen, 14 seamstresses, 10 stock clerks and 46 wrappers. Consider the life of effort, of unwearying narrow toil to which these poor creatures are subjected. For them naught but the patience which can but cherish a small hope. What meanness, monotony and squalor, how much of the material ills of ugliness and poverty come into the lives of those wretched beings who are walled up in the heart of this opulent city! How marked for them with the great gaping needs which they can never satisfy is the brief passage between two Eternities! Surely the heroine of The Song of the Shirt must often ponder the futility of life at less than three dollars a week. Is it improbable that she might occasionally yearn for a little of the color that comes into the life of the heroine of The Bridge of Sighs? And who is there to give her a helping hand in all this big city overflowing with reformers of both sexes? Women we have who go to the factories of the East and come back and tell us of the awful miseries of underpaid toilers. Politicians we have who reduce freight rates for the benefit of merchants and legislate for the advantage of the autocrats of organized labor. None of these has a thought for the seamstress or the saleswoman who works for less than three dollars a week. She eats the bread of affliction and drinks the water of affliction, with none to assuage her grief bitter and insupportable, while big men weep for the overfed footpad and the burglar with the embonpoint at San Quentin.

An Expert Testifies

We observed last week that it was reported that there are girls who work behind counters in daylight and dance on the Barbary Coast by electric light, not because they are fond of gaiety in the dance halls but because they have no other way of keeping bodies and souls together. This report may not be well founded, but what it implies is true not only of London, as asserted by Bernard Shaw, but of at least one American city. This we learn from the startling testimony that has been given at the inquiry which the Curran Aldermanic Committee is conducting in New York. There appeared before that committee the other day Mrs. Mary Goode, who admitted that she was the keeper of a house of ill fame. She told how the police grafted off women of her trade. She supplied the committee with the names of the leading corrupt police officials and of the men who collected for them a percentage of the wages of sin. She gave a most elaborate description of vice conditions in New York, and she estimated that there were 35,000 women engaged in vice as a business in the bloated metropolis. This number, she said, included many girls who work in stores all day, "whose weekly wages of $4 or $5 make it almost compulsory for them to turn to illegal employment" as a means of livelihood. Now here is a most shocking state of affairs that certainly ought to engage the attention of all good men and women who have sympathy with the downtrodden. But if it be true that girls who work for $4 or $5 a week find it almost compulsory for them to turn to "illegal employment," what shall we say of girls who work for less than $3 a week? Surely this is a subject that calls for investigation.

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Varied Types

CVI—FREMONT OLDER

By Edward F. O'Day

"But I mean men like Heney," I explained. "How does Heney feel?"

"I think that at heart Heney feels a good deal as I do," replied Older. "But the personal element affected Heney more. He was deeply hurt by the bickering, the nagging in court, the newspaper attacks. So there is a bitterness in him which prevents him from taking the stand I take."

"How about Rudolph Spreckels?" I asked.

"About Spreckels I don't know. I haven't met him for nine months. Our ways diverged when he stayed with La Follette while I gave my support to Roosevelt. So I can't say about Spreckels."



FREMONT OLDER

"And Judge Lawlor?"

Older laughed.

"Of course," he said, "these men have refused to support me in my attempt to free Ruef. That may have colored my view of them. I do not wish to set myself up as being in the right while all the rest are wrong. But if Judge Lawlor received any light as a result of the graft prosecution I have never been able to discover any sign of it."

"What about Burns?" I continued.

"Burns is a mercenary," said Older. "He's a detective and a good one. He was paid so much a year to do our work and he did it. If he had been retained by the United Railroads he would have done their work just as well. At present he's in the employ of the steel trust. Of course Burns goes on the platform and lectures about the uplift, but that's just plain bunk."

So there you are. Older the radical. Older the champion of Ruef. Older the foe of capital punishment is cut off from his brothers in arms. Truly the graft prosecution is all over when the graft prosecutors drift so far apart.

When we had gone thus far the name of Ruef came back into the conversation as inevitably as Fong Charley's head appeared in Mr. Dick's compositions. So I asked Older about Governor Johnson's attitude toward Ruef.

"How is it," I asked, "that the man who owes so much to you refuses to give you the single favor you ask of him?"

"A lot of people," Older replied, "think I'm crazy. They see signs of an unbalanced mentality in my present course. Governor Johnson looks at it in something of the same way. He thinks that the request I have made is the most preposterous for any man to ask and the most impossible for any governor to grant. He feels that I have picked out the one thing which I had no right to ask."

"But how about his sense of obligation?"

"As I look at the matter there is no obligation on his part. We had a hard time inducing him to run for governor. It meant a financial sacrifice for him. Once he was in the race it was up to us to support him. It was not as if he had been a candidate for the nomination and begged our support."

Older seems to be satisfied with that view, but it didn't appeal to me and I told him so. I pointed out that once a man enters a political fight the ambition which is aroused and the yearning for political preferment offset any previous sacrifices which he may have made, and that when a paper throws itself into his fight as the Bulletin did into Johnson's, he cannot help incurring an obligation of gratitude. The Older of other days might have seen it that way, but the Older of today shook his head.

That head of Older's is in the clouds, he is quaffing the ether of advanced radicalism. It's hard to bring him down to this little old world which spins along the grooves worn by centuries. But we had more talk about the graft prosecution.

"I testified by deposition in the libel suit brought by Heney against Will Crocker," he told me, rummaging in a drawer. "Some of my testimony tells how I feel about the graft prosecution."

And Older read. You are familiar with the general trend if you follow the Bulletin.

"I have not changed my opinion as to these men having done the unsocial acts with which they were charged. I believe they did commit them. But I no longer believe that men are wholly responsible. I think it is largely the system back of the men and the pressure that comes from the system, based upon the standard of respectability that we are living under, which is possession. . . . I was quite in sympathy with all the fighting that was done on our side, and of course, equally critical of all the fighting the other side did. . . . I have changed my view of the method of fighting. In those days I believed in fighting men, but I no longer believe in that. I believe in fighting the things that men do, but not the men themselves. . . . I don't think any one but God can give any one a fair trial."

And so on. Older mentioned approvingly Heney's view of the prosecution. Heney told him that if a mess of municipal corruption were uncovered here tomorrow he would not try to indict anybody but would invite all concerned, higher ups and lower downs, to tell the story, present their accounts in the newspapers and let the public do the rest.

Older talks of it all as something very far away. He all but shudders when he thinks of it. He seems to regret everything about it except the effect it had on his own mind when the process of revulsion began. He says he has none of its bitterness left. If any other man besides Ruef had been imprisoned he says his course would have been just the same. Other men's derelictions don't excite Older's indignation any more.

"Introspection is a wonderful thing," he says

(Continued on Page 31)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED
ROBERTSON
UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO

Correspondence

No Expert Needed on This

Editor Town Talk, Sir: There is a great deal of talk these days about good roads. The State is spending a lot of money for highways. The city is spending a lot of money on streets. And we haven't a decent highway leading into San Francisco. To go down the peninsula, you must first go out to the Park. If our Board of Public Work would pave Eleventh street between Market and Potrero avenue we should have a fine road. There are only five blocks on Eleventh street to be paved. For $25,000 we can have a superb driveway, and by cutting off a small corner of Market street this driveway can be made to swing into Van Ness avenue. Potrero avenue and Van Ness avenue are two of the widest streets in San Francisco, and it is a pity they should be left disconnected when it would be so easy to make a continuous boulevard out of them. I wish you would take this matter up, and make it a subject of agitation.

Respectfully,

—Motorist.

What the Unions Are Doing to Us

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I see that Edward H. Hamilton thinks that Oakland is threatening to become a rival of San Francisco. Mr. Hamilton says that to keep pace with other coast cities we must spend more money on improvements. What about organized labor? Wouldn't it be advisable to spend a little time trying to get our neck from under the heel of the unions. It is true that the other side of the bay is growing at the expense of San Francisco, but if you will investigate you will find that this is chiefly due to the objection that industrial firms have to labor conditions in this city. A number of big plants have been located on the other side of the bay and all are run on the open-shop principle. No man who isn't crazy would think of starting a big industrial enterprise in this city. The labor unions have us by the throat, and they have every newspaper gagged. Have you heard about the restaurant on Ellis near Stockton that has been under boycott for about a year? The proprietor made a practice of answering the spielers by writing on his windows. The other day he was arrested for obstructing the sidewalk, but the spielers are never molested. The proprietor now has to write backwards on the inside of his window. Can you beat it?

Yours truly,

—An Examiner Reader.

The High Cost of Experts

Editor Town Talk, Sir: You told us last week about Expert Freeman who cost us $50,000 and who didn't "get by" in Washington. Why not discuss a few of the other experts who are drawing down big fees? Bion Arnold is still at work with assistants who get $50 a day. He has cost us a lot of money, but what good has he done?

The charter amendment he drew was beaten. Then there are the three expert architects, each getting $25 a day—for what? Each has a private practice, too.

Respectfully,

—A Taxpayer.

That Speech by Aked

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I am glad to see that the gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce only half approve of Dr. Aked. They like the half of him which boosts but disapprove the other half which knocks. I judge this from the latest copy of the Chamber of Commerce Journal. Full reports of the other speeches made at the recent banquet are given, but only one-half of Aked's. The knocking half is dismissed as follows: "Dr. Aked closed with a stirring appeal for morality and a higher plane of social life in the city of the Exposition." That may be suppressio veri, but I think it is justified. At the same time I do not blame you for calling attention to Aked's gaucherie. You are running a newspaper. By the way, is it true that Aked is sorry he went so far? They tell me some of his parishioners were sore. Perhaps they own property on the Barbary Coast.

Yours,

—A. L. Coultsby.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Luitpold of Bavaria

Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria who is dead at the age of ninety-one, will be remembered in history as the man who induced the other German rulers to offer King William of Prussia the imperial crown. He himself was great-minded enough to refuse the crown of Bavaria when his two nephews were incapacitated for reigning by their insanity. Both King Ludwig and King Otto lost their minds on account of love affairs. Bismarck wanted Luitpold to assume the throne but he insisted on being prince regent only. The old man was a great patron of the arts, and was largely responsible for the prestige which Munich enjoys as a centre of genuine cultivation. American singers and American painters received a great deal of recognition from this great old man. He was a straightforward old soldier, and the people really loved him. The popular grief over his death is a genuine sorrow for the loss of a father rather than a ruler.

The Joys of Nudity

Marguerite Le Fur, a well known Parisian writer, paid a visit recently to the Freyabund Society of Men and Women, founded three years ago in Berlin by Dr. Kuster for people who want to take their exercise in a state of nature. The Freyabund has a large park carefully fenced from Peeping Tom where the members meet in mild weather and disport in nudity. Marguerite was given the privileges of the club and had a great time. She thus describes the joys of nudity: "I wandered across the sunny lawns and along the shaded paths, experiencing intense childish pleasure at feeling myself nearer the flowers, trees, and stream. Joyous and free like the light wherewith I was bathed and penetrated, I found in myself unsuspected treasures of sympathy and goodness, and had an intense impression of participating in the unity and harmony of things. When, in the evening, I resumed my clothes it was with real regret. The contact of linen and stuff produced at first a frankly disagreeable impression." Since then she has repeatedly renewed her experience without a discordant note ever breaking in. "Having lost my false shame, I feel myself freed once and for all from the false ideas which centuries of convention had implanted in me, and now I realize that truth is essentially chaste, that the admiration of beauty may be devoid of morbidity, and, in fact, believe that I thus acquired a little of the antique and happy naiveness of the women of Hellas."

Cocaine Fiends in Paris

Cocaine has to a great extent replaced morphine and ether with the feminine "fiends" of Paris. Its vogue is due to the fact that it is easy to obtain, easy to take, does not necessitate the use of a syringe as morphine does and leaves no telltale odor like ether. It is snuffed in crystallized form. The Paris scientists say that its use breeds a speed mania. Hence many victims hire taxicabs for which they are unable to pay. When they are arrested it is discovered that they are "coke fiends" and they are sent to the hospital for treatment. The number of such arrests has led to the statement that there is a cocaine epidemic among the women of Montmartre.

Are Diamonds Running Out?

From time to time in recent months reports have circulated in the diamond trade regarding new diamond mines, but on close investigation these reports have in every case shown no foundation in fact. Besides, it is now said that the old mines of the De Beers company are becoming exhausted, though slowly, as evidence of which it is stated that the number of "sights' of rough diamonds, that is exhibits of rough diamonds to prospective purchasers, which are not continuous but at announced times, has decreased each year during the last five years, while these "sights" have become 35 per cent. smaller on the average during that period. A shortage of workmen is said to be a partial cause of the decreased output of the De Beers and also of other mines. It is stated that only two South African mines are still very rich.

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Perspective Impressions

"Bion Arnold has another report."—Newspaper headline. No backing up for Bion while the city's leg holds out to be pulled.

You can burn the handle of a hammer but the business end of the tool emerges unscathed from the flames.

Speaking of the war in the Balkans, bet you can't quote offhand what Virgil said about Tenedos.

The Seattle Y. M. C. A. has barred all popular songs. The Portland Y. M. C. A. will follow suit by banning "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark."

The Bulletin has acquitted the Administration at Sacramento of extravagance. But Hiram knows that it isn't the judgment of a court of competent jurisdiction.

"New Year's scenes in Denver cafes rival the wantonness of ancient Rome," says Father McMenamin. So Denver has an Aked, too!

Louis R. Glavis, secretary of the California Conservation Commission is on trial on a charge of "standing in" with the lumber interests. And our Progressive Governor, the pee-pul's friend, sees fit to conduct the trial behind closed doors!

And now a committee of one thousand to solve all our problems! In other words, government by talkfest. But why so many? Remember the words of Isaiah: "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation." For the whole committee we nominate our foremost citizen who is at once a little one and a small one and who has all the tongues that were born in the tower of old—the Hon. E. P. E. Troy.

When the double sex standard is abandoned, will woman take man's standard or man woman's?

The hydroplane has made it just as easy for aviators to die on sea as on land.

Perhaps Woodrow Wilson will appoint Bryan Secretary of State. Woodrow may be losing his cunning. But thus far he has shown no signs of paresis or of a disposition to commit harikari.

"Clarence Mackey has imported artists from France to build a drawing room for him."—Press despatch. Democracy in America has yet to realize the dream of Thomas Jefferson that the United States would become the home of the arts and that hither people would come from the Old World in quest of culture.

An Irish Peasant

By Gerald O'Donovan

When I first knew John Joyce he was already old, seventy or thereabout, having been, he said, "a grown lad the time of the famine in '47." His spare figure stooped considerably. Bright grey-blue eyes, soft in repose, gave a look of youth to a clean-shaven face tanned brown by exposure to sun and wind. He dressed invariably in a style once common in Ireland, but now almost entirely gone out: a cut-away coat and knee-breeches of dark grey homespun, knitted stockings, black brogues, a well-starched white linen shirt and a high felt hat. On Sundays he wore, in addition, a Gladstone collar and a neat black tie. On Sundays, too, he wore what he called his "new" suit, his shirt was clean, and he had had his weekly shave. He never seemed dirty, but on Saturdays, with a week's stubble and a shirt worn through the grime of a week's work, he was rather unkempt. Not that he ever lost a certain dignity which redeemed any defects in his toilet.

Some years before, on his son's marriage, he had transferred to him a farm of forty acres, with the sole reservation of board and lodging for life. When he told me this I hinted that it was perhaps unwise. He looked grave for a moment, and said:

"There was nothing else to do. Pat was getting old; he was forty-one the day he married. I felt he ought to have his chance. Besides, we had some bad years and were in debt, and we had to get some money, and he couldn't get a wife with a good enough fortune unless the farm was his own."

He sighed and said, with a faint smile, "Mary is a good woman, too, in many ways—a very good woman by the place."

She was not, I had learned from others, good to him. Her narrow mind became more narrow, and her tongue was made bitter in having no children, which she ardently longed for. She was always bemoaning the loss of her two hundred pounds for which she seemed to hold old John responsible. She cut off his egg for breakfast, and when he gently asked for one, she said angrily:

"And go in debt again, is it?"

She had set her heart on saving the original amount of her fortune, and cut down the household expenses almost to starvation point. Meat of any kind, with the exception of a scrap of fat American bacon on Sundays, was unknown.

John made no complaint. "Mary may be a little near, but she's a good woman for the place," he would say to his son when he complained of insufficient food.

Old John's gentleness angered his daughter-in-law. Strength for her lay in a loud voice and a bad temper. As old John had neither he was only "an old doddering idiot without the spunk of a chicken in him." When she accused him of doing no work "for all the food he ate" he made no retort, but his eyes flashed for a moment.

"Shut up, woman," said her husband; "with all your talk, only for me father we wouldn't have a roof over our heads."

John looked at his son gratefully, but said hastily before Mary could speak:

"Mary is right. 'Tis little I do indeed, but sure I do my best."

"'Tis less you get to ate anyway," said his son wrathfully.

Old John worked from early morning till late at night. Six milking cows were the mainstay of the farm. The care of these he shared with no one. He milked and fed them, drove them to and from pasture, cleaned out their byre. He spoke to each by name. It was evident that he considered the cows more amenable to reason than his daughter-in-law, for whereas he never argued with her, he carried on long arguments with Strawberry or Brownie or Bessy, always winding up "You see it, don't you? Why it's as plain as the eye in your head." He also managed the pigs and the poultry, and carefully gathered the eggs he was not allowed to eat from secret laying-places. He mended farm implements, thatched, and helped in the season with the hay and corn.

During slack hours he sat in the field where the cows grazed making "skibs," flat, plaited baskets, in which he had much skill. It was here the children of a neighboring house always sought him and clamored for stories. He had an inexhaustible stock of marvelous exploits of Fionn McCumhail and Cuchulain and of Maeve of the Red Hair, and of the more modern rapparees, which he told dramatically. The favorite story, always asked for, was his own adventure with the Young Irelanders in '48, in the telling of which he became young again: "but that was when I was young and foolish" he ended, "and don't ye ever do the like, children," adding wistfully, "but ye won't, for all children are wiser now than when I was a gossoon."

Sunday was his great day. He got up earlier than on week-days, and had finished with the cows by a quarter to seven. He then shaved and changed into the "new" suit that had done Sunday duty for ten years. Heavy blackthorn stick in hand he set out walking for mass. If he was lucky he fell in with some neighbors on the road, and all sorts of interesting topics were discussed: the price of butter, rents, the chances of a Land Purchase Act. Parliament was spoken of vaguely and mysteriously as a sort of evil deity which might, however, be wheedled into doing some good for "poor" farmers. He generally reached the chapel half an hour before mass began, and passed from group to group in the chapel yard until the last bell rang. Here the talk was more intimate, of marriages and deaths and the "doings" of friends who had emigrated. He took a simple delight in hearing "the news"; and his eyes glowed at any account of a friend's good fortune: "Thanks be to God for it," he would say, "Sure, now, isn't God good to all of us?" After mass there was a quarter of an hour's talk and perhaps a chat with a crony on the way home. "A great day entirely," he would say to his son on his return, "Father Pat was a bit late, but the time passed like lightning. Hurry off now to second mass, and I'll see to things."

He took off his coat, but did not change into his old clothes until he had to attend to the cows in the evening. Not that Sunday was entirely an idle day. He cut and washed cabbage for dinner, and chopped turnips for the cows, but he was

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXIII—A NEW SAN FRANCISCO

By Grace Hibbard

(This little poem is from the pen of Grace Hibbard, a sweet singer who has published several modest volumes of verse. "A New San Francisco" is taken from "Forget-Me-Nots from California," published by A. M. Robertson in 1907.)

Over a ruin a rose-vine climbeth,
Wreathing a broken stair,
Clinging to wall and to broken casement,—
Once a garden was there.

Rose of the ruin, thou art prophetic;
E'en as it is with thee,
Out of gray ashes shall rise a city,
Queen of the sunset sea.

The Spectator

Newspaper Hammer Unburnt

Now that the Call has burned the hammer to a vocal accompaniment that provided the town with Christmas Eve diversion, of course everything will be lovely in this erstwhile bickering community. No merchant will ever again administer the knock subtle to his rival's business; no Doctor Aked will pound the morals of the city to a pulp at a boost banquet. We are to have an unending era of peace and good will with the doors of our temple of Janus not only closed but nailed up. Everybody is going to boost everybody else—may be. But from this delightful condition of municipal accord it is probable that we shall have to accept the newspapers. The palladia of our liberty have a heaven-given right to knock one another which cannot be taken away by man. They are controlled by men with savage breasts which cannot be soothed by the charms of music mounting skyward with the smoke of the incinerated emblem of the knocking spirit. They will go right along pummeling one another to their flinty hearts' content. Indeed, almost as soon as the Call had started its campaign for the burning of the hammer a rival paper got out its hammer and plied it mercilessly on the head of the project. The Examiner did not catch the contagion of the Call's enthusiasm for peace and the abolition of acrimony. The Examiner's hammer beat a jarring tatoo on the Call's scheme, but not in public. It was done privately, perhaps as a concession to the town's newly discovered passion for good will.

Mayor Rolph Enlisted

As I hear the story, the Examiner tried to induce Mayor Rolph to wet-blanket the Call's scheme. Mayor Rolph was in Washington on the Hetch Hetchy business when the Call sprang its project for the burning of the hammer. In response to a wire wherein the new management of the Call explained what it purposed doing, Mayor Rolph sent a telegram cordially indorsing the project and giving it the sanction of local officialdom. That enabled the Call to go ahead swimmingly, for it made the burning of the hammer a quasi-public function. But when Mayor Rolph returned to the city the management of the Examiner got his privy ear and whispered doubts into it. The precise terms of their objection I do not pretend to know, but at any rate they induced Mayor Rolph to reconsider his approval of the Call scheme. Mayor Rolph decided to call a few prominent men into consultation, obtain their opinions in the matter and then make up his mind either to abide by his telegram of approval or withdraw his sanction. That was the extent to which the Examiner found it possible to go in its attempt to thwart the Call.

A Variety of Opinions

Among the men whom Mayor Rolph summoned to this consultation were Reuben Hale and W. D. Fennimore, representing our mercantile organizations, Business Manager Brockhagen and Editor Simpson, representing the Call, and Bishop Nichols and Father McQuaide, representing, I suppose, the city at large. Hale and Fennimore opposed the Call's scheme of burning the hammer. They opposed it on rather peculiar grounds. Why advertise to the world, they asked, the unfortunate fact that there ever has been a hammer, a spirit of knocking in San Francisco? Would it not be better to hide this sad condition from the world? They did not deny that there had been a knocking propensity here, but thought other communities should not be apprised of it, even by a ceremony symbolizing that that spirit was gone, never to return. Thus Hale and Fennimore. Bishop Nichols took a different stand. The burning of a hammer, he thought, was a ceremony of too negative a kind. Why not do something positive? The Episcopalian bishop suggested something positive, deriving his inspiration from the Bible. When the waters of the great flood receded the dove of peace went forth from Noah's ark bearing an olive branch in its bill. So Bishop Nichols suggested that carrier pigeons be sent from San Francisco to Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle carrying messages of peace and good will to those sister communities. He thought that would be a more positive and therefore a more significant ceremony than the burning of a hammer. Father McQuaide championed the Call. He said that it was useless to try to keep from other communities the knowledge that there had been knocking in San Francisco because other communities were perfectly aware of this already. He said that the Examiner and the Chronicle had fathered public affairs at Lotta's Fountain and that it was only fair that the Call have its turn. He regretted that the ceremony was to be held on Christmas Eve, for Christmas Eve was a night when people should be as much as possible at home, preparing for the morrow, dressing the Christmas tree, tucking the youngsters into bed and filling their stockings. On behalf of the Call Simpson stated that this was a sound objection which they had not thought of but would bear in mind for other years, but he pointed out that it was too late to change the date. That ended the discussion, and Mayor Rolph decided to stand pat.

The Abolition of Knocking

I tell this story to show that knocking is far from being at an end in this city, and that it will continue as long as newspaper jealousies are aroused. At the same time I am sorry Mayor Rolph did not get the opinions of other men. Why did he not call Doctor Aked into that consultation? Doctor Aked knows a great deal about knocking, and his suggestions would have been invaluable. And why did Mayor Rolph overlook Doctor David Starr Jordan? There's a man who would have had some ingenious scheme, for the expert on world peace should be brimful of views about municipal peace as well. As far as I am concerned, I have regarded this burning of the hammer ceremony without much enthusiasm. As Bishop Nichols said, it is after all rather negative in character. Why couldn't the Call have burned a typical knocker in effigy? That would have been really inspiring. If they had consulted me I should have supplied them with the name of a knocker who deserves to be burned in effigy at least once a year.

The "Deacon" Knocks

The attention of our hammer burners is called to "Deacon" Pillsbury, apostle of the uplift under the present State administration. When not drawing his salary the "Deacon" writes for the California Outlook. In the issue of December 21 he paid his respects to this city. His text is the defeat of the local option measure here. Thus the "Deacon": "San Francisco is bibulous. It has no idea of having its thirst go unquenched for blocks and blocks and blocks, and the fear of having whole residential districts made dry and parched brought out more than four-fifths of the entire vote at this by-election. This is not saying that San Francisco is drunken, although it is probably never quite sober." The "Deacon's wits are soused.

The New Army Poet

Captain George Steunenberg, U. S. A., the author of "Our Object Lesson," a satirical poem in which fun is made of the German experts who trained the Turkish army, will probably be re-

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buked by General Leonard Wood just as Admiral Coghlan was rebuked several years ago for reciting "Me und Gott" at a club banquet. The Germans are very much peeved at the publication of the Steunenberg verses in the Army and Navy Journal, and it will doubtless be necessary to administer a rebuke to salve their wounded pride. Meanwhile the army is laughing at the verses which are being recited surreptitiously at posts all over the country. Captain Steunenberg wrote the verses at Monterey where he is now stationed. When a New York newspaper wired him about them he replied that he was only having a little innocent fun, that he had never met the Kaiser or the German strategical experts he referred to so unflatteringly but that he was sure they were "all good fellows" and that if he had hurt anybody's feelings he was "awfully sorry." So it is evident that this new army poet is a good fellow.

An Interesting Career

Captain Steunenberg has had an interesting career. He is a brother of the late Governor Steunenberg of Idaho who was assassinated in front of the governor's mansion in Boise City several years ago. Heywood, Moyer and Pettibone, the labor leaders, were indicted for the crime, but afterwards acquitted. That was the time Teddy branded them as "undesirable citizens." Some seventeen or eighteen years ago young George Steunenberg appeared at a navy recruiting station and enlisted as a stoker. He served his term and when his enlistment expired was an engineer yeoman. He went back to Idaho, getting there in time to enlist in the First Idaho Regiment of Infantry for the Spanish War. When the war was ended and Steunenberg was mustered out he was a captain of volunteers [illegible] appealed to him and he decided to become a regular. He went in as a private and served through every non-commissioned rank. After eleven years he is a captain with a majority not so very many years away.

His Cat and Dog Poems

In November, 1910, Brigadier General Funston was in command at Fort Leavenworth. The fort was overrun with cats, and the nights were made miserable with their fights and howls. Funston couldn't stand the racket, so one day he issued the famous cat order which called for the immediate evacuation of the post by its feline population. Steunenberg was at the post at the time and was inspired to poesy. He produced "The Cats of Leavenworth" wherein he described the march of the cats from Leavenworth. It reminds one of the description of the rats in "The Pied Piper." The poem made a great hit in army circles. Immediately afterwards Steunenberg was transferred to Fort Snelling. He was escorted out of Leavenworth with a band, and the whole population, military and civilian alike, turned out to bid him goodbye. He was no sooner established in Snelling than the commandant issued an order similar to Funston's but this time relating to the dogs who infested the post. So Steunenberg produced a companion poem "The Dogs of Snelling." Steunenberg was next moved to verse when the army was at San Antonio during the early stages of the Mexican imbroglio. His poem "War Is Hell" was a humorous effusion and made quite a hit along the Rio Grande. But Steunenberg's latest poem "Our Object Lesson" is the best he has produced. It has a good swing to it and that there's a "kick" in it was proved when the Germans protested against it.

A Question That Puzzles

Did Judge Lawlor get any light out of the Graft Prosecution? This question, Mr. Fremont Older says, in an interview printed elsewhere in this paper, he is unable to answer. Of course Mr. Older does not mean limelight. Of that, Mr. Older well knows, Judge Lawlor got more than his share. The question that puzzles Mr.Older is whether the Graft Prosecution shed any light on Judge Lawlor's inner mechanism, enabling him to make a study of himself. Mr. Older has devoted much of his time of late to passionate self-contemplation with the result that his little pent-up pond of self-satisfaction has widened into a beneficent river of sympathy. He has attained a lofty peak of magnanimity whence he looks down on his former co-workers and wonders whether they have ascertained their personal equation or improved the formula of their personality. To Older Judge Lawlor is a perplexing problem, the more so because Mr. Older knew so much of the judge during the Graft Prosecution. What Mr. Older really thinks of him one may only infer, and I think that the deposition which Mr. Older mentions in his interview with Mr. O'Day will greatly facilitate inference when it is made public. That deposition, by the way, is only one of many that have been taken behind closed doors for the enlightenment of the court that will try the libel suit of Heney against Crocker. For be it known we have not heard the last of the Graft Prosecution.

The Consistency of Lawlor

Mr. Older has devoted much time of late to the study of men and motives, and while this study has tended to soften his feelings and broaden his sympathies and deepen his insight into the abstract, it has not sharpened his faculties. It is really dull of Mr. Older not to under-

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stand that Judge Lawlor feels a not irrational need of being consistent with his past. It is for that reason that Judge Lawlor gives no evidence of having received light from the graft prosecution. Judge Lawlor is not in Mr. Older's happy position. Mr. Older found it easy to make the confession that was good for his soul—the confession that the graft prosecution was unscrupulous—for, as one of the cabal by which it was conducted he was guilty of nothing but passion, prejudice and over-zealousness. He occupied no official position. In him no trust had been reposed, no oath had he taken to perform a solemn duty conscientiously. He was nothing but a free-lance partisan, an uncommissioned representative of the irresponsible Fourth Estate. The case of Judge Lawlor was vastly different. Clothed in the majesty of the law, appointed to uphold the basic principle of society, to administer justice with absolute impartiality, the sacred character of Judge Lawlor's function to be strictly maintained required that he should be in nowise involved in the strife. It would be crime most infamous for a judge to be implicated in a man-hunt in his own court. If the man-hunt were characterized by unscrupulosity (as in this instance it was, according to Mr. Older's confession) then what shall we say of the judge who made himself the presiding genius of it? Let it not be understood that Mr. Older has gone so far as to impeach Judge Lawlor to the degree suggested. Mr. Older's heart is filled with charity toward all mankind, and he isn't impeaching anybody, but as he goes along these days he gives us glimpses behind the scenes through which that man-hunt was conducted dropping the while occasional reflections which, to a man of ordinary intelligence ought to be no less serviceable than the shin bone from which the scientists infer the skeleton of the prehistoric animal. He wonders, for instance, if Judge Lawlor got any light out of the graft prosecution. Such light as Judge Lawlor was entitled to get, he must have got. What other light was accessible?

Burns Turned on the Light

The road to Damascus was exceedingly dark for all the graft prosecutors. Even Older who, it now appears, was not averse to the light didn't get any till the fight was over. Pauline Jacobsen tells us in the Bulletin that Older did not learn the truth of the "broken immunity contract" till shortly before his covenant of friendship with Ruef. It appears that he learned of it from Detective Burns in New York. Burns told him that it was broken because Ruef would not swear that when certain money was given to him it was given as a bribe. Ruef insisted that the money was given as a fee. Strange that Older had to wait for Burns to make this revelation. In a little book called "The Regenerators" which many wise folk regarded with something of scepticism it is observed that if you examine all the circumstances of the case "you will find it hard to avoid the conclusion that Abraham Ruef is today a convict not because he sinned against the law, but because he would not perjure himself that others might be sent to the penitentiary. . . . He need only have sworn that the money he received was given to him to be given to public officials as a bribe. There was but a slight difference between the language of the testimony he gave and the language of the testimony demanded, but that difference he would not efface."

Why Older is Thought Crazy

That Mr. Older's recent studies have not sharpened his faculties, as I have said, is evident from the naivete of his utterance and his remarkable failure to master the psychology of the present attitude of his former confreres. He says they regard him as mentally unsound. How should he expect them to regard him? To acknowledge the sanity of him is to confess themselves—all of them, including judges and lawyers—just what they were pronounced many times in these columns—a mighty tough lot. Editor Older has assumed something of the role of the informer. He is turning State's evidence, peaching on his pals, and they would impeach his credibility by deploring the scrambling of his brains. When Mr. Older says (as he does) that the immunity contract was broken and that there is no doubt of the sincerity and truthfulness of Rabbi Kaplan, he is letting a mammoth feline out of a bag. Why, the sacrosanct patriots used to deny all that Rabbi Kaplan said! And he said a great deal. He implicated two judges, one of whom naturally leaves the editor in darkness on the question of light. Is it extraordinary that Older's sanity should be questioned? Consider his calling Detective Burns a mercenary and describing his uplift talk as "bunk." This must be jarring to many souls. Some of our clergymen who used to take Burns into their pulpit, and some of our distinguished lady knitters who burned incense at the feet of the mercenary hawkshaw, is it not to be supposed that they, too, are sorrowing for the unsoundness of the Older mind? And Judge Lawlor! If the little judge hasn't told Older to his face that he's crazy it's because the little judge has the caution of his political ambition. Suppose Older should tell all about the immunity contract, and it should turn out that Judge Lawlor impregnated the brains of Burns with the seed of it; suppose it should turn out that the mercenary detective and the little judge used to hold conflabs in the dark byways of the city when the graft prosecution was at its apogee; suppose, (only suppose) these things, cannot you see that Older might be deemed dangerous to be at large? When I think it over I am not so much astonished at Governor Johnson's refusal to parole Ruef as I am at his neglect to have Older summoned before the lunacy commission. It's really a serious matter—this looseness of Older's tongue. No wonder the respective pathways of Rudolph Spreckels and Fremont Older lie far apart.

Older Before and After

As Judge Lawlor is a puzzle to Editor Older so also Editor Older is a puzzle to Judge Lawlor. Indeed Older is a puzzle to all his old as-

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sociates. This is because they are not skilled in what Chesterton calls "guessing the hidden eccentricities of life." Also it is because Older has been schooling himself of late in the practice of some of the maxims of Christianity. Older is slowly emerging in the twentieth century from the darkness of Paganism. He gives promise of arriving some day at an understanding of the horror of injustice with which the men opposed to the graft prosecution were filled. The evolution of Older is explained by Chesterton in a paragraph on charity:

> "Stated boldly, charity certainly means one of two things—pardoning unpardonable acts, or loving unlovable people. But if we ask ourselves what a sensible pagan would feel about such a subject, we shall probably be beginning at the bottom of it. A sensible pagan would say that there were some people one could forgive, and some we couldn't: a slave who stole wine could be laughed at: a slave who betrayed his benefactor could be killed, and cursed even after he was killed. In so far as the act was pardonable, the man was pardonable. That again is rational, and even refreshing; but it is a dilution. It leaves no place for a pure horror of injustice, such as that which is a great beauty in the innocent. And it leaves no place for a mere tenderness for men as men, such as is the whole fascination of the charitable. Christianity came in here as before. It came in startlingly with a sword, and clove one thing from another. It divided the crime from the criminal. The criminal we must forgive unto seventy times seven. The crime we must not forgive at all. It was not enough that slaves who stole wine inspired partly anger and partly kindness. We must be much more angry with theft than before. There was room for wrath and love to run wild. And the more I considered Christianity, the more I found that while it had established a rule and order, the chief aim of that order was to give room for good things to run wild."

Mr. Older has become so much of a Christian that he can apologize for Governor Johnson's ingratitude. And Governor Johnson remains so much of a Pagan that Abe Ruef for having been wronged by him he cannot forgive.

A Foe of the Beer Bust

I notice that the implacable enemies of the Demon Rum are trying to abolish the beer bust at the State University. These dour water topers would deprive the college student of one of the little joys of his young life by banishing the harmless keg from the campus. They paint awful pictures of debauchery warranted to make old Gambrinus weep in his beard and King Cole smash his bowl, shiver his pipe and fire his fiddlers three. The leaders in this latest crusade are certain reverend gentlemen who believe that virtue consists in prohibition, not in temperance. Which reminds me of something. When Guy Eddie, the Los Angeles prosecutor who was charged some time ago with contributing to the delinquency of a minor, as the offense is euphemistically called, was a student at Berkeley he had a holy horror of beer busts. He not only avoided them himself but essayed to prevent others from enjoying them. It was one of his pretty ways to sneak out and knock the heads out of the beer kegs, spilling the precious beer on the ground to the end that virtue might be conserved. Eddie's subsequent career shows that even a prohibitionist may not be exempt from the weaknesses of the flesh.

To Overturn a Precedent?

Raphael Weill essays to overturn a Bohemian Club precedent. It will be interesting to watch and see whether this very popular member of the old guard at the club will be successful. There is an unwritten rule in the Bohemian Club that no work of art may be exhibited there unless it is the work of a member. The paintings, statues and so on shown in the annual art exhibition are all the works of Bohemians; so are the works of art exhibited in the club from time to time. But now Raphael Weill is eager to show the work of an outsider. This for the reason that he is enthusiastic about it and wishes the other members of the club to share his admiration. The outsider is Gertrude Boyle Kanno, the Californian sculptor who is the wife of a Japanese poet. Mrs. Kanno some time ago finished a bust of William Keith on which she had been at work intermittently ever since the painter's death. The bust was exhibited at the Park Museum during the Keith exhibition there, and evoked many favorable comments. I suppose Raphael Weill saw it there, but at any rate he saw it and greatly admired the spirited interpretation of the soul of the great artist. He has borrowed the bust from the sculptor and it now occupies a position of honor in his private apartments at the club. If Weill can upset the precedent established by years it will soon be exhibited in one of the big club rooms.

Poet As Well As Sculptor

Gertrude Boyle Kanno has been very busy at her art work. Just before the death of Mrs. Mills of Mills College Mrs. Kanno completed a bust of the aged educator which is said by those who have seen it to be the best rendition of the charm of Mrs. Mills ever accomplished by an artist. She is soon, I hear, to commence a bust of David Star Jordan. But Mrs. Kanno has not confined herself to the art of sculpture. Like her husband she occasionally essays poetry. Her latest effort was published in a local Japanese paper. It is of particular interest because it embodies a very frank self-revelation. On that account I shall quote it here, thus enabling my readers to delve a bit into the psychology of a California girl who had the courage to contract a marriage with an oriental. It is called

"Japanese, I Greet You!"

I, of the West, greet you!
I stretch my hand vibrating with the pulse of the farthest West
To you, of the Mystic East;
Some think because I have joined so heartily with you I am lacking or have lost something of the West. 'Tis not so!
The boundless freedom of the great plains is mine.
The embracing, fusing, seething, creative spirit of a Whitman I breathe;
The elemental, wilful breath of a Miller.
The impassioned Niagara is in my heart;
The crushing silence of voiceless wastes in my soul.
The wild rides with the Indians, o'er the hot



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sand of the desert are thrilling still in my blood, burning in my memory.
Not in vain have I scaled the heaven-piercing Sierras,
And with Lucifer, Prince of the Stars of Dawn
Gazed with supreme defiance into the crystal lakes up near heaven,
Mirrors only for the sublime, the awful grandeur of the lofty mountain peaks.
All this is part of me, all this is mine forever,
Woven into the fabric of my being.
And because of this I can more truly unite with you
Who bring the opposite forces of Life, the subtle essence, the hidden mysteries of the realms of mind, of spirit,—
Gentleness and patience to my restless wild-urgent nature.
Nay, nothing of the West have I lost in my union with you,
Nothing can I lose.
I hold it fast through Eternity, ever striving to mingle, to wed it with the inner, softer, more gracious beauty of the East.
The East and the West though distinct, shall ever be united in me.
For hark! the rhythm of the same great sea is in our ears,
The mists from the same vast waters refresh our cheeks,
Envelope and lave our souls,
The waters of Life unite us!

A Message from the Great Beyond

When Frank Deering presided at the illumination of the Bohemian Club's Christmas tree he proposed that cards be hung upon it conveying the club's holiday greetings to the Bohemians who have passed away. The idea was approved, so the Christmas tree bears engraved cards wishing a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year to Dan O'Connell, Uncle George Bromley, Billy Barton, Laurie Bunten, Joe Irwin, Jules Tavernier, Ross Jackson, General Barnes, "Caxton" Rhoads and all the other blithe spirits who were the life of the club in days agone. On Christmas Day a member of the club had a happy idea. He carried it out, with the result that all who visited the club on Christmas Day were surprised to find that all the dead Bohemians, having received the holiday greetings of the Bohemians of today, had joined in a holiday message of good cheer from beyond the borders of the spirit land!

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No Precedent Overturned

Colonel Frank Marston, having bought an electric car at the Society Circus for four dollars, sent the good women who manage the Infant Shelter a Christmas check for one hundred dollars. In so doing Colonel Frank Marston was careful not to overturn an established precedent of charitable giving. Some of his friends advised him to set a new fashion in charity by sending in the check anonymously. But Frank refused to do so. He remembered what the Bible said about letting your light shine before men, so he was particular that the Infant Shelter directresses should know that the donation came from Colonel Frank Marston and not from any mysterious "Cash." By the way, I think the ladies expected a larger check, but that's a detail.

The Beauty and the Prince

San Francisco has produced a modern Cinderella which goes to prove that fairy tales are still in vogue; not the sort that Ferris Hartmann used to sing, but the kind that take you back to the days of pinafores and knee pants when Jack the Giant Killer was a boon companion and Little Red Riding Hood a weepy memory. For the past three months the fairy prince, otherwise known as the San Francisco Call, has been looking for the prettiest wage earning girl in the city. And three famous artists, Cadenasso, Sparks and Cummings, lent their assistance. Last Sunday the result of the quest was announced. The mantle of the fairy prince had fallen on the shoulders of Miss Mae Josephine Bennett, cashier at the Fillmore street candy store of George Haas and Sons. Like her prototype of storybook lore Miss Bennett is a hard working girl. Her grandfather who was Henry Bennett, political editor of the Chronicle, a well known writer of forty years ago, died and left his fatherless grandchildren penniless when the beauty of this tale was but a toddling baby. Then came the struggle for daily bread and a roof to sleep under. Mrs. Bennett, a woman of culture and refinement, was reduced to the necessity of working out by the day until Mae attained her twelfth year when she insisted on sharing the burden. The child obtained a position in a cannery and her evening hours were spent in school. Later she became a bookkeeper for a wholesale house. A girl of ambition was pretty Miss Bennett. Possessed of a voice as beautiful as her face she was eager to have it cultivated, and she saved a little money out of her wages with a view to taking singing lessons. When she got work in the Haas candy store it was with the understanding that she should be employed but six hours a day, that she might have time for study. George Haas became interested in her ambition, and made her cashier of his store. The other day her confidence in herself proved to be justified. Mme. Pasquali heard her sing and declared that her voice was one in a million. And now the Call has taken an interest in her. Next week she goes to Honolulu at the Call's expense, and on her return she will be taken seriously in her vocal studies and given encouragement and assistance. Isn't it like a fairy tale?

"Would that I could sip nectar from thy lips!" rapturously exclaimed the poet.

"Nix!" replied the slangy girl. "You don't sip any nectar from a mug."

"What causes more misery than liquor?" shouted the temperance orator.

"Thrist," promptly replied the man on the back seat.

FIRST DEPARTURE
Sunset Limited
Train de Luxe—Winter Season 1913

From San Francisco (Third St. Station) 6:00 p. m. January 7th
From Los Angeles 8:15 a. m. January 8th
Arrives New Orleans 7:20 p. m. January 10th

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With every comfort and convenience for travelers, including

Barber Shop — Ladies' Maid — Stenographer
Shower Bath — Manicuring — Stock Reports
Valet Service — Hairdressing — Buffet

Will leave San Francisco on Tuesdays, Los Angeles on Wednesdays, and save 24 hours in running time to New Orleans.
Observation-Clubroom Car with Ladies' Parlor and Library. Compartment Car. Two Standard Drawing-room Sleeping Cars, providing Three-Room Suites if desired. Dining Car Service unexcelled.
The route through the South is most interesting and delightful, and particularly enjoyable at this season.
Close Connection at New Orleans with fast trains to Eastern cities: also with Southern Pacific's commodious Atlantic steamers sailing to New York on Saturdays and Wednesdays.

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Phone Kearny 4980
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

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record. Not only engaged in her first season and the first of her set to be a bride, but engaged before the second month of her first season is past. The other girls of debutante row have scarcely looked about them. They scarcely know the eligibles of their set while little Miss Morrow has made her debut, been a belle and is gathering a trousseau. It makes the others seem slow, but they may have the consolation of knowing that Miss Arabella's case is unusual. Other debutantes have been engaged in their first season. I recall the epidemic of betrothals that attacked them two years ago when Winona Derby became a bride, and Clare Nichols married Charlie Mills in her first season. But their engagements were all announced after Easter, or shortly before; after the gayeties were well over and they had had fair opportunity. Miss Morrow is the daughter of the William Hurlbert Morrows, and made her debut at a dance given by her parents early in the winter. Her grandfather is Judge William W. Morrow and her aunts are Mrs. Fechteler, wife of Commander Fechteler of the navy and Mrs. Harry Roosevelt, a cousin by marriage of Theodore the great. Harold Mann is a bright young man who has been a popular bachelor in society for several years and who has known his pretty fiancee since she was a small girl.

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The program to be rendered at the weekly Music Matinee at Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon will be the last for 1912. About twenty thousand people have attended the concerts during the year. They included quite a number of evening recitals as well as some at the Greek Theatre of the University. More than fifty prominent California artists were introduced during this period, and at many of the events several soloists were engaged. A number of new compositions of the finest quality were presented and in fact nothing was left undone to make these affairs musical educational factors in the truest sense of the word. They are now recognized and fixed elements in the community's musical life. For next year Kohler & Chase have prepared even more ambitious plans. Already an array of our best artists has been engaged, and the programs will be compiled with a view to present the foremost musical literature. The soloist engaged for this week will be Sig. Manuel Carpio, an operatic tenor.

Activities at Techau's

When it comes to devising attractions of intense interest to its patrons there can be no doubt that Techau Tavern stands pre-eminent. Monday evening, December 23, was an occasion which crowded the Tavern to its doors. The event was the presentation of a Flanders Electric Automobile by the Tavern management, and the fact

YOUR NEW YEAR'S CALL. If unable to make your call in person, send your card enclosed in a box of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies. Orders sent from all four candy stores: Phelan Building; Fillmore at Ellis; Polk at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

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I notice that Congressman Francis Burton Harrison and his wife have been at Coronado. Whether their plans include a visit to San Francisco during their stay on the coast I do not know. But of this I am certain. Francis Burton Harrison will not be warmly welcomed here. The husband of the dead Mary Crocker is regarded coldly by the people of Burlingame who were once his friends. In fact, he is a sore subject with the many friends of the Crocker famliy. They always felt that he showed scant respect for the memory of his first wife when he hastened to bestow her jewels upon the estimable woman who became his second wife. The present Mrs. Harrison is of course in no wise to blame for this feeling. But the New York politician has never been forgiven.

The Music Year at Kohler and Chase's

The program to be rendered at the weekly Music Matinee at Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon will be the last for 1912. About twenty thousand people have attended the concerts during the year. They included quite a number of evening recitals as well as some at the Greek Theatre of the University. More than fifty prominent California artists were introduced during this period, and at many of the events several soloists were engaged. A number of new compositions of the finest quality were presented and in fact nothing was left undone to make these affairs musical educational factors in the truest sense of the word. They are now recognized and fixed elements in the community's musical life. For next year Kohler & Chase have prepared even more ambitious plans. Already an array of our best artists has been engaged, and the programs will be compiled with a view to present the foremost musical literature. The soloist engaged for this week will be Sig. Manuel Carpio, an operatic tenor.

Activities at Techau's

When it comes to devising attractions of intense interest to its patrons there can be no doubt that Techau Tavern stands pre-eminent. Monday evening, December 23, was an occasion which crowded the Tavern to its doors. The event was the presentation of a Flanders Electric Automobile by the Tavern management, and the fact

YOUR NEW YEAR'S CALL. If unable to make your call in person, send your card enclosed in a box of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies. Orders sent from all four candy stores: Phelan Building; Fillmore at Ellis; Polk at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

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that the ceremonies were conducted by Judge Thomas F. Graham, assisted by Mr. Roy Gallagher, was in itself sufficient to create the greatest interest. On Saturday evening Mr. Robert McCracken, agent for Cliquot Champagne, gave a most enjoyable dinner and dance at the Tavern to a number of society ladies and gentlemen.



A CORNER OF ONE OF THE SPACIOUS VERANDAS
HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

In the Social Spotlight

A most delightful Christmas party was given on Thursday evening at 2868 California street by a club of the younger boys and girls. The attractive ball room was aglow with red and Christmas greens. The principal feature of the evening was the dancing of the Tango, the new dance introduced into San Francisco by Miss Marian White.

Miss Vivian Grant, a young musician of seventeen years who has already displayed a high talent for the piano and violin and of whom much is expected by her admiring friends, will give a musicale during the holiday season at her home in Berkeley. She will render Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata on the piano, accompanied by scenic effects, and will give several other interesting numbers both on the violin and piano. A number of music lovers have been invited to hear Miss Grant.

Recent foreign arrivals at Hotel Del Coronado include Mr. and Mrs. Harries, Misses Harries, A. P. Mosely, Capt. J. Campbell Harris, J. Elliott and Mrs. Druiff from London; Mrs. D. B. Smith, Robert Smith from Mexico City; R. Lloyd Jones from Melbourne, Australia; Senor J. B. Umbe from Ensenada, Mexico; E. A. Wilmot and Mrs. Wilmot from Vancouver, B. C.

Prominent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include: Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Tilden of San Francisco; a motor party composed of Mrs. C. Dunne and maid and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hersey of San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Card of Santa Barbara; Mrs. C. A. Ingraham and Mr. W. H. Alfred from Los Angeles and Bellingham; Mr. I. C. Seamans, Mr. W. L. Parrotte and John Weber, chfr., from Chicago and Olion, N. Y.; Mr. W. I. Brobeck, Mr. V. C. Dickenson; Mr. W. M. Wells, all of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Powles, Mr. Henry Powles, Mr. John Powles, all of Los Angeles; Mrs. William Hetherington of New York City; Mrs. Jonathan Dixon and Miss Helen Dixon from Allenhurst, New Jersey; Mr. and Mrs. William A. Scully of Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Harrison of New York City.

Among the luncheons and dinner parties given at Coronado last week were those by Mr. I. S. Goodwin and Miss Alice Partridge of New York and San Diego, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Coburn and Mr. Edward Brunnell forming a party at one table; Mrs. A. B. Schilling from Denver, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Strauss; Mr. J. L. Rogers from San Diego; Lieut. Commander Mark H. St. C. Ellis from the U. S. S. Maryland, Mrs. G. K. Jordan, Mr. Leslie Moon and Judge Peter Grosscup were at another table. Dr. and Mrs. Robert Smart were also seen.

Prominent Chicagoans who have taken rooms at Coronado for an indefinite stay are Mrs. E. F. Weary and daughter, Miss Dorothy Booth, Mr. E. D. Weary, E. F. Weary, John T. Morrow, B. V. Collins and Master Burton Collins, Miss Martha Rickerson and Rog. D. Hodson. Mr. William Ramsey Heberhart, host at Coronado, gave a small impromptu tea party for four at the Coronado Country Club Sunday afternoon. The party was composed of Miss Ida Soper Dupuis, Miss Mabel Dupuis, the Misses Wall, Mrs. R. G. Wall and Mr. William Ramsey Heberhart.

The third of the season's dances was given at Coronado on Saturday evening and was a most enjoyable affair, being largely attended by many prominent people who are guests of the hotel, and San Diegoans and Coronadoans. The music was furnished by the hotel orchestra, all the late music being played. Mr. William Ramsey Heberhart was host of the evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. Sands Forman, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Brander, Mr. Leslie Moon, all of Coronado; Judge Peter Grosscup of Chicago; Mrs. R. G. Jordan, Miss Doris Skinner, Miss Elsie Consmiller, Mr. E. Eaton, Mr. P. V. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Horrison of New York City; Mrs. William Hetherington of New York; Mrs. Jonathan Dixon and Miss H. Dixon of Allenhurst, N. J.; Mrs. F. G. Schuyler, Mr. E. F. Wood of New York and Mrs. E. C. Powles of Los Angeles; Mr. Henry Powles, Mr. John Powles and Mr. and Mrs. William A. Schuyler of Pasadena; Mr. George W. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Dilworth.

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Walker Whiteside in "The Typhoon"

By Edward F. O'Day

Gusty with carnal passion and ominous with threats of racial combat is "The Typhoon" which Walker Whiteside has liberated from some European cave of the winds. We are asked to recognize a menace to the West in the cyclonic violence of this storm blowing from the oriental seas. We may or we may not do so, for about the underlying purpose of this strong play there is plenty of room for disagreement, and we of San Francisco are in a particularly good position for clear judgment, for we know the Japanese better even than Berlin. But while we may argue for or against the thesis embodied in the dramatic action of "The Typhoon," we can have but one opinion about its excellence as a theatrical entertainment. "The Typhoon" is one of the best plays we have seen in many moons. Ignoring its more serious purpose and considering it merely as the exposition of one man's struggle between duty and passion, we must acknowledge that it lays hold on the mind and the imagination with hooks of steel. It stimulates at once the thoughts and the emotions of the spectator. It is an old story which "The Typhoon" tells, the story of a man and woman of alien races trying to bridge the chasm of irreconcilability which separates them. Of course it is told in very modern terms. The man in this case is a Japanese sent from Tokio to Berlin on a mysterious mission, a link perhaps in that chain of espionage which Japan is supposed to have spread across the countries of the West. The woman is a light of love, beautiful, a mistress of all the secrets of the senses, with the volatile disposition that always belongs to the successful members of her ancient profession. Her satiety longs for the fillip that comes from something new. She sets her heart upon conquering the Japanese because his ways are so strange with their oriental restraints and reticences that he seems unconquerable. She is jealous of course, not only of other women who attract any attention from him but more particularly of the work by which he is dutifully enslaved, because that seems to be his last defense against all her batteries of carnal fascination. She has overthrown his senses—that was easy, for he did not take their "affair" seriously, but she is eager to master his mind, and she can know that she has done that only when he neglects his work to give more time to dalliance. It sounds banal, but these situations always sound banal when described, always look banal to the disinterested observer, though to the interested persons they are as serious as life and death. We know how such a struggle ended in another play. Cleopatra mastered Antony. In "The Typhoon" the woman nearly wins, but the Japanese aided by his grim compatriots saves the day for duty by strangling the temptress. Walker Whiteside and Florence Fisher make this contest a thrilling battle of the passions. There is a tense moment when the woman almost conquers. Every seduction of sense is exerted, exerted well nigh irresistibly because in the name of love. But just at the moment when the senses are overwhelming the Japanese receives a warning. Perhaps he sees a glint of triumph in the woman's eyes. Perhaps the too eager freedom of her voluptuous embrace reacts against his Japanese habits of restraint. At any rate he tears himself from her arms. Her power seems broken. He sends her away. But as he sees her go there is a revulsion of passion. He calls her back. He throws himself at her feet and surrenders. And then the mercurial temperament of the light of love displays itself. She has won, but the triumph was too easy. She has conquered him as she had conquered other men, by the sheer lure of her kisses. And so she treats him as she and all her kind will always treat those weak enough to succumb. She spits her insults on him. So he strangles her. That is the pith of the story. An old story, it is always new because it is being enacted in life every day. In "The Typhoon" it possesses an adventitious interest because one may read into it the struggle between the East and the West. It is complicated of course by jealousy and discovered lies, thereby gaining in verisimilitude because no sense of duty alone has ever enabled a man to triumph in such a struggle. The woman is killed and the man completes his work, but the man dies too. That, you may have noticed, also happens in life. It is because "The Typhoon" tells a story in which no human motive is slighted, no human possibility overlooked, that it is such a splendid play, such an absorbing tragedy.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Road Show

When I found that Signor Travato, described as an eccentric violinist, was to come next deep down in my heart I felt sorry for him. The audience had been splitting its sides with laughter for nearly three-quarters of an hour. It seemed impossible to follow that "wayward conceit" (as the Orpheum program has it) of Bert Clark and Mabel Hamilton with anything but an anti-climax. These English comedians had given a new touch to American vaudeville. They have a way with them somewhat different from the way of the average comedy team. Their drollery is along somewhat new lines, and it came like an inspiriting tonic after the commonplaces of Joe Keno and Rose Green. One felt after seeing the English pair that the Road Show had vindicated itself, that Martin Beck had done no violence to Orpheum tradition. But Signor Travato—he was to come. An eccentric violinist! I thought of the bell-ringing monkeys of last week's bill, and was about to get up and go, when lo! the eccentric one appeared. His bushy black head caught my eye. I hesitated. Down sat Travato, and with his fiddle between his knees he began to bow as though he were scraping a 'cello. The tones caught my ear. There was music in that fiddle. This man Travato has technique. It is an odd technique like that of the Hassans on the tight wire, but it produces beautiful tones, and when Travato is playing it seems at times that there is actual contact between soul and instrument. But one must be more deeply versed in music than I to say whether Travato is always as insincere as he seems most of the time. He gives one the impression that he is burlesquing Pachmann. When Pachmann is at the piano he seems to be holding converse with the music that trickles from his fingers. He listens to it as if in an ecstasy. He appears to be drawing in the sound as though it were the perfume of a flower. Travato behaves similarly, but there is frank exaggeration in his mannerisms. The furious rolling of his head signifies nothing but a comic affectation of temperament. Travato is a vaudeville fiddler with technique, but he is interesting and he is no anti-climax.

—Theodore Bonnet.



LOUISE GALLOWAY
Who will appear this Sunday matinee with the second edition of the Orpheum Road Show.

"The Rose Maid"

"The Rose Maid" will continue to be the attraction at the Columbia for a third and last week. The closing week begins Sunday night. There will be a special holiday matinee on Wednesday (New Year's Day) in addition to the regular matinee Saturday. The final performance is announced for Sunday night, January 5. After thirteen years of the greatest success, Klaw and Erlanger have reproduced "Ben-Hur," the drama made from General Lew Wallace's book. Beautiful as have been former productions, they have all been eclipsed by the new and elaborate production made this year. It will be offered at the Columbia beginning Monday night, January 6.

Sembrich Here Soon

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, the most popular of all the operatic sopranos, and probably the best all-round concert star on the platform today, will be the next great vocalist offered by Manager Greenbaum. Madam Sembrich has not appeared in opera for many seasons now, and her

fine voice, rested from the hard grind of opera, is said to be fresher and purer than ever. Sembrich is accompanied by Gutia Casini, a seventeen-year old Russian lad who is proclaimed to be a great genius on the violoncello. Also with the star is Frank La Forge, the splendid accompanist and composer-pianist. Sembrich will sing at the Columbia on two Sunday afternoon, January 19 and 26, and on Friday afternoon, January 24, at Ye Liberty in Oakland. Mail orders for the San Francisco concerts should be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at either Sherman, Clay & Co. or Kohler & Chase. For the Oakland concert to H. W. Bishop at Ye Liberty. Mme. Sembrich sings for the St. Francis Musical Art Society on Tuesday night, January 21.

Godowsky, the Great Pianist

When an artist like Leopold Godowsky, a master pianist and in many respects the most wonderful player now living, visits us, we have the right to expect something out of the usual in the way of programs. Manager Will Greenbaum promises that we shall not be disappointed. This artist will give his first concert at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, January 5, when the program will include Brahms' "Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel," a series of free adaptations by Godowsky of themes by Corelli, Rameau, Dandrieu and Loeilly, the Sonata in B minor by Chopin, a group of Liszt works and Godowsky's "Metamorphoses of Strauss' comic opera Die Fledermaus." The second and positively last Godowsky concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 12, with another great program which will include works by Brahms, Grieg, Godowsky's "Walzermasken," his arrangement of Strauss' "Artists' Life Waltzes" and by special request the Liszt Sonata in B minor. The sale of seats for these concerts will open Thursday, January 2, at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's and mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at either address. In Oakland Godowsky will play a special program at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday afternoon, January 14. On this occasion he will play the Beethoven "Appassionata" Sonata, the Chopin Sonata in B flat minor (the one with the Funeral March) and Schumann's "Carnevale," besides a group of Chopin's smaller works. For this event mail orders should be addressed to H. W. Bishop at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

The Galston Recital

Gottfried Galston, the Munich pianist, will be heard in recital under the direction of Frank W. Healy at the Cort, Sunday afternoon, December 29. A program that will appeal to the most exacting is promised. The visit of Gallston is one of the interesting incidents of the musical season. His greatest work is done in recital and the program that he will give at the Cort next Sunday afternoon is virtually the same that he gave in New York. The big seating capacity of the Cort makes it possible to arrange the schedule of prices so as to appeal to every one. Mr. Galston's program: 1. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, D Major (Arranged by Busoni); 2. Schumann, Sonate, G Minor, Presto, Andante, Scherzo, Prestissimo; 3. Gluck, Melody (Arranged by Sgambati); Gluck, Gavotte (Arranged by Brahms); Brahms, Intermezzo, Op. 119; Brahms, Valse, Op. 39; 4. Chopin, Three Studies, Op. 10, No. 12, C Minor, Op. 10, No. 2, A Minor, Op. 10, No. 5, G Flat Major; Chopin, Nocturne, F Sharp Major; Chopin, Ballada, G Minor; 5. Strauss-Schulz-Evler, Arabesque on the Valse: "An der schonen blaen Donau."

Second Edition of Orpheum Road Show

A second edition of the Orpheum Road Show will be presented next week. It will contain six entirely new acts. Walter C. Kelly, "the Virginia Judge" who has returned from a world's tour, will be the headline feature. Kelly's act is one of the few in vaudeville that has triumphed in every big city in the English-speaking world. Louise Galloway, Joseph Kaufman and company will present a new sketch by Edgar Allen Woolf entitled "Little Mother." It is said to be dramatically strong and to afford both artists fine scope for the exercise of their abilities. Winona Winter, one of the sweetest and most winsome personalities in vaudeville, will introduce her latest song successes. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry will introduce their newest sketch "The Rube."

Ruby Raymond, a chic and attractive ingenue, and Bobby Heath, an unctuous and capable comedian, will present their potpourri of song, dance and story called "In the Good Old Summer Time." The Schmettans, Rosa and Harry, two Europeans entertainers, also come with a picturesque and attractive equilibristic offering. Next week will be the last of the Hassans in their wire act and Bert Clark and Mabel Hamilton in their tremendous hit "A Wayward Conceit."

Another Week of "The Fortune Hunter"

Evidence that clever players in a clean play are assured of profitable business in San Francisco is afforded by the announcement that Evelyn Vaughan, Bert Lytell and the Alcazar company will continue appearing in "The Fortune Hunter" throughout the coming week. Since the initial performance of this American comedy in the O'Farrell street theatre last Monday the attendance at each performance has been so heavy and the advance demand for seats so brisk as to virtually compel its retention until next Sunday night, when it will be withdrawn to make stage room for Charles Klein's gripping drama, "The Third Degree." It is not difficult to account for the unusual attractiveness of the Alcazar's current offering. "The Fortune Hunter" possesses qualities that strongly appeal to the prevailing holiday spirit, but at any season it would be a magnet, because of its intrinsic worth. Its story is simple and entertainingly unfolded, its scenes fetch laughter by legitimate methods and its character types are true to life. Anyone who has dwelt in an American small town can especially relish the incidents and people introduced in "The Fortune Hunter." The acting and staging are also to be considered. With a cast less perfect or with less realism in the inanimate accessories there would be impairment of charm.

The Seventh Symphony

This is vacation week for the members of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The musicians enjoyed five days of rest. No concert will be given until Friday, January 3. The seventh symphony concert will then be given. A program of uniform excellence has been arranged by the Music Committee of the Musical Association of San Francisco, embracing the Brahms



SCENE FROM "THE TYPHOON"

The great international dramatic success in which Walker Whiteside is scoring at the Cort Theatre.

Symphony No. 3, Concertstueck for Violoncello and Orchestra, the work of Henry Hadley which will introduce to San Francisco the art of Arthur Hadley, 'cello soloist of the orchestra. The other numbers comprise the Debussy March on the "Theme Populaire" and Weber's Overture, "Euryanthe." Seats will be placed on sale at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and the Cort box offices Monday.

Cabaret Review at Pantages

The bill at Pantages next week has as a headline attraction Minnie Palmer's "1912 Cabaret Review," one of the best known offerings of this coming musical comedy producer. It has a trio of vaudeville favorites. These are Harry Wai-



GODOWSKY
Master-pianist, who will appear at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoons, January 5th and 12th.

man and Stanton and May. A gingery chorus of ten girls and a carload of scenery help make the review irresistible. For the second startler there is a cycle act called "The Dip of Death." For one year it remained at the New York Hippodrome. Pony Moore and Dancing Davey have a shoe-tapping offering. Others are Jane Madison and Company in a playlet "Her First Case of Divorce"; Holmen Brothers, European athletes; Don and O'Neal, "the Captain and the Kidder"; Alma Fern; Edna Madison; motion pictures.

"The Blue Bird" Coming

Walker Whiteside's engagement of two weeks at the Cort which opened last Sunday evening, promises to be one of the most successful in the history of that playhouse. The final performance will be that of Sunday evening, January 5. "The Blue Bird," Maeterlinck's exquisite fantasy, will be the Cort's attraction beginning Monday, January 6. The original New Theatre, New York, production will be seen with a cast of 100.

Cort's New Playhouse in New York

With the opening of the Cort Theatre in New York last week John Cort established the Eastern link in his great chain of playhouses which has its western end in the Cort Theatre of this city. The new star Laurette Taylor in Hartley Manners' play of youth, "Peg o' My Heart," was the opening attraction. The occasion was a notable one and was socially quite an event. All the seats for the opening had been sold a month before. Considerable importance attaches to the affair, particularly in this city and the Pacific Coast, because of Cort's many theatrical holdings and his popularity in the profession. In the last few years the theatrical magnate has come to the fore as a producer in New York. The Cort Theatre there is specially designed as a producing theatre for Cort and his associates. "Peg o' My Heart" is under the direction of Oliver Morosco. A Cort Theatre will shortly be completed in Boston. The recently dedicated playhouse is very beautiful architecturally and in equipment is said to be the equal of any in the country. The structure was designed by Edward B. Corey, the noted architect. The facade is of marble and dignified in treatment. The interior is conceived in the spirit of the Louis XVI style of architecture and is distinctive though conservative in design. Soft green is the predominating tone, and mural paintings and tapestries are features. The theatre will be orchestraless. A recently invented instrument which embodies the component parts of an orchestra of forty men, operated by a single player, has been installed. The seatting capacity is just 999.

AMUSEMENTS



GODOWSKY
THE PIANIST
COLUMBIA THEATRE
TWO SUNDAY AFTERNOONS,
JANUARY 5th and 12th
Mail Orders to Will. L. Greenbaum, care Sherman, Clay & Co's or Kohler & Chase's NOW.
Seat Sale Thursday, January 2nd
Tickets: $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00.

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TUESDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 14
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE
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Knabe Piano
Coming: SEMBRICH

SAN FRANCISCO ORCHESTRA
HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR
SEVENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT
CORT THEATRE
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 3, 1913
At 3:15 o'clock
Soloist: ARTHUR HADLEY, Violoncello
Program
Brahms.....Symphony No. 3
Hadley.....Konzertstueck for Violoncello and Orchestra
MR. ARTHUR HADLEY
Debussy.....March e' cossaise sur un Theme Populaire (First time in San Francisco)
Weber.....Overture, Euryanthe
Seats on Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., Cort Theatre and Kohler & Chase. Prices: 75c to $2.00.

Recital
GOTTFRIED
GALSTON
(Pianist)
Direction.....FRANK W. HEALY
At the
CORT THEATRE
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 29, 1912
At 3:15 o'clock
Program Includes: Bach, Schumann, Gluck, Chopin, Strauss-Schulz-Evler, Brahms.
Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.
Prices, 25c to $2.00.
Steinway Piano Used

DIVIDEND NOTICE

ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, southeast corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1913. Dividends not called for will be added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest from January 1, 1913. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1913, will earn interest from January 1, 1913.

A. SBARBORO, President. 2

COLUMBIA THEATRE
The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
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NIGHTLY, INCLUDING SUNDAY
Third and Last Week Begins Sunday, December 29th
Matinees New Year's Day and Saturday
Werba and Luescher's Latest Musical Success
"THE ROSE MAID"
With the Famous New York Production of Prima Donnas, Comedians, "Kute Kiddies," Rosebud Chorus and Special Orchestra
Monday Night, January 6th—Klaw and Erlanger's International Production of "BEN-HUR."

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O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL
Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
SECOND EDITION
ORPHEUM ROAD SHOW
Direction Martin Beck
6—ENTIRELY NEW ACTS—6
WALTER C. KELLY, "The Virginia Judge"; LOUISE GALLOWAY, JOSEPH KAUFMAN & CO.; WINONA WINTER; MR. and MRS. JIMMY BARRY; RUBY RAYMOND & BOBBY HEATH; THE SCHMETTANS; THE HASSANS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES.
Last Week Tremendous Hit of BERT CLARK & MABEL HAMILTON.
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, $1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

ALCAZAR THEATRE
O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Monday Evening, December 30th, Opens the Second and Positively Last Week of
EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL
Leading the Alcazar Company in Winchell Smith's Delightful Comedy
"THE FORTUNE HUNTER"
Prices: Night, 25c to $1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.
Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
Extra Matinee New Year's Day.

CORT Leading Theatre
Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460
SECOND and LAST BIG WEEK STARTS TOMORROW
Matinees, New Year's Day and Saturday
Prices—50c to $2. Last Time Sunday Night, January 5.
WALKER WHITESIDE
In the International Dramatic Success
"THE TYPHOON"
Com. Monday, January 6th—"The Blue Bird."

Pantage's Theatre
Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week Starting Sunday Matinee, December 29th
A BIG NEW YEAR SHOW
Two Special Matinees New Year 1:30 and 3:30
MINNIE PALMERS
"1912 CABERET REVIEW"
15 Singers and Dancing Principals
DIP TO DEATH
New York Hippodrome's Cycling Sensation
8—OTHER BIG FEATURES—8
Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.
Prices—10c. 20c and 30c.

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MATINEES OF MUSIC
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
AT 3 O'CLOCK
26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco
Featuring eminent California Soloists, the Pianola Piano and the wonderful Aeolian Pipe Organ.
No Cards of Admission Required
Open to the Public

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It is the opinion of some of the leading bankers that more significance has been attached to the recent weakness in the stock market than is justified by the facts. It is true that the investigation of the so-called money trust has had more or less unsettling effect, but it is fair to assume, on the other hand, that it was not the controlling influence in bringing about the heavy liquidation that took place. There was a disposition to jump at the conclusion that the decision by the Supreme Court would prove to be the forerunner of many suits against the railroads and that there is hardly a system that would prove immune from attack under the terms of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, as interpreted by our highest court in the case of the Government against the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific companies. There is no reason to believe that these fears are justified, and the first impressions are gradually wearing away. The real trouble with the market appears to have been that there were holdings by large speculators who would ordinarily have been too powerful to be forced, but, as soon as it became evident that the Secretary of the Treasury did not propose to deposit Government bonds and funds in the banks, it was realized that we were in for a bad time with money over the end of the year unless relief was secured in some manner. The first attempt was to secure gold from London and a few millions were engaged, but it was shortly made evident that the Bank of England was opposed to our taking gold and it would protect itself by raising the discount rate if we did so. The only measure of relief left was from liquidation, and it is said by usually well informed parties that the officials of the leading trust companies took the lead in bringing about relief through a reduction of their loans. Now that liquidation is apparently over it is the belief that the decline in securities has placed the money situation in a strong enough position to avoid any real trouble at the end of the year and that prices are low enough to discount any probable let up in business because of the tariff revision.

Wheat—While at no time during the past week was there any activity in the wheat market, nevertheless sentiment is changing to the constructive side of the market and prices were advanced all through the list. The news has been both for and against the market. Receipts continue on an enormous scale in the Northwest but this in turn is offset by the large clearances shown from day to day by Bradstreet and this has made the bears a little cautious about getting over-enthusiastic on the breaks. Taking the Government figures on the yield as a basis we have only about 86,000,000 bushels left of our exportable surplus, and while no one in the trade expects to see as much wheat leave the country in the next five months as in the previous five months, still with a normal amount of exports from now on this would cut down the available supply to a point where holders would be in a position to dictate prices. There are a few reports of drouth coming in from the southwest, especially from Kansas and Oklahoma but not much attention is being paid to these reports as the season is not considered far enough advanced to be a market factor. The weather in Argentine on the whole has been satisfactory for the harvesting of the wheat crop although there have been some damage claims from there due to severe storms and there is a tendency to reduce crop estimates. Outside trade is very small and a small scalping market is about all that can be expected until after the first of the year. However, wheat around 90 cents for the May delivery is not high and any change in conditions is bound to be in favor of the buyer and we believe wheat bought around this level will show handsome profits a little later on.

Corn—The market for corn has been a dull listless affair with price changes unimportant. The long looked-for run of corn to market is beginning to materialize although it is being handicapped somewhat by the car shortage said to exist in all sections of the belt. Receipts have been fairly liberal and promise to continue so for the next ten days. The cash demand could be better, although lack of cars for forward shipment seems to account for the small movement east. Exporters are in the market from time to time but prices are still a little too high for any big business owing to cheaper offerings from Argentine. Corn around present prices is cheap enough and should be bought for an investment.

Cotton—After making new high records and selling up to 13 cents for the May delivery the cotton market has been allowed to sag and prices at the close of the week show a reaction of about 40 points or $2 per bale. The principal factor in the trade the past week was the Government census report which showed the amount ginned for the period from December 1 to December 12 to be 604,000 bales against 954,000 bales for the same period last year. This was construed by some as bullish and they argued that there was only about 5 per cent left to be ginned and this would bring the crop down to about 13 1-2 million bales and with the present rate of consumption 14 million and possibly as high as 15 million bales would be required, and they were predicting 14 to 15 cents for cotton before the next crop is available. The bears claimed that the small ginning figures were due to the wet weather over the belt during this period and that there was plenty of cotton to be ginned and more than

The German Savings and Loan Society

(THE GERMAN BANK)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 MISSION STREET
Between 21st and 22nd

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, S. W. Corner CLEMENT and 7th AVE.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner HAIGHT and BELVEDERE

JUNE 29th, 1912:

Assets	$51,140,101.75
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,656,403.80
Employees' Pension Fund	140,109.60
Number of Depositors	56,609

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

Merchants National Bank of San Francisco

Corner New Montgomery and Market Streets

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$1,779,470.63
Cash and Sight Exchange	1,293,071.30
Deposits	5,532,917.59

OFFICERS

Alfred L. Meyerstein	President
J. H. Spring	Vice-President
C. A. Hawkins	Vice-President
R. B. Murdoch	Assistant to President
W. W. Jones	Cashier
Geo. Long	Assistant Cashier
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Geo. C. Boardman, James C. Eschen, John M. Keith, Alfred L. Meyerstein, Frederick F. Sayre, Harry N. Stetson, W. J. Hotchkiss, C. A. Hawkins, Gavin McNab, Robert Oxnard, John H. Spring, G. H. Umbsen, A. A. Watkins

The officers of this Bank will be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

Safe Deposit Vaults open from 7:30 a. m. to 12 p. m., Sundays and Holidays included.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

No. 2 MONTGOMERY STREET

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	$11,131,055.03
Cash and Sight Exchange	12,543,447.14
Deposits	28,624,329.28

Officers—Isaias W. Hellman, Pres.; I. W. Hellman Jr., V.-Pres.; F. L. Lipman, V.-Pres.; James K. Wilson, V.-Pres.; Frank B. King, Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier; C. L. Davis, Asst. Cashier; A. D. Oliver, Asst. Cashier; A. B. Price, Asst. Cashier.

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Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

Safe Deposit Vaults

Telephone DOUGLAS 2487 R. E. MULCAHY, Manager

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THE PIONEER HOUSE

BROKERS

Members
New York Stock Exchange
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490 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
Branch, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

Two Private Wires to Chicago and New York

Washington, D. C., 1301 F Street
Los Angeles, 112 W. Third Street
New York, 31-33-35 New Street

enough to take care of the consumptive demand and that the price around 13 cents was high enough. Spot interests were on both sides of the market and the principal long was supposed to be quietly selling on every hard spot, although openly bidding for cotton and talking higher prices. Exports are running very large, in fact they are larger up to this time than last year and spot cotton in the southern markets remains very firm. The demand however is said to be falling off as the spinners are not so anxious for cotton at this level and are inclined to hold off until after the holidays. Heavy rains have fallen all through the gulf States and this will put the soil in excellent condition for the coming new crop and with the price of corn so low a much larger acreage will be put in cotton. The market has been bulled so long that we are inclined to take the other side now, believing that prices have reached a level where there is little money on the long side and a good reaction from this level would be in order.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

"When a man gets into the way of examining his own soul he has little time to waste on other people's weaknesses. His own take up all his time."

I should say that Older is rather a lonely man today. Not merely because his old fighting pals have failed to follow his radical course. But also because he misses the old exhilaration of the fray. His new policy of "Resist not evil" entails a certain passivity very different from the positive action of the days when he smote the enemy hip and thigh.

But despite his present monumental seriousness I think Older preserves some of the old sense of humor.

A prisoner for whom he had secured a parole brought him a bird recently. Older gave it the freedom of his sanctum for a while but finally asked his city editor to see that it was caged. One whom Older calls the "Office Tory" heard the order and grinned.

"Unless Older intends to have the bird paroled be sure it's a large cage," he said.

And Older showed his saving sense by laughing.

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

More than 50 per cent of the union membership is held in line by threats of physical violence.

The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery St. For the half year ending December 31, 1912, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 2, 1913.
S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President and Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank,) 526 California street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission street, near 22nd; Richmond District Branch, cor. Clement street and 7th avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1913.
GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, SE. corner Montgomery and Clay streets; Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 2, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1913. Money deposited on or before January 10 will earn interest from January 1.
L. SCATENA, President.
A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near 4th. For the half year ending December 31, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1913.
H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier. 2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (Savings Department), 108 Sutter St. For the half year ending December 31, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1913.
A. LEGALLET, President. 2

Hard Luck

He had a prophylactic bent,
And led a sterile life,
Had hygienic children and
A sanitary wife,
Lived in a fumigated house
And wore aseptic suits,
Ate germicidal food and smoked
Denictined cheroots.

His milk was always Pasteurized,
He drank denatured water;
He ne'er forgot to swat the flies,
Mosquitoes he would slaughter.
He screened his doors and windows and
His office disinfected;
Against microbes of every kind
He felt himself protected.

He exercised; he slept by rule,
And timed his every breath;
His health was excellent and he
Defied disease and death.
His plan was admirable, no doubt
But 'twas his measly luck!
He went and got run over by
A ten-ton motor truck!

Merchant—It seems to me that you ask high wages, considering that you have had no experience in this business.

Clerk—Ah, but you forget that that's just what makes it all the harder for me.



ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

SAN FRANCISCO

Paid-Up Capital.....$ 4,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits .....$ 1,600,000
Total Resources $40,000,000

OFFICERS

HERBERT FLEISHHACKER	President
SIG GREENEBAUM	Chairman of the Board
WASHINGTON DODGE	Vice-President
JOS. FRIEDLANDER	Vice-President
C. F. HUNT	Vice-President
R. ALTSCHUL	Cashier
C. R. PARKER	Assistant Cashier
WM. H. HIGH	Assistant Cashier
H. CHOYNSKI	Assistant Cashier
G. R. BURDICK	Assistant Cashier
A. L. LANGERMAN	Secretary

An Irish Peasant

(Continued from Page 8.)

careful not to soil his well-polished brogues and white shirt-sleeves.

One day I met him driving the cows to pasture, looking ill and depressed. His back stooped more and he had lost his springy step. When without remonstrance I felt that something was seriously wrong.

"I don't feel meself somehow," he said when Strawberry broke down a fence on the roadside I questioned him. "No, there's nothing wrong, nothing at all."

I persisted. "It's nothing I ought to talk about," he said; "I'm getting old, too old, I doubt, to be of any use to anyone. I'm only in the way." He drew his pipe and tobacco-box from his pocket, and opened the box, which I saw was empty. He broke eagerly into talk on the weather and was replacing the box in his pocket.

"Have you no tobacco?" I asked.

"Yes, no," he said in confusion, "that is, she forgot to give me any on Saturday."

The ounce of twist tobacco he had every week was his only luxury. It and a ha'penny for the plate on Sundays were his sole expenditure beyond his meagre food.

"Forgot?" I asked.

"No," he answered weakly, "she said she'd give it to me no more."

I felt angry, and I suppose looked so.

"You mustn't blame her, poor thing," he said kindly. "Her heart is set on money. It's gone beyond her will now, and her temper has gone beyond her too. Morning, noon and night her tongue is turned on me."

"But what does your son say to all this?"

"Poor Pat! he does his best with her. She's too strong for him. She hates me, but, thank God, she's fond of him. What I'm afraid of is that I should come between them in any way. It's a puzzling world, a mighty queer world entirely, and she's a good woman too. Do you think now that there is any fear of her getting that 'near' that she'll cut the cows off their feed?"

Even now I can see that strong face with the first sign of weakness I had ever seen on it. His even spirit was broken.

A few days afterwards I heard that he had dressed carefully as if for mass, and set out for the Bunnahone workhouse. I called to see him and suggested that some arrangement could be made by which he need not remain in the workhouse. He was firm in his refusal of assistance:

"I'll be beholden to nobody but my own. I paid rates all my life, and I thought when I had nothing that the rates would support me, but I hear now poor Pat'll have to pay for me. I hope I'll not be long in this world, or I'll cost him a power of money one way and another, between paying a man to do what I used to do for him and paying for me here besides. But it's my right to be supported though I grudge his being asked to do it."

"Why not go back and live with him then?"

"'She' would make Pat unhappy. It's better me than him, for I'll be a short time only in it, and he has a long life yet before him. It's hard though sometimes if I let my mind rest on things. I miss them terrible—the cows, Strawberry most of all—she had the sense of a Christian; and the children of a day in the five-acre meadow, and all the neighbors in the chapel yard of a Sunday."

Mrs. De Style—Is she fond of her baby?

Mrs. Smith-Jones—Fancy, yes. Why, she's almost like a mother to it.

Patron—What took you so long with my eggs?

Waiter—Pardon the delay, sir; but they were mislaid.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAURA V. HOLMES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of LAURA V. HOLMES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LAURA V. HOLMES, deceased.

CHARLES ARTHUR GWYNN,
Executor,
LAURA V. POLE,
Executrix.

Of the Last Will and Testament of Laura V. Holmes, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 21, A. D. 1912.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-5

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO EXECUTE AND DELIVER DEED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 13,211, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH A. FORBES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court, made on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1912, in the matter of the above entitled estate, the petition of Arthur W. Forbes, as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of the above named Sarah A. Forbes, deceased, praying that a decree of the said Court be made authorizing and directing him to execute to William H. French and Sarah J. French, his wife, a conveyance of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, title whereto now stands in the estate of the said Sarah A. Forbes, deceased, hereinafter particularly described, will come on for hearing before the said Court at the Courtroom thereof in the Temporary City Hall, situated on the southeasterly line of Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 20th day of January, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, where and when all parties interested in the said estate may appear to make objections, if any they have, to the granting of the said petition.

The said lot, piece or parcel of land is particularly bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Burrows Street, distant thereon fifty-seven (57) feet six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Girard Street; running thence southwesterly along said northwesterly line of Burrows Street thirty-two (32) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-two (32) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred (100) feet to the northwesterly line of Burrows Street, and the point of commencement, together with improvements thereon.

Being part of Lot No. 4 in Block No. 13, University Mound Survey, as designated upon that certain map entitled "Map of the University Mound Tract Survey," filed in the office of the Recorder of the City and County.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the said petition which is now on file with the Clerk of the said Court.

December 6, 1912.

ARTHUR W. FORBES.

As Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Sarah A. Forbes, Deceased.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Atty. for Administrator.
1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco. 12-21-5

NOTICE OF SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—(Probate); No. 10,980; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1912, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned administrator of the estate of the above named decedent will, on or after Saturday, the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913, offer for sale and sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation of the above named Court, all of the right, title, interest or estate that the said Anthony Dorrity owned during his lifetime, and all the right, title, interest and estate that the estate of said decedent has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired, other than or in addition to that owned by said Anthony Dorrity at the time of his death, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Fulton Street, distant thereon one hundred seventy-one (171) feet ten and one-half (10½) inches easterly from the easterly line of Baker Street; and running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Fulton Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the southerly line of Fulton Street and the point of commencement: same being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 528; together with the improvements thereon.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States: ten per cent (10%) of the amount bid to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation thereof by the Court. Bids or offers for said real property may be made at any time after the first publication hereof, and before the acceptance of the highest offer on or after said 4th day of January, 1913. All bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the law office of Chas. A. Gray, No. 441 Mills Building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, or delivered personally to the undersigned.

W. J. PALETHORPE.

Administrator of the Estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased.

The first publication of this order of sale was made in the Town Talk newspaper on the 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER,
Attys. for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. No. 45,551; Department No. 3.

JOHN FINDLEY MILLIKEN, Plaintiff, vs. MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-23-10

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 46,083.

In the Matter of the Application of INTERSTATE AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation, for a Decree of Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that Interstate Amusement Company, a corporation, organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, has presented to and has this day filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, a petition praying to be allowed to dissolve and disincorporate; and that on Thursday, the 23rd day of January, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. on said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, before the above entitled Court, Department No. 7 thereof, at its Courtroom in the New City Hall on Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, the said application will be heard and determined.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Superior Court.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy.

OTTO IRVING WISE.
Atty. for Interstate Amusement Company,
817 First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco 12-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIA O'CONNELL, sometimes and also known as and called JULIA CONNELL, Deceased. No. 13,008. Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of their attorney, John J. Barrett, Room 1255 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, deceased.

JAMES MADDEN.
JOSEPH MADDEN.

Executors of the Estate of Julia O'Connell, sometimes and also known as and called Julia Connell, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 30, 1912.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Executors,
1255 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-30-5

ORDER SETTING TIME AND PLACE FOR HEARING PETITION FOR ORDER DIRECTING EXECUTRIX TO MAKE CONVEYANCE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,645; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNA M. HUTCHINSON, Deceased.

LILLIAN H. P. SURRYHNE, executrix of the last will of Anna M. Hutchinson, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for a decree of this court authorizing and directing her, as executrix of the last will of said deceased, to convey and transfer certain real property, in said petition and hereinafter described, to E. J. Rinckel; and it appearing from said petition that the said Anna M. Hutchinson was, during her lifetime, bound by a contract in writing to convey said real estate as in said petition set forth:

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Monday, the thirtieth day of December, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., upon said day, and the courtroom of the above entitled court, department 10 thereof, be, and the same are hereby, fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the time and place of hearing said petition be given by publication of a copy of this order for at least four (4) successive weeks before said day of hearing, in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

The real property hereinabove and in said petition referred to is described as follows:

All that certain real property in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lot number nine (9), as laid down and delineated on a certain map entitled, "Map of Robley Terrace, Oakland, California, June, 1908, F. C. Turner, City Engineer," filed July 23rd, 1908, in the office of the County Recorder of said Alameda County.

Dated, November 26th, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

THOMAS E. HAVEN, Atty. at Law,
Monadnock Bldg., Rooms 941-943, San Francisco. 11-30-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,489; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of GIOVANNI PODESTA, also known as GIOVANNINI PODESTA, and as G. PODESTA, Deceased.

Adelina Podesta, administratrix of the estate of Giovanni Podesta, also known as Giovannini Podesta, and as G. Podesta, deceased, having this day filed herein her verified petition for an order of sale of a portion of the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth;

And it appearing therefrom that it is necessary, and also that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and of those interested therein to sell the said portion of said real estate;

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its courtroom in the New City Hall, on the southeasterly side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 30th day of December, 1912, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said administratrix for the sale of the said portion of said real estate;

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week, for four (4) successive weeks, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, November 27, 1912.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

A. P. DESSOUSLAVY and P. A. BERGEROT,
Attys. for Administratrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-30-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,883; Department No. 10.

TILLIE POOLOS, also known as TILLIE POPPER, Plaintiff, vs. SAMUEL POOLOS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City of and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: SAMUEL POOLOS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK D. MACBETH, Atty. for Plaintiff,
706-707 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP

Certificate of Business Under Fictitious Name

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned do hereby certify and declare that they are the owners and doing and intend to do business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of LEWIS AND COMPANY, with offices at 510 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that the full names and places of residence of the members of the firm are as follows, to-wit:

Harry F. Lewis, Hotel Bellevue, San Francisco, Cal.
Frederick M. Lewis, San Marco Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.
Edgar L. Lewis, 1939 Stuart Street, Berkeley, Cal.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., December 18, 1912.

HARRY F. LEWIS,
FREDERICK M. LEWIS,
EDGAR L. LEWIS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 18th day of December, 1912, before me, James Mason, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Harry F. Lewis, Frederick M. Lewis and Edgar L. Lewis, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JAMES MASON,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. at Law,
817 First National Bank, Bldg., San Francisco. 12-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANN LENNON, Deceased—No. 14,486; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will of Ann Lennon, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of G. Gunzendorfer, 127 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ann Lennon, deceased.

LOUISE M. SULLIVAN,
EDWARD P. LENNON,
Executors of the Last Will of Ann Lennon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 21, 1912.

G. GUNZENDORFER, Atty. for Executors,
127 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-5

"She says she has always been self-supporting."

"I caught a glimpse of her on Harry's lap in the conservatory last night and he was holding her up!"

Letters

Short Stories by Leonard Merrick

Leonard Merrick's volume, "This Stage of Fools" contains seventeen short stories, all of more than passing interest. Some of them are scarcely more than episodes while others contain a larger kernel than is sometimes found in the shell of a three-hundred page novel, and in nearly all there is an element of illusion, a gauzy veil which separates the real from the counterfeit but which, when drawn aside, precipitates tragedy. The longest of the series is entitled "The Laurels and the Lady," a double deception through which a youth suddenly stricken blind and made the subject of a brutal practical joke lived in the belief that a common bar-maid with a talent for imitation was really a beautiful actress who had given up her career for him, while the woman, shaken out of sympathy with her part in the "joke" on comprehending the real state of the case, undertook and successfully carried out another bit of deception, that of making the stricken man believe that his volumes of poems were accepted, published and favorably received by an adoring English public. "The Back of Bohemia" reveals the seamy side of artistic Paris when a young and somewhat successful painter apparently without prospects, suddenly finds himself heir to a title and a comfortable income but is tied to a slatternly shrew of a wife, utterly unpresentable, but with whom he had drifted into marriage out of compassion. And there is another story of a clergyman who married a beautiful girl met at an obscure seaside village only to learn that she was a professional lecturer on atheism, and others quite as far out of the usual track in both plot and treatment. Leonard Merrick's is a practiced hand. He has seven titles to his credit, all published by Mitchell Kennerley.

An Original Girl Story

Alice Brown has written a decidedly original story of girl life in "The Secrets of the Clan," for it is perhaps the first time that any one has recognized that side of healthy girl character which delights in making believe on a large scale. There are four little orphan girls, three sisters and a cousin, who make their home with an indulgent grandmother who believes in wholesome letting alone. So, as long as the children are doing no wrong they are free to indulge themselves in plays and games and romances, and in so doing they gain a sense of honor and responsibility, truthfulness and loyalty. Marcia and Kay, Ruth and Laura, and their boy friend Gerald are enterprising children without a trace of self-consciousness, and real ladies and a little gentleman without any specific teaching save that of the example of their elders. They are all at just that delightful between-age when there really might be fairies and all sorts of supernatural wonders, and no one as yet has attempted to solve the mystery for them. Of course they make mistakes and get into scrapes. To offset the indulgence of "Grandma" there is another grandmother whom they refer to as "crandma," a contraction for "cross grandma," whose attempts at discipline and arbitrary domination are nullified by the diplomatic interference of "Just Grandma," and altogether they live in a lively and lovely world of simplicity, good times, courage, fidelity and fun. From the Macmillan Company.

"Mother and Baby"

"Mother and Baby" by Dr. Anne B. Newton is a common-sense treatise on the everyday matters pertaining to maternity and the care of infants, but is not a "doctor book," designed to do away with the necessity for calling in a competent physician when one is necessary. There are two chapters devoted to the sick baby, but such remedies and appliances as are recommended are only in the nature of first aid, until the doctor comes. It might be well for the coming generation if this small volume could be placed in the hands of the mothers of the tenements and that large class of foreigners who depend on their older babies to care for the littlest one and whose children apparently thrive on neglect, since they get so little else. Instruction is so plain and to the point that mothers and nurses in any walk of life should find profitable information. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard are the publishers.

Classic Stories Reread

In his "Masterpieces of the Masters of Fiction" William Dudley Foulke has done what most of us do for ourselves after we come to the years of discretion. He has selected some forty of the famous works of fiction beginning with Rabelais' "Gargantua," and finishing with Stevenson's "Treasure Island," to re-read and re-estimate. Mr. Foulke has made his own selection, and has, as a matter of course, included some and omitted others that would have received other consideration from different hands, but in the main he has chosen wisely. A longer list would have allowed more latitude. His plan has been to give a brief resume of the plot and contents, never at most more than a few pages, and to make a temperate estimate of the value of the work read at a considerable period from its first perusal, mature judgment, as it were, on youthful impressions. In a sense the brief volume is a handy reference book, giving a quick and easy refreshment to forgetful minds, and perhaps an index to whether one will care to re-read the classic, but its author knows well that no one can form judgment for another and perhaps its best value will be in stimulating others to make a selection of book read years ago that have left a vivid impression, and check up the modifications and reversals of opinion that the years have brought about. From the Cosmopolitan Press.

Louise—The man Edith married is a reformer. Julia—How did he lose his money?

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